

Laura Croft and the Venus Thigh Trap

Part 1

Laura Croft, adventuress, is raiding the ancient Temple of Phali, to steal the fabled Golden Lingam. Her researches into this legend had taken several years, uncovering various improbable and no doubt exaggerated references to a huge, solid gold phallic totem, nearly two feet in length, massively thick, with an intricately veined and ridged surface encrusted with numerous fabulous gemstones. She had persevered in her combing of the old records in the monastery at Pinchu Myars, sure that there must be some truth behind the legends. She found mostly dark allusions to a terrible Guardian of the Lingam; yet the best translation she can manage of the guardian's name is 'seeker of nectar', which doesn't sound very scary to her. Strange people, those pre-Mayans. Finally, she obtained a script that gives a clue to the artifact's location - deep in the jungles, far from any present day civilization. What a surprise.

So here she is, a month of difficult and solitary trekking later, entering the rainforest cloaked ruins of the Temple of Phali. She has told no one of this expedition, or its objective, lest some uneducated villain attempt to beat her to the treasure. Or worse, get the wrong idea about what she wants it for. Strictly for curatorial purposes, of course!

Laura abseils down into the subterranean chamber of the temple, the last fifty feet spent unfortunately swinging in and out of a falling plume of water, that pours smoothly from the giant granite penis of a huge fertility idol high in the domed ceiling.

Soaked through by the time she descends to the pool into which the jet pummels noisily, yet still overly warm from her exertions in the cloying humid air, Laura lets herself drop the last few feet into the cooling waters. Submerged for a moment, in the dim light she sees below her in the clear water a dense tangle of black roots, with here and there a glimmer of white. Bones, held tightly amid the mesh of fibrous roots. No doubt the remains of barbaric human sacrifices, she thinks, as she surfaces, and looks around to get her bearings.

Swimming to the masonry side of the pool, rope in hand, she climbs out, dripping, ties the rope to a stone block, then surveys the chamber. Before her, across a wide uneven floor, is the altar of the Lingam, a single beam of sunlight shafting through a small opening high above, illuminating the glittering artifact. Even from a distance, she can see that perhaps the legends did not exaggerate after all. What a prize it looks, and what a surge of excitement she feels, to think of bearing this wonder back to be studied, to be wrung of its tales of history, its juices of knowledge!

Laura considers the dim chamber around her, soaking up its air of age and mystery. All around, roots from the jungle far above have intruded into the masonry, both cracking and supporting it. The tangled, organic mass is everywhere, looped and matted, hanging in long ropy veils from the ceiling, down the carving rich walls, across and through the marble paving, giving the whole place an ancient, yet organically alive atmosphere. Only the altar is free of the omnipresent, twisted roots.

The water was not something she'd expected, or the roots. Soaked, and annoyed that the cut lunch in her pack may be getting soggy, she sits on the pool's raised edge, emptying her backpack, wringing and shaking the water out of her gear. Fortunately she always keeps her photographic equipment in waterproof containers. But not her spare clothes, alas. They are soaked. It is strangely warm in here too; somehow the water is almost at body temperature, and the chamber is very humid. She had worn a full body leather jumpsuit for this subterranean foray, imagining dusty crawlspaces, spiders and scorpions. But now, with its being soaked, and the humidity, she is finding it quite uncomfortable. It has started to shrink a little, and is chafing her as she moves, particularly around the crotch. Quite distractingly. The journey into the jungle, and the search for the ruined temple, had taken her over six weeks of hard, solitary slog. Six progressively more lonely weeks. Not something she wanted to be reminded of just now, not when she was so close to achieving her goal. Letting her horniness flare up now could make her lose concentration. Which is not a good idea in these old temples, that might be guarded by God knows what traps and magic. She needs to keep a clear head, stop that hot, aching itch in her sex from growing worse. But the dammed wet leather keeps shrinking, and is even starting to pull into her slit, the seam abrading her clit, which is developing an awkward swelling. Something must be done!

Never one to hesitate, she spends some moments struggling to strip off the jumpsuit, having much difficulty with the straining zippers as the leather shrinks even more. She intends to change into the safari shirt and shorts she naturally brought, and which will dry faster, and won't constrict her movements.

Ruefully, she surveys her naked figure, wishing once again that her feminine charms were perhaps not quite so generous, or sensitive, and especially not so prone to popping up into distracting, tingling hardness at the slightest provocation. As her nipples and clit are now. It really can be a trial, she thinks, the way her silly clit gets so large, pointing out between pouting labia, looking like a small tongue poking fun at the world. Shaking her head, she thinks "people may consider my lips are unusual, it's lucky they don't know about this clit of mine!" She thinks her lips are just nice and sensual, but this clit! It's so embarrassing!

She 'humpfh's' at it, thinking she really should have made the time to wash some underwear, and put it on, before coming in here today. Once again, her impatience to

discover the ancient has cost her discomfort in the present. Without knickers, even her loose shorts will torment her clit with every step. She knows this from sorry experience, from a time or two when leading museum archaeological expeditions, and her clit had popped up for some reason, and she'd had to keep walking all day, pretending to her associates that everything was normal. Forced to endure a constant, inescapable stimulation of her oversized most sensitive part, with no opportunity to get away from the group, and her underwear all packed deep in the porter's burdens. Luckily it was so hot - everyone was sweating like pigs, so as the day wore on and the crotch of her shorts became thoroughly soaked, no one seemed to notice anything unusual - everyone's clothes were equally soaked. That was also the last time she made the mistake of planning a 'light' expedition, in which only one shared tent kept them all from the vicious mosquitoes. The night had been a torment of frustrated desire, an over stimulated clit stubbornly refusing to soften of its own accord. Both her own refined upbringing, and the proximity of her academic peers sleeping lightly on uncomfortable narrow fold up cots either side of hers, had kept her from resorting to an act she considered distasteful yet sometimes sadly necessary for peace of mind.

With her wet equipment and clothes (and holstered pistols) spread out beside the pool, she stands, naked, and looks across to the altar. Perhaps she can skip the clothes for now, till she is leaving. Till hopefully, her sex has settled down. Nobody here, after all, but us roots. Her naughty little pun makes her smile for a moment, before she thinks that she really must get her mind off such things, and get down to business. So she sets off, barefooted, carrying only her camera bag, across the woven jumble of roots to the altar, and its glittering, fascinating prize. This place is so open, and the roots have bound everything so tightly over the ages, surely there can be no working traps left here, among all this shifted and split stonework. None that could move an inch, anyway. So no threat to her.

She steps carefully, barefoot across the root criss-crossed paving, avoiding stepping on the rough, sinewy plants. Unseen behind her, thin tendrils glide up out of the tangle, silently, rapidly, following the outlines of her spread equipment. The dark, almost flowing members are near invisible in the semi-gloom.

Reaching the altar, she is intrigued to find that its cultural influences seem quite unique. She had expected some sort of ornamentation, perhaps unknown scripts she could at least transcribe for later research. Some records of the ceremonies, on which to base another paper on these primitive idolaters. But strangely, disappointingly, the whole arrangement seems plain, almost utilitarian. Totally out of character with the richness of the surviving decorations throughout the rest of this temple.

A wide flat, bare stone dais is raised just a foot above the floor of the wider chamber. In its dead centre, the golden Lingam glitters, held upright at the apex of a short conical stone plinth. But it is held barely even waist high, hardly a fitting presentation for such a totem.

The cone is also almost wider at its base than it is high, making it more of a cylindrical pyramid than a column. Its sides are a smooth, unadorned dense black granite, but as she bends closer to examine the mounting, she sees that there is actually some sculptural work around the mating point of the Lingam and the stone. In fact... She draws a sharp breath, and feels herself flush. The very top of the cone is shaped in a likeness of plump female genitalia, spread wide around the penetration of the Lingam's base. Very skillfully carved too, in a realism style most unusual for this class of artifact. Why, even the fine anatomical detail is accurate, if one neglects the exaggeration inherent in the grossly unlikelike diameter of the golden shaft around which the stone labia are contorted. But then, perhaps some women could fit that.. Then she laughs, as her eyes take in more of the inverted sex effigy. The sculptor has portrayed an erect clitoris that puts even her own to shame. With both the outer and inner labia well spread, the clit stands proud. A blunt finger of stone, it points up and out, almost a little penis, inches out from the fold of its hood stretched tight around its base.

Laura shakes her head, bemused. Hopefully something about this find will be suitable for general publication. She certainly won't be able to include photos of this stone mount in any article for her sponsors, National GeoPictorial. She giggles - not unless they changed their name to National GeoExplicit! Nonetheless, she takes a set of flash-illuminated close ups of the Lingam and its finely crafted but X-rated mounting. Through the viewfinder, the stone genitalia seem even more lifelike and erotic.

The golden phallic symbol though, that seems to be far less an attempt to depict, even symbolically, an actual penis. True, it has an ovoid thickening at its tip, vaguely suggestive of a glans. But rather than one urethral aperture, as in life, it has multiple small openings spread over its surface. These seem to be fairly deep, perhaps even joining up inside. There are even a few similar holes down the sides of the thing - not a common feature in working penises. In her experience, which is rather sparse. And especially so lately, she thinks sadly, reminded once more of the persistent aching itch in her sex. Nor are the two deep fluted slots down opposite sides of the shaft very reminiscent of any penises Laura has ever seen.

But time to stop dallying. She has been kneeling at the base of the cone, leaning forward with her hands higher on the cone, to examine the carving. She wonders if the Lingam is easily removable, and with one hand grips it firmly around the base just above where it 'enters' the stone. Damm! Her fingers don't even close around it, it is so huge. There must be kilos of gold in this thing! Yet for a phallic idol, it is even less realistic than that overstated stone clitoris, she thinks. It gives her an odd shivery feeling to think it, but it reminds her somewhat of a very obscene item she'd once come across in the British Museum's locked storerooms. The documents with that had claimed it to have been produced in the mid 19th century, in Victorian England, by a medical implements company specializing in equipment for use in private asylums for the unsound of mind. Female unsound of mind, obviously. The set is complete, in an ornate wooden box, with a

quaintly phrased booklet of instructions, and assorted accessories. Reading the instructions, alone there late one night, she had been left breathless, pulse pounding, sorely tempted to abuse the museum's entrustment of such rare artifacts to her professional care. The booklet had described it as 'For the Induction of the Female Crisis or States Near Thereto, Strictly Upon Medical Orders'. A number of very explicit line illustrations and step-by-step guides had left nothing to the imagination. It was a diabolically formed, oversize dildo, intended solely for use on asylum inmates, by the medical staff. In the 'actual case illustrations', a number of serious looking medical gentlemen and stern looking nurses were present, showing mild professional interest as one or other of them applied the dildo to a young, nubile, naked and very definitely restrained 'patient'.

Listening acutely for sounds of footsteps in the silent storeroom, she flips pages rapidly, finding numerous illustrations detailing the various methods of restraint, all allowing convenient access to the patient's vagina. Other pages of text described the product's "Benefits for the Treatment of Sexual Manias"; detailing regular controlled application of the Implement, carefully judged to halt just short of the climactic seizure. Thus focusing the patient's mind on the natural sexual pleasures of wholesome matrimony, while avoiding the 'little death' and subsequent dissipation of spirit felt to be so damaging to the prospects for recovery of the unsound of mind. An appendix reviewed the use of 'The Implement' during patient evaluation interviews, to 'facilitate an enhanced state of patient cooperation'. And no doubt the respected Freud look-alike, with the naked girl strapped spread-legged to his couch, found the process of facilitating her cooperation (via the dildo he held deep in her vagina) far more exciting than his expression in the old print suggested. As if in some advertisement for toothpaste, the young lady subject's facial expression, where visible, was invariably a most unlikely study in rapt interest and gratitude for the helpful attentions of the kind medical staff.

In an appendix, she finds a sternly worded caution - that on no account should the appliance be left in the presence of unsupervised and unrestrained patients. It warns of the extreme risks to patient wellbeing associated with self-administration of the treatment, absent of qualified supervision. Any such use would be morally unacceptable, being the sin of masturbation and wholly lacking in any redeeming medical benefit. In a table of possible consequences of uncontrolled use, are listed: Addictions to sexual fevers, Self-induction of the climactic seizure, Dissipation of the spirit, Genital and masturbatory fixations, Moral dissolution, Increased requirements for patient supervision and restraint, Harm to matrimonial prospects, Relapse into harmful behaviors, Psychological injury, and numerous other dire sounding outcomes. Below that, it recommends that even in the case of long term inmates (judged to be cases of hopeless addiction to unacceptable habits and so requiring permanent chastity restraint), episodes of 'tension relief' prescribed for good behavior should be administered by qualified staff. For best effect and in consideration of staffing costs, such episodes should be very infrequent; no more often than biannually. Though in these hopeless cases, for maximum effectiveness of the reward the treatment

should be administered vigorously, and with the objective of inducing numerous seizures over at least a full day of application.

Shivering and flushed, Laura had replaced everything in the wooden case, run her fingertip once more lightly along the ridged and well-worn impressive length of 'The Implement' lying in its rich crimson velvet lined recess, then carefully closed the lid and replaced the box on the dusty shelf where she'd found it. She'd soon after realized herself too distracted to continue that night's archive search, and had gone home.

For many nights thereafter she had slept poorly, dreaming of lonely young Victorian ladies, discovered in shocking acts of self abuse by strict parents, and discreetly committed to remote country asylums for fear of social disgrace. Of them kept constantly naked, restrained, and subjected to daily 'refocusing on their reproductive role in society', yet never allowed to cum. Sometimes she imagines herself a nurse, but somehow more often to her puzzlement, she sees herself as the patient. Sometimes, to her great and private shame, she is unable to restrain herself then from the very self-abuse of which those Victorians so disapproved, and bringing her own shameful climax. Her dear departed father would have been outraged.

That device had been hardly thinner than this Lingam, she muses, recalling how holding it, stroking its ridges and bumps, running her fingertips over its bulbous, pointy head, with the mushroom lip behind the head, had made her sex burn with a shocking desire. Her fingers had not met around that one, either.

She finds she has been kneeling there, holding the gold shaft, and daydreaming. Which is not helping quell the maddening arousal in her belly one bit. She shakes herself, and tries giving the gold a seriously hard twist. It moves, but barely. She twists it the other way, and it gives again, though in an odd, sluggish manner. She tries lifting it straight up but there is barely any give that way at all. It seems somehow fastened into the stone. But the legends suggest it must be removable, since it was used as a totem in various ceremonies. It must come out somehow!

To get a better leverage, she stands. But finds that she can only stand above the golden object if she straddles the cone with her feet. It is an odd position, not something she would do if anyone else were present. Especially naked, with her clit... To pull straight up on the Lingam, she must stand with her legs spread at fully forty five degrees, either side of the cone base. Now she can... In a flash she realizes that in this position, her sex is almost exactly level with the peak of the stone cylinder. So that the phallus is now very convenient indeed to grip, being just in front of her pubis. Suddenly, she feels like a complete fool. Goodness gracious! Could it be, that this was actually used in ceremonies of 'that' sort, right here, like this? That some female mounted... or was forced to mount, this, standing here like this? After all, although the thing is frighteningly thick, most of it seems to be down in the hole in the stone. Only about seven or eight inches project up...

that should be... doable? Perhaps not for a younger, or smaller woman, but a mature adult like herself should be able.... ??

She wonders if, purely professionally of course, she should verify that it is possible. She is sure that the dammed heat in her sex, that is flaring up even more at these thoughts, is not influencing her professional judgment. But it certainly is convenient that her sex is presently fully aroused, and well lubricated. Realism, after all. It would be fair to expect that the ceremonial maiden would have been 'prepared' for her act. Perhaps would have been in 'preparation' for weeks beforehand - which she admits, is not unlike her own condition of overheated deprivation.

"Well Laura, why not?" She speaks aloud for the first time in the chamber. "I certainly deserve a good fucking, for making it this far." She gasps, shocked at her unaccustomed use of such a word. She really must be a little overexcited. Yes, she probably is. Standing naked in a subterranean tomb, clit erect, considering impaling herself on a thousand year old relic is hardly in the Croft family tradition. But she couldn't help the tight suit setting her off. Not after weeks of abstinence, and with weeks more to come... or to go without on the walk back. Her sex is positively twitching with the need. It is all she can do to restrain her hands from touching herself, her clit that is now so hard she can feel it pulsating with her rapid heartbeat.

The thought of setting up her camera tripod, on timed release to capture the historic procedure, crosses her mind. Considering this, she at first thinks that such photographs would be very... well, far too easily misinterpreted. Most definitely of no use in her official documentation of this find. And yet... she finds herself considering that it would be almost negligent to fail to document such an investigation of the likely original use of the artifact. After all, the images need not be made public. She might need them for reference in her own studies of the object, or perhaps tracing figure outlines from them, for illustrating the 'hypothetical' means of usage by the native culture. Yes, she should. After all, no one need ever see the film but her.

Setting up the tripod, and screwing the camera, flash, autowinder and so on together, she can't help feeling a thrilling streak of excitement at the idea of not only doing this thing, but actually filming herself doing it! It's by far the most outrageous thing she's ever done, and she shivers to think of what would happen to her career if these shots ever.... Setting the timer that will take each shot, and wind the film, she considers how many frames this will take. She'd casually imagined that she was just going to set herself on the Lingam, wait for a couple of shots, then get off again. But some instinct she doesn't care to closely examine prompts her to load a fresh, extra long roll of film in the camera anyway. Just in case. She arms the flash, sets the timer to take the first 10 shots at 30 second intervals, and stands back, triggering one shot of the altar, base and Lingam alone, no 'sacrificial maiden' in sight. It makes her feel a wicked thrill, imagining this chamber full of chanting acolytes, as the beautiful, naked maiden (herself) is led, resisting futilely, out to the altar, and

manhandled onto that huge gold projection. How long would they have kept (left?) her there?, she wonders. What _else_ would they do to her, and how did this all relate to those bones in the pond?

At this point, her body seems to say 'enough procrastination' and she finds herself starting the camera and beginning the process of mounting. Which is not easy. The first flash catches her still experimenting, trying to find a way to approach the attempt. She has to get her entrance up over the head, but the only way to do that is to place her feet on the sides of the cone. Which are steep! Her feet keep wanting to slip back out and down to the floor. She tenses her thighs, pushing her feet inwards against the cool, smooth stone for extra grip. Her bare soles curve around the surface, and give her enough purchase that she can inch upwards, holding onto the prong tip with her hands for balance and extra lift. After some struggling, grunting with effort, she has her sex above the tip, and must transfer her hands back to the stone at the base of the shaft, so the end is free. She places it against her opening, moving it slightly in the slickness there. With good timing, another shot is exposed. Feeling the tip nestle into her slit, it seems like there is plenty of lubrication, if not too much- her other lifelong curse. A vagina that produces far too much of the sexual juices, at the slightest provocation. She has always had to dress carefully with that in mind when in society. Ahhhhh.... as she lowers herself ever so slightly, she feels the fat tip nosing into her, and it is very nice. Flash. A bit more... Mmmmmm... her legs are getting tired, so she had better go a bit faster, if she doesn't want to just drop suddenly all the way. Another inch, and she feels the back ridge of the head pop inside her entrance. It is a very, very full feeling, but not painful. Once she is right down, and her hands are free, she must investigate..... ohhhooooo!!!! She has reached the first of the knobbly, bejeweled ridges on the shaft. Her hips give an involuntary shudder, and the blunt points now inside her tickle her inner membranes. She almost loses control of her legs, and slips down another couple of inches. Ohhh god, she is really starting to feel it up there now. Another inch. Now there is little room for her hands still on the stone - the backs of her hands are rubbing against her sex. The next bit seems difficult. Can she lower herself without her hands on the apex? She tries shifting them to the sides of the cone, just below the apex. Yes, if she makes a ring of her fingers, and grips inwards, she can put enough weight there to..... ummmmmmm oooowwww.... let her feet slide down and out, till her toes touch the floor. Her cunt feels like it is being impaled on a telephone pole. It is such an overwhelming sensation, that she quite forgets herself, and lets her feet down unthinking. Thus driving the last bit of the ancient dildo into her needy twat, with enough force to make her scream OOowwwhhhoohoo OooaAAAAA Ohhh fuck that's huge.... oh fuuuck oh fuuuck.... With her eyes closed tight she barely notices the blink of flash light. It is actually on the verge of painful, deep up in her belly, where something is being pushed where it never was before. She twists herself sideways, trying to settle things down, and is startled by a sudden flash of sensation from her clit! How can...? Looking down, she sees that her own projecting clit has brushed against the tip of the oversize clit sticking up from the stone. She does it again - mmmmm... that is very nice. And so is the twisting feeling inside. Very nice.... she does it again, and back again. Mmmmm... definitely a good feeling....

for a while she twists back and forth, in a daze of pleasure. Every little (and not so little) shape on the rod's surface seems to stroke and tease her inner walls. She can feel her labia puffing up, swelling with her blood, and her juices beginning to seep in profusion onto the stone sex pressing against her own. Another flash reminds her of the passage of time, but by now she is thinking that maybe this will not be a brief on-it/off-it exercise.

