

A Zoo... for You.

A Zoo... for You.

By : Spyguy

Because I've included much of this story in the comments section, you'll miss much of what the story is about if you don't read the chapter summaries for each chapter... Menagerie of a zoo... (A summary at the start of each chapter...)



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Chapter 1: Inspiration...

I'm working on & retweaking this story, & have made major changes to what the meaning & context of the last three chapters entail... If it's been awhile since you have read it, & you want to better understand what's happening, I recommend that you re-read those three chapters at least... New chapter coming soon...

"My Dear;.....No fear";

"Since I can't hold you.....My words'll enfold you."

"See yourself in the glass, & pay no attention to negative mass..."

This he has told me & this he said; Making thought take root in my head

To please him I pledge, and though pains deride. I know that it's for me

what he will decide... When I hear his voice, and my knees get so weak;

I listen... It's as though he were touching my cheek... I'm a new woman,

I've given over my will... And I gave it freely; it made my heart fill;

Full with my new love.....I know it is true love;

Not from physical body.....Though it's not shoddy;

But rather from mind..... I now have divined;

How do I feel?..... Can it be real?

Honorific love fills me; Others

they killed me;

V

Dedicated to all of the Honey's of the world; whether they've yet been spoiled by the Big Bad Wolves, the boys, Doctors or their toys... or not, you are what makes the world go around...

"I freely choose to offer the essence of what makes me a free & "Slave bound" woman; to a man whom I have never met in person, but who, I have come to know in my heart, will care for, & nourish my fragile psyche, & in whose mental hands I can fully entrust my mind & my heart & through whom I can attain true "Freedom" from the bonds of the enslaving world that so often tries to take away my heart-felt desire to be a winner. I hereby make this statement of my own free will by acknowledging, & confirming through my attesting & commenting to that fact below; thus I hereby stipulate...Let it be shown...Let it be known"

Chapter 2: A Zoo for You...

Menagerie of a zoo...

Just an innocent young Stan-Ford College student in 1969, looking for a way to pay her way though college, one who didn't yet know the awesome power of the mind... But who found out very quickly as she inadvertently happened into the twisted Science Wing of a University that she thought was completely above-board...

Not knowing that the "University" wasn't THE Stanford Univ. that had the reputation. Not knowing that this was the work of a cleverly devious, very intelligent man, having mental prowess far above that of normal men...

Franco-Tommy-De-Leon-Josaferson (Here-in referred to by his preferred name); "Tom"... was a "Scientist Extrordinaire", & sexual deviant, with a pocketbook to match his intelligence. Having had a major fortune left to him in a Irrevokable Life Insurance Trust (ILIT) by his all-loving father before his demise, Tom saw Honey as a ticket to completing his research & so, this was the world that our sweet little innocent Arkansas farm-girl wandered into fatefully, that day when a simple stroll across campus led her to the Sign...

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The one that drew her in to sign documents, that, in time would totally change what she knew of the world...

Next thing she knew, she was strapped to a gurney, clothes gone, dignity stripped, effectively naked;

her bra, having been cut off by Tom with a scalpel.

Honey's perspective:

"Honey, like th' Bee's", I said t' th' Doctor's assistant, the guy with the beautiful blue eyes... (I could really fall fer' sump'in like that), I thought t' m'self as I filled out all th' forms, & sign'd m' life away... (Or so it'd seem t' me later...)

"Would you like a cold drink of water?" 'e ask'd me, as 'e handed me the Dixie cup, an' smiled like th' mornin' sun on th' clover; ...placin' it in m' hand, 'e wink'd at me, & my insides melt'd..., I drank fully, just as 'e knew I would...

As 'e open'd the door to anoth'r part o' the build'in, 'e said; "The Doctor will see you now", & 'e led th' way into a well-lit, sterile lookin' room... On the walls, all kinds o' pictures o' animals, most o' 'em a'breedin'... (Seems more lik' a Vet'rin'ary's office if'n ya' ask'd me), I thought t' m'self as I walk'd in... Tho' I couldn't keep m'self from lookin'.

Then, a funny smell hit m' nose, & nex' thing I know'd I wuz'a lookin' up at th' ceilin', an' m' hands wuz' a strapped down...A pair of very intell'gent lookin' hazel eyes, an' a beak-like nose, very handsome in it's own way..., wuz'a lookin' down at me, the face said, in a clin'cal, voice; "Honey dear, are you ok?", th' kinda strong voice that dripp'd masculin'ty, & border'd on command...

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I wuz'a layin' on a rollin'-bed, he call'd it a "Gurney", an' I wuz'a cov'r'd up w' a sheet... "That was a nasty fall you took when you fainted as you walked in here... Are you sure you aren't allergic to anything?", he said 's 'e look'd back down at 'is chart... "We're going to have to do an entire battery of tests now, to determine what's happening to you."

Nex' thin'I know'd, 'e wuz'a tappin' m' chin wit' th' litl' stick & tellin' me t' say "Ahhh"... then 'e wuz'a lis'nen w' 'is device all ov'r m' chest 'n blow'n up a b'loon on m' arm... Whilst I wuz'a tryin' t' catch m' breath, an' figur' out how I got all strapp'd in, & nakid as a jay-bird...

I watched on the video monitor closely even though I knew I'd be in big trouble if Tom found out...

THIS beauty of a woman, this holy, pure, virgin of a farm girl, this Venus-Godess who'd walked in was going to be his toy...

I watched as he strapped her down, as he stripped her almost naked... Cursing myself for my weakness, for my perversion, for my untamed sausage which raged instantly to full steam ahead at the baring of such a majestic specimen of perfection... I thought to myself... "He's so practiced at this, & those awefull "Pets" of his, he's got them so well trained, they don't even make the girls bleed, outside anyway, who knows what it does permanently on the inside..."

"Oh Lord", I prayed, "How I wish I could be those mouths sucking on the globes of Heaven...", What I wouldn't give to be in that room with her alone... With plenty of time to demonstrate to her how completely I love & admire all of her grace, beauty, perfection, her innocence, her all...

On her virgin breasts, Tom now had attached two enormous leeches, each over a foot long, they were curled and suckling hard on her 38DDD's, which for some strange reason, I knew had never before experianced the light of day... Not since the two-year old stage of innocence, when for propriety they had begun to be kept covered, because of her early onset of upper development...

This was the foreign state of affairs she found herself in, & the lustfull condition of my yearning had me filling a large test-tube with my offering to this idol I'd come to adore... Something that would actually make me some additional bonus \$\$\$ as Tom did reward me for my contributions to his experiments when I shared my essence, which so seldom I was provoked to be able to release, & this time I'd given more than double the amount he'd ever collected from me...

I could tell that her mind had begun to wander off, through an unoccustomed extreemism of sensuous pleasure. One that she could never have even imagined to ever feel in her life, I'd seen this happen far too many times, but the experianced girls just rode the waves of ecstasy, to the promised land of bliss...

Not Honey... All her life, this I could tell, this girl had been a very religious, restrained, dignified, (As much as anyone can be from the rural, restrictive roots of a farm upbringing), this Angel, this "Honey", (What a perfectly appropriate name for such a beauty) I told myself; this young woman, unknowing in the passions, obscenities, base & vulgar ways of the "Big-city world"; this world that it was my fault, I feared, that she had so callously been thrust into so abruptly...

I saw the whole transformation... I knew & watched the metamorphosis of an innocent, perfect girl, thrust ignanimately into the new adult life of a sexually aware woman on that fatefull day of her life... I tell you; to this day, I'm not entirely convinced that she really walked into here on her own accord, or if HE made her walk in through those doors, on that, the very first day of the best of my life...

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Who am I you ask? And well you have the right, I am the assistant to the "Doctor" who changed our two worlds... I am Ed, I prefer to not include my last name, I'm not so sure that the telling of this tale won't end me in a jail cell, an ending which I'll admit I probably deserve, but I'd prefer not to have to endure... But I digress from the story...

Since I was so struck by her unparalleled beauty, my moral code was completely non-existent. I was as hard as a board, as turned on as a Stud-bull in heat... A new test-tube was required to receive my renewed contribution to science, & again, I'm reminded the value of my elixer, which I wanted nothing more than to have shot into the virgin princess that I carefully & so entrancedly watched on the screen before my eyes, then a third tube I filled, before I even began to be temporarily sated in my uncontrollable lust for this perfect woman... (I believe I was co-erced, Tom knows what I like, HE alone was behind all this), How in all the world could I not be attracted, transfixed, paralyzed? She was perfection incarnate... How can a woman with such bounty even walk up straight, yet she was the epitome of grace & stature, the virtual statue of a Greek Goddess...

All I could do was stare, & try as best I could, to concentrate on what Tom was doing & saying, lest I be whipped, punished, beat & persecuted for my lack of attendance to his demands...I tore my self from the screen, finished filling a fourth & for the moment, last, test-tube then put them all in the freezer before going & waiting outside the door to the exam-room...

I couldn't stay in there watching... I knew better... My life would become a living hell...I didn't want to be tortured, & please I beg you to believe me, he has very effective, & not soon to be forgotten, ways of making a point when he wants to do so... This I can testify from personal experience & hard-fought personal trials at the hands of a maniac...

Before you continue, please take the time to "Like" (If you do like).

As well as to comment on this chapter.

The more you comment, the better it'll get, believe me it works that way...

These two were the first, before I reposted:

cgirl001; Darn I know a guy with brown eyes that loves honey. Oh wait that's Winney the Pooh... Blehhh now I have the Christopher Robin song stuck in my head. Oh well critters and varmints seem to be following me around but at least I'm not strapped down... That's a good thing right?? Posted: Feb 7, 2013

Author Comment: I don't know... Is it a good thing, or would you rather... Leeches, & Eel's, & elephant's "Oh my..." Spyguy...

Take the World by Fire; Gahhhh kinky and WHAT a way to start off my Monday morning! LOL She sounds so inexperienced poor girl, but it's fun to see her new found... "Coming" to life (ha, get it?) Reading on!
Posted: Mar 4, 2013

Author Comment: Well resounded play on words... Thanks for coming by to visit my mental garden... Explore...

They help progression, wouldn't you agree?

Thanks in advance...

Chapter 3: Cumm & suck me...