For the last few moments she has been holding her hands out from the sides of her body, rigid, fingers spread wide, needing only the feel of the thing inside her. It is awesome! Feels like it must come up past her belly button inside. To reinforce the sensations, she places her palms flat on her belly, and leans back a little. Sure enough, there it is - she can feel the blunt thing inside her, making a bump in her abdomen, pressing back against her finger tips as they indent into her soft flesh. It is so stunningly erotic, that forbidden act or no, she slides a hand down, to her clit, and clasps that centre of masturbatory sin firmly, kneedingly. Her hips start a front to back thrusting that does not come from her conscious control, that shudders the pole around within her, and things start to become quite disconnected. A collage of powerful, thought quenching sensations, each one shoving her about like a toy fought over by children. She stops even trying to resist the storm.

Some probably brief time later she has her first orgasm, and screams it out at the top of her lungs. It resonates around the great chamber, echoing off into the passages, but she takes no notice of the echoes or the regular flashes, since she is already feeling the building of another. Her juices are pouring from her, running down the face of the smooth black stone mount in rivulets. Where they meet that threshing of her feet, her movements smear the juice across the stone. The now very slippery, smooth black stone, which does not dry at all in the warm, humid air.

She is so absorbed in her little anthropological experiment, that she does not notice the roots. When she had mounted the platform, it was free of the roots. Now they are covering it, thin, seeking tendrils growing visibly across the stone surface, seeking... that thing their dim plant memories recall from long ago, that they hunger for yet.

After about her tenth screaming orgasm, Laura begins to get things into some sort of focus once again. Her sex is still pulsing and shaking on the phallus, and her hands still clutch and rub convulsively at her sex, breasts and nipples, but she becomes once more aware that she is doing these things. That time is passing. The shaft of sunlight has drifted away across the floor, and now the platform is in dimness. The great space is lit only by small bright chinks of light above. It has been a long while since she noticed a flash from the camera.

Dimly, she thinks that she'd better stop this soon, if she wants to get out of here before nightfall. There is a torch in her pack, but finding that in complete darkness might be dangerous. Reluctantly, she considers lifting off the pleasures of the golden Lingam. Which she can feel seems to have worked a little looser in its stone mount, with all the shaking

she has been giving it. Oddly, she could swear it has worked up a bit higher in its seating too, if the feelings from inside her can be trusted. She holds still for a moment, resting, panting and slicked with sweat, her sex throbbing and sensitive from her orgasms. What! Did that move? It felt like the rod had lurched slightly in her, of its own. Moved ever so little upwards. How could that be? Is there some ancient mechanism still working in this place after all? She holds still again, waiting, concentrating on the hugeness within her cunt. And it moves. Again, and definitely. So, so little, but it moved, upwards, adding just a tiny extra tension to that deep stretched feeling that is really so very nice, so very... close to all she could take. Again. It moves, a short jerking rise. Perhaps she'd better get off now, and find out what is going on here. Up here... whatever. She giggles. 'Up _me_' she corrects herself.

Weakly, she gathers her strength, preparing to reverse her actions in mounting herself on this... huge, golden, cock.... that again steps up into her, without even asking. Getting quite definitely to the point of discomfort now. With her hands around the top of the stone, she worries 'wow, did I really juice this up so much? Hope it's not too slippery to grip.' Putting a little weight on her hands, she tries to place her feet against the sides of the cone, and push up on them. Her feet instantly slip down to the floor again, everything slippery like... like cunt juice.

Just at that moment, the camera flash strobes the chamber brightly again, and she halts her efforts, confused. What? Then realizes that once the ten shots she set the timer for were done, the unit must have defaulted to some longer interval between shots. How long has it been, ten, fifteen minutes since the last?

The post notches upwards again, another fraction of an inch inside her. She begins to realize that this is not so funny. Tries to wipe her feet off on the floor, but even that seems strangely slimy. Surely that could not be all hers? Squinting in the gloom, she examines the floor around her. Something, dark lines in the dimness.... She moves her foot about, looking for some place that is not covered with the slippery... whatever it is. Nowhere. Everywhere she can reach seems to be coated in the goo, which now that she tries dabbling her toe in it, seems sort of tacky, far too different from girl cum to possibly.... Eeeeeek! She jumps, or tries to, but of course her golden friend pins her to the spot. Something had brushed against her ankle! She swings her foot about, afraid of spiders or whatever, but contacts nothing. And the gold jerks up in her again. Time to seriously get off this, she thinks, trying to calm her racing pulse. Probably just have to do a push-down with my hands, enough to launch me off this, even if I do land in a heap in the goo. This could hurt, if I launch off at a bad angle, she thinks.

It's a very awkward thing to try. She can sort of get her fingers around the base of the shaft buried in her, but her own body gets in the way too much for a clean grip. And everything up there is dripping with her own traitorous juices - this is definitely hers. Not wanting to think about possibly falling back without achieving separation, she prepares herself,

trying to regain calm and energy. Trying to ignore the movement of the pole, which increments deeper into her twice more as she prepares. With her hands in there, between herself and the stone vulva, she can inch up a bit higher. But she is sure that thing would really be starting to hurt if she let right down again. She is just doing a 'Right. On three. One, two....' when 'Arrrrrh! what?' Something has snared her left ankle! She kicks, or tries to, but the thing seems to have a good grip, and quite a bit of give. As though she is kicking against a strong elastic cord. Which is now pulling, dragging her ankle outwards, away from the cone! Quite strongly! She struggles to hold her leg in, to keep even her toes on the ground, at this angle, she has little leverage. The thing gripping her ankle tightens, and pulls harder, and her leg lifts up and out, despite her efforts. In the dim light, she can see a dark ropelike thing wrapped around her ankle and leading off to the side. It seems to have secondary tendrils, waving dimly in the gloom. It is too frightening, too much to react to. She just clutches her hands around the dildo where it enters her, trying to take her weight on there and her other leg, but feeling the sideways pull of her body against the shaft inside her. Gradually, her fingers are slipping.

Then the same sensation, on her other ankle. She screams, a shrill cry of terror, but simply cannot move that foot, since her hands will not take her entire weight at this awkward angle, and the alternative... But now her remaining foot is being pulled outwards... and then slips out from under her, rising into the air. She is left doing a wide splits in midair, her cunt impaled on at least seven inches of pole, with maybe two inches between her twat and the stone twat below it. Her hands are slipping... slipping.... and suddenly they give way completely in the cum-slimed space below her, and she falls.... smack! Her crotch hits the stone labia and she halts, painfully, all her weight on the small area around her strained cunt entrance. Inside, the pole has thrust violently up into places she didn't know existed. It hurts, but mostly it is a feeling of having her insides stretched and rearranged to a degree she'd have thought impossible. It must be nine inches or more up her; clutching her belly with her hands, she can feel the solid shaft within extending clear up past her belly button.

She makes a futile effort to bend sideways and reach an ankle. Of course, she can't come anywhere near; the thing in her abdomen prevents such movement. Looking over in the direction of the waterfall, she thinks of her guns, sitting there by the side of the pool. Curses herself for having left them, just when she really needed them! It must be mid afternoon by now, she guess there will only be an hour of two more of any light down here. There's her torch too, over by the pond. Brilliant!

Studying the things that bind her ankles, she realizes that they look very much like the roots that are all over this place. Can this get any worse? Not just trapped on a dammed sex object, but actually rooted to it. Bloody hell! Trying again, desperately, to grip the post under her, painfully twisting herself on the shaft, she tries again to thrust herself up and off it. But it is impossible. The tendrils holding her legs are pulling out and down, and

hold her firmly impaled. 'What next?' she thinks, 'Is this thing going to keep shoving up me, till it rips...?' 'And why, _why_ am I getting _turned-on_ again by this?'

For she is, she cannot deny. The post is quite painful inside, but somehow the _thought_ of how deeply it is violating her has a strange kind of kinky excitement to it. A phrase from that Victorian manual swims into her spinning mind "Should the patient attempt feigned aloofness to applications in the general manner of natural coitus, merely increase the vigor and depth of penetration, proceeding so in a gradual fashion, to ascertain the patient's true limits of accommodation. In most cases these will be found to be quite surprisingly great. Especially if the patient be brought gradually to a condition of sexual fever, in which the organs acquire an unsurpassed elasticity."

Well, 'sexual fever' fairly well describes her state now, she thinks. Once again she can barely restrain herself from clutching at her rehardened clit, or aching nipples. The worst is, that with her sex now mashed down hard on the stone sex, her clit is in unavoidable contact with a surface of the stone clit that seems designed to torment. It must have lots of tiny little roughness's - it almost feels like someone rubbing sandpaper on her most sensitive spot, with every tiny squirm she makes. This is going to give her an orgasm eventually, she can tell. Not that she wants another. The pole gives another sudden shiver in her, but it seems like this time it didn't actually move up. Just shiver.

Looking down at the junction of her crotch with the stone, she can't even see the gold inside her any more. She realizes she is spiraling into blind panic, and takes a deep breath, desperately grappling with her fears, sure that panic is the greatest danger to her right now. Surely if the pole up her... inside her, was going to spear upwards in a lethal, spring driven thrust, it would have done so by now. So she must concentrate, find a way out, or rather off this trap she stupidly fell... onto. Perhaps she can work her ankles free of the.. the... whatever the hell those things are. Damm, this thing inside her.... and every time she tries to shift, to ease the painful pressure on her sex, the sandpaper-like surface scrapes across her aching clit. It is hard to focus her mind on anything but that storm of torment between her legs.

Yet she must.... and when she looks out at her ankles again, she wishes she hadn't. Where before there was just one ropelike root around each ankle, now there are several, and thick tendrils are spiraling up her shins, barely touching her skin, but their creepy, vine-touch quite plain now she focuses on it. They are nearly to her knees already! Contemplating their slow but steady progress, horrified, her mind in denial on the matter of where they might ultimately go, her attention is suddenly shocked back to the matter of her existing intruder by the sensation of a probing touch _deep inside_ her over-stretched cunt. Somewhere up around where the fat head of that shaft is pushing her uterus to one side, something _touched_ her, like a sharp fingernail pressing on flesh. Then again! And...

It does it repeatedly, rapidly, a sharp staccato tapping on her insides. Placing a shaking hand on her belly, she can even feel the vibrations through the flesh of her body. Then another starts up, in a different position inside... and another. More... she can no longer discern the many as separate touches, just that the whole inside of her sex seems to be suffering hundreds of tiny but firm rapid tapings. Like little tiny spankings, from the inside. But how? She recalls the openings in the head- yes, something is poking out at her from those holes, slapping at her in there, completely beyond her ability to reach. And its damnably distracting too. More than... No! She mustn't let it uhh... mmmhh! God! oh that's... *got* to concentrate, find a way off... oohhhh uhhhhh...

Laura shudders and twists on the thing so deep in her, so powerfully overwhelming her senses with its drumbeating on her inner core. Beyond any hope of controlling it, she feels her passions rising, her pulse racing, that hot, congested tension growing in her sex, driven by the beating inside her. Her head tossing and body twisting, she blindly sees the tendrils reaching their web up past her mid thighs, and does not think of it. She can think only of the drumming, the tapping inside her, and the ache of her yearning. She is hardly conscious of her hands, that they are clutched low on her belly, massaging the swell of her flesh where her sex is mashed down on the stone. Everything is building, she cannot.. something now is even clasping her arse... smooth coiling around her waist, and inside, she is being driven to a height of frantic... she must.. cannot... a strange sensation around her hands and she realizes she is shudderingly close to orgasm, head thrown back, eyes tight in a grimace of effort, reaching, and her hands... she somehow manages to coordinate enough to look down again, and she knew that she would see: her hands, being drawn up and back around her waist by a web of fibrils wrapped close around her wrists, hands, between her legs, and extending up the sides of her waist and around her back. Only her heaving, shuddering belly is free of the firm lacework of tendrils.

But with the drumming inside, its promise of fabled orgasm soon to cum, her sexual delirium allows no room for conscious contemplation of captured hands. She simply shudders on, the power building in her, awaiting the coming storm, the first bolt of lightning, her body one supercharged fuck capacitor, discharge inevitable.

Then it stops. With Laura just moments away from a thunderous climax, the impacts inside her suddenly cease. Nothing is moving except that violent hammering of the blood in her veins. Laura's instinct is to grab for her clit, and boost herself that little, teeny bit further to release... but she cannot! Struggling, she finds that yes, it does matter that somehow her hands have become fastened behind her back. Doubly stuck... stuck on a gold dildo, stuck just moments from cumming.... She feels wetter and juicier inside than she has ever been before, her sex sitting slippery and soaked on the stone, but for all the good that lubrication is doing she might as well be superglued to the shaft inside her.

Now, despite the haze of her frustration, without the fiendish hammering inside stealing away her senses, she can feel what the roots are doing to the outside of her body.

Sensations which bring her to look down her front once more, to see: thighs and waist entirely enclosed in a close spaced mesh of interconnecting black tendrils, her lightly tanned flesh showing creamily through the many small interstices. The mesh extending even now as she watches, down into her crotch, and upwards from her narrow waist. From the sensations behind her, much the same is happening there, with the fibrous feelers slipping down into the crack of her arse, from the web tight-stretched across her backside. Something touches exploringly on her arse hole, then seems to move on, forward. A relief short lived however, for moments later the stalk, which seems to be thickening in her widespread arse crack, somehow buds off a fresh shoot - right where it crosses her anus. She feels the touch, and instantly clenches as tightly as she can, but it simply *grows* into her. Not a thrusting against her unlubricated insides, merely an effortless invasion and expansion, as though some microscopic fiber infiltrates the smallest crevice, then rapidly expands into the new territory.

In moments she can feel it deep inside her, and still going, invading far into her bowel. Struggling only brings home the helplessness of her position - now her hands have been drawn right across to opposite elbows, and her forearms seem locked together and to her back by the web. At about the same time she becomes aware of the tendrils reaching her cunt, and the area of her breasts. They work their way easily in around the pressure of her weight pressed sex to stone sex on the plinth. Enclosing her, shaping to her every fold, squeezing and exploring. Something enters her urethra, and heads inwards with that same expanding fiber sensation. The one in her arse is already grown quite thick, and for a moment, as her urethral intruder swells rapidly she panics, imagining it growing to inches and tearing her apart there. But just as it becomes distinctly stressful, it quits growing wider. The end reaches into her bladder, and she feels it exploring, poking around in there.

With so many sensations of outrage occurring inside her, she almost misses the first assault on her clit. It starts as a soft pressing sensation against the flesh around the base of her still aching and cum-needy bud. Focusing, she looks down to see that while she was occupied, her entire clit has been enclosed in a kind of nodule, like a root tuber, projecting out from her body. It is held in place by just a few tendrils, and has a soft, padded base pressed tight in against her, around her clit. For a few moments, nothing happens, except for all the other worming explorations elsewhere inside her. Then the bulb quite suddenly expands in size, and she feels an incredible suction on her already tight swollen clitoris. It is mind shattering. She'd thought she was aching hard before, but as fresh blood rushes into her swelling clit, expanding it into the semi-vacuum inside the enclosing tuber, her clit reaches a state of tortured engorgement she'd never imagined possible. Yet nothing at all is touching it - the walls of its chamber are too far for it to reach even in its exaggerated size.

By now she is past frantic, past panicked, past desperate. She knows she is sure to die, she feels she will die if she doesn't cum soon, she is mortified and invaded worse than death, yet more aroused and alive than she has ever been before. She hangs suspended, helpless,

her body no longer her own - a body converted to an instrument of delicious torment and tension. She cannot think any more, and thoughtless, can only feel. Feeling so much sexuality, she can only lust - a kind of erotic Zen state, the cumless climax.

Somewhere in this state, it filters through to her that something is happening to her breasts. The mesh has reached up her back, grown around under her armpits and over her shoulders, meeting around her breasts then grown over them, enclosing their soft bulk like a firm bra. She had been distracted from that, by the sensations of the root mesh around her legs and abdomen seeming to squeeze inward, tightening and becoming rigid. The struggles she makes no longer result in any movement down there - as though she is encased in a tight fitting latticework sheath of solid wood. In the gloomy light, the dark lines of the lattice press deep into the soft flesh of her thighs, which bulges out between the lines as if her body had become some bondage fetishist's fantasy.

Now her breasts too become enclosed in rigid formwork, but in its tightening this behaves differently. It does not simply draw tight around her natural curves, then stiffen. Instead, the ring of animate vegetation closest to her chest begins to constrict, closing around the base of her generous globes, causing them to bulge outwards from her body. Dimly, distracted by the incessant sensory clamor of the intruding explorations of her every pelvic opening and the near orgasmic frustration they are maintaining, she thinks that the sensations from her breasts could be pleasant in some other context. The tightening is making them feel incredibly full, sensitive, her nipples becoming even harder as more blood is forced into them. She becomes aware that the framework of roots up her back and around her shoulders is hardening now, resisting even movement of her upper body. Her head is still free, and she looks down her chest again, and gasps at the sight of her breasts turned nearly into complete spheres. The constriction at their base has shrunk to an amazing extent, making her breasts ache with tension as they stand tightly free of her body.

Even more frighteningly, the tendrils that loosely enclose those orbs are forming bunched nodules around her nipples, and worse, are developing small offshoots along their lengths that look suspiciously like thorns. A flash brands the vision into her retina - her breasts constricted into swollen globes, encircled with thorny vines, and strange knobbly growths clustered around her grossly extended nipples. As if to confirm her fears, a sensation of many fine needle points pressing against her tight stretched breasts develops. By the time her eyes can see again in the dim light, the sensation is becoming acute - as if the many thorns are pressing hard against her, threatening to break her skin. And her eyes confirm - all around her globes, the tendrils have grown wicked looking thin spines or thorns, mostly pointing inwards, and indenting her soft flesh sharply. She screams, struggling uselessly against her rigidly confining woody restraints. Achieving nothing except that her shaking has caused several of the spines to puncture her skin, letting drops of dark blood well around the points. With small sharp stars of bright pain, another needle point, then another slips into her flesh, like fine syringes, barely felt except as a quick flare of stinging.

Then all over her breasts, many points of that fire flare briefly, then subside. It seems like hundreds of fine needles are penetrating her, and she screams again, long, shuddering, helpless, as the plant turns her breasts into pincushions. Each thorn digs in only millimeters, but there are many of them, and they sting!

Finally, gasping and panting in shock, she regains control through her panic. Her breasts are aching, on fire, a strange, deep burning, as though some venom is at work in her flesh. They ache, and itch, and she can do nothing about it. If was possible, she would swear that her poor breasts felt like they must explode with the pressure of the cruel tight grip around their base. That even now is getting tighter... or so it feels like, until she opens her eyes again, and realizes that in fact the constrictions around the base of her breasts is actually widening, visibly. Yet her breasts feel like they are bursting! In fact, they are actually growing, visibly, swelling and expanding to take up the extra room granted by the vines. And so are her nipples, which are elongating as if in some time lapse movie of sprouting plants! It terrifies her to see this - in just a few moments they have nearly doubled in length, to over an inch! An inch of aching, pressured torment, the dark flesh feeling as if about to burst from overpressure.

The sensation is so strong, it pushes aside all the jangling, demanding sensations from the rest of her ordeal- the things inside her, in her cunt, arse and bladder, and the maddening suctioned over-erection of her clit. She fights her restraints desperately, frantic to somehow ease the blinding torment of her nipples, staring at them aghast as they extend even further, surely to the point of tearing apart at nearly four centimeters long, and as thick as small sausages! Eventually, defeated, she is reduced to tormented sobbing, the nipples so close to her face, yet beyond any hope of reaching them, even if there was anything she could do to relieve their torment. Despite the chaos in her mind, she knows the plant must have injected her breasts with some irritant via the thorns, to produce such a swelling and unbearable itching, pressured aching. Even so, she is not ready for the next development.

It comes just after another flash catches her tearfully staring at the outlandish condition of her now hugely swollen breasts. Without warning, the root nodules bunched around the base of her nipples quickly tilt inwards, pressing painfully into the tight flesh of her nipples. Once again she screams in pained fright, and astonishment, as even in this dim light she can clearly see the fine jets spraying from the tips of her poor nipples, and breaking up into a milky mist that hangs before her in the still air.

The nodules relax, loosening their grip on her nipples. Then again, that tight gripping, and another painful spraying of her milk. Again... She cries out with each woody clench on her poor flesh, mind reeling at the bizarre form of rape she is enduring, and the strange plant hormones coursing in her blood. Shaking her head, dazed beyond conscious thought, every intimate part of her body invaded and manipulated. It goes on and on, her breasts now jetting strongly with each squeeze.

She is far beyond noticing, as the sprayed milk mist settles onto the plant tendrils around and on her, and triggers the plant's next response.

The Seeker Of Nectar was long ago a species of tree climbing vine, that evolved an interesting symbiotic relationship with a species of small tree monkeys. The vine got to spread its pollinated seeds further, and catch some nitrogen-rich monkey secretions - so valuable in the forest canopy. And the monkeys... well, the females presumably found something attractive in the process.

Then, humans stepped in. Perhaps those early forest dwellers merely found the sight of a monkey being held and raped by a vine entertaining. But of course, last century's imaginings and ribald jokes are this century's religion. So over perhaps ten thousand years of prehistory, cuttings of the vines were selected for more complex 'ceremonial' behaviors. With the end result, being a plant exquisitely sensitive to trace scents from human females, and highly dependent on substances in human sexual secretions for the plant's own sexual cycle.

As Laura's milk triggers the plant's next stage, the vines go into a frenzy of branching and reaching, all around her. Her shuddering form becomes enclosed in a solid thicket of the twisting tendrils. This pushes upwards, lifting her slowly up from the stone plinth. The Lingam is carried up with her, now released by the roots that had held its base solid in the plinth. It stays locked into her sex by the thick casing of vines around her body.

All of which are budding now with the plant's flower pods, and are also becoming phototropic - seeking light. Long ago, the vine would be trying to shift its flower buds into the sunlight. Now, here, it seeks the light entering through the holes high in the chamber. Laura, encased rigidly in vines, shuddering and whimpering as the plant continues to extract both breast milk and pussy juice from her, is carried along with the twisting thicket, as it rises higher, and moves a little towards the pool. But by now it is dusk, and as the light fades, the plant loses directionality, and simply holds her in place, milking her slower as darkness takes hold of the chamber.

For Laura, it is a very long night. The plant never quite stops any of its activities, but it does slow right down in the dark. Under the lessened deluge of sensations she gradually regains the ability to think, and be afraid, and.... frustrated. There are still slow, stroking motions inside her, and the bulb fastened to her clitoris still cycles through quick clenches, and long, sucking expansions, that keep her own bud swollen and aching. She cannot cum, but neither can she sleep, from the need to. The camera must be out of film by now, but still fires its flash on the half-hour.

As the first rays of morning sunlight enter the chamber, the plant renews its activities. Most spectacularly, the flower buds have all opened up in the dark, and she is now

enveloped in a cloud of deep crimson blooms. She can barely see out between them, and through her haze of tired frustration, thinks she must be a sight. A naked woman, sweaty and shuddering in sexual heat, bound about tightly in vines, with her hugely swollen breasts, held aloft in a cloud of crimson, slickly gleaming petals. She wonders if anyone will ever have the pleasure. Probably not, she thinks.

By now, her vine carrier has been lifted several meters off the floor, held aloft by creepers that have pulled up to the surrounding walls. She is nearing the waterfall, and the whole mass has tilted over until she is now almost fully upside down. Another couple of hours, and the flowers are wilting, their petals falling away. The surrounding mesh of enclosing vines also withers and shrinks away, leaving her once more held only by the close fitting tendrils tight against her flesh.

Soon, she is directly under the waterfall, and in her now fully upside down position, discovers a new feature of the Lingam. It acts like a funnel - the falling water hits its open end, and blasts into her via the holes. Exits via the fluted sides. Her insides are being water-jet pounded. Now she begins to have rapid, uncontrolled orgasms. Also, when she sways, the jet finds her arse (now free of vine.) Her belly fills with water. Her breasts are positively jetting milk with each pulsing of the nodules around her nipples, and the thing cupping her clitoris seems to be stimulated to rapid sucking actions by the watery pounding. Her milk and juices mingle with the falling water, and in the pool bright underwater blossoms open, and ripen.

For some reason, once the vines holding her are being soaked in the waterfall, the supporting vines cease their light-seeking quest, and simply halt. Leaving her fixed exactly under the falls, upside down, legs held wide and far apart. She loses track of time again. Exhausted, sexually overloaded, coming over and over as the water relentlessly pounds on her, into her. In fragments of thought, she expects to die here. Wondering how many days of this she will last. Now she understands the bones in the pool.

Part 2

Hung upside down, naked and spread under the waterfall by the animate vines, Laura Croft's senses are so overloaded that time slips past in a sexual daze.

The morning passes, and the slanting shaft of sunlight swings to vertical, for a while highlighting the falls and her shuddering, water-pummeled figure within the plume. The golden object embedded in her sex sparkles brightly through the cascade. More time passes, as the shaft of light drifts further on, leaving her in shadow.

In as much as she can concentrate in snatches despite the relentless pounding of the waterfall upon her perpetually spasming pussy, she wonders how it is that her delicate parts have not been battered into numbness by now. She thinks perhaps it's something to do with the vine's injected venom, keeping every square millimeter of her skin super-sensitive. Some sort of nerve stimulant... which she wishes did not work so well, especially on her water-pummeled clitoris. If only it would go numb, if only she could stop the orgasms... There must be some way to escape this, if only she could think for a moment...

She drifts in and out of lucidity, as orgasm after orgasm exhausts her beyond the ability to even think of struggling against the vines wrapped tightly around her, immobilizing her upside down and spread eagled. Her vagina feels like the falling water is driving fists inside her, with each dropping wave that impacts into the upturned opening of the heavy gold phallus still sunk deeply in her sex. Nor does it help that the metallic shaft is pressing down into her with all of its very considerable weight. Absolutely beyond her ability to push it all the way out with her abdominal muscles, even if the vines weren't holding it loosely in place. The best she can manage, straining, is to push it out a few inches, and hold it there, briefly. But then she tires, or an orgasm will make her relax after a clenching spasm, and the several pounds of metal will drop back, hard and deep. Once more stretching her vagina to its absolute limits.

Her rope is still hanging down from the entrance above the waterfall's lip, and she is staring at it in a between-orgasm moment, thinking how near it is and yet so far from her captive hands. Is she really going to die here, she thinks? Death of a thousand climaxes... she'd laugh at the craziness of it all, if she wasn't about to come, again. As she helplessly feels the rise towards her next, inevitable, unwanted orgasm, the rope jerks, then starts swinging from side to side. She hears a noise above; the 'wzzzzz...' of a descender, faintly over the white noise roar of the water. She cannot look up, and now she is about to... ahhh... nooo... another orgasm makes her shudder weakly in the vine's embrace.

As she comes, the new arrival descends into her view. Bucking and shuddering in the throes of her climax, she is momentarily beyond reacting to a mere rescuer. Who is now

hanging motionless on the rope, descender locked off, as he coolly contemplates her in her helpless, oblivious writhing.

When she exhaustedly returns to the world of the comprehending, she curses to herself. It would have to be Vance Harding suspended there, sneering at her. Vance, the notorious robber of historical sites, friend of every shady dealer in antiquities, in every black market, in every trouble spot in the world. Vance, who'd once made some extremely unwelcome advances that time they'd found themselves booked into the same sleeping compartment on the trans-Siberia express. Totally by chance, he'd maintained, the lying scoundrel. Perhaps she should not have thrown his bags off the train into that gorge as a farewell gesture. She hopes the stupid oaf has brought a knife with him, if he isn't simply her own sex-soaked, vine-drugged hallucination.

"Vance, are you real? When you've finished staring, cut me loose, will you?"

He just hangs there, silent, his faint expression of amused contempt rapidly becoming something much more worrying. He looks like he's contemplating some profitable scam - a look she's seen before. That's always a bad sign, for whoever he's planning to steal from.

If that look wasn't enough to convince her this is no delusion, she knows for sure when he reaches across to her, and runs his hand over her water-pounded nakedness. That's no illusion groping her breast, then her sex around the lingam. She'd been drifting in and out of consciousness before, but his touches rouse her to almost alertness. She knows she'd never, not even delirious, imagine her oafish arch rival taking such liberties. She grinds her teeth as another of the endless orgasms shudders through her exhausted body. He sneers even more evilly as his hands on her flesh feel the tremors she cannot entirely suppress. Why did it have to be him of all possible rescuers?

Grinning, quite aware of why her body jerked and twitched, he tugs at the various vines holding her in position, judges them firm, and so her not an immediate problem. He doesn't even bother to speak to her.

He then considers the rest of the chamber, shining a powerful torch into the dimness of the late afternoon gloom, now the sun's rays no longer penetrate here. Sees the camera setup, and the active roots still twisting about on the stone floor. Judging them harmless if treated with care (and his machete), he continues downwards on the rope. He avoids a dunking in the pool at the bottom due to her care in tying off the rope - curse him, she thinks just before another exhausting orgasm drives her senseless for some moments.

Casually he explores the chamber, taking his time. At her camera, he examines the setup. He's still in the corner of her inverted field of view, and she grinds her teeth as he examines the granite pyramid at the centre of the camera's focus. He stoops to examine the now empty receptacle at its apex, with its exaggerated female carving. He looks up at

her, laughing loudly. Calls out "Laura, you had to try it out, didn't you! I'd have expected you to be more professional! I hope you haven't _damaged_ the artifact! Ha ha ha! Oh, shall I recover your film? Yes, no need to answer, I understand how it is when you are busy."

He strolls over to her camera, extracts the film, and pockets it. Wanders around some more, examining her gear. Frees her pistols from the mat of roots, and pockets them too. Laughs, holding up her shrunken leather jumpsuit. "Hey Laura, you on a diet or something? I'd swear this is too small for you." He makes a show of turning out the inside crotch area of the suit, and taking a long, deep sniff. "Awww, you got them all wet and they shrank! You should take better care of spunky looking gear like this. But never mind, I have other leather that will fit you."

He moves to turn away, but one of his boots has been captured by a vine while he wasn't moving. "Ha ha... stupid fucking animated pot plant! Did you find out what they called this thing?" he shouts to her, while making short work of that tendril with his machete. "Juice Hunter!" It likes _pussy_ juice! Can you believe it? Oh, of course, I guess you can by now, ha ha! Fuck me...shit.." Another vine had got his other foot, and that one too gets the chop. "You wouldn't want to stand still in one spot for too long in here, would you?! Well, unless you were real busy fucking a fat gold cock, like someone we know, eh bitch?"

He swaggers around, collecting up her gear and packing it back into her rucksack. "Yeah, this damned thing... they bred it from something in the forest that liked to catch and eat small animals I guess. Well... not 'eat' exactly. It just holds on until they die, then their flesh falls into the vine's roots, and fertilizes the ground. During which, it flowers. Did you see those blooms in the pond? Truly stunning specimens- I expect this critter will be a huge and very profitable hit with the glasshouse set back home. The ones who can afford its special feeding needs, if you know what I mean, ha ha ha. You figured that one out yet? Ha ha." He continues chuckling to himself, sometimes glancing up at her, as he finishes the packing.

Done with her gear, he carefully examines the vine's structures around the chamber. He takes some of the vine fruits in sample bottles, together with various small clippings, and some examples of curiously shaped fibrous nodules with clumps of fine tendrils emerging from one end. As he works, he calls out to her again in a casual tone, as if addressing a companion. "Hey Laura, you thought I was here to steal that gold dick you've been messing with, didn't you? Well, naturally, that too. But there are things here _much_ more valuable than that, don't you know? And I'm not even counting you, though you'll make the whole trip much more... hehe _entertaining_. The vine is not the only treasure. You'll see."

Re-attaching his dumars to the rope, he frees the rope end and ties it to her gear, jammed against the rock wall ringing the pool. He dumars strongly back up to her, and once more

hangs there, grinning predatorily. First he toys with her again, appraising the feel of her body, and how she reacts to his touch. "Hah... even exhausted and pounded, you still feel it huh? I wondered about that. The texts I found mentioned the vine venom has a long lasting sensitivity stimulation effect. Excellent, even more money. Oh, this is making me so happy, my dear. Thank you for finding the final clue, that was very thoughtful of you. Much appreciated."

"Vance, you bast... mmmff!"

He cuts her off, with a hand cupped over her mouth. "Now, now, Laura! Is that any way to speak to your rescuer? Would you rather join the bones at the bottom of that delightfully charming sacrificial pool? No, no... You just be quiet now, or I may save myself the bother of hauling you out of here. Seriously, not a word, understand. Did you even check what was in those bags you tossed off the train? It was most embarrassing you know, explaining to my client what happened to the item I'd been transporting. I'm a teensy bit annoyed with you about that, and would have been very annoyed indeed, if my client had been able to make good their threats to kill me. My, they were so very upset! One of a kind, priceless relic, you know the deal. Tossed in a bloody river. Splendid."

His other hand brings the point of his large, sharp knife against her breast, pressing in till the tip nearly cuts her. "I'd almost prefer to have the pleasure of paying you back for that little joke of yours right now. Or, I could leave you to the vines - except that would be such an abstract revenge, since I won't be around for the week or two you'll take to die here. You certainly won't go thirsty, and its warm in here, isn't it? Death by slow starvation, or perhaps cerebral hemorrhage. I don't suppose the unending orgasms would do much to hasten your demise, unless by finally blowing an artery in your brain, so you'd possibly even enjoy it. So, Laura, you are going to be quiet. If I want to know anything from you, I'll ask. Got that?"

She looks at him. He's clearly not kidding - it would be just like him to actually leave her here. She nods. He lets go of her mouth. "Good girl. I'm sure we'll learn to get along. Ha ha!"

After playing some more, apparently just for the heck of it, he cuts loose the Lingham, and pulls it slowly out of her. Puts it back, and fucks her with it some, observing cynically as she gasps and hunches helplessly back at the thrusts. Finally, since she is too exhausted and too rigidly tied to really put on much of a show, he stows it in his pack, then attaches the rope to one of her ankles via a loop. Cuts free most of the vines around her body, leaving her suspended by one vine to her other ankle, hands still vine-bound bound behind her. Now her other leg is weighed down by the wet rope, and she finds it hard to avoid doing a wide split. He dumars away up into darkness, leaving her, the water now pounding directly into her sex every time she swings back under the fall.

After a few minutes, the rope to her ankle goes tight, then the vine still on her goes slack and falls down, cut. Still doing the splits, only now hanging by her other leg, she feels herself being hoisted up. After some bumping and scraping she reaches the top, where Harding and three villainous looking Latinos are heaving on the rope. She is dumped, wet and naked, on the sandy floor. They cut away the remaining roots, in the process rolling her over and getting her completely covered with the gritty sand. When they cut away the matted fibers from her hips, and around her sex, there is much ribald chatter in Spanish among the four men. Her clitoris, revealed from the hollow tuberous vine organ that had encased it, is still remarkably swollen and they seem greatly amused by its size, much to her shame.

They tie her with ropes, Japanese style, made more uncomfortable by the sand on the ropes and in her sex under the tight double strand pulled tightly up into her slit. Once she is secured, they haul some more on the rope still descending into the shaft, and bring up her gear.

The awkward and trackless route back to her camp, now there's too, is a torment of rope-chaffed sandy sex, aching swollen breasts, and 'helping' hands that are not shy of using handy (and sandy) intimate parts to get a good grip on her. All of her body, and especially around her breasts and sex where the vine thorns had pricked their venom into her, is tingling and very sensitive - so much so that she finds the brush of leaves a kind of sensual torture.

Arriving at camp just before dusk, they remove the ropes and have her lie down on her back on a lightweight fold-out stretcher - two aluminum poles with canvas slung between, and short fold-down legs. They tie her ankles to the pole ends at one end, and her wrists to the others, above her head. Then they leave her alone, as Vance and his companions prepare dinner. She wonders what happened to her own four porters, but so far she has not seen any sign of them. Presumably, Vance has either paid them off, or simply driven them off. More likely the latter, since it would be the cheaper option.

Not that she expects any help from them - she'd been more worried about the looks they'd been giving her on the trek here. Ever since her party had left civilized areas she'd been sure to keep her guns handy, since the porters were obviously giving the matter of their employment contracts some thought. Along the lines of renegotiating the bits about carrying her gear, rather than simply raping and killing her, then fading into the jungle.

One thing that occurs to her about this whole situation is that although she is now tied up naked, and probably will be raped, at least she is naked inside a mosquito netted tent, rather than outside naked at their campfire, exposed to the ravenous insect nightlife. There are clearly gradations of 'a fate worse than death'.

She doesn't wonder much about what Vance intends with her. It's sure to be bad. What does worry her, in a most disturbing and insistent way, is that for some reason her clitoris and nipples simply will not stop doing their painfully erect, throbbingly sensitive, aching, thing. And her breasts are feeling, if anything, even more full and sensitive than they did when the vine venom was stinging them. Lifting her head, she can see in the indistinct firelight through the tent walls that her nipples are standing up, dark and hard. Perhaps it's something to do with the last hour of constant brushing by leaves on the way here? But that doesn't really explain the condition of her clitoris, which seems even larger and harder than it was when they released it from the vines. It had been held prisoner by the clasp of the crotch ropes for the last hour, and she'd have thought that the discomfort of the rough fibers and sand would have discouraged it. But no... She even finds that she wishes she could touch it - which she thinks amazing, considering.

But anyway, she can't. She can't even squeeze her legs together. She just has to lie there, listening to the clinking of utensils as the men perform some approximation of cooking, their ribald jokes in Spanish, and the random yowls and screeches of the jungle darkness. She can't help but wonder if she'll soon be adding her own shrieks and moans to those noises.

Those thoughts circle around and around in her mind, yet she is surprised with herself - she doesn't seem to find the prospect as terrifying as it ought to be. Perhaps it is the persistent, intense and distractingly aroused state of her genitals, that prevents her mind from dreading what might happen. It must be that, she tells herself. Something to do with the irritation from that venom, that makes her hips squirm as images of herself being fucked by all four men in turns, hover in her head. Her sex has become soooo itchy and swollen- it must be the venom, she is certain.

"Senorita Croft, you eat now?"

What?! She realizes she has let her eyelids drift closed. And... oh no, her hips were lifted up off the cot, as she imagined... oh no! Looking around, she finds all four men squatting around her in the tent, leering at her by lantern light, and munching on the food they have brought into the tent to eat. Harding is by her head, silent - one of the others spoke. Harding is holding what looks like a rice ball near her mouth. Damn! Did she get that carried away, that she didn't even hear them come into the tent? How...

She forces her body to relax back onto the cot, though it takes an effort of will to keep it there. God, her sex is so... arrrgh! That venom has a strong effect. But she is hungry too, and accepts the food. Surprisingly, it's quite tasty. Fish... they must have caught some fish at the last river. And some nuts, and spices... not bad. As he eats, silently, he passes her another, dropping it into her open mouth when she finishes the previous. He also gives her water, when he has some. Only then he reminds her of the present, by also pouring a thin trickle of water onto her chest and stomach. It feels nice and cool in the warm humidity,

but having all the men burst into bawdy laughter as he ends the trail at her sex, and the tickling cool water on her hotly throbbing labia makes her hips jerk upwards again... that she could have done without.

"Why Laura! You seem to have recovered your appetite very quickly, after that little tryst with the vines. It's certainly a pleasure, to see a hungry girl enjoying her food! Would you like some more? Oh... pardon my manners, I quite forgot - you may speak now. Only, respectfully!"

She is just beginning to open her mouth, when he cuts back in. "Ah, one other thing - to save us all a lot of time, the answer is no. No clothes, no untying, no bargaining, and no, you don't get to say no. Or rather, you can say no all you like, but it will have no effect other than adding to our entertainment, and your punishment if you get tiresomely repetitive about it. When you wish to go to the toilet, ask. The answer may well be no... depending. Now, are you still hungry? You've only had two rice balls - not much after such a busy day, big growing girl and all."

She is silent for a long moment. He just answered the first ten or so questions and demands she was about to make. She has the sense to realize it would be pointless to argue... and she is very hungry.

"Yes please. I'd like more." Harding's companions break into coarse laughter, slapping hands on their thighs as they rock, squatting. She grimaces, realizing how their uncouth minds warped her comment into a sexual statement. "No, I meant... sigh... I'd like another rice-ball." They redouble their laughter, and she realizes it happened again.

Harding grins at her. "Forgive them, they are simple folk, and eager for you. But that's later. First, eat. Only... I tell you what. Since they cooked this food, let's have you show them your appreciation. The way you were as we came in - the hungry, famished woman look. Heh. When you convince me you are really starving, I'll feed you. You just lay your head back, close your eyes, and keep your mouth open. I'll pop in a rice ball when I think you are doing good."

She stares at him. For a moment, she is about to burst into shocked defiance, but he raises a finger and shakes it 'no' at her, reminding. Picks up another rice ball from the heaped dish, and scoffs it. "Mmmmm, these really are delicious, eh? Shall I have another? Why yes, thanks, I will!" He does. "Don't let me hold you up here, Laura. You know you want to - look at your clit! It must be really aching, huh?"

In truth, it is, she has to admit to herself. Very much. Her whole sex is aching, in that 'please do me' way. Intensely. Even as she drops her head back on the cot, closing her eyes to think about this, she feels her hips hunch upwards on their own. Not waiting for her brain's decision. It's so humiliating... and she is very hungry, and they are tasty... um, the

rice balls are tasty, she corrects her half-formed thought. She sighs... 'when rape is inevitable'... why not pretend one is dying for it... if that's what it takes to get fed. Her body nods agreement, with her hips. She gives in, and lets Miss Pussy run the show. Miss pussy turns out to be one of those 'take charge' kind of girls, and soon has her whole body humping for the team. Apparently her whole body doesn't mind that she is putting on a show for four perverted men, who's excited loud comments don't allow her to forget they are right there, leaning close in the tent.

She grinds, and thrusts, her sorely swollen sex meeting only air, and so frustratingly! It gets confusing, her open mouth panting, and waiting for a rice ball, and her vagina waiting for... something. Well, not so much 'waiting for', as aching for. Aching, itching, needing...