All those years of savin' m'self...turnin' boys away... Kissin' mirrors... Studyin', Readin', Prayin'; Oh Lord, I'm jus' a poor virgin farm girl, is this a dream? Please help this to be a dream... Or make it go away... PLEASE, PLEASE, I can't stand no mor'...Please, oh please, help me Please...

(I begin t' learn, I begin t' yearn, as th' fire spreads, brain to Doct'r weds, never in m'life, hav' I felt such strife, in between m' legs, it's m' sex that begs)...

"DOC" I scream, "W'ATS IT DOIN' TO ME?????" Gently 'e brushes my tummy with 'is hand as 'e walks back past th' tank, reaches in, & then, walks back over to me as 'e says;

"Yes, I know Honey, don't you fret... That tingling's a good thing... And you'll enjoy it if you can just relax... Don't you worry now, I'll be monitoring you completely, & keeping you perfectly safe here... You've scared me, with your fainting spell, & I need to monitor your reactions to know for sure that you're going to be ok. Now just relax & enjoy this, tell me, what does that feel like?"

(This Doc is drivin' me crazy, & 'e wants t' know what IT FEELS like?)

"I, I guess 'bo, 'bout like fire, I'm a'tingling, a'sweatin', I's got th' "Rocky Mount'in Spotted Fev'r 'r sump'in' cuz I jis' cain't stand it...ain't NOBODY, nev'r dun suck'd m'tits a'fore...an' now, these here thing's is a'killin' me", (But truth be know'd I wuz a'lugin' it, but I coul'n't tell 'im that, now could I?) ...I ans'er'd 'im, tryin' t' tell 'im part o'th' truth...

"It should begin to feel really good... here...", He said, as he touch'd me; (Down 'there' lightly, & gently... But, 'Holy cats', I aint never bin' touch'd down there afore; I felt like I wuz on fire...like I wuz 'a gonna blow up like a volcano.)

"Very soon...." He said...; but then, 'e shook his head like sump'in wuz wrong... "We can't have this...", 'e said as 'e took the knife & cut my panties clean off, in one swift motion... "You still need some help here", 'e said as 'e jerked the pieces of my panties away (I now felt as though I wuz 's embare'ass'd 's a girl in th' men's room), an' once agin', gentle-like, 'e put anoth'r of them giant worms on my tummy...

(...Least wise I thought that was where it wuz 'a goin' t' go, far as I could see inaways...)

"NOOOOO....." I screamed... It wuzn't there that 'e put it... All 'a sudden... **pain... pleasure... joy... horror... ecstasy...**

I let out a holler to the moon an' stars as my whole body exploded in th' most rip-roarin' mind-tinglin', earth-shatt'rin' of all out-of-body experiances I evr' dun had in my life...

Time stopped... All I 'member wuz 'a feelin' like I dun' died & gone t' heaven... But ... Guilty at th' same time...

"GET IN HERE NOW...", Tom yelled to his assistant Ed as he mentally told the leeches; ("Stop sucking now my pets...") And then he gently removed them one by one...

("You've done well my pets,") he mentally soothed them, ("No teeth unless I give you permission...")

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... As Ed rushed in, Tom told him, "Help me carry her to the bed, & carefully now, but quickly... We don't have much time."

I woke up, feelin' short of breath, but feelin' also the most relaxin' feelin' I've ev'r had; like I'd run a marathon, like I had died, like I'd been reborn... like nev'r, ev'r EV'R befor'...

Then...

I open'd m' eyes, an' I look'd up into th' bluest eyes I'd ev'r see'd in my dad-blam'd life, an' a look in 'em that, t' me, said "I love and care about you, my little Honey..."

The person seem'd t' luv me deeply...

I wuz flust'r'd, an' I tried t' sit up 'n talk, but no, gently 'e push'd down on m' should'r an' said; "SSShhhhh, sshh...yes..., I know you're a bit disoriented right now, but you really must lie perfectly still for a little while... Doctors orders".

That part brought a very han'some smile to his lov'ly face, an' 'e quick-look'd down at my tits...

"Oh..., Oooohhh noooo", I said, an' mov'd t' cover m'self... "So sorry", He said, as 'e wiped my fev'rish forehead with a cool, damp cloth... "Those are the Doctor's orders too, I have to leave your arms strapped down for the time being..."

"But, I'm as naked as a Jay-bird, an', an' yo'r a mmman..."

I stuttered, feelin' the blush run all th' way from my "Down-ther's" to th' top o' m' face...

"Don't be shy & bashfull Miss Honey, I've been doing this job for a long time now, and I've seen a whole lot of naked women... None of them as pretty as you though..."

That 'e said as 'e stole another look down... Which, o'course made my all-over blush spread even bigger & hotter, I could feel it tingl'in on my face, all th' way to m' hair...this time 'e blush'd a little too...

"You were a real champion today Honey... Not all women're strong enough to make it through the test you just passed... It's the hardest test of all, you came through with flying colors... But you know what? I knew you could do it, & I'm proud of you "

As 'e said that 'e look'd deep into my eyes, smiled, & I felt like I wuz 'a swimmin' in the deepest ocean...

Mama tried t' tell me there'd be men like this, but I still ain't prepar'd fer it... I think I'd do an'thing fer him...

So my friends, do you like this story so far? Please let me know with your comments... And your likes...

Chapter 4: A dream... A nightmare?

Author's note... to get all of this it's important that you read the chapter summary too... Very Important...

"I know you're having trouble concentrating Honey..." Tom was talkin' t' me, but m' brain seemed t' be full o' poetry...I wuz really havin' a bunch'a tr'uble tryin' to figu'r what 'e wuz talkin' about... Sum'pin' 'bout how I was doin' real gud' n' how 'e wuz s' proud o' mee' wuz tick'ld pink... how I wuz gettin' so much bett'r 'n how sorry 'e wuz 'bout what I 'ad t' do next... "...But it's very important that you understand exactly what this therapy is, and that we answer any questions you have, and get your permission..."I wuz distract'd...'e said it pain'd 'im sum'pin' fierce t' make me do it, but that it wuz th' only'est cure on th' face o' th' planet fer' th' deseas' cond'ishun I got..., what wuz that? "...So have you got that? Do you fully understand how important it is that you do this, & why it's so very important for your future? it's a matter of life & death for you..."

Meanwhil' I wuz even mor' distract'd 'cuz I wuz'a lookin' up in 't a mirr 'ran' I had all m' clothes on...'Wait-a-min'it', I said, 'Jus' a min'it ago I wuz nak'id as a Jay-bird', I said, 'I don' understan' wut's hap'nin' t' me'... e' blush'd a pretty shade o' red, an' 'e said, "No Honey, you've been laying right here on this table the whole time you've been here at the Hospital-Clinic, & I assure you that I'd know very well if you'd ever been naked here." I also notic'd that my hands were free, but it seem'd that my fing'rs hurt, so I said, 'Doc?', ..."Yes, honey, what did you need?", in all this time, e'd been standin' by m' head, an' now I notice'd there wuz a Goat there that 'e wuz a'strokin'....

'Why duz m' fing'rs hurt?', "Oh", 'e said, "The treatment medicine that we had to give you when you fainted on the way in here makes you grab on the the hand cushion very tightly, & it does that... It'll go away after about a half-hour. So now, Honey, as I was saying, this therapy is a new one, it is considered by some of my collegues to be so out of the ordinary that they'd rather watch their patients die a slow & miserable death than to even try it."

...(What's 'e talkin' 'bout, new treatm'nt, slow death, I'm DYIN'?) ...

'Doc, I'm sorry, but did you jus' say dying?' I watch'd 'im carefully, an' 'e got a sad look on 'is face, an' said, "How much of what I have been saying to you have you understood? e' wuz now lookin' at me like 'e wuz mad at me..."

'I've been tryin' t' pay atten'shun' Doc', I said, with a bit o' a squeekin m' voice, 'It's jus' that I feel really fuzzy, an' you wuz talkin' pur'dy fast'... Then e' seem'd t' relax a lil' bit, an' e' said, "I know, Honey you've been through a lot today, I think it'll be safe for you to go home, in about an hour, I'm going to send Ed with you, to make sure you get home safe, & sound... Don't worry, he's trustworthy, & we need to know beyond doubt, that you're ok, & resting comfortably before I'm comfortable with leaving you alone... Anyway, that'll happen just as soon as you do this one little, not so pleasant thing that I need you to do now...And you need to listen carefully since it'll probably feel really gross to you, & you're not going to want to do it..."

When e' said Ed's name, I felt my panties get a li'l wet, an' I stopp'd payin' atten'shun for a min'it as I glanced aroun' lookin' for Ed...

"Honey, you're drifting off on me again", Doc Tom said, as 'e snapp'd 'is fingers in m' face... "You're really going to have to PAY ATTENTION" Sudden lik' I wuz cumplet'ly payin' atten'shun... "This is what you must do Honey, I'm going to lower your gurney down so that you'll be under this goat, so, now I know you're from a farm, & I know that you know that this is a billy-goat, but, YOU WILL PRETEND that he's a nanny-goat, & you'll suck on him until he gives you all of his "Milk", & YOU'LL SWALLOW all of his "Milk" as he

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releases it, because that's the medicine you need to stay alive" ('E look'd me in my eyes as 'e said this an' sudden lik' I had an urge t' suck on a nanny-goat, & drink sum warm milk), 'e'd lower'd me down so the goat wuz over top of me now...

"Here you go Honey, a nice teat to suck on..." I started likkin' on it's teat, & then suckin' it nice & hard, at the same time, Doc took m' hand, & put it where 'is hand had been, a'milkin' the goat... Aft'r awhile o' sukkin' I said, 'Doc, she's not drippin' I think she ain't had kids... I ain't gittin' no milk..'

"She's ready, her milk has dropped, you're just a bit weak, you need to suck a little harder, & milk her with your hand... You're not being firm enough, because of your weakened state", th' Doct'r tol' me, so I started t' suck harder, an' t' REALLY milk her teat... th' next thing I know'd wuz that her milk started really sqirtin' an' it wuz all I could do t' swallow, & drink it fast 'nough t' keep it from goin' onto the floor. Seem'd lik' she wuz'a pumpin' her milk right out... I never seen it come out s' fast, an' I actually used m' hand to slow it down a bit by squeezin' hard on th' teat, even tho' that seem'd t' make th' squirts hav' mor' milk than ever... When I thought I wouldn' be able to drink n' mor' milk, I saw that she wuz dun squirtin' anyways, an' I just thought she mus' be a pretty wierd nanny-goat...

"Very good Honey, you've done a great job"; Doc' said as 'e help'd me t' sit up, "Now, I'm going to have Ed walk home with you, & I expect you to be back here for a followup treatment on Monday; any questions?"

'Well, I'm a bit confuz'd Doc...I ain't nev'r dun seen a nanny goat t' giv' 'er milk lik' that... 'an honest be told, that there milk tasted kinda funny too... a bit thick, 'n salty fer a nanny goat... but, not bad if'n yer a' thinkin' of it as a medicin', I guess...' Doc jus' look'd at me n' smiled; "The experience & taste will be a little different each time Honey dear, the color, texture & taste of the 'Milk' varies with the food we feed 'her', so I know that it'll be a bit different for you each time... Don't let that throw you dear..., It's very important that you trust me, if you're going to be able to get better... The medicine will begin to work very soon... For the next two days, I also need you to gently rub this jelly all over your chest, while paying special attention to your nipples. It's very important that you don't miss any little spots at all, it's better to get some extra on you than to not get enough...", 'e said, as 'e handed me a tube as big as one o' my mama's famous summer sausages...

"By the way, it might itch, or even hurt a little the first few days... Any questions Honey?" This 'e ask'd, as 'e turned aroun', lookin' as though 'e thought 'e might'o forgot sumpin'... 'No', I told 'im..., 'I think I un'nerstan'...'

"Ok", 'e said, then yell'd in a loud voice; "Come on in here Ed, & take Honey to her house". Then, 's Ed came in, th' Doc continu'd; "...You make sure that she's nice & comfortable before you leave her, I expect to get a good report from her on Monday when she comes back."

"Yes Sir", Ed said, as 'e hurried 'cross the room, "You ready to go Miss Honey? ...It's time to see you to your house." (He said, with a big smile on 'is face, an' a twinkle in 'is eye...) "We'll go out this way..." 'e took a'holda' my arm, an' off we went... For th' firs' time in m' life, I wuz a'thrill'd t' be a walkin' home with a strang'r... What I'd do when I got there'd be a'nother issue entir'ly... If I act'd on m' feelin's, I'm in trouble fer shore...

If you are liking this series, I'd like to have your feedback & comments/likes...

Chapter 5: Need I wed... Just 4 my Ed...

{As we walked all of these wonderful desires about what I'd love to do to this fresh princess beside me floated through my brain... Each more lecherous than the last... I wanted her with every fiber of my being... But if I messed up, Tom would kill me... I can't stop thinking about those luscious, creamy breasts... Those long flowing legs, the treasure trove between her legs... I'll treat her right... I'll make her happy... I'll show her the need I have for her body... Such glorious beauty... So many things I can imagine myself doing to make this girl want me so badly that she wets herself when she thinks of me... I want to massage those big beautiful water balloons, & squirt my own hot liquid all over them...}

"Ed..."

{How can I just take her home when I want so badly to lay her down naked & spend the rest of my life with her? What excuse can I give to Tony for taking too long at her house? Will she be willing to allow me to please her? What a lovely a...}

"ED... What's th' matt'r wit' you? I said, this 's m' house... Is you feelin' ok? You wuz 'spos'd t' take care o' me... 'Member? I declar' I think you's daydreamin'..."

I'm sorry Miss Honey... I was thinking about something else... Well, I guess we've gotten you here safe & sound... Doctor Tom said I n...need to go i...inside with you, j...just to m...make sure that ev...everything's safe? Y...you know you can never b..be too safe... Besides, I r...really need to sh...show you how to apply the m...medicine...

{Here I am babbling like a fool, & making a scene... Why didn't I just walk up to the door, & walk in with her... What a dummy I'm turning out to be... Come on Ed, pull yourself together, think a little bit please... I can't bear to lose this lovely jewel like I've lost all of the girls I've never dated before... Oh, but I can't wait to get my hands on those big beautiful tits... Such luscious tastiness... I really want to see Honey naked again, only this time just for me... Maybe she'll notice that her panties aren't the same ones she was wearing... What about her bra... It's not even the same size... I know, I saved the pieces... How's He able to convince her she's not crazy, why can't they figure out what's happened to them? I just can't understand His mental powers over them... I guess that's how he became the Doctor...}

"Ed... ED... You'd bett'r come inside here fer a min't you's 'bout ready t' faint 'r sum'p'in'... C'mere..." She said as she pulled me into her apartment and over to a big overstuffed chair just inside the door... "Sit yer'sef down fer a min't & relax, th' Doc'll be ok withou'cha fer a lil' while... I'll getcha' sum Ice'd Tea... That'll mak' ani'thin' bett'r..."

She purred as she sashayed lithely into the kitchen area of the little apartment... She opened the door to the fridge and bent over to grab the lemonaid & I gasped as I caught a little glimpse of her creamy white thighs & the underwear I'd so carefully picked out to try to match those she'd worn in to the clinic...

"Here... Drink this..." She said then walked into the other room, as she did so, I could tell she was pulling at the buttons on her blouse, & she hollered back; "Now ya'll jus' relax ther' fer a min't an' I'll be right back... I jus' gots ta' git out o' these tight clothin's... Ah'm a suffrin' hot an' it jus' ain't right... I guess I bett'r put on th' med'cin th' Doc gave me, 'cause m' chest is a drivin' me crazy... You be good an' promis' t' stay put now 'til I com' back in there..."

'Oh yes maam', I said, craneing my head to follow her image in the mirror which in her hurry, she must have forgotten was there... 'Miss Honey, if you'll bring the medicine over just as s...soon as you've changed into a

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I...looser top, I'll show you how to m...make sure you get the b...best benefit from that medicine...'

{I watched her closely as I said this, thought I saw a little shiver go up her spine, saw her nod her head slightly, almost imperceptibly, turn back to the closet, grab a hold of her bra & remove it, quickly tie on a small, but modest bikini top, & then return to the moderately furnished living room where I waited with a somewhat impatiently twitching...}

"Ah di'n't know they wuz a speshul way I had t' put that med'cine on, did Doc tell me that too whilst I wuz not feelin' good?"

'No Honey, I just really care about you, & so I want you to get the best benefit from the Snake oil... Here, why don't you just sit back, relax, & let me help you?'

{With that I stood up, gently pushed her down onto the chair, continuing to gently push her back into what I'd discovered was a reclining chair, while at the same time triggering the bar to make the chair lean back, & the foot-rest come up off the floor, forcing her legs & feet up off of the floor with it...}

'I'll just take these shoes off too to help you relax a little bit...' I said, as I gently removed her shoes, & then began to rub her feet & toes with what other women had deemed were my "Magical hands", which had lots of practice in the giving of all kinds of foot-back-&-other-muscle massages. 'After a long day...' I said, (Concentrating on the balls of her feet, a place where I knew from experiance that much of the bodies tension could be massaged away from), 'It's nice to be able to relax a little bit with your shoes off... There, doesn't that feel a bit better?'

{I knew from experiance that no one could resist a good foot massage, & I'd gotten pretty good at it over the years of serving Tony's "Clients"... He said that I could almost take them into a trance by doing that, & I sure hoped that it would work this time...}

"Mmm hmm, ahh that feels soooo good" Honey said as she relaxed further into the soft couch; "If'n yor not careful' tho' yer 'gonna put me t' sleep... That ther' feels lik' a bunny on a spring mornin'... Mmmmm ohhh yeeess" She mumbled softly as she slowly closed her eyes, as my hands slipped up to work on her heels & ankles...

{This is working sooo well I thought to myself, as I gently continued my massage all the way up to her calves & then also all around her beautifully formed knees... I could work on this Heavenly body forever I thought as I mentally prepared for my next move... 'How've I gotten so lucky?' I asked myself, as I stood up & moved to the top of the chair, 'Now's the time for Heaven', I thought preparing to savor what was coming next...}

Well my fan friends...; What do you think of the story so far? Is it worth your time? Please comment with your likes, or dislikes, so I can know if I should continue?

Should Honey get more stimulation in one day than she's had in an entire lifetime? What do you say?

Chapter 6: A massage a day makes m' doctor stay...

{I can't believe my good fortune, now I get to perform the ancient ritual of the Snake-oil nipple tease... I gradually warm the medicine in the palm of my hand 'til it gets to be body temperature, while at the same time using the fingers of my hands to caress Honey's earlobes, & neck... All the while murmuring softly about how she was to relax & tune in to her inner voice... Then, slowly, & cautiously I untied her bikini top, while at the same time pulling the rest of it down off her chest & off of those lovely tits I needed so badly to see, feel, & touch... I came back around in front of her, wondering if I could possibly do all I want to her this time, & deciding that it would probably be a pretty bad idea; I just pulled out my insatiable equipment as I lowered my pants to the floor, & with sensual abandon, I alternated between her & me, milking myself... }

Slowly... tenderly & slowly, the practiced hands perform...

shoulders tensed and anxious, gently eased to rest...

As his thumbs massage them, mental pictures form...

Of a day in springtime, and some eggs in robin's nest...

Once the sleep o'r-takes her, her comfort level's sure...

His hands begin their roving, the curves he loves to feel...

Eager is his touching; gradual, loving, tender strokes occur...

First the touch of fingertips, then deeper with the heel...

Round & round her breasts he kneads, as though he's making bread;

He fingers & he pinches then, while with his mouth he sucks...

All the while he masterbates, & thinks of getting head...

In his mind he's shanking her, as with his head he f*cks;

As to the mix he adds his seed, spurt by spurt again;

Until panting, spent & tired, his pent-up passion ends...

And after all his rubbing it in, he feels the tingling begin...

Rubbing lotion from his palms into the nipples sends...