She feels a rice ball at her lips, and gobbles it greedily, chewing quickly. She needs to breathe through her mouth, needs to pant... Swallows, and opens her mouth wide again. To gasp, or accept more food. Suddenly there is another morsel at her lips, at the same moment a hand touches her lightly on the breast. It's confusing, even more so as the hand kneads her flesh in time with her chewing. The flavor, and her action in chewing, seem to become mixed up with the feelings in her breast. She swallows it, and the hand is gone. Another ball... and another hand on her other breast this time. It mimics the timing of her chewing so well, it almost feels like she is pleasuring her own breast with her mouth. And her pussy - as her nipples are caressed, the feelings in her sex flare even hotter.

She can hear the rustle of clothes being shed.

With the next ball, more hands descend on her body, this time her legs as well as her breasts. Everywhere but where she... Chewing hard, she thrusts her sex hard up, jerking it into the air, thighs fallen wide. 'Please, feed my pussy too...' But the hands work all over her legs, squeezing much like the working of her jaw. She doesn't want to swallow, she wants it to go on. But she must breathe! She swallows, gasps in a deep lung full of air, and the hands vanish.

"Oooohhhh! Noooo!" She gasps, her body writhing. "Please..."

"Would you like another?" As Harding speaks, he places the palm of his hand over her eyes. How did he know she was about to look at him? "No. Keep your eyes closed. Another then."

With his hand still over her eyes, she is given another rice ball. And as she closes her mouth on it, the hands return, all over her except... still nothing touches her sex! She strains her hips up as high as she can... and something large is pushed in under her bottom, between her and the bunk. She lets herself fall back, but hardly moves - her hips are now wedged higher up than any other part of her, with her mons now held as the pinnacle of her body's mountain. The hands tease around the slopes, stroking and

squeezing right up to the edge of her sex. She thinks if nothing touches her there soon, she will scream. Then hands at her breasts switch to rolling and teasing her nipples, and the feeling this triggers in her sex makes her need to scream right now!. But she is still chewing, and can't. She swallows, the hands remove.

"Arrrrghhhh! Noooooooo!!!! Ooooooohhh!!"

"Oh, is our poor cooking that awful? You don't want any more?"

"Yes... please, more. Its... very nice."

His hand removes from her eyes, and this time she keeps them shut. There is a pause, and she feels something shifting on the bed. Then, in the same moment, another rice ball is touched against her lips, and something warm touches her directly on her upraised and spread sex. She opens her mouth wide, and bites the rice ball from the fingers holding it. As she does it, the thing thrusts suddenly and deeply into her wanting pussy. She hadn't known if it was a cock, or fingers, but long thick hard cock is what's now filling her.

Her muscles grab hard at the shaft inside her, while above her Vance's voice hisses "All that drama on the train, over my generous offer of a fine pussy pounding, and now look at you. Gasping for it. Fuck women are nuts. Always with the pretence your pussies don't want filling - but take away the choice and you fucking do want it. Nuts. Mmmmm.... tight, warm, wet, horny... and nuts. Mmmmfmmmm.... mmmm..."

Somewhere at the back of her mind, there's a feeling that she ought to be annoyed at him, for raping her, not to mention insulting her, and all women. 'Nuts, nuts...' She tries to get herself angry, but there's a problem. About seven or eight inches of big, hard problem, pounding in and out of her cunt, by the feel of it. Its distracting. Its....

A little while later, it occurs to her that she hasn't been thinking at all, just lying there, straining to thrust her hips up to match each thrust, and feeling the inner roar of an approaching orgasm. It's clearly going to happen, and happen in a huge way, regardless of how she feels about it. She can tell. She can't remember what she was thinking about before. Something about nuts... She drops the thought, and concentrates on the roaring feeling, growing....

Vance's voice breaks her concentration. "Uh, ummm... Ha! mmmm... Look at you.... ummmmmhh..... hey, here's an idea for you... uhhhhh, ummmff.... mmmm.... how about this... mmmmmfff.... hah, your pussy is squeezing, I like that.... mmmm..... huff.... anyway, let's say.... if you don't come in the next hour, we'll let you go. Mmmmm... how about that? Deal? Huuummm... huuhhhh.... Ahhh.... fuck that's good..."

She hears him. Tries to consider... not working... 'try not to cum?' The concept almost slips away. She is going to cum, and soon. But she grabs the idea... 'let her go? Would they really? Maybe... one thing about huge cocks... uh, about Vance, is he says what he means. Usually.' For a moment, she resolves to not let herself come, and tries to stop herself thrusting, and that clenching that's going on in her sex. Her attempt has absolutely no effect. Her body goes right on doing what it wants, and so does the building anticipation in her sex.

"Ha ha ha.... ahhhhh.. mmmm..... What, you don't believe me?! Really Laura! How could you mmfff.. mmmmmhhh.... doubt me? My word Laura! Ummmmm... lovely.... No? You're still fucking back? Like it huh? Ummm.... yeah, love it, huh? mmm.... hhhhfff... Well, seriously, you are passing up a great deal here.... you look like you really want to cum, huh? Ok, ummmhhh! huuhhhhff! yeah... OK, so how about, no cum, you go free, ummmm.. but if you do cum, I and my fine compadres here, will ummmmmfff, ummmm.... will spend the rest of the evening fucking you over and over. ummfff... Oh, and for the rest of the trip back too. hhhhhhhnnnn... mmmm... ah, you want it all the way? mmm... So that's the deal, Laura. No cum, freedom. Cum, and we'll all rape your cunt every day for months. Maybe forever, huh? Mmmmm.... that's odd, you don't seem to be listening, Laura? fffhhhhmmmm... ohh...."

'Raped.... raped.... months...' she thinks. She really, really tries to concentrate. But it seems her mind is still not working, and her body isn't listening at all. There's a desperate, burning urgency in her sex, that somehow images of rape makes more powerful. Her hips jerk powerfully towards every thrust of that hard cock reaming deep inside her. The tension in her belly is about to... about to...

"Laura! I'm insulted! I think you doubt my word! Uhh.... yeah.... All right, then... mmm... I swear... uh... uh... mmmmMMmmhhh oohhh yeah... Yeahhhh... I SWEAR Laura.. Uhhhh uuhhhh mmmmmmmMMMmm.... on my seed.... uuhhhh... do you accept? On my seed, your freedom if UHhhhhh if you don't come, or your service if you do... uhhhh yeassss, squeeze if you agree... oohhhhh nice, OK, I take that as a yes.... and here... uuhhhh uhhhh is my... oohhhhHHH UUUhhhhhHHHH YES UHHHMMMMMM!! HMMMMMM! WORD! AHHHHHHHH! AHHHHhhmmmm HHMMMM Ohhhmmmm.... HHMMMMMMMM.... hmmmmmm....

As he shouts his release, and she feels his hard cock jet deep into her, her senses explode. Every muscle in her body locks solid, as her sex and brain seem to merge into one whole-body storm of surging ecstasy. She can distantly hear her own voice moaning in counter point to his yells, as her body shudders in waves of pleasure from each pulsing thrust of semen into her womb.

She feels his jettings slow, and stop, but she is still riding the wave. Then, like a flash of lightning in a storm, his fingers stroke over her clit, and she spasms again, shouting in the

shock of renewed climax. It is so incredibly, unnaturally powerfully sensitive! His cock is still inside her, motionless, and she can hear him chuckling as he fingers her bud, bringing her to peak after peak of shuddering, moaning, pussy-spasming pleasure. It doesn't seem to get any less intense, going on and on....

Eventually he stops, and she lies gasping for breath, stunned, barely conscious, her entire body still shivering with echoes of her orgasms.

"Well, I'll take that as a cum. And thank you for your kind agreement to service myself and my compadres here, whenever we wish. Very compassionate of you, Miss Croft. Heh heh..." She feels him pull his still hard member from her sex, and lift off her. "Ah, you are such a fine sight, and your snatch certainly does... I could go again right away. But mustn't be greedy, eh? Time for my friends. I'll get back to you later. You know, I do believe that vine venom seems to have had some effect on your sexual capacity. Or were you always able to achieve continuous multiple orgasms like that? Never mind, I can see you are a little puffed now, we'll discuss this possibility later."

"Vance.... Vance... I.. that wasn't... I didn't agree to.... you can't.."

"Shh... Oh course Laura, I wasn't joking. But I knew you'd come. So, you will do as we wish, just as if I had offered nothing. Now, do not upset Yuan here with arguments, his English is not good. But his cock is very big, eh? Enjoy. Oh, I see you are... good."

It's true, the rod being thrust into her by the man now over her is very, very big. Her sex is already running with fluids, and the fat head slips right in, followed by the fat shaft, and more fat shaft, and more... She moans, shocked out of her daze by how good it feels, already, so soon after such a massive series of climaxes. Which.... seem... to... be... uh... oohhhhhh.... about to.... uuhhhmmmm.... repeat....

"You haven't said hello to Yuan yet, Laura. Aren't you going to say hi?"

As Yuan begins to piston his cock in earnest, suddenly she is right back in that cyclic orgasm, almost without warning. "ooohhhh... ooHHHH! OOOHYIIIII!! OYYYHHIII!" and her thoughts cease, again.

"That's better. A girl should always be polite on first penetration, I say."

It is a long evening, but for Laura, time slips by in a sexual daze, with few moments of intelligent comprehension. Sometimes she is aware enough to be frightened by the strength of her body's responses - they are far, far more intense than anything she has experienced before. When she can wonder, she wonders why this is. Her long abstinence? Something to do with the vine thorn stings? Or... that she is bound and helpless, perhaps?

Somehow, it does seem exciting, being at the mercy of such... such... villains, as Harding and his men.

The strangest thing, is that her pussy does not seem to become less sensitive as the rapes continue. More so, if anything. She remembers that it was the same under the waterfall - now almost any touch in that area brings her to body-wrenching climaxes.

It even turns out to be not just her sex that is extra sensitive. Later in the evening, when all the men have had their fill of fucking, they are sitting around her naked body, chatting over her. She is damp with sweat and smeared sexual fluids, and they are using her body as a kind of gesturing aid, in their rapid Spanish discussion. They play their hands across her flesh, and particularly her breasts. To their pleasurable surprise, they discover that squeezing her hardened nipples causes a little milk to express, and they become occupied with taking turns two by two, to suck on her teats. After a few minutes of this, and their joking banter meanwhile, she is surprised to find herself bursting into orgasm again - just from having her nipples sucked. They find this very entertaining, not to mention less strenuous than fucking for the nth time, so they keep doing it for a long while, laughing and joking about her sensitivity, and endless capacity for spectacular orgasm.

Finally, they leave her alone after letting her pee into a bottle they hold against her mound. Exhausted, she falls asleep at once.

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Hanging, hanging under the pounding waterfall, her body hammered and aching with supersensitive arousal. She cannot move, cannot even struggle. Hanging, needing, helpless. Its dark, she cannot see... but her breasts... such an intensity of feeling, of fullness, of throbbing need, her nipples like rocks, somehow the water must be drumming on them directly, it's so strong... so strong... and the waterfall sounds like birds calling... what happened to the.... disorientation, she isn't sure which way up she is tied; feels more like on her back, but.... ohhhhh her breasts! They feel as if they will burst! She tries to reach for them, but cannot. She opens her eyes, and sees the green translucent material above her, bright with sunlight. It's already hot in.... she remembers. In the tent. The morning is loud with bird calls. She is still tied on her back in the canvas cot.

And her immediate, excruciating problem, is the state of her breasts. Absolutely beyond ignoring, they feel unbelievably swollen and full, so tender that every little move her body makes, sends jangling bursts of intense discomfort as her breasts jiggle in response.

She lifts her head to look down at them, and is shocked by the sight. They don't just feel hugely swollen, they are. Not so much grown, as filled to bursting - she can feel the tightness in her skin, and their shape has shifted from curvaceous-conical, to semi-spherical. It doesn't take any thought at all, to realize that her breasts have begun producing milk, and lots of it. All of which is still waiting to let out - and must escape soon, if her flesh is not to burst under the pressure. The pressure that seems to be concentrating in her nipples, to judge by their painfully erect state. She lifts her head again to look, and this time notices that there are actually thin lines of milky wetness, tracing down her breasts from the tips of her swollen nipples. She is leaking - but not enough to make a difference to her discomfort.

It takes her several moments of struggling with the powerful sensations from her breasts, before she can pay any attention at all to the rest of her body. She immediately wishes she hadn't.

Remembering her lengthy rape by the four men last night - well it was rape, even if she did... beg for it, because... even if it was very... she shakes her head. After that, she'd expect to be pretty sore. Reaching through the flood of sensations from her breasts, she concentrates on her sex - and finds some soreness, but.... oh no, how can that be? Her pussy is definitely not happy - but its... needing again! After all that pounding last night, and her breasts.... impossible! And yet it is. Now she has noticed it, she can't stop noticing, even with her other discomfort. Her clitoris is waking up too, she can actually feel it stretching, and growing stiff again. She realizes she is still looking at her erect nipples, and the milk dribbling down the swollen curves of her breasts. She remembers how it felt last night as they played with her venom sensitized nipples. She lets her head fall back again - 'no, don't think about that, it's turning me on again. Dammit! Don't! Don't think about it... even if my breasts... I really need to be milked... oh fuck, FUCK what has that vine done to me?! God!.... I need to be milked, which will make me cum, and thinking about that makes me need to cum... dammit DAMMIT!

"Aaaaargghhhh!" She struggles against her bindings wildly, venting her frustration in a cry through clenched teeth. Falls back, limp and panting. Moving makes her breasts hurt more.

"Well well well. So the legends are all true!" Harding's voice comes from above her head, out of her sight. She twists her head sideways and back, and finds him sitting cross legged on the floor nearby. He leans towards and over her, letting her look straight up into his face. "How remarkable. This vine is quite the medical miracle, don't you think? Within twenty four hours of injection, the venom has induced very heavy lactation. You never had kids, did you? Fascinating. I'm going to be hugely wealthy, while you, my dear lady, are simply going to be huge."

He reaches across her, and runs a palm firmly over the swollen side of her right breast. He presses, feeling the tight fullness of her teat. It hurts, and she flinches, trying to pull away. "Absolutely splendid, so full already! Oh, I'm _sorry_, was that a bit discomforting?" He asks sarcastically. Wrapping both palms around the lower swell of her breast, he squeezes firmly.

"Ohh! Vance DON'T please... it oooohhhh hurts!"

He chuckles, as her lets go. "Heh heh, yes, you're right, I should leave them alone. Not gentlemanly, playing with a ladies' baubles like that, is it? Why, I should be ashamed of myself! Taking advantage of you, considering the misfortune you've already suffered, what with that vine's venom and all. Oh, did I mention that? You know what it said in the scripts I found a few years ago?" Running a fingertip softly along the curve of her breast, up to her nipple, which he presses and rolls briefly. "By golly, you sure have a lot of milk in there, don't you. It's actually leaking all the time, look at that!" He holds his damp fingertip up where she can see it, then moves it back to her nipple, and grazes the tip, softly, back and forth.

Laura grits her teeth. "Vance, you.... arrrghhh please, umm... Ah what did they say? Please stop doing that."

He grins at her, and stops, to her surprise. "Weeeeell, you know how it is with these very old languages - there's always a suspicion the translation is duff, but it seeeemed to be describing the effects of the 'seeker's bite'. The vine venom, I'm guessing. It was all in feminine gender, so that would be you... A lot of waffle about 'extra flow of milk' - that bit's clear enough. And some stuff I wasn't sure about, that might have been referring to greatly heightened desire. Considering the contrast between your behavior last time we met and last night, I'm now thinking my translation was accurate. Following that, there was a rather vague bit. Guess what?" He suddenly flicks her nipple hard with a fingertip.

"Owww! That... uh.. what? How would I know?"

"Apparently, the venom is... um, somewhat 'moreish'. At least, I think that's what they meant. The text talked about how the 'seeker's servants' would never stray far, but always returned to feed the vine. Something about desire bringing them back, it was quite confusing. By the way, why is your clitoris sticking up like that, eh? Any idea? Surely a proper young woman such as yourself doesn't typically get morning hard-ons? Did you have such a good time last night, that you want more already?"

He sits, looking at her silently, calculatngly. She has a feeling he's not telling her everything he knows. But then, that's a given with Harding. She doesn't know what to say, so many thoughts are whirling in her mind. Neither does he seem to expect any answer.

After a few minutes, he sniffs the air. "Hmmm. I smell horny woman. And breakfast being cooked. So, I'll leave you alone now. Back in a while with something for you to heh heh... eat. Like last night. Anything _else_ you might need can wait till then. Bye now!"

He gets up, and a moment later he is gone. She can hear him greeting his men, and then their voices drift away. She is alone in the tent, just her... and her aching breasts, and throbbing clit, and full bladder. And, now she thinks of food, her rumbling stomach. Such a contrast! Her breasts feeling full to bursting, while her stomach complains it is empty. She is very thirsty too, as well as urgently needing to pee. Uncomfortable and stiff after a night spent tied up, yet still her sex is throbbing for attention. After a while, lying there listening to the men clattering around at the cooking fire outside, she almost wishes she was still strung up under the waterfall. At least there she could drink, and pee if she had too.

And... come. It is becoming more of a struggle to hold her water now, only she finds to her dismay that when she clenches her muscles, it somehow increases the aching need in her sex. Heightening her unwanted desire, while doing nothing to relieve it. It's incredibly frustrating, the way her own body seems to be determined to torment her. Unless she chooses to wet herself, she has to clamp down every time her bladder contracts on its own. But with the sensations that clenching produces in her sex, her frustrated arousal soon becomes so intense that her hips begin their own reflexive thrusting, futilely attempting to somehow relieve the aching desire in her cunt.

She is quite annoyed with herself, as well as dismayed. What is wrong with her? She has never felt anything like this before, can it be more of the vine chemicals affecting her? It must be... that is the only possible explanation for the state of her breasts. Those too are now becoming another part of the torment, since with her arousal, she can't help breathing rapidly - which is joggling her swollen breasts painfully. Yet even that is somehow feeding back to worsen the situation - for some reason, the pain of her breasts, and even the thought of how full they are, is adding to her excitement. The thought that... she needs so badly to be milked. And she is going to have to ask... them... to do it, since she rather doubts they will let her do it herself. She remembers the orgasms their play with her nipples brought her last night. Her vagina aches, frustrated, anticipating, as she squirms and tenses on the cot. After a while, she begins softly moaning.

This time, her own sounds do not completely mask the sounds of the men returning, nor the smell of the cooked food they bring. Still though, when she opens her eyes, the tent flap is already pulled aside, and all of them are looking in at her, admiring her antics. She wills herself to hold still, but it is quite beyond her. She finds she can't even stop the small panting gasps she is making. The men leer, as they enter the tent and sit around her, holding their plates of steaming food.

Harding remains standing. "Dear me, Laura, have you started without us? Ha ha! Never mind. Now, first things. Today we have much to do in the ruins. We must leave tomorrow, and so sadly my dear we cannot waste much time today entertaining you. I'm afraid you'll have to stay put as and where you are for the day. Keep you out of mischief, eh?"

He grins cheerfully at her, letting the implications work in. She does not like the sound of this. Just as she is about to get over her embarrassment and ask to be assisted to pee, he speaks again.

"Now, I recall last night you repeatedly made some claims regarding my parents, and my capacity for feeling. If I was a total bastard, today I could leave you to deal with your several little problems on your own. Nothing a dunking in the river in the evening wouldn't wash off you and the bed, I'm sure. However, to show you how wrong you were, we will now make your day much more comfortable. Behold!"

From his pocket, he pulls some things that seem most incongruous in this rough jungle setting. He waves them in front of her - a handful of sealed, sterile clear plastic surgical packs. She sees some tubing, a syringe, and a tube of something. He sets them down on her stomach.

"All the modern conveniences of home! Now, our breakfast is going cold, so I'll get this done quickly, then we eat. Hold still. "

With a concise, detached air, he opens a tube, and applies the nozzle between her labia, squeezing out something that feels cool and slippery to her. Then he slits open the end of the bag containing the tubing, and carefully works out one rounded end of the tube, using the plastic bag to hold it. He holds it up in front of her face for a moment, and she realizes what it is. She's heard of these, but never seen one before. She hopes it won't hurt. He quickly moves the bag down to her sex, and presses the end of the tube into her. Expertly, he slips it into her urethra, and pushes. It slides in easily, and she feels the lump at the end slip through her tightly clenched sphincter. It's a very odd feeling, something pushing in there, yet nothing touching either her aching hard clit, or her aching empty vagina. She doesn't know how to react, apart from a small gasp.

"Good, now don't let go. Nearly done."

Swiftly, he opens a syringe, fills it with some fluid, uncoils the rest of the plastic tube from its bag, inserts the syringe needle into a small T-piece off the tubing near her crotch, and presses the plunger down carefully, judging the volume. Then he extracts the syringe, obviously done. She can't feel anything happening at all. Not till he tugs firmly on the tubing where it extends from her sex, and after a small length slides out, something inside her solidly blocks any further movement. Suddenly, her need to relieve herself intensifies mightily, and she struggles to hold it against the cramping contractions.

"Ha ha! Pretty intense feeling, huh? Afraid of disgracing yourself in front of your friends? Don't be. You can't now, even if you tried. Go on, try it! Here, I'll help you make up your mind you want to."

At this point, he starts applying a firm pull to the tube that now seems anchored inside her. He is pulling vertically upwards above her crotch, and the feeling inside her is intense. It isn't pain, exactly, and she isn't even sure its unpleasant. But her hips automatically follow, to relieve the intensity of the feeling. He stops pulling, and her hips fall back. He pulls again, and she follows, this time groaning. Such a strong feeling, tugging inside her; in her already aroused state, it's impossible not to interpret the feeling as sexual.

"Ohhhhhuuuhhhhffffff" He pulls higher this time, and she strains her hips upwards till her body is an arch. Her bladder is so strained!

"Hey, this is fun! Just like fishing. I've hooked a mermaid!"

He holds her there for a few moments, her muscles straining. She starts to let herself sink backwards, partly from the strain, and partly because she is deciding she wants more of that pulling feeling. He lets her descend only part way, then changes his steady pull to a rapid, light jerking on the tube.

"UuuuooogghhhHH! UhhhhH! Uhhhh! OOOOOhhhhhh! Ooooohhh!" She cries out at the sensations, as her hips buck in response. It feels every bit as intense as being fucked, yet... different. If only her bladder wasn't cramping painfully, it might be... it might be very nice.

"Ha, like that, eh? Horny bitch aren't you? Well, enough of this, my breakfast is going cold. Here, lie back again now, couple more little details." He lets go of the tube, and presses a hand down on her belly just above her mound. On her over-full bladder - ouch! She drops back to the cot. He applies the syringe needle to another of the side pieces dangling off the tube near her crotch, and again injects fluid carefully. This time she does feel something; very much so. Right at the opening of her sex, where the tube enters her, she feels a stretching, and at the same time the tube moves inside her. The feeling of tension against her insides returns somewhat. When he is done with the syringe, she can feel something rounded pressing between her labia, just in front of the opening of her vagina. The inside 'pull' is quite strong, and when she tenses again, she feels the bulge at her opening pull inwards strongly. He tugs at the tube again, then pushes it towards her. It doesn't move, other than to vary the feelings of tension and pressure.

"OK, I guess by now you figured out this is a renal catheter. The end of it is inside your bladder, and is now pumped up to about the size of a golf ball. It's not coming out until I release the fluid with the syringe again. Where it goes into you, there's now another bulb expanded. The tension you feel is due to the tube between the bulbs being a little shorter

than the natural length of your urethra. So each bulb is being pressed against an end of your delicate girlish plumbing. The result is a kind of bathplug - there is no way pee is coming out of you now, other than by this tube. Which has a valve on it here, see?" He holds it up; sure enough, a small valve, with a green plastic knob.

"You can relax, or push, or cramp down all you like, nothing is going to happen till I turn this valve. Got that?"

He stares into her eyes, and waits.

"I said, have you got that? A nice polite 'yes sir' will do. Otherwise, we'll explore my various options regarding how long I'll leave you to stew, and when you'll actually suffer an internal pressure injury. Or perhaps where I might place the other end of the tube before I do turn this cute little valve here. Up your nose, perhaps?" For the first time, she sees an anger behind his carefully maintained air of near-indifference.

"Ye... yes, sir."

"Good. I'm glad we're clear on that." He turns away from her, unrolling the long tubing towards the tent door. "As for where the pee will go if and when I do allow it, this ain't no hospital. Soooo..." He places the tube end over a rock beside the tent door, and weighs it down with another rock. "That will have to do. Bush toilet. Simple but effective! Now. One last little detail before you can pee, and then you and I eat. A question for you. And bear in mind that right after breakfast everyone but you is heading off to the ruins again, and we'll be away all day. You'll be lying here, exactly as you are now. So the question is, what other things do you want us to do for you before we go? I'll leave the catheter open, and a water bottle with a tube you can drink from. Anything else, I want you to ask for. Ask now, or do without."

He waits a moment, then seems to decide to add more.

"Oh, and it's not that I don't know of several things you need. It's just that I'm a bastard, and choose to humiliate you by making you ask for them. Or suffer all day, if you can't bring yourself to ask."

He sits back, cross-legged on the tent floor next to her, picks up his plate and begins eating. With his mouth full, he adds "Mmmmm don't take too long to think about it, the rest of us have a busy day ahead. You know perfectly well what you need, eh? Mmmm oh, and don't forget the 'please sir'."

Dazed, she struggles to consider his words. What does she really need? To pee, but it's not that. She can think of... oh. ... oh. Her breasts.

They seem to have become even more painfully swollen since she awoke. At that rate, by the end of the day they'd surely have burst, or something. Like her bladder is near to bursting. It's disconcerting how every time she clenches up now, there is that pulling feeling right at the entrance to her sex. It faintly tickles her clit, and so her reflexes seem to keep doing it even when she tries to stop.

She realizes she absolutely will have to ask to have her breasts milked. But... she is so horny! Maybe she'll come as they milk her? Still, maybe not! What then? It must be something the vine venom has done to her that's making her so aroused all the time, but the frustration is unbearable! If only she could come! God! Uhhhh! She realizes her thoughts have sneaked around her self control again, and she has begun humping her hips again. Damn! That catheter keeps teasing her clit so subtly, every time she moves. When he pulled on it... yes, that was a good feeling. What if he'd kept doing it?

Ahhh! Concentrate! Damn, even if they do her breasts now, and she comes, they'll be full again by the afternoon, and she'll probably get horny again. All afternoon, tied to the cot alone. Thinking about when they come back, and spend the evening raping her. Again. Oh god, what is wrong with her! Just thinking about it makes her whole body shiver and tingle!. Rape, rape... With five of them they can keep her filled non-stop. Last night they did anyway. Nonstop for hours. And she never stopped coming... Fucking vine, what has it done to her? Fuck, fuck! Her cunt is burning so much she wishes they'd rape her right now! Oh god, oh god she needs to cum... Uhhh.. uhhh.... She lost track of her thoughts, as her body twists in and thrusts in her bonds.

"Hey! Hey Laura! Laura! I said _ask_ me, not show me! Come on, watching you play air fuck is interesting, but there's work to be done. Have your say, or we'll leave you now, full bladder and all."

He has finished eating, and now pays her full attention again. Leaning across her body, he peers closely at her sex. Pulls her labia wide apart, and inspects the catheter placement. He grabs the outer bulb, and spends a moment twisting and jiggling it, which causes her to groan and thrust her hips up towards his hands.

"Sure, you like that. So? Tell me about it if you want more. Shit, your clit is swollen up hard as a rock, did you know?"

As he strokes it briefly, she tenses up rigidly, whimpering with pleasure.

"Ha. Apparently you did know. Well, the vine is an aphrodisiac to beat all aphrodisiacs, that's clear. How about here? Sensitive here?"

He slides his fingers downwards, past the catheter, and slips a single finger deeply into her vagina, teasing it around in her. Again she goes rigid, gasping, with her body arched up to his finger. He takes it out.

"Yep, sure are. Steaming hot pussy. What does pussy want, hmmm? Meanwhile back at the ranch, what's over here in the coral out back?"

With his finger lubricated with the jelly he'd applied before, as well as her own fluids, he places the fingertip against her ring and presses inwards. She's never, ever had anything there before, and this time tenses up from shock. Attempting to clamp him out, but still his slippery finger slides straight in.

She gasps "Oh! No, please! I don't... please!"

"Yes you do, now. Hmmm. Seems like that's one thing you don't need to do this morning. Good, I really didn't want to go through that rigmarole. More entertainment for tonight to. So, you don't like this, eh?" He twists his finger around in her rear, pumping it in and out rapidly. She shudders, and then realizes in shock that her pelvis is actually thrusting back at his finger! Ahhh! That feeling in her pussy, the need for penetration, it's so strong that it's confused her mind. Surely she can't want penetration there too? But... it feels... it feels...

"Surprised you huh? Well, we'll explore that more too, later." He stops, withdrawing his finger. Sits back, pours some water on a cloth and wipes his hands. "OK, coming up to moment of truth time here. Last requests?"

He places the flat of his hand back on her belly, cupping the swell of her stretched bladder. He taps his fingers, as if to a tune. Tap, tappity tap, tap-tap... Each tap makes her need to pee more urgent. "We're waaaaiting..."

The tent is silent for long moments, with only the drum-like tapping sound. Outside, the jungle carries on its early morning mayhem.

For Laura, it has all been seeming like some kind of unbelievable dream, that flung her from one confusing sensory overload to the next. Ever since she lowered herself onto the lingham in the temple, she has hardly been able to think clearly for a moment. But somehow, Harding's finger in her rear shocked into a sense of reality. This is really happening to her. She's a captive, of five unpredictable males, deep in the jungle. No one knows where she is. They are not going to let her go, and don't seem to even care much if she lives or dies. Let alone care whether she objects to their taking her any way they will. She's naked, bound, and strange vegetable poisons are playing havoc with her libido. If she has to lie here all day, with her breasts gradually bursting with pressure from her weirdly exaggerated milk production, she could die. Or go mad. She had better try to live with it.

"Uh... I need... my breasts. Could you please milk my breasts, they really hurt. The vine, I guess. Uh, sir."

She pauses, considering. Then decides, 'in for a penny, in for a pounding.' "Um, and... and... could I have some breakfast to please, and... you know... something to um... eat... oh... oh hell. Could you please fuck me too, sir? I really need to um... to cum. Sir."

The four native porters have been very quiet up till this point. Perhaps Harding had instructed them to keep quiet. But at her request, they all break out in raucous laughter, rolling back on their heels and making very obviously sexual gestures. They clearly think it's very very funny.

Harding's attitude barely changes. If anything, he seems faintly surprised, behind his usual sneeringly casual grin.

"Ok... Ok guys. Guys! Thank you. See Laura, I knew you could get a grip on the situation. Well done, I suppose I should say. I agree, it seems the venom has had a quite extreme effect. It will be most interesting to see how long it persists. In the meantime, yes, you'll have to have regular milkings. As for the fucking... why Laura, shame on you! No one ever died from horniness, so I don't see what you are complaining about. Surely you can't be looking for a repeat of last night's orgy, so soon? Can't wait till tonight? Well, sorry. For one thing, we don't have time, Secondly, I don't give a damn if you do lie there all day frustrated to hell. Thirdly, it will be interesting to see how your condition progresses with... and without stimulation. Today it will be without. OK boys, breasts only. Remember what I said!"

With that, he leans forward and, wrapping his palms around her aching breast, takes the swollen nipple into his mouth. Squeezing her breast, he sucks strongly at her teat, while squeezing it with his lips and teeth. There is an immediate, strong jet on milk, surprising in its strength. He lets go with his mouth, and grips the nipple with his fingers. Milking it like a cow's teat, he fires several fine but strong streams of milk into the air.

"Look at that boys! Thar she blows! Holy shit..." He keeps kneading her nipple, and the jets become stronger and thicker. After a minute or so of this, her nipple is almost jetting all by itself. He barely has to stroke it to produce the streams.

Another fellow has begun the same work on her other breast, and soon it too is jetting milky streams into the air.

Laura is writhing, head thrown back, with an expression of relief and ecstasy. Ohhh... her breasts... soooo good. She can feel the milk flowing in them, converging on her nipples. The painful pressure is relieving, rapidly. Her nipples are sooooo sensitive too, and again

seem to be directly connected to her clitoris. She can tell it won't take much of this to make her come. So much for Harding's 'don't have time, don't give a damn.' Screw him! she thinks. "Ahhhh fuuuckkk... Uuuuummmmmmm....." Realizing she is moaning in pleasure, she tries to force herself to be quiet. Or to at least pant open-mouthed without adding voice to her rapid breaths. "Uuughhh... Uunnnhhh...." It's not easy to keep quiet, with such feelings building inside her.

Laura is so focused on trying to keep herself silent, and not give away her approaching orgasm, that she completely fails to notice that her hips are again bucking up, and dropping, each time she tenses her behind, thighs and internal muscles. Of course, no one else in the tent fails to notice her humping the air. With her tensing thighs spread as wide as she can in the bonds, and her pussy swollen, red and glistening wet with her juices, it would be hard to miss, as she thrust it upwards empty. With nothing under her but the flat cot to which she is bound at wrists and angles, she has plenty of room to flex her body, and does.

Despite the distraction of watching the astonishingly prolific jetting of milk from her nipples as they are squeezed and worked by rough fingers, they all can see that Laura is approaching orgasm. Vance's men are winking at each other, and loosening their pants over erections, when Harding frowns at them, shaking his head. In Spanish, softly: "No guys, not now. Save it for tonight. We've work to do today, remember? Don't worry, she will be hot like a fire by evening! Now, go and prepare the equipment. I will deal with this one. Heh. No such fun for her this morning. The better for tonight!"

Vance take over her other nipple as well, and continues milking her a few more moments. Only now he does it carefully, with pauses, as he watches her body and pelvis undulating in her arousal. Her eyes are closed again, and her breath comes in gasps. She seems very close.

The men are not happy, but rise and leave, making sure to enjoy the sight of her till the very last moment when the tent flap falls shut behind them. Harding is still squeezing her nipples and breasts rhythmically, although the mild flow has slowed. Her breasts don't look quite as swollen as before they began, and her chest, face and stomach are running with her own sprayed milk.

Once they have left, Vance suddenly quits her nipples, and searches in a bag on the tent floor. Laura whimpers in frustration, but he ignores her. "Ah, this will do" he considers to himself, coming up with what looks like a thin wooden drumstick, but with a small ball on both ends. The dowel between is thin, a foot long, and painted with alternating black and white bands, one inch each.

Laura has opened her eyes again now that the pleasures from her nipples have stopped. Still in a daze of arousal, she wonders what he's doing fooling with a photographic scale marker, when he should be milking her breasts. She is so close!

She gets her answer, when without any ceremony, he bends over her sex, and abruptly thrusts one end of the marker past the catheter tube, into her vagina, pushing it into her slickness until over half of it is out of sight. She gasps, but more in offended surprise than from the sensation - which isn't all that much. The ball is only about half an inch in diameter, and the stick is so thin she can barely feel it. He lets go of it as she bucks her hips in an automatic attempt to dislodge it. It moves with her, and in a moment she can barely feel that it's still in there. "What! What did you do that for! Take it.."

"Shush!" He taps her on the lips with his fingertip. "It stays. Now, a little more milking, and we're done, apart from food and pee."

So saying, he resumes his work at her nipples, and Laura is immediately reminded of how very, very hot she feels, and how close her come is hovering... Moaning, she falls back again, one more humping frustratedly. The stick inside her pussy makes no significant difference to the empty feeling inside her, around which her pussy muscles are clenching and relaxing as she urges herself closer and closer.

Now though, there is a difference. Just not for her. Vance watches the extended end of the ruler careful as he milks her, for the tale it reveals of her internal muscle actions. Now he can see every clench, every contraction of her internal pelvic muscles, as the stick with its black and white striping for visibility, does its own dance even when her pelvis is locked motionless. He listens to her gasping, and the twitching of the stick, carefully judging... waiting...

And then he suddenly stops. "Well, that's enough milking for this morning. Besides, looks to me like you were about to come, and I did say I didn't want you too. OK, food. Hey Laura! Laura, pay attention!"

She really was about to come - he'd judged the instant to a perfection. Laura finds herself left hanging, right on the shuddering edge of the precipice. As his meaning sinks into her barely functioning mind, she is dismayed, She feels like screaming, like thrashing violently. No no no! Oh God.... The feeling of incredible tension in her pelvis is worse than her breasts felt as she woke up!

He shakes his head ruefully. "Well, I must be fair; you can't pay attention just now, right? So, anyway..." He rummages again in the bag, this time producing a pair of metal handcuffs. Attaching it to her right wrist, he unties that hand, then clips the other side of the handcuff to the short metal stand of the cot. He experiments, moving her hand around,

testing the limits of her reach. She can reach her head, mouth, and the ground next to the low cot near her head. Nothing further. Not her other wrist, or her breasts.

"Good. Well, I haven't got all day, so you can feed yourself." He shifts a plate with her breakfast, and a water bottle to the area she can reach. "Bye now! See you this evening. Be good!" Rising to leave, he pauses. "Oh, silly me, almost forgot." He gives the valve on her catheter a quick twist, and she feels her over-full bladder emptying. Then in a moment, he is gone. She hears him chatting with the others, the sound of packs being lifted onto shoulders, and then footsteps, fading away. A last burst of laughter in the distance, and the camp is silent.

'Bastard! That BASTARD!' she screams to herself in her head. 'He knew. He deliberately set her up, right on the edge, then left her hanging. Bastard!' She lifts her head, and looks down her naked figure at her out-of-reach aching sex. The stripey ruler is still there, sticking out of her cunt. She tries pushing down to expel it - nothing doing. Its end just jiggles around a bit as she tries. The faint feeling of the dowel sifting inside is doing nothing to help her desperate need. A need she can actually see - there is her aching hard clitoris, sticking up from between her swollen labia. Terrific. She lets herself fall back onto the cot. Fucking terrific. She should have tossed him into that gorge. It's going to be a long, long day.

Part 3

It is still early in the morning as Laura lies tied to the stretcher bunk, listening to the fading sounds of Harding and his companions heading off through the jungle, back towards the ancient ruins.

Just before leaving her, he had worked her to the very edge of orgasm by milking her freakishly lactating and sensitive breasts, then left her hanging, desperately aroused and frustrated. She can do nothing but look down her naked body, wishing she could bring her legs together to squeeze her swollen sex and throbbing erect clitoris, or reach her fingers to her rigid, aching nipples, still dripping with the milk he was drawing from her. Her body refuses to accept the futility of the effort, twisting and humping her hips against the still cool morning jungle air. Every time her hips buck up, she can see the thin black and white striped photo-scale rod, still lodged deep in her vagina with several inches protruding. Vance had used it to observe her internal contractions as she neared orgasm, thus judging to perfection the moment to stop and leave her. If she lifts her head she can watch it herself, as it flags the intermittent convulsive clamping of her cunt, wanting something inside her, but barely feeling the thin rod.

She is **so** close! In her desperation, she thinks that perhaps if she hunches and clenches **very** hard, she might be able to push herself over the edge. And it does give her some stimulation - her clitoris does feel the light pressure of her spread labia rubbing as her hips thrust up and back, and shaking her breasts from side to side does make her nipples tingle a little. So close... so close....

It takes quite a while before she falls back, momentarily exhausted, eyes closed, panting with her exertions. Resting for a moment, feeling that tension in her insides ebbing back from the unreachd edge of release, she realizes that it isn't going to work. She is tied up for the day, and isn't going to be able to cum, no matter how hard she struggles.

By this time the air has begun to warm up too. She notices that in her exertions she has worked up quite a sweat, and lying there with her eyes closed she can feel the beads of moisture tickling down the sides of her body as well as on her face and back through her long hair. With the heat of arousal still so strong in her body, and her frustrated anger glowing through her mind, it is hard to think. One thought that does occur to her, linked to her angry frustration, is that it seems strange how persistently her sex remains achingly swollen and needy. She thinks to herself that she accepts that an orgasm is out of reach, and that she is in for a long day of boredom. She thinks that thought should be cooling her body's state of excitement. But it does not seem to. Her clitoris has remained exactly as rigidly erect as it was when Harding had her right on the edge. It is so hard, she can feel her own pulse in it - a tingling throbbing in time with her heartbeat. It is very distracting,

and that adds to her anger with the fix she is in. It is all very annoying - the aching swollen emptiness of her vagina and labia, throbbing clit, the tight fullness of her breasts, the rigid tingling of her nipples, the surprising sensitivity of her skin to the feel of sweat droplets rolling down the slopes of her body, the feel of that blasted catheter penetrating her, with its bulbs pressing both inside and at her sex. Every time the muscles in her vagina clamp down, that tube moves in her, and pulls the outer bulb harder in against her body. That is annoying too, for its maddening closeness to her untouchable clit. Close, but not quite close enough to achieve anything. Arrgh! She deliberately clamps down hard, and can feel the bulb press her labia, perhaps only a few millimeters below her needing clit. It's worse than useless, it is **taunting** her.

By now her mind is whirling in a circle of furious, angry thoughts. Furious with Harding, for doing this to her. Furious with herself, for getting caught in that ridiculous vine-trap. What was she thinking, impaling herself on that phallic altar?! So stupid, stupid! What a sex-starved, blind fool she was! What an idiot, to have even taken pictures of her shameful, animalistic moment! And now Harding has those pictures! That seems to her even worse than her present predicament, and the rapes. She thinks she will probably manage to escape at some point. But if she cannot get those pictures back, and Harding releases them...