{I have to return before I get into too much trouble for being gone too long... Really wish I could do more, but I want to plant a message into her subconscious mind, I want her to love me, I want her to be strong, I want her to return to us for more, because even though Tom will torture her, I must spend more time around her... I need to make love to this angelic vision of beauty, & just lubricating her breasts has only given me more reason to want to be inside of her lovely legs... I'll share with her the secret of the mirror... I'll whisper it into her ear before she wakes from her dream as her nipples will soon wake her with a desire to once again want to begin a milking cycle which should last til her next appointment, & by then, she should almost be ready to

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begin lactating, milk that I'll very much enjoy drinking from these lovely globes of flesh. I'll tie up her top, though it's a shame to cover all that beauty up, I need her to feel comfortable...}

"Wake up Honey; I've applied the lotion, & you fell asleep... promise me that you'll get some rest, & when you wake up, I want you to go stand in front of the mirror & tell the world what a beautiful woman you are... Will you promise to do that for me? It's very important to me that you know how special you are & can be... Will you make me a promise to do that daily?"

Well, 'a don' see why ya' feel s' strong about it, but, if'n it's s' all-fir'd impor'ant to ya' I'll do m' best t' please ya'.

"Thanks Honey, you're a real sweetheart, I've got a poem here that's been written to help you to remember every day... It was originally written to a wonderful woman named Kellyann Shirley, by a friend of mine named J... in a realworld..."

Ok Ed, I'll promis' t' read th' poem, & t' talk t' th' mirror, e'ventho' ah' think it's a bit crazy, since it means s' much t' you...

"Thank you Honey, you won't regret it... You'll see you're going to get feeling really good over the next few weeks... Now remember, that ointment should be applied at least three times a day, & your appointment back at the clinic is at 4:30pm two days from now, ok? I wouldn't want anything to happen to you if you don't get your regular treatments from now until you're cured of whatever it is that you've got, & Tom's the only Doctor I know who's doing his kind of treatments... You just watch, he'll get to the bottom of whatever it is that you're suffering from, I've seen him cure some really wierd stuff..."

Allright, ah'll be there bright-ey'd-'n'-bushytail'd at 4:30... Y'all c'n count on me fer that, but a'm tir'd an', ah' gotta' git' t' bed...

This is the poem which Ed gave to honey; I give it now here to all of you;

**I linger at the mirror, a reflection in my view;
I wish you to be nearer, I sigh & think of you...
A promise I comply with; From deep within my soul;
5 things to say-not myth, to compliment my goal...
How well I have remembered, the way he made me feel.
My self-worth he tendered; My honor makes it real...
This poem I freely offer, cement to strengthen wall;
Advise that I do proffer... May we ever conquer all.**

Good night/day/afternoon all you special "Honey's" may all the "Ed's" in life, treat you like the special angels that you are and may all of your itches be soothed with the gentle salves of the healing elixers of life's pools of accumulated spunk...

I hope all of you are enjoying my twisted tale, & want more...

If so, please let me know by commenting, & likeing my work. Thanks...

Chapter 7: Back to the twisted clinic for the newest twist...

4:30PM Two days after the last visit... It seems but an instant, it seems all of a lifetime...

What a strange salve this medicine is... Almost as though it has a mind of it's own, it never seems to fully dry on her breasts... Surprisingly comforting as she applies it, it never-the-less requires that she apply it, first itching, then a slowly growing burning sensation, then a firey need to apply the soothing ointment if she tries to go longer than prescribed between applications...

And then the mental images... Of a slow sensual massage and the first manhandleing of her virgin body by a man who loves her intensely, she can see it in his eyes... Yet she would remember if such a thing had happened in real life... (Wouldn't she?)

No; these were fantasies... Dreams like her mother had warned her about years before... That must be it... Her Ed had been a perfect gentleman, he'd only touched her where her clothes didn't cover... Hadn't been inappropriate at all, right? She'd have felt it otherwise... Wouldn't she? If he'd touched her nipples she'd have felt him & stopped him. (Sometimes mentally she wished he had had his nasty way with her... Was she such a bad girl for those kinds of thoughts?) She was sure of it... So why did she keep having these vivid mental pictures of an amazingly large & hard piston between his legs & it's jetting spray on those same achingly wanting nipples? Why the image that his globs of healing spunk had eased her pain, had filled her body with the utmost bliss, had washed her clean of all her pain & suffering, if only for two or three minutes?

She had followed the directions completely, exactly, carefully... Each and every time, multiple times in the day, so much so that the great big tube of lotion was almost gone... Had transformed from just complying with Dr's. orders, to a very real & almost a demanding need to apply the healing medicine... Yet her own applications never had the power of her dream-application; of the feeling of "Flashback" that "His" massage, one that didn't even include her nipples, which the Dr. had insisted must have attention too, had had on her, a thought that she couldn't get around... Why did she always feel like a very important part of her therapy was missing, like she was incomplete?

How she's haunted by the desire to look again into those eyes of "Her Ed" as she has subconsciously begun to call him... Why is it that her breasts almost seem more dense, the bra having a harder & harder time keeping them up, the feel of them more full, a horrifying, yet strangely exciting feeling... Almost one of...

Power?

How could that be?

Was she going crazy?

And why did she feel this incesant need to massage them so lovingly, erotically? Why, when the massage was done, did she wish it were just beginning, but that he could be the one to be applying it? Her mother would be appalled if she were here... A proper woman just didn't touch herself that way... Not to mention thinking about having a man do something so intimate to her... Or how it had set her lower regions on fire the one time that she hadn't cleaned her hands sufficiently after it's application & before she'd wiped herself after peeing... She thought she was going to die that day before she could finally wash the sensations away by laying in the tub and running the hot/warm water at full power-stream over her whole lower regions, & she'd layed in the tub shuddering for twenty minutes in a way that she'd never felt before, feeling as though her own body had been a gyser of jetting volcanic spray of a nature she'd never heard tell of before... That day she thought that she

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was going to die, first it hurt so much that she'd tried to reach inside of herself with her fingers & pull out whatever it was that was torturing her, which at first seemed to almost even make it worse, but then had made it bearable, then even a pleasant, (Of sorts), kind of experience as the water did its cleaning & she continued the in & out motions that her hands seemed to perform on their own... How she wished that her fingers were just a little longer, & just a little bigger around... That was the first time in her life that she'd ever touched herself in that kind of way, & it scared her the way it had made her feel so good, yet had left her with more thoughts of it being him... Yes, him that was touching her that way, & not just with his hands either, no, in her mental anguish, she was imagining him touching her, pounding her with the sausage of a tool that he had in his pants, just swinging between his legs... Such a dirty thought, such depravity to think that way... That day had scared her immensely...

This was the strangest & most distracting disease she'd ever had in her life, & she was resolved to find out from Dr. Tom just what this awful thing was called...

Well today was the day, & she was resolved to get to the bottom of it, even if it killed her... It was in this frame of mind that she walked in to the "Clinic", then looked down to see that her whole shirt was...

Are you enjoying this story my good readers? Let me know so that I may have a desire to continue...

...Till next time my beloved readers...

Chapter 8: ...I'm soaking wet, now, just call my vet...

Soaking wet, she was soaking wet, the cream we'd worked so hard to create had worked like a charm... Her lovely chest, nipples swollen & distended, beckoned to my mind like an irresistible finger curling & inviting me to suckle on them contentedly 'til I had made her reach her exquisite climax & achieved my heart's contentment... There they are poking through the obviously carefully chosen thick fabric of the elegant blouse my Honey had chosen to wear, sometimes I want so badly to stop being a gentleman & just rip the hell out of her clothes & ravish her in the broad daylight of the public thoroughfare...

She shone as she sauntered into our clinic today. Salatiously wet... As in just a moment so was I, (Just in a different part of the anatomy)... So drenched that it looked like she'd signed up for a wet T-shirt contest, bringing with her, the largest bulge I'd had in two days... And I was sitting there looking at her chest as though I was ready to devour it...

She blushed & then, looking down at herself, she screamed, while trying to cover her soaking chest with her hands, but as she did so, she moved her feet just a little & slipped in a small puddle of her own liquid, (You see, by now she was, almost literally, squirting out of her bra...) falling down & hitting her head hard on the floor as she fell...

Running to her aid, I scooped her up, hurriedly finding, & suckling on her addictive & magnificent nipples through the fabric of her blouse, (Since she was unconscious anyway), I carefully layed her down on a gurney, & began wiping her forehead with an ice-cold washcloth... Of course I knew exactly what must be done, I've done it before, though nobody before has responded as well as Honey. I knew that we'd have to get it done before those gorgeous breasts got damaged by the over-abundance of the precious, life-giving, lust-inducing milk that she now was lactating.

(Milk that was so precious Tom is getting \$50.00 an ounce for it, & Honey would have a half gallon of it if she had a drop... with those big, creamy, suckable cantalopes she has, if you asked me)

... I was also aware that I also needed to get her some additional vitamins so her bones would stay strong & her calcium wouldn't get depleted... Yes, I knew, & I was only too willing to do it... I just didn't want her to get the wrong idea about me, what she thought about Tom, I didn't care... Let her hate him, but with this precious angel of a woman, I wanted her love, & her undying devotion... Wanted to have her love me so much that she'd be willing to do anything... To lie, to steal, to cheat, to kill... Anything to desire me, to want me, to need me... To want, at the deepest levels of her soul, to please me, to want me, to cum for me... To care... Yes, I needed her to truly CARE for & about me...

{I woke... Lookin' into th' lovin' eyes of "M' Ed", standin' ov'r top of me & lookin' so worried & concern'd that I jus' 'bout fergot ev'r'thin'... I immediately forgot m' pain, m' chest, m' leakin' tits... Ev'rythin' goes away whilst I'm a lookin' in those deep, green caring eyes... Wait... Last time they wuz blue... An' the other time it wuz lik' they wuz brown... WOW... Ed's eyes are doin' a' Picasso, jus' fer me...}

...Honey... Honey Dear, please speak to me sweetheart, I'm so worried about you... HONEY... Are you OK?

"Yes, Ed, I'm ok... Don't sit there a'yellin' at me lik' a Magpie in a corn-field... Stop cryin' an' kiss me will ya'? Ah'm startin' t' get me a big head-ache here... An' why'm ah all sudden-lik' a squirtin' milk lik' a heifer wit' calves? You 'gotta git that Doc o' yours t' figur' me out here... Ah'm 'bout t' go plum crazy..."

[I was so relieved to hear her voice, & know that she was alright, that... Wait a minute, am I going crazy? Did she just say what I think she said? Stop the World, I think I've died and gone to heaven... Did I just hear her

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ask me for a kiss?... A KISS... Honey wants me to give her a kiss... My stomache did a flip-flop, I could no longer resist, this angel of perfection wants me to give her a kiss... I leaned over, bending close with both of my hands on the side of her face, & never taking my eyes off her, I touched her lips with mine, & putting all of the love that I could into it, I kissed her... I'd have given her one to really treasure & remember too, if not for...]

SCREEEAAKKK....

[Tom just walked into the room... I can hear his approach... DAMN... I wanted at least 5 minutes alone to explain...]

'...As I was saying, Honey, the floor must have been wet, & you've fallen down... That head has a bit of a nasty cut there, it's bleeding a little, I'm going to have to clean it up for you... Oh, Hi, Doctor Tom... Honey just got here, & unfortunately has had a bit of a bad fall I'm afraid, I think I need to clean her up...'

"Leave her to me Ed, I'll see to her now, after all, I'm the Doctor you know..."

'...Yes sir... But...'

"But nothing, go get the room ready, you numb-skull... What do you think I pay you for around here? Go on, hurry, I'm going to need it in just a few seconds... Go on now... Shooo..."

I walked out of the room... Hating myself more & more by the second, for all of the parts I'm continuing to play in Honey's road to being the perfect experiment, & I one of the lascivious "Doctor's" conducting it... How I now wish that this were just another woman, at another place, & in another time... Would it be as bad for her as it had for the others? Would she blame me? (Of course she would, it was all my fault after all... What had I done? What had I gotten this lovely angel into? Was there a way to stop Tony now? This is his livelihood... This is his realm... NOBODY messes around with Tony... When would I ever get a true chance to have Honey all to myself? ...Truth is, it isn't going to happen... It'll NEVER happen, & I've missed my only chance to make this Goddess love & respect me by putting her into a situation where she's going to be in danger, & she COULD really be hurt... NO... No, I won't let that happen to my Honey, I can't let that happen to Honey... I MUST be there to protect her, and to be sure, & insure that my sweet little Honey will be ok... I just MUST...

This is not the time to lose your wit, Ed... Get a grip... You, and only you, can save your sweet, delicate, precious Honey...

OK, my lovely's here's the time to let me know, should I continue with this story?

Well, your comments will let me know...

Chapter 9: Pucker pucker... Time to suck her...

By the time I got into the examination room, Tom already had her hooked up to those dreadful machines... Strapped down, not able to move, with those accursed leaches attached to her temples to prevent the headaches they always got as the milk was so quickly sucked from those precious, & perfectly luscious melons... As I feared, he'd already had his electric Eels perform their evil, the shock that sent her nervous system into oblivion... Doing the worst to her poor nervous system, & he was watching lecherously as the accursed contraption that he called a "Relief Machine" sucked the great quantities of sweet, creamy, delectable, liquid-gold droplets from the ends of those heavenly nipples that my mind had already previously claimed as my own... Yet, so wantonly I just watched, transfixed as the objects of my obsession were ravenously beset upon by those twin heavy arms, ending in those yellow, ugly, inhumane gigantic octopus suckers... The very tips of which were the 4 inch round, rubbery, all-inclusive nipple stimulators... Honey, equipped with a SCUBA apparatus, floating... No, better put, embraced within the eight arms of the monster... Poised within it's huge salt-water tank, the intelligent eyes of the monstrous creature unblinkingly looking on, obviously, & apparently he was aware of what he did, at least at some level, & the whole while "Dr." Tom sitting across the room there, non-chalantly gazing at my Honey... Looking deep in thought, as he sat there, mentally in a concentrated daze... Commanding those surgery enhanced, sucking orbs at the pinnacle of each of the two arms attached to her succulent breasts... The organic milking machine which he'd engineered, his "Pride & joy", exulting in his mind, as it drew large quantities of valuable milk out of the free-flowing nipples of this, his newest victim. What could I do? The look of sheer bliss & abandon on my angelic Honey's face was something I didn't have the heart to interrupt... Even if I could have, which I'm not 100% sure that I could have done anyway... (After all I can't control that monster... So I mentally self-stimulated, I watched, soaking my own pants as I lasciviously viewed my love being pleased by the arms of a monster, at the fingers of an alien to her race, her pulse racing, body shuddering to her own internal climaxes, those luscious vibrations repeatedly wracking her body in it's own series of unconscious sexual abandon... The dreams that she'll have from this will cause her severe psychological pain & problems if she's like all of the other subjects of this sick man's invention... I can't allow that... But I have no control of either slowing or stopping it... Somehow I've GOT to find a way to help her through those dreams because that's not a consequence that I can or will tolerate...

Back in the present, back in the room; now that my Honey's in a state of sub-conscious oblivion, a no-man's-land in her mind... [I knew the sadistic bastard couldn't be trusted]... [Yet, maybe better stated, he could be COUNTED ON to exercise his own perverted control in this way, to my ultimate shame]... He is going to perpetrate the ultimate degradation on this poor innocent girl, I would accuse him of doing it to get himself off on it, but I already know that he is "Broken", (Can't seem to get-maintain-or-exercise an erection, and nobody seems to know why... Maybe he took too many experimental drugs as a younger man), so I know that's just not it... He just laughs maniacally & scrunches his face in concentration as his pet reaches out with two more of those massive arms & easily, & without any effort at all, lifts her body up positioning her to the master's liking, which happens to be facing both of us with that heavenly flesh-pot that resides between those two perfectly formed legs... [I still don't completely understand how he can command the monster such]... I draw in a labored breath, staring at the heaven she's made of as he reaches into the tank & nonchalantly and without ceremony, removes her sweet panties, bringing them to his nose, & experimentally sniffs them... Curse him & his callus, abrasive ways...

I can smell her sweet nectar-dew from across the room & it does something to my ability to function just being in the same room with this siren, & especially in her aroused state, without even any further stimuli on his or her part...

[Maybe I'm just a week-minded twit as Tony says, maybe he's right about me, & I don't truly deserve anyone as sweet, perfect, & heavenly as this angel whose mother rightfully named her Honey as there is nothing so

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sweet anywhere... Maybe I don't, but I am going to have her anyway... I've decided, & only death will sway me in this quest...]

She's now spread-eagled with the petals of her perfect, orchid-flower vagina calling to me like the loudest bull-horn on earth... It takes every last ounce of resistance, & strength that I possess to not utterly jump forward & bury my face into the tank with the "Oh-so-perfect" orifice and then lick that crinkled bottom all over that's so closely attached...

He has been watching her pulse rate, her fluttering eyes, her filling milk bottles, her temperature... Everything but what I am so intent on standing & watching, he's too busy having his "Fun" with her to even realize that this is a perfect specimen of a woman so brazenly displayed, so deliciously spread wide open for a sensual smorgasborg of pleasure... A 3-4 inch incessantly sucking tentacle attached to her clit, a slightly larger 5 inch one sucking at the vaginal lips, the three finger tip sized end of it's tentacle just barely penetrating the entrance to her exquisite pussy, and another 4 incher provokatively covering & sucking at her anal opening, both nipples being attended to & other selected spots on her body simultaneously & yet, somehow gently and lovingly stimulated by that over-grown monstrosity... She was in the throes of the most complete & all-body-consuming, titilating, & fully encompassing orgasm of a poor innocent life, & all Tom could do was to watch the bottles of the fluids from the sucking cones attached at each of her nipples, collecting her breast-milk as they fill to overflowing, only to be replaced, & be refilled again three times each, as well as the bigger, twenty three gallon tank collecting the pumped off pool of her ejaculate from between her legs, (A filtration system keeping the ejaculate separate from the sea-water)... Finally it was over, (Even he realized that he'd take too much out of her if he allowed her even one more of those over-stimulated climaxes... And even Tom didn't want her to be a totally destroyed specimen. He would say it wouldn't be good for future studies...) Yes, he was a real piece of work, it wasn't for her that he worried, only in a small way, mostly it was for what she could provide for his twisted sense of future, a mere shadow of what she truly represented, yet he was unaware of her true worth, he was broken to being able to fully enjoy her best... Or want for her body...

I come to my senses, realizing that my pants are soaked, they must weigh an additional ten pounds now that I've been seeing & smelling this carnal feast of perfection... Yet, I'm powerless to stop the torture... Nor am I sure that I truly want to anymore, I'm a bit too involved... This is just too much sensory overload for my confused mind to handle... I stare at her, transfixed... Dumbly petrified as I am awed & disabled in thought gawking at this delightful spectacle, too paralyzed to respond in any way other than by sweating profusely, cum leaking passionately, breath abated, fever high... It doesn't compare to anything else I've ever experienced... She then convulses for a final time with those rubbery tentacles now gently detaching as her body begins to settle itself back into reality as the living, & twitching "Stimulation machine" as I call it, lifts her out onto the gurney carefully, & then, as always, receeds back into it's accursed tank until the next time Tony summons it to do his dirty work with another unsuspecting victim...

This, I mentally promise myself will be the last time that "My Honey" has to endure that kind of sensory overloaded & torturous painful joy. I will provide all of the stimulus that she'll ever need from now on out... Except that I know that I still can't completely prevent more from happening to her... Yet... But the time will come when she belongs to only me...

This I mentally vow as Tom yells out my name to come & help him disengage her, clean off her mess, & prepare her for when she awakens, as at this moment as she's covered with her own spendings, some spilt milk, & the saltwater & seaweed from the monster's tank...

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The best part of it? I get to bathe her in the shower, which I can't wait to do, because even though he'll be watching me to be sure I don't penetrate her, he'll still allow me to achieve my climax since he's installed filters now in the shower drain to retrieve all my spunk, & he knows I'll be able to give so much more in her physical embrace than I would if I had just given her a sponge bath... Plus this way she gets cleaner... After I climax with all the spendings I'm capable of, & have finished cleaning her up... So there's less likelihood that she'll know conciously what has happened... He is devious... But, at least I get a good release as I hold my Honey close & pretend that she's aware of my generous spurts all over her precious body, & the gorgeous golden shower that I give her after I'm spent... Also, I think he likes the pheromones that they exude after that experience...