Well, sells them to the highest bidder more likely, the bastard, she rages to herself. That will certainly put a dent in her professional career. She can just imagine delivering a lecture on Mayan Antiquities, with the entire audience sniggering loudly. An image comes to her, of standing in front of a lecture hall, attempting to ignore the leers of her students, only to turn to the projector screen to find that some bright spark has managed to hack her laptop and insert a photo of her, naked and orgasming atop the lingam, into her lecture foils. The thought makes her cringe. Yet none of this has any effect - her body goes right on being desperately heated and aching for orgasm. The feeling is so intense; it is hard to tell if it is fading at all. Or even, she admits bitterly to herself, growing a little stronger as she thinks of the public humiliation she may have to face. No! It can't be! How could that horrible thought make her more aroused?

She still has her eyes closed tight, angrily. It occurs to her that she is doing this, and decides to keep them closed. It helps her think, helps her to shut out... and she ends up thinking of it anyway. The other matter she has been avoiding. With her eyes closed, she can keep it pushed to one side, ignored as too hard. Too difficult. With her eyes closed, she can pretend it was some sort of dream, not happening, a fantasy. Not real. But she knows it really isn't. She knows what she will see when she opens her eyes. And now that she has thought of it, and realizes her anger isn't going to help with her arousal problem, and as she clearly is tied here to a bed for the rest of the day, she may as well consider the reality. She opens her eyes, and looks down at herself again.

Yes, it wasn't a dream. Somehow, the incident with the vines, and their thorns, really has caused her sexual organs to grow larger. Ridiculously, obscenely larger. Quite apart from them seemingly becoming far more sensitive and persistent in their sexual response, they are now virtual caricatures of normal sized organs. She considers her breasts and nipples first, since without raising her head they are effectively blocking her view of the rest of her body.

Her breasts had been very presentable 36D's, before she'd entered that temple. With nipples that she'd thought embarrassing at times, when they hardened to about half an inch long. Long enough to be a problem if she was at the beach, wearing a thin bikini. Or at a social function, in a lightweight bra and blouse. But now! God, she hopes this isn't permanent. If it is, she'll have to have reduction surgery. If they can even do nipple reductions as well as breasts. Her breasts... she's not sure if there is a bra size made to fit breasts like hers are now. They appear to have about the same circumference around the base, but rise from her chest like... like... she can only think of those spherical radar domes. Mr. Buckminster Fuller's invention, and why did the man's surname have to mock her bust size problem? Her breasts really are near spheres, definitely 'fuller', with at least twice their original volume. Somehow, they hold themselves up, perhaps because they are so tightly !

full. They feel full, anyway. Even after her milking this morning. The skin feels taut, straining to contain the new bulk within. What are they going to feel like when she stands up? She was still pretty groggy when walking back from the ruins, and the way they'd tied her had criss-crossed her breasts tightly with rope. So she wonders how she will deal with these ridiculous breasts.

'Ridiculous...' she thinks. Perhaps that word should be reserved for her nipples, since those are absolutely into the surreal zone. Nobody has nipples like this! She has become a freak! She guesses they must be at least four, maybe five centimeters long. About two inches, by Heavens, and as thick as small sausages. Thicker than her thumb, at least. Her aureoles have expanded too, perhaps with the stretching of her breast surface. In any case, where once they were bottle-top diameter, and didn't thicken much, now they are at least six or seven cm in diameter, and thickened up like pancakes - standing at least a cm out from the near spherical surface of her breast. She can feel them as well as see them, so there is no denying her eyes. She now has gigantic, impossible nipples. Which feel as hard as rocks, and look it too. They are so hard they ache. She wonders if there are any penises smaller than her nipples. Probably, she thinks. The feeling of Harding's fingers stroking firmly up and down her rigid nipples, and the feel of the milk squirting out under his pressing, comes to her mind. Is that what a penis feels like, when it squirts, she wonders? Arrrhhh! How her nipples ache. If only she could come.

She can see that her breasts are going to be a problem, from now on, until she can get to somewhere with modern medical facilities.

Lifting her head, she looks further down her naked body, to her sex. There she sees much the same story. Where previously she'd possessed reasonably normal looking labia, and a clitoris that was already unusually large when erect, now she is a freak. Her labia have fattened somewhat, to a swollen, dark redness that appears surprising but believable in a woman as aroused as she feels. It is her clit that shocks. With her knees tied open to the sides of the stretcher bed, she cannot close them, and her swollen labia are parted somewhat, leaving a deep cleft between. From the top of which her newly outrageous clitoris stands like a finger, pointing upright as if to reprimand someone.

The growth has been more selective than with her breasts too, for her clitoral hood seems to have retained its original size. The fold of skin that used to protect her clit when soft, and still cover most of it even when erect, is now nothing but a tightness she can feel around the base of her rigid organ. It is such a shocking sight that she momentarily drops her head back, unwilling to face the stress. But the image is in her mind, and it seems to merge with the unstoppable torrent of sensation she is getting from her sex. It demands attention. She lifts her head again, straining higher, as well as tilting her hips up to see even more. Her handcuffed right hand is free enough that she can use it to support her neck, and that gives her a little better view angle.

There is her clit. It still looks like a clit, only magnified and free of its hood. The end is a rounded, reddish pearly point that tapers back to a thicker body of the shaft. Overall, the shaft is fairly uniform in thickness, although it does seem to be a little thinner in its lower third. With a shock, she realizes that the whole thing, including the portion resting down between her labia, must be at least six centimeters long. Longer than her super sized nipples! Not quite as thick though. It is more like a thin, little finger, than the sausage look-alikes on her breasts. It too aches with hardness and need.

Concentrating on the feelings coming from it, she realizes that the 'tightness' she can feel around the base of her clit, where her clit-hood is stretched tight, is quite a significant contributor to the whole mess of sensations. It feels as if her clit has a tight ring wrapped around its base, that definitely seems to be contributing to the unrelenting throbbing rigidity of the organ. She recalls something she read once; about 'rings' men could place around the base of their penis to act like a tourniquet, trapping blood in the erectile tissue. Resulting in more or less indefinitely maintained erections. 'Terrific', she thinks. 'Permanently maintained clitoral erection. Just what I need today. A stick shoved up my pussy, a tube up my, my, uh urethra, and a permanently hard clit.' In anger and frustration, she clamps her muscles hard, and beats her hips violently against the cot. Which achieves nothing, except to add sensory aggravation to the image of her stucked, tubed, and giant-clitted sex.

She lies back again, staring at the roof of the tent. Panting with her frustration. The jungle sounds outside intrude into her thoughts, and she realizes the morning must be getting on. Perhaps, oh, an hour has past. Leaving still a lot of day to go. She swears to herself, and decides to at least eat the food they left.

Turning her head to look at the dish on the floor beside her, she makes a discovery. The tent has both a canvas flap and a mosquito net at the entrance. Previously, the canvas flap has been closed, except when the men were entering. But today, Harding has clipped the canvas up as he left, leaving just the netting across the end of the tent. So ever since he left, she has been fully exposed to view from the rest of the campsite. For a moment she panics, thinking someone might see her, naked and... like this. It takes her a while to remind herself that there is no one for hundreds of miles around, other than Harding and his men. She supposes she should be grateful, since it will prevent the tent becoming an oven later in the day. But still... unless she twists her head around, she cannot see outside. Supposing someone did creep up quietly, and watch her? She shudders, thinking of it. And this time, despite her already high level of physical arousal, she has to admit to herself that the thought does seem to turn her body's heat dial up a notch. But why?

She shakes her head, deciding to put that question aside till later. For now, she will eat. Maybe the distraction will help cool her burning desire.

Fortunately, she finds the handcuff chain is long enough to allow her to reach the food on the ground. At least Harding got that right, she thinks, cursing his name. The food is not bad either. Some dried, spicy meat, and an assortment of fried vegetables, nuts and already peeled fruits. She finishes most of it, leaving just a pile of nuts for a snack later. She drinks from the water bottle via the tube he provided. Then she lies back, considering.

Now her stomach is happy, but she was wrong in hoping the distraction might work to lessen her arousal. It didn't. She finds this quite inexplicable and strange. What is going on with her body? Is this an effect of the vine venom, or is there something about being tied naked here, awaiting evening and another round of vigorous rapes, that has keyed into some hidden part of her mind? Or have the physical changes to her body also had a similar 'enlarging' effect on her libido? She'd prefer to think it must be the venom, acting as some kind of powerful aphrodisiac - which will hopefully wear off soon.

Yet to be fair, she must admit to herself that thinking of herself in humiliating situations, like that image of the lecture hall, or imagining someone watching her now, does seem to make her feel more aroused. She recalls the incident in the British Museum, with the 'medical penis substitute', and the fantasies and persistent arousal that had plagued her for weeks after. She can't blame the vine for those, so that must be a real element of her subconscious.

'Oh god!' With the images from those shameful fantasies flooding back, she finds that her present arousal makes it very difficult to push them out of her mind. Impossible, in fact. She finds the details of the instruction manual, its illustrations and cool Victorian prose describing the 'medical' sexual tormenting of shapely young female inmates, all popping vividly into her mind. Together with her own guilty imaginings of herself as one of those inmates.

She feels her body responding again, as it had back then as she lay awake in her room at night, struggling against the heat in her sex, and the desire to abuse herself with her fingers to obtain relief. Often she had succeeded in resisting, and eventually drifted off into uneasy sleep filled with disturbing imagery. Then other times, she had succumbed. She recalls how disgusted she always was with herself the next day, and yet somehow, the needs would return, and thoughts of what she'd done to herself last time would add to building the unwanted excitement.

And now... now she realizes something else about those episodes. She recalls how she would be feeling like an unwilling receptacle for a sexual fantasy unfolding in her mind, and fighting against the physical arousal it would generate. And then there'd be a moment, when the arousal would become so strong that she'd know there was no turning back, and she would eventually be helpless to resist bringing herself to a shameful climax while continuing the fantasy to erotic extremes. But even knowing what would happen, she would still resist touching herself for some time, as her fantasy grew ever stronger.

For somehow, knowing that she was going to do it to herself, was going to lie naked on her bed, thrusting fingers, or a candle, or whatever was handy into her vagina, while her hips bucked in animalistic lewdness, produced an extra tang of sharp sexual excitement to her fantasy. She'd imagine herself, there on her bed, being back in Victorian times, struggling with the same unladylike needs, yet fearing to do anything lest a maid or her father, or someone, walked into her unlockable bedroom. Finding her in shame, and packing her off to one of those 'asylums for young women of damaged virtue.' She'd imagine that Victorian girl becoming desperate, and losing control. Then being discovered. Herself... the shame and recriminations, lengthy physical examinations by parents and family doctors, restraints, further lapses, then the commitment to the asylum, and being immediately subjected to a regime of the most extraordinary 'medical corrective treatments'.

So she'd lie there, clothed and mostly motionless, pretending to herself to still be resisting, yet knowing all the while that she will be abusing herself, she will be filled with shame the next day, yet in future she will find the memories of her actions and sensations darkly arousing. And that in a way, simply knowing that, was a form of masturbation - it aroused her more to think of how she would be treating herself soon.

It all gets a bit too abstract for her, in her panting desire, and she loses her train of thought. 'But... but... here I am, and I won't be masturbating, and it still turns me on?'

Suddenly the obvious occurs to her, and she realizes how very similar her present situation is to the content of her most irresistible fantasies. Why didn't she see this before? In her fantasies, she was a captive, restrained, and subjected to sexually arousing, yet deliberately unsatisfying treatment. All intended to reduce her to a state in which she would do anything, cooperate in any humiliation, to obtain relief.

She knows how those fantasies affected her. She can feel the very same reactions in her body now, as she replays those fantasies. So, obviously the vine isn't entirely to blame - logically, she has to admit that a lot of her body's feelings are her natural response to... to situations like this.

The chief difference being of course, that where she is right now she can try or say whatever she likes, but no one is listening, and no relief is possible. She can fantasize all she likes, and it will only increase her frustration. And unfortunately for her, that thought seems to be powerfully exciting, even though she finds herself getting annoyed again, considering how stupidly irrational that is. Why on Earth should she find the idea of being frustrated, exciting? Yet she does. She did in her 'Victorian' fantasies, and she does here too. Even more so here, since the prospect of frustration, and extended sexual abuse to come, is a certainty.

She sighs. It seems there is no fighting it - she is going to spend the day in a state of high arousal, like it or not. So she may as well pass the time in thoughts that fit the mood, and admit to herself that in a way, she finds the frustration itself, arousing. 'Or whatever' she thinks 'Because now I'm sure of it - my pussy is definitely feeling more needy now than it was before I started thinking about the Victorian stuff. Definitely, definitely, ohhhh, my that aches for a good hard pounding. Just as if, I'd... I was...

She imagines a small room, a cell really, and herself standing at attention by her bed, arms restrained in a tight Victorian straight jacket and her sex throbbing in long-frustrated need, as her keepers unlocked the door. "Oh, good morning Doctor, is it that time again? Yes, follow you? No, doctor, I have been good since you treated me last week, no, I haven't had any impure thoughts. None at all, really! Oh, your medical examination room today, not your office? But doctor, I really haven't had any... Yes doctor, you are right, you know best. Oh, hello Nurse. Um... doctor, sorry, must she be... present... um please, it is so embarrassing? Yes doctor... yes. I'm sorry I asked, of course Nurse White must assist you. It's just... sigh. Ah, thank you Nurse, it does feel good to have my arms free of that straight jacket. Oh... oh! Must she remove all my clothing? Yes doctor, Sorry."

Lying on the cot, Laura has closed her eyes and drifts into one of her favorite fantasy themes. At this point, she sees herself standing naked in the middle of a large room, with a highly complicated examination stirrups prominent nearby, and various other contraptions around. The stern looking nurse has just finished stripping her, and is folding her few clothes into a neat stack on a chair. Laura stands still as the serious looking doctor, still wearing his coat, circles her, surveying her figure.

"Place your legs wide apart, Miss Croft." The nurse has turned back to her, and stands motionless, also considering Laura's naked form from the side. Laura does as instructed, although she knows there will be trouble. She can feel that her sex is puffy, and leaking

wetness. She has been so almost every moment since last week, when the doctor applied her last 'treatment', that had left her gasping in shame and unbearably unfulfilled need. For the fifth time in five weeks, since she had arrived in this place. She is twenty four years old, and still a maiden - in theory. All her years she had lived with her well to do, but very strict parents, in a large mansion in London. Only a few months ago now, she had been suffering one of her 'flushes', that produced the strangest feelings in her private areas. She had retired to her boudoir, to rest. There she had dared to touch herself where the feelings were strongest, and found herself experiencing something she had never dreamt possible, even though she was certain it was sinful.

Later she had confessed to the family priest, received some penances, and felt relief that was past. Only, it wasn't over. Two more times she had found herself overcome by 'flushes', and committed the same shameful act. Each time she confessed, and received increasingly arduous penances, which she performed dutifully. She did not notice her mother becoming very carefully watchful. So much for priestly confidence. What she did notice, was that those 'flushes' seemed to be recurring more and more often, and more intensely. She tried to resist, she really did.

The fourth time she proclaimed herself 'feeling weak' and retired to her room soon after midday, she had guiltily proceeded as before. Removing her bloomers, and lying back on her bed with her bodice open and her skirts tucked up to her waist. She had been quietly gasping towards the peak of her shameful act, one hand pressing into the liquid leaking slit between her legs, the other clasping a naked breast, when her mother walked in silently and unnoticed. She had only announced her presence after some minutes, and Laura's peak had arrived and continued for several long moments of whimpering, body rigid moaning pleasure.

There had been a terrible scene, involving both her parents and most of the servants, her own nakedness, tied with dew-smearred fingers and reddened genitals on display, spread over a table in her father's study. The arrival of the family doctor and a lengthy and mortifying 'checking her intactness' in the presence of her parents. On finding no barrier at her entrance, the doctor had gone on to perform an internal examination using a metal instrument that stretched her most private place mortifyingly and very uncomfortably open. Even worse, as her parents peered down into her exposed shame over the doctor's shoulder, he had methodically brought her to three more shuddering 'peaks', each one arrived at by a different and progressively more shocking manner of stimulation.

And each of which had far surpassed in intensity and duration her own self induced experiences. He had then, in her presence, listened to her parents relate the whole of her confessions to the priest, which had all been passed on to them once the priest had decided she was a repeating sinner. The doctor declared her non-intact, suffering an unnatural libido, sexual manias, and a compulsive masturbator. Her mother had fainted.

Servants were called and dispatched to fetch comforts for her mother, and seemed to require repeated urging to be off, as they stood staring at Laura's naked, disheveled and panting form on the table.

Her father had listened in stony silence as the doctor outlined various options for dealing discretely with her condition. After her mother was restored to consciousness with the salts, mother and father discussed the matter into the evening, still with Laura tied naked to the table on which the doctor had examined her. For some reason she didn't understand, during this time she again began to suffer 'flushes'. Her mother noticed the dampening and enlargement of Laura's genitals, and declared her an incorrigible harlot. Her father had felt briefly in her genitals, agreed she was sinning again, and declared that she needed to be taught a lesson. He had then used a leather belt to whip her breasts and thighs till they shone bright pink. By the time he finished, she was screaming and begging forgiveness, but unfortunately, inexplicably, her genitals had become even more obviously excited.

By that time it was mid evening, and her parents had skipped supper, each had a couple of fortifying glasses of port, and seemed to feel much less constrained in their discussion of Laura's sinning ways. Also her exposed bodily features, so clearly betraying her unnatural libido. Pretty rapidly, these discussions developed an element of practical affirmation of Laura's uncontrolled libido, in which both her mother and father repeated, as often as they felt necessary to the discussion, the methods of stimulation that the doctor had demonstrated. She lost count of the number of times she peaked.

The next morning, she was packed off to the asylum. Now she has been here five weeks, and is starting to wish she could be back at home, tied to that table. Humiliating as it was, at least she was allowed her pleasure. On the doctor's terse command, she spreads her legs wide, feeling the wetness between them cool as her slippery inner lips become exposed to the air. She just knows what is coming.

"Miss Croft, you claim you have had no sinful thoughts, yet your body betrays you. You are sexually aroused, again, I observe. As you have been on the occasion of every examination as yet. Now, so far in your stay here I have prescribed only the routine coital focusing exercises, once a week. However, since these are not yet inducing any improvement in your attitude and sincerity, I believe we must now proceed to more drastic treatment. Nurse, if you will please arrange Miss Croft on the low bench, thank you."

The Nurse takes Laura firmly by the arm, and marches her quickly across the room to an odd looking piece of wooden furniture. It isn't like a 'bench' at all - more a kind of padded pyramidal structure. The leather-padded top is flat, but sloping upwards for most of its length to a rounded ridge about mid-thigh high, near one end of the affair. On the other

side of the ridge, the top slopes down sharply, almost vertically, and widens in a sort of triangular wedge that must be five feet wide at the floor. All along the sides of the padded surface, there are various thick leather straps attached, their buckled ends hanging loose.

The nurse has Laura stand facing the triangular end, then places a hand firmly against Laura's naked derriere, and pushes her forward. "Lie down, laying yourself along the bench. No nonsense now!"

Scared, Laura puts her hands out onto the construction, and lowers herself down onto it. Her hips end up draped over the highest point of the surface, while her torso goes lower and lower, till she is lying with her head face down, in a kind of padded depression at the lowest extent of the padded top. She can't see anything, unless she lifts her face up out of the cavity in which it rests. She looks up and back, thinking of how undignified and exposed this position must look, with her rear highest, and pointing up as it is.

The nurse scolds her. "No, lie down fully, with your head in the rest, or I will give you a slap. Now, remain there, as I adjust the straps." In fact, the nurse does give her a fairly firm slap as she speaks, right on the uppermost curve of Laura's rear. It stings slightly, but Laura understands the idea is that it could hurt a lot more with a 'real' slap. This is so embarrassing! The nurse must be able to see almost everything, up there between her legs. At least her legs are together, so she can retain a small sense of modesty, and not feel that the shamefully flushed and damp state of her private place is visible.

The first belt she feels, is one across the small of her back. The nurse pulls the buckle rigorously tight, pulling Laura's narrow waist hard against the bench. The next is across the back of her neck, with her long hair lifted out of the way. Now she probably couldn't lift her head even if she tried. Then her left arm is taken, and laid across the end surface below her head and almost touching the floor. Straps are applied at her elbow and wrist, then her other arm is placed beside the first, and also strapped. Laura by now is getting really worried - why all these straps? With the distressing 'coital focusing exercises she has had before, only her hands had been restrained, tied wrists to elbows behind her back. She doesn't like to think of what happened then...

Now she can sense the nurse moving back around behind her... and before she can begin to wonder what might happen, a hand grips her left ankle and pulls it sharply out to the side, to the very edge of the triangle of padding. It is pressed hard against the edge of the construction, and another strap gets wrapped around her ankle, buckled tightly. Laura is in shock, thinking of how this must display her secrets, when the same happens to her other leg, doubling her dismay. She realizes that now, her most private place is once more totally exposed. Except this time, it is not only exposed, but together with the rounded globes of her rear, it is placed in total prominence, being the highest point of her body. She can feel the cool air touching right inside her inner lips, which are pulled open by the wide

split of her long legs. Despite the cooling air, and her shame, she feels the swollen, hot flush between her legs growing more intense, and her inner wetness increasing. It is so demanding, so shaming! If only she could have that feeling of release, even if it is sinful. Even if those needs did bring her to this place. She anticipates that probably the doctor will be doing something to her... there. Perhaps this time, she can reach the peak, and relieve the need she has been suffering increasingly in the past weeks? The thought makes the flush flare up wildly, and she cannot help but clench her insides down on it, hoping.