Well my dears, this is now the time to tell me if you're liking the adventure, or if you would like to see any changes in venue for the future... I aim to please the "Honey's" of my world...

Chapter 10: Octopussy over... Restart?

Eight arms gently caressing her skin, lovingly supporting her naked body in a sweet lover's embrace... Warm water filling every little crevice, soothing, relaxing, encouraging in a strangely provocative way... This was a dream... It had to be a twisted, wierd, marvelously, animated dream... Didn't it? Honey had never heard of a sexy octopus before in her whole life... (Of course she had spent all of her life on a farm, in the middle of Arkansas... Not anywhere in which one was likely to find Sea life at all, let alone a creature such as an eight legged octopus)... What could this dream mean? Her brain struggled to analyze what it didn't have the capacity to really understand... In the only experiance she had had with an octopus, she'd been scared stiff... It was in the movie "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea"... There the octopus had threatened to tear apart the whole submarine... Yet, here she was fantasizing about one of those monsters giving her pleasure... Ridiculous... She had to be drunk or something...

"Honey...", it was as though coming from a fog way out to sea... "HONEY, love of my life, center of my fantasies, holder of all of my heart... HONEY, my dear sweet friend..." I felt a gentle slap on m' cheek... "Honey can you hear me sweet little one? I know it's hard to do, but I need you to come back to reality, to here & now... HONEY..."

Slowly ah open'd up m' eyes 'nd realiz'd that m' Ed wuz a'speakin' ta me. An' you cain't help but t' love those deep loving eyes...

"Are you awake yet dear?" He ask'd me yet again... "You were beginning to worry me... Please don't scare me so... What in the world were you dreaming about my dear? You were moaning as though you were in pain, yet you had a look on your face pure and happy, as though you were the recipient of great & abiding pleasure... Did it include me perhaps? I sure hope so, it'd make my life completely, & rewrite my future..." This 'e tol' me with a twinkle in 'is eye, & a wink that sent a jolt to m' tummy, n' a light-headedness t' m' temples, that had me blushin' to m' tippytoes...

"The treatment's over, Dr. has diagnosed that you're lactating as though you were a pregnant mother... Since nobody knows the exact cause of why this happens as a result of the treatments you are recieving, we're just going to have to help you learn how to pump your own milk out to keep your body from hurting itself permanently since you're breasts are producing so much milk that it would be dangerous for you to let it stay there..." Fer some reason this made me blush even more, which Ed saw, & all gentle-like 'e patted m' arm & 'e said: "The bad news for you is that you'll have to begin coming in for your visits twice per day, for an hour each time & so you'll have to program that into your schedule from now on until we figure this all out... Of course that's good news for me, since all that means is that I'll get to see you more often & spend more time around you..."

He said this with a purdy smile that lit up 'is face... How could I ev'r be angry at 'im a sayin' sumpin' like that? "Dr. Tom says that since this will be your first time on the pump, & it takes a little bit of getting used to, in order to learn how to use it, he wants me to walk you home, instruct you on how to use the pump so that you don't hurt yourself, & also so that you'll know how to properly store the milk. Of course we need you to bring it back to us daily so that we can test it to try to help you get the treatment that you need to recover from this strange condition that you have... You'll have to use the pump on yourself at about 2:00 in the morning every night since you would be either sleeping, or getting ready to do so... (Unless you want some help with it?)" He said winking, then continued; "(I should be so lucky)... You'll come here at 10:00am & at 6:00 pm, & those three times will become your daily routine until we get this under control... At 6:00 am, 2:00pm & at 10:00pm, you'll still need to continue to massage the ointment we gave you into your breasts, using the same procededure as before, making sure that you don't forget your nipples, they're even more important now than ever before, & call me at this phone # or here at the clinic at any time if you need anything. But please don't

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tell Dr. Tom that I gave you this number..." He whisper'd as 'e placed a bus'ness card with 'is phone # written on it into m' hand...

"Now", 'e said, "Let's get you home..." Placin' 'is hand on mine, 'e help'd me up out o' m' seat, an' we wer' on th' way... An' Ed walk'd along-side me like a tom cat a protectin' a canary... I wuz a kinda' feelin' a bit scar'd o' what wuz a comin' but yet, down there below m' tummy I wuz a bit wet in m' panties 'bout what 'e said b'for 'bout teachin' me t' use the pump... I almos' wuz a wishin' that he'd teach me a diff'rent kinda' pumpin'...

It only took us a few min'ts 't get t' m' hous' an' I wuz so wet a think'n 'bout what wuz a com'n that ah coul' hardly wait...

"Now there's really only one way for me to properly teach you this my dear... I'm going to need you to... Um, uh... I need you t' to take umm... You know, I mean it won't work trying to teach you with your uh... I mean with..." 'e point'd t' m' blouse... An' then 'e blush'd a purty shad' o' pink... Oh yes, ah said as ah took off m' shirt & m' brazire, an' then car'fully cross'd m' arms ov'r m' chest 'n sat on m' reclin'r, leanin' back, & handin' 'im the bag we'd brought home sos' that 'e c'uld pull th' pump out 'o th' bag... It had a soft, large cone shap'd rubb'r thin' on top, with a tube attach'd sos' that when it suck'd it could make th' milk go down in t' a deep kin' o' dish... 'e wuz real gentl' lik' w' me an' show'd me all I need'd t' know sos' t' fill up th' dish real gud'... I wuz just start'in t' enjoy th' fealin', an' ah wuz 'bout t' ask 'im why 'is pants wuz a growin' s' much, when 'e up n' said: "... I need to use the bathroom my sweet... I... I have... something I... need to take care of..." An' as ah point'd th' way t' the bathroom, 'e ran awkward'ly t' th' bathroom, an' then I thought I heard som' real funny noises from th' bathroom, an' e' didn't come out for almos' 15 minits an' then e' wuz a sweatin' like a pig... I ask'd 'im if ev'rythin' wuz ok, an' 'e jus' came over, hugg'd me n' said 'e want'd t' hold me s' bad 'e could die... Then 'e ask'd if I'd go w' 'im t' th' store... Aft'r puttin' back on th' shirt, we start'd off...

As we walk'd 'e tol' me 'e wuz a song writ'r an that 'e had an idea fer a new song which 'e said wuz inspir'd by littl' ol' me... Well, I'll tell ya', I wuz tickl'd pink... These wer' th' song's words:

"Of all the little girls, she's got some pretty curls... I see her moving with her little swirls, I start to thinking & then my head just whirls... I wonder if she's taken, & it just leaves me shaken, my temperature's a' baking, & all my body's quaking... I hate being forward, I've got to show respect, but if I don't say something I'm gonna be a wreck, they all watch her walking & they all turn their neck, I just want to beat them sillyer than heck... I'm not sure how I will get it done, I so need her, we're gonna make a son, I'll keep her forever & you had better run, 'cause if you don't brother I'll just grab my gun... How I wish that I had Honey girl, oh how I wish that I had Honey girl... Where can I find a woman like that? When she starts a' dripping I want to swing my bat... Where can I find a woman like that? She's so angelic just like a guilded cat... Where can I find a woman like that, like Honey girl...? Where can I find my little Honey girl?"

Now, ah ask ya' seriously... How can an'body have 'er own song written fer 'er & not love the guy what wrote it? I thought 't wuz jus' s' special it mad' me cry... Then aft'r that he went down on one knee & propos'd t' me... Says 'e 's got t' hav' me fer 'is wife, & if 'n I ain't willin' e'll jus' up an' die... I wuz flabb'rgast'd... It wuz s' un'spect'd lik' I didn't know what t' say...

What do you say my little "Honey's"? Should we see them get hitched? Should we see tragedy for them? Should we have a jealous Doctor in the picture? Should it all fit into Doctor Tom's "Master Plan? What do you think of this? Want more story?

Chapter 11: "Can I have her?"

"Hello? Is this the father of Honey P. Erfection?" 'Yesireebob, what kin ah do fer ya?' "Well sir, I'd like to request the hand of your daughter in marriage...", I started out, scared as a rabbit on the highway... "I wish Sir, that I was there, in person, but even though I'd love to have been able to ask you this in person, I truly do love your daughter sir..., I am prepared to be a great husband to her, support her, care for her, & love her for the rest of her life... I would appreciate it if you would be willing to give us your blessing & if we could talk about plans for the wedding...?" (We both waited with bated breath, holding hands as we listened carefully for his answer...) 'MABEL, YER DAUGHTER'S DUN D'CIDED 'T GIT HITCH'D... GIT IN HERE 'N TALK T' HER B'TROTH'D WOULD'YA'... jist a sec'nd yung'in, m' wif's a comin' in from th' barn...' (Honey leaned in to whisper in my ear, 'Ah kin tell 'e's happy 'bout it 'cause otherwis' you'da got a whol' mouthful' o' hollerin' a fore' he'da call'd in Mama') "Mister, your daughter Honey has told me your name is John... Would you mind too terribly if I were to just call you 'Daddy'? Honey says that's the name that you always called her grandfather on her mom's side of the family..." 'Well now son, I think I'd lik' that right pleasant lik'... Yesir, ah think that'd be jus' fine...'

After about 2 hours of Honey & her mom talking on the phone, the arrangements had been made, & then all we had to do was to go back and tell Doctor Tom... I'm dreading that with all of my heart, because I know that he's going to flip his lid... And my newly betrothed might not get a husband after all... He's gonna kill me... I know he's going to be madder than a wet hornet, but I just couldn't wait any longer, I knew I wanted my Honey, & I wanted her now, & I wasn't going to take "No" for an answer... "Honey, my love, could you do me a big favor?" 'Yes dear, 'cors ah can... What's on yer purdy littl' mind?' "Would you be willing to keep this a secret for a little while yet from Dr. Tom? I'm just not ready to tell him yet..." 'You betcha' I will... Not lik' 'es gonna be a noticin' it much anyways is 'e?' "Oh, I'll tell you, he might not necessarily notice, but he's going to be red-hot mad when he finds out that I've asked you to get married... He's probably going to kill me if there aren't enough witnesses around when I tell him... And because of that, I need to leave now & get back to the clinic... I've already been gone for a whole 3 1/2 hours, and I'm going to be in enough trouble when I get back there... that's part of the reason I asked you to come with me to the store as we talked instead of talking to you here at your house, I can use that as part of the excuse as to why it has taken me so long to get back to the clinic today... Plus today we had almost no appointments, & he likes to take just a little nap on Fridays when we're not going to have to many patients, & so I slipped a little something into his normal afternoon cup of Java... Hopefully he'll still be asleep when I get back... I just had to have a little more time with you today, & you've made me the happiest man in the whole wide world... Thank you Honey..." I gave her a sweet little kiss on the lips as I left her place, & then I whistled all the way as I ran back to the clinic... I can't believe the kind of luck I've had today... The Lord himself must be watching out for me & taking good care of me, not only did Honey say 'Yes', but her mom & dad are on-board with the wedding too... At that moment I kneeled down right there in the park outside of the clinic & said a fervent prayer to my Maker to thank Him for my luck and for taking such good care of me...