She hears a "Hmmpf!" from behind her, as more straps are placed around her legs, at the knees, pulling her thighs even wider. The woman stoops down beside Laura's head, applying another strap across the girl's back. She mutters softly near her ear, so only Laura hears. "Filthy little slut. Just aching to get those nasty fingers into your dripping hole, aren't you? Missing your perverted habits so badly? Here just five weeks, and now all the time you can't stop thinking about how much you need to poke something big inside and stir it around in there. You can't lie - do you know your sex is all swollen up and red, like a bitch in heat? Can you feel the dribbles of your juice, running down the inside of your thighs now? Well, can you?" The nurse takes a pinch of Laura's under arm skin, and presses it threateningly.

In fact, Laura can feel the dribbling of her juice down her inner thighs. It had already been shaming her. Now she shudders, knowing she must answer or be pinched hard. She knows Nurse White can see it.

She answers softly, muffled in the headrest. "Yes... yes nurse, I can feel it. I'm sorry, I.... "

"Never mind sorry, you perverted girl!" the nurse hisses back at her. "I know what goes on in your disgusting mind. You didn't get like that from thinking about Jesus, or being a good wife. Well, you'll see. As long as you are here in our care, you are never, **ever** going to find opportunity to defile yourself with your sinful fingers and filthy thoughts. And all your base animal urges will be nothing but agonies of torment to you. Every time you let your desire rule you, and you tighten yourself down there, we can *_see_* you do it. So, you will just have to learn to **control** yourself, won't you! Slut! You'll learn, you'll see..."

Laura hears the nurse stand up, and walk over to the doctor. She hears the nurse address him coolly "Doctor, as you observed, our patient is quite visibly sexually aroused, and lubricating very profusely. She seems mentally distant too, probably occupied with some vile fantastic imagining. If you wish, I could prepare her for your treatment with a session of her usual coital focusing exercises?"

There is silence for a moment, then a sound of a chair scraping and a drawer being slid open. "Thank you Nurse White, I believe that would be useful, yes. Here is the implement. I have a few notes to write up still, so you may take your time. I will observe from here. Of course, as usual, we do not wish to allow her to progress too far. Acute awareness of her

pelvic area, and enhanced blood flow to the organs- that will suit best for her main treatment today. Please proceed."

There is another chair scrape, and the nurse's footsteps returning. Laura heard it all, and from experience knows what 'coital focusing' involves. They are going to.. going to... The thought alone has her suddenly panting, stutteringly. Her hips do their best to jerk and thrust, but strapped as she is they barely move. Her body is reacting automatically in anticipation, as if looking forward to the experience. In fact it is. Her stupid body, forgetting that while this will feel very good at first, at the end it isn't going to be any fun at all. Her stupid mind too, she thinks. Even though she knows, she can't help the flare of desire, of hot excitement she feels. She had felt it back in her room too, when she had thought they were coming to take her for her weekly 'treatment'. And horribly tormenting though each treatment ultimately is, each week she has anticipated it more eagerly. She realizes she is gasping, uttering short breathy grunts into the depression holding her face, as her body squirms and strains against the straps. This position, she is so helpless and open, and her shamed genitals so accessible... It seems far more awful than other times, when she only had to lie back on the doctor's couch, with her arms secured behind her, and her simple institutional skirt raised to her waist and legs parted somewhat.

There is a moment's pause, and she guesses that nurse White is standing behind her, glaring at her clenching buttocks and betraying sex. "Looking forward to this, are we? Like the slut you are." She hears whispered for her alone. Then she feels the familiar pressure of the blunt end of 'the instrument' pressing against her sex. This is the first time this procedure has been performed on her by other than the doctor, and it feels different immediately. The doctor had always simply thrust the thing into her, then worked it in and out in an even, pistoning action, varying only the depth of penetration as he coolly regulated her level of excitement to the desired fever pitch, then maddeningly slowed till she cooled somewhat, then drove her up to a maximum again. In each session he would repeat this cycle several times, till she was shrieking and begging him to go further. He never did. He simply lectured her on the sinfulness and harmful effects of self abuse leading to orgasm, in contrast to the moral, social and health benefits of normal matrimonial intercourse, in which the female sexual climax served a beneficial service of emotional bonding and reinforcement of the husband's desire for his wife's services.

Nurse White, apparently, has a different method. The pressing end is stroking up and down Laura's slit, setting off sparks of sensation from the little bud at the front, and lingering teasingly at the opening of her vagina with each traverse. In Laura's few experiments while dealing with her 'flushes', she had never discovered the effect of directly touching that bud. But she knew it now - from that evening when the doctor had brought her to a crying-out peak solely by manipulating that tiny bud. And then, later that one evening, each of her parents repeating that shockingly intense process, several times.

But that was the once and only time she'd ever experienced that feeling, for since then she has been here, constantly in restraints and watched.

Now the nurse is doing it to her again, stroking her sensitive bud back and forth in the slippery juices flooding her slit. Her body responds rapidly, and Laura quickly loses any sense of composure she may have had. Her bud hardens to an aching point of desire, and her breathing deepens to long, moaning sighs. She feels a hand laid firmly across her left bottom cheek, which then strokes and kneads her spasmodically clenching orb. Inside, she can feel the flushing tension building, just as it did each time she ever began the rise to a peak of delirious release. Still the blunt object strokes her, and strokes her. She gasps and grunts, beginning to hope... perhaps... is nurse going to... to take her all the way there? Oh, how much she wants it... five weeks... each week brought so close, then left to suffer her aching, itchy flushes without relief the rest of the time. 'Oh... so strong...' "Ohhhh nurse... ohhhh yes... ohhhh... pleeeese... please... I won't tell, please..." Her voice soft and muffled in the face cavity.

Behind her, the nurse seems to hear her, and alters her movements slightly. Where she was stroking up and down Laura's slit, with circling pressure on her clit at each stroke, now she quits the stroking, and holds the thing pressed against Laura's clit, circling it continuously, while pressing softer and harder. She speaks again, murmuring low. "This? You like it here, do you? You want me to do this? Like this? Nice? Is it making you all tense inside? Yes? You want me to push it here, here... Hmmm? Round and round your naughty hard little spike? Mmmm, you want that, don't you. I can feel you shaking... you really need it badly don't you, you little whore. So tense, so much need. Five weeks, and you really need it now, don't you? They all do, all the nasty girls here. Would you like to come? Come on, that's it, feel the desire build. You can't help it can you? I can rub this and rub it, and all you can do is pant and shake, and feel the heat inside growing and growing."

She continues to stroke Laura's clit, but more softly now, exciting the girl more slowly.

"Sometimes... sometimes we do let them have their pleasure. It depends. If you were a good girl, you'd hate me doing this, and ask me to stop. You want me to stop? No? I'll take that push as a no. Maybe you are a hopeless case, and will be here a very long time. Those girls... well, they are lost anyway, why not amuse ourselves with them? We let them come, sometimes. Are you a lost girl? Do you want to come? You can beg me if you want. Which, stop, or more?"

By now Laura is feeling extremely aroused, not far from coming. The nurse slows her movements down to the barest tickling touch around the throbbing clit. Laura is beyond wondering whether the nurse is deceiving her or not, she wants, needs, has to come. Gaspingly she pleads "Ohhh more, please, moooree ohhhh please, please let me, oohnnnnhhhh! Pleeeese! ahhhhhhhhooooo pleeeese.... I want to come, please, please make me come, please..."

The nurse replies so low Laura can barely hear her. "Ah, yes, you filthy little slut, I know you want it. We'll see, we'll see..."

For a moment, she resumes the firm stimulation to Laura's clit, and the girl stiffens up, joyfully, thinking this is it, she's going to... But then the instrument is removed suddenly, and then makes contact again directly at the opening to Laura's vagina. This time it doesn't tease, but presses inward firmly, sliding in smoothly. It goes in and in, till it fills her, pressing forcefully against the very depth of her passage. Laura had been so focused on the feelings from her clit, that for a moment she is confused - what happened? The thick cylindrical object fills her deeply, but is now motionless. She bucks her hips, and it moves with her, as though the thing is simply stuck inside her, nothing holding the other end. In fact, nothing is. The nurse has simply thrust it in, then let go and knelt down beside Laura's head again. She speaks softly to the girl. "Yes, we'll see. But not today. Did you think I'd make you come, with Doctor right here, watching? Now, my job is to give you your coital focusing. So get ready to be focused on coitus. Heh. Oh, and there are sluts here who have not had an orgasm for five _years_."

She stands, and returns to Laura's rear. A hand returns to her bottom, caressing the soft curves, and rudely tracing fingers down the spread cleft, over her crinkling anus, and along her swollen labia stretched around the phallic implement. They come close to her betrayed clit, but do not touch. The rod embedded in her sex shivers, as nurse grips it again, then evenly withdraws. And is thrust slowly back in. And out. In. And out. Mechanically, it slides back and forth in her sheath, each time pushing her depth limits at the stroke end, each time not quite fully withdrawing from her sex on the outstroke.

In Laura's state of burning heat and need, the sensations are intense, demanding, and certainly do focus her attention on her vagina. Yet, they do not seem to increase or satisfy the tension she feels. More a sort of juxtaposition, of an entirely different set of sexual stimulus, besides the throbbing need in her clitoris. The one maintains the other, but does not advance it. Among the whirl of sensory overload in her mind, she despairingly realizes that perhaps today she is not going to reach her release.

After several more minutes of this, she begins to realize what a sly thing the nurse has done to her. The thrusting in her sex is totally maintaining her level of clitoral excitement, at near-orgasm level. In turn, her body's state of existing arousal is making the feeling of that shaft thrusting in her sex far more intense than it ever was when the doctor simply began doing that to her, from a barely aroused start. Combined, the painful closeness to clitoral orgasm, and the powerful, intense thrusting in her belly, are driving her to incoherent, panting, needing, desperation. It is simply too much to bear. She fears she will faint, or have a heart attack. And it never stops. The nurse keeps driving that big thing in and out, relentlessly, mechanically. Her vagina seems to like it, to judge by the way it positively dribbles fluid, and spasmodically clamps greedily on the shaft each time it bottoms out in her.

The rest of her though, is becoming frantic to escape the unbearable erotic deadlock. But there is no escape. No escape. Her vaginal pounding goes on and on, and her need to orgasm hangs like a vast unbearably heavy cloud, hovering in exactly the same spot. Worse, the nurse has taken to taunting her, both in words and touch, letting Laura know the nurse knows exactly what she is doing to the young woman. Her other hand, the one not pistoning the dildo, caresses and teases around Laura's genitals. Always pretending to be working towards her aching frustrated clit, but always veering away at the last moment, just as Laura is sure she is about to feel a finger stroking her bud, giving her that last, small boost she so desperately needs.

Sometimes the nurse is almost chanting. "In, and out, in and out. In... your puss loves that. I can feel it gripping... and out. It hates to feel it pulled out, so empty! And in... that's right, clamp down... but you can't stop it pulling.. out... oh, oh, it's gone, it's gone! Your whore hole grips on nothing. Would you like it back.... innnn? And out... what's that? And in. ah, that's good huh? And out.. and in... it's too bad you can't come from this, eh? Not many sluts can. And out, in.... But it really does keep that naughty not-so-little clit wanting, right. Out, and in, and out... regular, regular, not too fast. Not too slow. Just right to keep you boiling. Hah, your pot is boiling over - all this juice everywhere, such a slut you are. In... out... I bet if I asked you if I should stop, you couldn't decide. Never mind. Not stopping. In.. out, in..."

Laura's mind simply can't take it anymore, and she falls into a semi-faint, drifting for long moments, feeling detached from her body, unthinking. But when she starts to come back, not knowing how much time has passed, she finds... exactly the same situation. Her body is humming like a taut wire, so close to orgasm, yet impossibly far. The fat dildo still drilling in and out of her overexcited sex, which deluges her mind with the sensations. She wishes she could faint again. It goes on and on.

In reality, it has been only about half an hour before the doctor finishes his notes, and his chair scrapes back again. Laura hears him walk over beside the nurse, and he must be standing there, watching, as the nurse continues her steady thrusting of the dildo in Laura.

"She certainly is extremely aroused. Once again I am impressed at your method, unorthodox though it be. I am beginning to believe you may be correct in your assertion that the female clitoris plays a major role in female sexual response, even though my colleagues would ridicule the concept. Perhaps a rigorous study of the matter would be in order. A paper, perhaps. Though God knows where I might publish such a thing, even if it could pass review."

Neither the doctor nor Laura sees the nurse roll her eyes, and grimace.

There is a pause, during which the maddening, frustrating pistoning continues.

"Well, that should be sufficient. It appears that there is definitely a good blood supply to the area, and we certainly have her full attention. Thank you. Wipe her down too please, I don't want to stain the leather."

Abruptly, the dildo is withdrawn, leaving Laura feeling vacant as well as frantically frustrated. A few moments later, she feels a cloth being wiped vigorously around her genitals, and down the insides of her legs. Then nothing. Footsteps walking about, both of them. A peculiar snapping sound. Then the doctor's voice, nearby.

"Now Laura, I have been very unhappy with your absolute failure to exhibit any kind of self control over the desires of your body. It seems to me that you do not consider this attempt to cure your habits to be a serious business. Well, now I am going to demonstrate to you just how serious it most definitely is. Don't bother trying to answer, no answer is required. We will simply observe your ongoing ability to control your libido. In the expectation that once you realize you are here to be cured of unclean thoughts, and that failure involves undesirable consequences, you will progress. Now, you will find the remainder of today's session quite a trial. As intended. You may cry out if you wish, it makes no difference."

There is silence again, and she lies strapped to the bench, fearful, mystified and still unable to subdue the heat in her body. Her hips still thrust rhythmically, as her frustrated sex seeks an unavailable relief.

There is a 'whiiiiiff' sound, and her rear explodes in pain coinciding with a sharp 'thwack!' She goes rigid in shock. WHAT! OWWWW! Another, and a second burning stripe of pain, close to the first. Now she lifts her head, twisting to look back at what he is doing to her. The strap behind her neck prevents her - she can't turn far enough to see. A third slash across her buttocks, and this time she cries out "Arrrgh! NOoooo! OWWWWWWW!" But even as she is yelling, a fourth strikes. She screams again, in shock and pain, but the blows keep falling, regularly, moving up and down, distributing evenly across her upturned and now frantically jerking rear. Screaming and crying, she is sure the skin must be tearing loose from her agonized globes. She begs him to stop, begs the nurse to make him stop, to let her go... but it goes on and on. Her entire rear is one burning sea of pain, and then the strikes move down the backs of her thighs. It continues, with her screaming till she is hoarse. She never quite blacks out, but by the end is simply sobbing helplessly, almost silently for her throat has given out.

Eventually, she realizes it has stopped. Her lower back, her buttocks, the backs of her thighs are on fire, and must be a shredded mess of broken, bleeding flesh. She is sure of it. They have destroyed her body, and now she will never... never... she weeps, limply collapsed on the padded restrainer. Somewhere at the back of her perceptions, she can feel that her sex is still intensely swollen and frustrated, but it seems a minor distraction now.

Some time goes by, she can hear voices talking, but they do not break through the walls of pain in her mind. Even when she feels her restraints being unbuckled, she still lies limply, hopeless and despairing. She feels so weak - it must be from blood loss. Perhaps she will die here, she thinks.

More voices, and she hears her name spoken, but pays no attention. She is too busy dying.

What does finally get her attention, is a flaming streak of tingling pain running slowly across her burning left buttock, that continues on inwards to her sex, where it transforms to the feel of a fingertip tracing across her labia (how swollen and hot her sex is!) then plunges on into her vagina. 'OH! That... !' The finger wiggles rudely around inside her, and she experiences a kind of perspective shift in her perception of the various feelings in her body. The pain in her nether regions seems to recede somewhat, as she becomes intensely aware again of her sexual state. Which surprises and dismays her - it feels much as it did before, as the nurse was tormenting her. Hot, needing, highly aroused. The finger jiggles in her vagina again, and she realizes that she wishes it was just a bit more 'there'... Perhaps she isn't going to die after all.

Now she pays attention to the voice, which is the doctor's. "Laura! Get up Laura! Or shall I strap you some more?" The finger is joined by another, and she realizes that if his voice is behind her, they are probably his fingers. She notices that her hips are lifting up to the teasing penetration, and that as her hips lift, the fingers are hooking inside her and pulling further up, urging her to rise. She summons some strength, and with her arms lifts her body up off the bench. His fingers follow her motion, till she is standing with her back to him, legs still spread as his hand works in her sex from behind. His fingertips are circling inside her, pressing forward onto the inside of her pubic bone. It is a strange sensation, not one she is sure she likes. And yet... she feels so frustrated, that anything feels good. Even... the sudden need to pee that she feels, and has to clamp down hard to suppress. Strange feeling.... it's as if something inside just there where he is probing her, is filling up, swelling. ummm... uh... It is odd, but strangely exciting, causing that internal feeling of tension she already felt to start growing rapidly stronger. The burning of her rear seems to fade a little, as her breath slows and deepens. Ohh... ohh nice.... she thinks.

The doctor had been meaning to simply get her attention, and bring her to her feet. Once she was standing, he'd intended to unfinger her, and have her dressed and sent back to her room. Yet, her sex is so surprisingly responsive still, even after her strapping and the pain she is feeling. Remarkable. He wonders if it is just that this girl's libido is truly freakish and what that says of her potential for rehabilitation. Or is it a consequence of Nurse White's unusual technique of inducing what she calls a clitoral-vaginal sexual knot? He continues to finger her as he considers these questions, observing that she rapidly regains her pelvic coital reflexes, and appears to be reverting to her previous full-blown sexual heat. Perhaps he could spare the time to submit her to a second session of coital focusing, so that she may be sent back to her room to consider both her smarting rear, and her futile sexual arousal simultaneously?

Just as he is wondering whether his schedule could be adjusted to allow another hour of seeing to this patient, he becomes aware of an odd development in her vagina. At the angle of his hand, about all he can do is rotate his fingertip against the inner firmness of her pubic bone. Normally, a smooth area, with nothing significant to the touch other than the usual vaginal wall. But now he can feel that there is a lump. Odd, he is sure it wasn't there before. It feels as though an area of the membranes lining her pubic bone interior, shortly inside the vaginal entrance, has thickened... or engorged, he thinks, feeling the soft sponginess of the mass. And now as he rubs across it, pressing into the body of the mass, he notices that she reacts very sexually to this manipulation. How strange! What an odd young woman this is, full of unique surprises. As an experiment, he continues his manipulations of the site, while observing her carefully.

The nurse is waiting off to one side, with Laura's dress and straight jacket, ready to redress her. He glances at her. "A moment, nurse. I've found something quite interesting. Oh... perhaps you could put her jacket on now in any case. I don't like to see her hands free while she is excited." He continues fingering her, rubbing that spot inside. Which seems to be completely occupying Laura's attention now, and the nurse has an easy time simply guiding Laura's arms into the jacket, then buckling it around her shoulders and chest.

The jacket is a custom design, made especially for the young women's asylum. Made of light but strong and durable hemp cloth, it covers much less of the body than a standard one made for men's asylum's. The arms still cross in front of the lower chest, with the sleeves extending around behind in the usual fashion and tying together there, as well as to a solid tape attached at the centre of the back, and tapes from the jacket elbows, pulling the arms tight against the chest. The body of the jacket does not extend below the arm position, but instead ends with a drawstring just below the lower extent of the ribcage. When drawn tight and buckled, the jacket accentuates the feminine waistline rather than disguises it. At the neck, there is a buckled and locked collar, integral with the upper material of the jacket. While at the front, below the collar, there is a buttoned on flap that covers the entire area of the breasts. This flap is optional, and removable, leaving the breast!

s fully exposed. There is also provision at the front and rear, on the lower hem of the jacket, for attachment of a crotch and waist band, to prevent the more acrobatic and persistent inmates from endeavoring to work the entire jacket up over their shoulders - even though they would be left with their head effectively in a bag, still attached to their neck by the collar.

As nurse secures the jacket on Laura, the doctor asks "Oh, remove the chest panel would you please? I wish to be able to observe her nipples as we proceed here."

That done, Laura is left standing there in a 'skimpy' straight jacket, naked from the high waist down, and her large breasts fully exposed. She has her head back, eyes closed, and is shuddering slightly, panting, as the doctor continues to circle his fingers in her vagina.

"Yes, nurse, you'll notice that her nipples are fully erect, as is her clitoris. Would you say that she is apparently not far from orgasm? I admit that you seem a better judge of this than I."

The nurse stands close to Laura, considering her. She puts a pair of fingers against the girl's neck, feeling her pulse. Her other hand placed flat against the girl's lower stomach, just above her pubic mound. She waits some moments, then admits, sounding surprised "Yes, I think she is. Quite close. But why, what are you doing in there?"