"HONEY LOVES ME" I shouted silently in my prayer, "THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP..."

There's a whole lot more of Honey's adventures in my head, but it's taking lots of time to get them down on paper... I hope it's worth the wait my little followers... Do you want the details? Please let me know if you feel I should include the wedding as I continue these adventures, or even if you want them to continue, maybe it's time we leave her alone for a honeymoon? Or do you think we should return to the lab before the wedding to help her to be a little more "Prepared" for her man? What say you my sweet ones? ... Is the interest still here?

Chapter 12: Strike 1...

Standing in the doorway at the Clinic:

"WHAT IN THE WORLD DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING YOU IMBECILE...DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD GO OVER TO HONEY'S HOUSE FOR OVER THREE WHOLE HOURS & HAVE ME NOT NOTICE THAT YOU WERE GONE? DID YOU DISHONOR HER IN ANYWAY YOU PERVERTED SICK BASTARD? WE ARE DOING REAL, HONEST TO GOODNESS, EXPERIMENTS HERE & YOU TAKE A CHANCE OF GOING & GETTING OUR FUNDING CUT FROM THE SCHOOL & THE INSTITUTION BOTH BY MESSING AROUND WITH OUR MOST PROMISING PATIENT? WHAT IN THE WORLD HAS GONE WRONG WITH YOU? NOW I'M GOING TO HAVE TO PUNISH YOU... I SIMPLY CAN'T BELIEVE THAT YOU, EVEN YOU, COULD BE SO STUPID... NOW GET OVER HERE & LAY DOWN ON THIS TABLE FOR YOUR MEDICINE YOU NASTY, LITTLE LECHEROUS BOY..."

("Oh crap...", I thought," as I walked into the clinic & Tom was right there shouting in my face... "I'm going to be done-for now...")

Hanging my head I walked over & laid myself down on the same table that sweet Honey had been strapped to just a few short hours before... That gave me courage, & I thought; "I can take whatever he dishes out", but then, I remembered, he wasn't mad at her, & she represents money to him... It was in this thought that I reanalyzed my thoughts as he strapped my wrists & ankles to the gurney... That's when he rolled me into the lab, & I began to pray in earnest...

"I've told you many times before as I've caught you trying to self-pleasure yourself, that all of these little squiggles are mine now that you work here, & you don't have the right to just give them away to whatever harlot you find on the street... So now, you've gotten so bold as to try to get away with ruining our whole future by getting our lab shut down, & maybe even getting us both thrown into prison? For what? Just so that you can spray your seeds into an unprotected garden? What's the matter with you? Have you gone completely crazy?" He said this as he grabbed the scalpel & cut my hospital pants all the way down from my waist to the bottom of the legs, then went over to the other side of the gurney & did the same thing to the other pant leg before ripping them off of my body & away from the protecting of my privates, & proceeded to do the same to one side of my shirt ripping it away as well, & then I knew what was coming as sure as I lived... "I always try to show my trust in you, & look how you turn around reward me... You dishonor my trust, & betray me by going & using that tool of yours on a patient & by so doing you endanger us both in an ill-thought moment of selfish lust... Well this time you're going to pay dearly for it, & I hope that you can learn a lesson that you'll never forget..."

"But Doctor Tom, it's not what you think..., I never..." I try to plead with him, hoping that he'll listen to me. "...You know what happens to you if you talk back to me you little worm..." he says as he reaches into the saltwater tank & pulls out the eel that I already knew was coming... "NOOOOO, PLEEEASE, NOO, YOU CAN'T... PLEASE..." I scream as I feel the teeth sink into my arm... "Dr..., Tom, let me... explain... What happ..."

I started to try to tell him what I had done, but the venom was so quickly absorbed into my neuro-system, that I was at that point, too completely intoxicated & drugged into the numbing state of the artificially induced coma that Dr. Tom's electric eel causes, to be able to explain anything... And he somehow thought that was extremely funny..., For he let out an extremely evil, earth-shatteringly loud laugh... A gut wrenching, horrendous laugh... Something right out of a horror movie...

A Zoo... for You.

I had to just watch, horrified, as he smeared the ointment on my chest, nipples, and even... Oh yeah, he's a sick bastard... He then pulled out the oxygen mask, strapped it to my face, & laughing again at my attempts to mouth the words that my brain is screaming... He used the lift to lift me into the tank with the octopus... I knew what was coming next... Tentacles wrapped over my nipples, requiring the impossible, (Yet we both knew it was not, since he'd been sick enough to have had this monster do it to me before, to draw out my man-milk... The pain so intense that it feels as though your soul is being drawn out through your chest, yet it also feels like a miracle accomplishment when it's finished... Yes, he has done this to me as well...) One tentacle in back, forcing my sphincter muscle to loosen up, forcing me open enough & then continuing it's invasive path into my body to probe until it's stimulating my prostate, which I don't even get to enjoy, because of the neuro-toxin flowing within my body from that damned eel... Another of those eight arms, the modified one, the one with the huge sucker, insistently sucking at my, now fully erect, 15" long member, the curse & blessing of my life, which, now has started pulsating with those emissions that he so gleefully collects to make that damnable ointment that does such wonderful/terrible things... He's going to be collecting from me for probably a full half hour maybe even more..., Then afterwards, as I know from experience, it'll be leaving me in such intense residual pain in my balls that for three days or more, they'll ache as they feverishly work to replace all of the millions of sperm ejaculated as a result of such ardent stimulation of my system for such an extended period of time... This is one of the "Good Dr. Tom's" most regrettable ways of punishing me when he knows he has reason to be able to get away with it... I have nightmares still from the last time he did this to me... Usually I'm uncomfortable when he's done with my punishment,, but this time I know that the next three days are going to be unbearable for me, I'm going to be irritable, nauseous, angry, & that I won't have any desire for sex for at least a week, but then even after that when the desire does come back, it'll come with more than a major vengeance... I'll probably be almost ready to rip off clothing & take what I need... And I also know that this time, as has always been, the case, he will be waiting for that precise moment to be there to collect his usual specimen to be able to sell to his sources & I know that, aside from killing him, or having him put in jail, there is nothing that I can do about it at all...

My only thought at this point... Is this all that he is going to do to punish me, or is there even more than this... Well, in my present state, & condition, there isn't anything I can do about it anyway... And worse, I am not even going to get to enjoy it... And then there is the impending wedding, on one hand, my life has been full of misery & pain until Honey came along, but now, I'm finally having something go my way, & then this... And the worse part, I won't even be able to tell Honey why I can't perform & be there for her on her wedding night for our planned honeymoon, since I'll be in so much pain... AAARRRG... I want to tear him to pieces... But, wait... I have an idea...

Well, my dears, what do you think of Ed's frustration, & the mess he's gotten into? Shall we continue to make him suffer, or has he suffered enough?

Chapter 13: A New zoo... Strike 2

This story-saga tells of the most beautiful of all women; **YOU**...

(You; Amy, Alyson, Barbara, Bird, Carmela, Cynthia, Denise, DeAnna, Elisa, Emma, Felisha, Faith, Gina, Gem, Helen, Honey, Irene, Isis, Jessica, Julie, Kelly, Kimberly, Lila, Luscious, Mary, Misty, Nancy, Nivia, Olivia, Ofilia, P'sGirl, Penelope, Quierida, Quinn, Roxana, Rhonda, Shelly, Stephanie, Tina, Talia, Unice, Ugenia, Veronica, Vulva, Wilma, Wanda, Xanadu, Xylem, Yoli, Yadira, Zandi, Zahara... Whatever your sacred name be, or however applied; I hope you're warmed from my mental embrace...)

I live for you, you lighten my life, brighten my world, make the stars sparkle in the Heavens, the shine in my eyes... It is for you that we men lose our minds, that we excel, that we live, that we die... I want to say that you:

M- Make me go crazy.

A- Always squirming as I pleasure your body.

K- Kissing your breasts, and your valley below.

E- Ecstasy rising as you get close to your O.

L- Loving you deeper, pounding in hard, hitting your G. spot...

O- Orgasm spinning you higher than clouds, you're so hot...

V- Vaginal muscles clenching, with spasms, squirts, screams;

E- Ethereal visions exploding our minds at the seams...

T- Touching eternity, a promise of a future bright;

O- On your face is a vision of Heaven's light...

M- Making me give my ultimate all, filling you up, right to the tip;

E- Even though you swallow as fast as you can; I drip.

M- Move me to never want you to stop being here by my side;

E- Even once I satisfy you, I begin anew our blissful ride...

N- NEVER wanting time to restart, now stopped... After the gift of our love... T- This is when I see the Face of the Maker above...

A- All is at peace in this glorious world...

L- Lifting me always my purpose unfurled...

L- Lovingly taking me out of my "Zone..."

Y- You do it all, (Even if but on phone...)

We continue the story;

As the torture went on & on, Ed slipped into a Coma-like state of delusion, his brain, frazzled & overloaded could think of nothing but "Honey"... The very thought of her loving eyes, that brilliant smile... Took him somewhere else...

A Zoo... for You.

He, in his mind, between his torture, his internal striving to be certain that Dr. Tom didn't find out about the plans the two of them had made, & his worries & concerns about being all he felt he needed to be for Honey, (And since HE didn't even realize just how strong Dr. Tom's mind was, & how deeply it could probe the thoughts of another), even as he fretted, & worried, these thoughts were nearly as pressing & therefore as prevalent on his mind as the future plans that the two sweethearts had made, of & for them to be prepared for the wedding... This made them easier for Dr. Tom to "Read" them in his consciousness... Don't get me wrong, Dr. Tom made sure that he still very much enjoyed thinking that he was helping her with her treatments, & as a result, was still able to provide the good "Doctor" with sufficient amounts of his "Elixir" to reduce the level of torture he would have received had he not been able to put out... But he was still Comatose... Not at all like himself...

Time passed slowly... Time sped on wings of fury... Time dragged on... Time flew like lightning... He existed in a state of bliss, a state of confusion, a state of euphoria, a state of agony, simultaneously, a state of contrast... In his mind, he penned some poems in his few mental moments of freedom, & they are presented for your enjoyment below;

This is for "Honey"; You know who you are...
You change my world... Even though from afar...
By this now I've told you; In my mind I hold you;

A worshipping... Of both your body, & soul...
Was that just a fluke? ...Or was it my goal?

"My Dear; No fear"; I'm just talking you near.

"Better than hold you; words now enfold you"

"Look at your beautiful self in the glass;

All that you see is lovely, don't sass..."

This he has told me, "Be gentle", he said;

Making the thought grow a root in my head.

Please him I will... now forever my thrill...

I hear his voice, & my knees they get weak;

Listening's like he were touching my cheek.

I'm a new woman... have offered my will;

I've given it freely...; It's made my heart fill;

Full of a new love...I know it is true love;

How do I feel? Can it be real?

Me now inside? (Ride)

A Zoo... for You.

(Ride)

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Doctor Tom had told Honey when she came in for her "Treatments" that Ed had been called away on a business trip that he'd totally forgotten to tell her about in his excitement, & for her not to worry since he'd be back in plenty of time for the wedding... Of course this surprised Honey a little bit, since she had thought that he didn't want to tell Dr. Tom about the wedding, & so she was even more confused when he told her that Ed was in a country where he wouldn't be able to call her, & that he wasn't even going to be able to see her at all until she walked down the aisle to meet him on the Saturday morning of the marriage, not to worry though, since Tom would be handling all of the arrangements that Ed had promised to take care of...

(Well, she thought, he certainly took it much easier than Ed had thought he would, maybe he was a pretty good guy after all...)

So, distracted by the ruse the "Good Dr." had created in her mind;

Honey was so busy in her wedding preparations that she really didn't have time to think about anything else, she got into a habit of her daily "Milking", it was highly erotic at first, especially the part where she imagined Susan, the new assistant, who had hands much like her Ed... In her mind, it was him..., & so she relaxed as "He" taught her the art of the milking... Her nipples were soooo sensitive, but she was distracted so she learned to put up with it, she didn't even notice that this "Ed" was much more straight-laced & rigid than hers... Dr. Tom had modified the ointment, giving it slight hallucinogenic properties, & with that & his mental suggestions, she didn't even realize that it wasn't Ed...

In another place, at a parallel time...

Whenever he had any time alone, every moment that he had, & every thought in his head, was of Honey... He became a living, breathing, "Honey idol", for lack of a better way to say it... Even though he didn't know it, Dr. Tom did... In the meantime, it was also a hectic time for Dr. Tom, since many plans had to be brought together in a very short amount of time... He wondered if he could completely pull it off without a hitch, since fooling a lot of people is sometimes a whole lot more complicated than fooling only a few, (He told himself), yet it'd be more satisfying too... The contemplation of it all troubled his mind as days passed by...

But... The morning before the scheduled wedding day...

Chapter 14: "Hell hath no fury; 3 strikes, you're out..."

(Sorry, my wonderful readers, this is a short one... but it's a needed transition...)

She stormed into the clinic that morning, a tsunami... Fire & lightning blazing across her countenance as though lava from Hawaii's Volcano's. A no-nonsense gaze penetrating to the core of all in her path...

...To the secretary's credit, (Her name *was* Serenity after all...) she just moved out of the way...

Minutes later... And, unfortunately, for the health & safety of Dr.Tom, just a hair's-breath too late, she mentally woke up & had an awful thought to herself... *"Oh my goodness gracious... Something's gone really wrong now, & Dr. Tom is NOT going to like this... I've never seen her this angry... What made her that angry?"* He heard that in his mind just a second or two too late...

That's about when the screaming started, the world came unglued, & lightning struck... Profanity... Crashes... Water splashing... And all Hell broke loose in the lab... Just about when Serenity was going to get up to go check & see what had happened, or was beginning to think that maybe she should call the Police, School Administration, or **someone** for help...

An eerie silence emanated from the lab, causing her to hesitate...

Chapter 15: "Bells toll for the sweet bride... Does she have something to hide?"

The crystal clear peal of vibrations ringing excitedly out across the valley floor, caught the attention of parishioners of all faiths... Triumphant clamor marking a wedding to remember. Since this was the first wedding, to anyone's knowledge, at Stanford University that would be joining a member of the staff with a member of the student-body, everyone, it seemed, was anxious to be a witness to the festivities; All seemed to have a desire to participate in some way, students, full-time staff, part-time staff, even some of the Emeritus staff had found ways to ambulate themselves to the "Stellar event of the Century".

From clerical staff, and all of the numerous administration staff, to the most lowly of custodians, it was the subject of discussion permeating everyone's conversations all over that small community college town. ...As well as all of the students of the various departments & studies offered at the University, every one got into the spirit of the event, & wanting to volunteer & to be a part of things for the big day...

In his head... Poetry: Give it & give it & give it some more... I'd love you hard like a ten dollar whore... But when I talk to you, & when you squirt... I'll treat you gentle, lovingly flirt... You are the essence of life that I need... Not just receptacle meant for my seed... And though I tear through your clothes with a passion... I have respect for your utmost in fashion... You bring my "Wild side" my animal out... Spewing my all I just want to shout... Thank you my sweetness for making me hot... I'll gladly give you now all that I've got... Shooting, & shooting, & shooting some more... Filling you up with all of my store...

In the Science Lab, suddenly, inexplicably, the silent explosion occurs... The knowledge transfers & the urges take root in a new head, the base-line "Soul" of the original remains, but the new-found knowledge, control, perverted tendencies, & mental prowess of the Dr., Mentor, Teacher, & Slave-driver, as well as the useful skills are all absorbed... Leaving the other, the used & discarded shell of the old on the table to be dealt with later, after the all-important wedding & it's intricacies had been satisfied.

Yes, (He thought to himself as he walked out into the bright sunlight of his first day as a multiple personality in this body), I'm glad I made the transference this time... The other part, the original part, thought back in response; Yes, it'll be good to have your knowledge & skills to be the best I can be, & to give all I can give to Honey, but if you ever try to hurt her it'll be the end of you forever, this I vow, notwithstanding the strength of your control... The answer: (I too have fallen in love... Why do you think I was able to make the sacrifice of myself... I too vow to protect her with my very all...)

It was true & they both knew it, & the deed was already done, so there was nothing left but to go forward to meet their future & their destiny, the angel outside waiting patiently in the lovely white dress...

To the Hitchmobile "Bat"-man... And the smile lights up a face...

Chapter 16: "A New Day Dawns"

As the vibrant bells tolled, the bride, blushing with her newfound confidence, & excited about the prospects of a sweet honeymoon in the arms of her true love, kissed her parents, flung her bouquet, ran to her husbands waiting arms, & whispered in his ear to carry her to the waiting limousine & the promise of all her dreams being fulfilled...

Besides she just had to get somewhere where she could change the thick pads that were getting soaked with the abundance of milk that she was producing... She thought to herself that if human milk was a commodity that she could sell then she would be a very rich woman indeed... But, alas, in the day & time of things, she thought to herself, she'd more than likely be thrown in jail for promiscuity...

But, being married, well now that was another prospect entirely, & this man had better be willing to drink his fill, or she was just going to burst... Yet as the limo began to make it's way out of the city limits, she was rewarded with a secure knowledge that her man was more than willing & equipped for the task, since he was buried face first between those delectable globes suckling for all he was worth before they even got a mile away, & by the time they were halfway to the honeymoon retreat he had chosen, she was a melted pot of succulent juices oozing from all of her important places & eager to return the favors being laved upon her bosom by her newly acknowledged King of her heart & master of her home... And the chauffeur just seethed that he wasn't able to steal more of the furtive glances that he occasionally stole as he drove them through the deepening night.

What great expectations awaited that sweet Honey tonight he thought as he paused to quickly make an adjustment to the crotch of his pants... "I wish I could be a fly on the wall..." was the foremost thought on his mind... And the lover/doctor picked up on the thought & decided what a lovely idea that sounded like, to tease his new brides nipples, as she would be squirming under the ministrations of his talented tongue... Surely he could create some way to make it tantilizing; yes, that would be fun...

Chapter 17: "Visual Poem"

A friendly man*****And a very lonely girl
Mental image fires fan;*****If he winks, or holds a han'
More & more desire knows...****What you need from head to toes
Clothes from you I mentally peel... Muscle's hardness you will feel;
Girth in hand would make you glad...But you say you feel so bad...
Want to have a porn-star's life? *****...Or to be a good man's wife?
I walk to you saying my spiel...***** I know how to fill with zeal;
Butterflies within your tummy... As you fixate on my yummy;
At my touch you come alive; like all bees within a hive;
Between your legs you haven't clutched...
Never before have you been touched.
Don't you see my interest shows??
Lava... Inside a mountain grows;
When I'm ready; What I'll say...
Turns your passion, into clay;
All my words, you do love...
Yes...; My little turtle-dove...
More & more, like lava grows...
Mountain in me ebbs & flows...
Pain, you say you want to feel...
With the pleasure I make real.
Life I share; Your mind fulfill...
Here you go, swallow my pill...
Down your throat, nary a bump;

A Zoo... for You.

Exactly like a big sump pump...
Every pleasure I will trump...
Perfect love; A world we stump;
In life I'll help you o'er the hump.
Velvet glove around the steel...
Make your head within you reel...
More & more a phallus knows...
How it is, this Lava flows...
As a geyser & then...

Blows

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A Zoo... for You.

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