"Well, it's somewhat mystifying. I'm circling my fingertips against the inner pubic bone. At first it was just by chance, but then I noticed an unusual response - a small area there seems to have become engorged. Rubbing that now appears to greatly stimulate her. I'm not aware of anything like this in the literature. Here, you feel inside." He removes his hand, and the nurse kneels down in front of Laura. She moves to insert a finger.

"No, not that way, face your palm up. Press firmly against the fore wall of the vagina, about one and half inches inside. Do you feel it?"

"Hmmm.... maybe... yes, that would be it. My, it does have an effect on her, doesn't it. How strange... she is close... look at her panting. I'd better stop."

She removes her fingers. "I don't know. Never heard of such a thing myself. Could it be there is a vaginal orgasm after all - at least in some of the more extreme cases of sexual overdevelopment. You'd be pleased. Perhaps you are right, a study... Some of the long-term patients...? Would that be possible?"

"Perhaps. I'll discuss it with the owner. For now, take her back. Oh, I think leave her skirt off for today, till her rear is less tender. I'll come and see her tomorrow."

"Very well doctor. Come along Laura."

And so Laura imagines herself being led, naked from the waist down, breasts exposed, arms tied in the straight jacket, her rear still fiery sore from being strapped, and sex burning in again-frustrated need. She looks at her rear, and is astonished to see that it is merely reddened, rather than cut to pieces. She imagines herself meeting others in the passageways, and suffering the humiliation of her nakedness, obvious sexual arousal, and thrashed backside.

But the fantasy has become pointless for her. What good is a fantasy, if even in the fantasy she can't come, but is merely tormented by unrelieved excitement? Why did it have that 'g-spot' stuff? She's read about that, but never experienced it herself. Maybe that is why in the fantasy, it looked like someone else was going to get to experience it. She sighs, and opens her eyes, coming fully back to her tent, and other problems.

Problems, problems. She wasn't imagining the feelings of the girl in that asylum. They are right here with her, still. Why won't this unbearable arousal go away? If anything, it has grown worse. Her sex is positively aching, feeling swollen and hot. Her clit is still rigid, on the borderline of painfully so. Same with her nipples, and she can tell that her breasts have been filling up with milk again, feeling tighter than before. And it still isn't even midday yet. Angrily she has a drink of water. What she would give to be able to stand up and stretch! Or touch her crotch. Gods! Yes, it is definitely worse. Pointless though it is, she lets her hips strain back and forth, while vainly tensing her sex. Arrrgh! Who is she kidding... it takes a strong effort to stop her body humping after a few minutes of letting it have its way. Even though all that threshing had absolutely no useful effect, the feeling of wanting to keep doing it is a powerful, nagging pressure.

"Uhhh!" She gasps in frustration, and again her hips buck upwards, straining at the air, completely without her mind's initiative. "ooohhh!" Annoyed with herself, she again forces her body to relax back to the bunk. What's the point! Just wasted effort, and even if no one is watching, she doesn't really want to look like some sex-crazed nymphomaniac in heat. Does she?

'Do I?' she thinks again to herself. She pictures herself, lying on the bunk, a naked, tied, helpless, young and decidedly nubile female. A clearly aroused female, panting and jerking her hips in need. Imagines how this sight would appear to someone who simply walked into the camp, and intended to walk out again when they wished. Certainly, they'd be happy to observe her being a sex-crazed nympho, she thinks. The more frantic hip shaking the better for them, she thinks. She has never seen another woman sexually excited in real life. In fact, now she comes to think of it, she can't even recall seeing another woman fully naked. The joys of a strict upbringing, and a fairly solitary childhood and teen years.

She has seen pictures of naked women, and was always struck by how much more pubic hair most of them seemed to have, compared to hers. Some quirk of ancestry, perhaps an Asian mix back there somewhere, has given her genes for an extremely sparse, thin growth of fine, dark hairs around her pubes. More like a child's bareness than any kind of modesty-providing cover. Which was one more reason she had always avoided potential nudity situations among her young friends. Her clitoris, so often prone to poke out unwontedly between her labia, had nothing at all to hide it - even standing, legs together, the front of her slit and protruding clitoris were completely visible.

Harding and his ruffians haven't mentioned anything to her about it, but why would they? Obviously they find her an appealing sexual object, and don't have to bother with any discussion of the matter. Lying here, considering how she must look, she visualizes her own crotch, tied wide, swollen, barely even framed by her childlike minimum of pubic hair, and thrusting in desperation for something to penetrate it. The thought gives her a shivering thrill - yes, she is sure there isn't a human being alive who'd be unmoved by the sight. Why, even she herself.... would... would...huh.

Huh. This thought surprises her - what she'd do herself if she came across such a sight, out here, alone in the jungle. Surprises her, because she realizes that the idea of rescuing the bound woman, of immediately rushing to her and cutting her bonds, doesn't seem to appeal at all. Not at all. A dark churn of semi-formed ideas rises in her mind, imagining what she would do, could do. Might enjoy doing... very much.

At the very least, she's certain she'd try to watch for a while, secretly. Watch the tied girl thrust, enjoying the spectacle of a woman so desperately needing. Thinking this, she finds it tips the balance of her own control back again, and her body resumes its writhing, open-legged thrusting. She imagines herself watching, becoming excited in turn, and it all feeds back, lessening any wish she might have had to stop her performance. She really lets go, allowing the burning in her body to drive her, letting her terrible frustration loose in the tossing of her head, straining against the bonds, the urgent groaning, panting and moans.

Even the discovery that she doesn't need to pretend, or act any of it, seems to turn her on more, to amplify her fantasy of watching herself slip into an abandoned sexual frenzy. Her body totally takes over, it really is desperate and barely controllable. 'Barely'.... part of her mind still living the observer fantasy insists that the desperate woman on the bed is clearly beyond controlling herself. And it is so. Laura cannot stop. The aching, demanding, primeval need in her sex, interlinked with the thought of watching herself as another as she humps and grinds, forms a kind of circular locked-up feedback in her brain. It just goes on and on, with her unaware of time passing. Too occupied with the image of herself, to carry on the fantasy any further. Just watching, humping, watching in her mind's eye, the woman humping and grinding.

Time passes. If Laura Croft were not an extremely athletic woman, she would have dropped, exhausted, fairly quickly. If she'd been able to think clearly, she might have brought herself under control again, before reaching total exhaustion.

Yet she is supremely fit, and definitely unable to clear her mind if the consuming lustful fantasy that loops around and around, feeding back and forth between the unbearable frustration, and her voyeuristic fascination with the vision of her own frustration.

There comes a time, when her body, weary beyond movement, overheated and running with sweat, lies still for a moment. At some point back there in the long hours of sexual delirium, her mental view of her own spectacle had suddenly absorbed the reality of her newly outsize sex organs. When she'd started that fantasy, it hadn't occurred to her that she was seeing herself with her normal body self-image, ignoring the changes. Later on the correction had suddenly made itself, and she'd become an imaginary observer to a sight far more bizarre and erotic. Herself as observer had gloated, dwelling on the possibilities of that clit, those breasts and nipples. Dwelt on what the tied woman must be feeling, to behave so wildly. What must be the reason for her behavior - has lust produced the outsize organs, or the other way around?

By the time exhaustion forces her to lay still a while, and the obsessive fantasy lets go of her mind somewhat, her thoughts on the cause and effect of her situation are even more muddy. The desire she feels is amazingly, now even stronger than before she began her sexual fit. It dominates her mind, making thinking very difficult, as if the incredibly intense sensations coming from her sex are mapping to almost her entire consciousness, not just the part of her body image between her legs. She can tell that her body's rest now, is entirely due to inability to keep moving. But once she is rested, she suspects she won't have a chance of controlling herself.

She still wonders how this all comes to be - is it the vine, or is she experiencing some kind of sexual breakdown resulting from long suppressed urges rising to the surface due to her situation? Considering the frightening power of her own fantasies to lock up her mind, and drive her into a frenzy, she suspects it's her. With assistance from the vine, and it's stimulated growth of her physical sexual attributes.

Yes, probably her own nature, coming out. After all, look at the incident with the Lingam. She did that to herself - clearly that was a complete loss of self-control. That could only have occurred with someone suffering some kind of deep sexual obsession.

She manages to concentrate long enough, and coordinate her movements enough to have a drink of water from the bottle, and eat the rest of the nuts. Thinks 'it must be after midday...' Her breasts are very sore by now, tight and aching. They have begun leaking some milk again, and the feel of the milk drops intermittently running down the sides of her breasts is as intense as the aching fullness in her mounds. Her idea earlier about a permanently erect clit, due to the tight ring of skin around its base, seems to be accurate. At least in effect - for it is still painfully rigid. Painfully.... she thinks - before it was just uncomfortable, now it's definitely painful. She lifts her head and looks at it again. There it is, looking much the same to her surprise. She'd half expected it to have gone blue from lack of blood flow. But no, it's the same reddish pink, almost silvery red at the tip. Looks hard as a rock, and feels like it too. If rocks could ache.

If only there was something touching it, she could hump... at mention of their name, her rested hips do just that, starting a slow repeated thrusting, that feels so right she simply cannot even try to stop it. With her head still raised, she thinks how simultaneously ludicrous, and wildly hot, her thrusting sex looks, what with the photo-scale stick still wedged in her cunt, and the tube and bulb of the urinary catheter fixed in her sex just above the stick. Her imaginary observer could take those as indications that anything goes, even if they were not sure of that in the first place.

For about the thousandth time, she wonders if she came across 'herself' like this, if she (the finder) would take pity on the tied woman and help her reach orgasm. She can't decide. Or rather, she explores a hundred paths, yes and no, and never can decide if one way is better than the other. Only with every unfolding fantasy, the blinding power of her physical need seems to grow, and grow, till her thoughts are a scattered flock of birds,

passing in disorder. More and more often entirely absent, as her body huffs and grinds futilely, the throbbing sexual pain of her clit, desperate emptiness of her cunt, congested heat of her belly, and sharp aching fullness of breasts and hard nipples, fully jammed into her mind, leaving no room left for anything else.

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Around three in the afternoon, Harding and the three Latinos return to camp. While some distance away, Harding cautions them to approach silently. Which they do, and so gather outside the entrance of Laura's tent after having carefully set down their packs over at the fireplace.

Laura is as she imagined herself - an extremely erotic sight. By now she is a very, very tired girl, and her mind at this point has entirely lost the battle to stay focused. Effectively, she is reduced to a consuming sexual craving, displayed in the slowed but still powerful straining of her body. Her breathing too has slowed, to a regular sighing moan, in time with the rhythmic lifting of her hips.

For a while, Harding observes her closely, calculatingly. He seems pleased, rather than aroused. Several times he gestures 'quiet!' to the others, as they grin and gesture silently to each other, when it seems they might forget his prior demand that he must observe her silently for a time on their return.

Then, he gestures 'ok, enough' to them, and they burst out laughing crudely, at last able to joke loudly in Spanish about her whorish movements, and how much fun they will have with her tonight. Laura hears them, and dazedly twists her head around, seeing them. Something in Harding's manner tells her they have been watching for a while - but she is too far-gone, too tired, too overloaded to really respond to this. She finds that she can't even stop her body's continual twisting grind. She lets her head fall back, still moaning.

Harding enters the tent, after instructing the others to begin preparation for an early evening meal, and stow the day's finds carefully. He squats down next to her side, and carefully examines the state of her whole body, top to toes. Even now she cannot hold herself still, but does look away in a remnant of shame, though still moaning in heat.

After some minutes of this close and careful observation, during which he finds it necessary to adjust his pants but otherwise gives no sign he is anything but analytical, he takes hold of her chin with one hand, turning her head to face him.

"So, Laura, an uneventful, boring day for you. I'm glad you could find something to keep yourself occupied. Tell me, what is fourteen times six?"

Even looking directly at her arch nemesis, she finds it impossible to gather her thoughts. Sex, need, heat... her mind is full of those, almost as if she is drugged somehow. Drugged, she thinks, drugged by her own needs to be sexually controlled, like... she drifts off into her

fantasy zone again, imagining.... Harding, as a prison doctor, after she is discovered masturbating in the showers. A machine, with a big rubber penis on a piston, and he'd....

"LAURA!" He shakes her head back and forth, lightly, to get her attention. What is fourteen times six? Pay attention, or I will do something you won't like."

She opens her eyes again, and sees him. 'fourteen... times... ohhhh... her sex, her aching sex.... please... sex, six, times sex... what does he mean, fourteen times sex? Why can't he see she needs... oh please.... sex, sex....' She humps her hips as high as she can, and sighs "Oooohhhh... oh pleeeese.... please fuck me.... please, fuck... fuck, it... its sooooo ohhhh...."

He stares at her, intent. Then softly to himself "OK, I guess today isn't math's day." He holds up three fingers in front of her eyes. "How many fingers, Laura? LAURA! Pay attention. How many fingers?"

She had begun to drift off again, but then focuses on his fingers. 'Fingers... fingers, my sex, oh, ohhhhhh god, it needs some fingers' She tilts her hips towards him, hopefully. "Yes please, yeeeessss... yes, please.... its sooooo empty, please.... put fingers... finger me... "

"Definitely not math's day at all, huh?" He lets go her face, and sits squatting a while more, still running his palm over her thighs and stomach. He avoids her sex, and she sighs sadly as his hand bypasses her need. He runs his hands over her breasts, feeling their tight fullness, and the trails of leaked milk down their sides. Gripping her nipples, for a moment she flares with pleasure as it seems like he will start milking her, and she recalls the orgasms that gave her last time. But he is only briefly judging their hardness. He smiles at an inner joke, and digs in a pants pocket, coming up with a length of stout, fine cord.

"Seems you have a bit of a leakage problem there Laura. Let me fix that for you." He takes one end of the cord, and holds it against her left nipple, right at the base. He begins winding the string tightly around the nipple, working outwards, and Laura moans as some drops of milk appear at the end as the nipple is compressed. Harding sees them and stops. "Oops. That's not what we want!"

He unwinds the string, then starts again, only this time beginning near the very tip and working inwards towards her breast, tightly. After five turns, he ties a knot. Jerks the string, pulling at her nipple to check it isn't going to come loose. It doesn't, but Laura moans "Ohhhh!"

Harding grins "Yes, Ohhhh!, that's right. Your nipples are very 'Ohhhh!' indeed. Now, still leaking?" He grips the nipple below his binding, closest to her breast. Squeezes and strokes upward, as if milking.

Laura goes "Ooohoowwww!" and tries to twist away, which she cannot. Nothing comes out of her nipple. He tries the milking stroke several more times, each time with her complaining painfully. Then, satisfied his tie works, he runs the string over to her other

breast. Pulls it tight between them, so her nipples pull the breasts together to about one third less than their freestanding distance. Then ties that nipple the same. He does the same leak test, and this one too passes, despite Laura's pained sounds.

As an afterthought, he deftly pulls the photo-scale stick from her vagina, wiping it off on her stomach. It goes back with some gear in the tent corner. Then he turns off the catheter valve, and disconnects the long tube from the fitting right at her sex. "I'll take the catheter out later on tonight... oh never mind. You are occupied, I see."

Indeed she is, for even the light touches to her sex have spun her off into hunching, dreaming mode again. He watches her a while more, then leaves the tent. She is quite unable to pay attention to the sounds of the various activities outside. Her fantasies are fragmented, more a churn of unconnected images fleeting among the few gaps in the overload of sexual need in her head. Her body twists, thrusts.

A while later, two of the Latinos return, under orders, and carry her and her bunk outside, to near the fireplace and kitchen area of the camp. They set up the net canopy over her, then get back to work. Now everyone can enjoy the sight of her, as she deliriously thrusts and grinds. She, on the other hand, is far past paying them any serious attention, apart from a general awareness that they are watching her.

Shortly before dusk falls, Harding brings her some food to eat, and a mug of a warm broth. He helps her eat, since it is obvious she could not muster the coordination or attention span to manage it herself. After she has finished, he goes away again. She didn't pay any attention to the taste of the food or drink, although she did register that she was hungry, and then not hungry. Her sex aches and wants, her mind can fit little else. Her body burns, and struggles to achieve... anything it can, which is nothing but futile exercise against the ropes. A while after eating, exhausted, she falls asleep.

She wakes suddenly, alert. Aware. She is still on the bunk, near the fireplace, and the men are sitting around the fire close by, chatting in the flickering yellow light. Listening, she

makes out that they are talking about the prize they found today in the ruins - that Harding apparently expected to find. He seems unusually pleased with himself, and expansive. She wonders what it was, but since they all seem to know what it is, they are busy talking and making jokes about how much it will be worth, and something about working copies, and... women - using them on women. Harding makes a joke in Spanish that she mostly can't understand, something about tingling pussies, and the Latinos crack up, rolling around in fits. It sounded very obscene to her, but she can't quite... At that point it occurs to her that she is tied to the bunk, and the evening rapes are likely to occur sometime soon. A prospect she finds entirely repulsive and awful. At least they left her alone... today.

Oh. Today. The day's events come back to her now. My god! What was wrong with her! Is she turning into some kind of sex-crazed lunatic? She shifts in discomfort, thinking of how she spent the entire day panting about the most outrageous and despicable sorts of things, and somehow worked herself up into some kind of sex-mad delirium. And now that she moved - how much her muscles ache! She feels like she has pulled every muscle in the backs of her thighs and bum, and... breasts? Her breasts are so sore too. Other than that, she feels normal again. Thank goodness, those animal lusts seem to have entirely gone, at last. She considers the sensations from her sex, and finds nothing much. The catheter is still there, but apart from that, no swelling, no ache, no rigid clitoris. A slightly odd feeling there... but no, nothing like before.

"Well! Sleeping beauty is awake at last! How are you feeling?" Harding must have spotted her moving, and has come to squat by her net canopy.

"Obviously, I could do with a walk around, preferably far away from you and your sidekicks. Are you ever going to untie me from this bed?"

"Ah _excellent_! Fully yourself again? Let's see." He switches on a bright torch he carries, and slowly runs the beam up her body, making no bones about how long he lingers at her crotch, and then breasts. Lastly he shines it directly in her face, as she squints and complains. "Hey! Are you trying to blind me? Do you mind?"

"No, I don't really mind if you are blind. Everything else would still work. So, you really are... hmmm... Incredible. This just gets better and better." He pauses for a moment. "Hey, I really liked the way you were earlier today, I think that chick would do me fine. She had some real enthusiasm. What do you say, her and me?"

Laura nearly chokes. "Look Vance, I have no idea what came over me, but I _do_ know it isn't going to happen again! And the day that I voluntarily have anything to do with you, will be the day after the Mayan calendar's last day."

"Oh, darn, you've hurt my feelings, and you are out of sorts too, I can tell. Oh well. I suppose we'll just have to rape you for a few hours, to make up. Hey guys! Laura says hi,

and she's ready. Oh wait, I forgot, the catheter. Do you need to go before we begin? And we mustn't forget your poor sore breasts, they must be really due for a milking by now."

He places one hand on her lower belly, and presses. The other over a breast, which also gets a squeeze. Which brings to her attention the fact that she does need to go, and her breasts are indeed very full and sore.

"Uh... I suppose there is no talking you out of this? No, ok, you are a bastard, and I guess not. Well then, yes please, I do need to go."

"OK, be right back. Don't run off now."

He leaves, as the others come to sit around her, carrying lanterns. They lift up the net edges, and drop it outside their circle, as they all squat right up next to her. Grinning, they begin to feel her all over. Surprisingly softly for their rough looks

After a few moments of this, by which time she is fuming and calling them all every name she can think of, Harding returns. He's carrying another tube, and what looks like a large plastic bag full of water. He holds it up in the lamplight for her to see.

"This here plastic bag, is full of water. Sterilized, plus a little something else. Now observe. I attach this tube here to the bag, like so. Then I attach the other end of the tube to your catheter, thus. Now, what do you think happens when I open the valve here? ... Never mind, I shall demonstrate. With the bag down here on the ground beside you, your pee goes into it... see? There, feel better?"

He presses down on her lower belly again. "Yes, all empty, and ready for rape." He pauses.... "Of course, there are always other fun things to do. For instance, observe."

He lifts the plastic bag up, a few feet above her body. Immediately, she feels fluid rushing back into her bladder. Shocked, she tries to clamp down her sphincter- with no effect of course. Her bladder keeps on expanding. She tries to push down on her whole bladder, and the flow slows down, and almost stops. He just laughs, and holds the bag higher, and the fluid resumes its inward flow.

"Of course, 'going' is a relative term. And it's amusing, that here you experience the effects of 'head' of water pressure. I bet you never knew that receiving head could feel so... full-filling. Anyway, I can't stand around here all night holding this, so..." He hooks it up over the frame holding up the canopy net, a little higher than he was already holding it.

"Oh, and by the way. That's not enough pressure to harm you, but it is enough to be quite uncomfortable for you, if you just let your bladder take it all. Which, it can't, there is too much. So what you want to do, is keep pushing down hard, to avoid your cute little insides getting stretched painfully. You'll find this hard to do, but we, will find it very pleasant. Nothing like the feel of a pussy that is trying it's hardest to push down.

She is spluttering in fury. The disgusting, twisted perverts! She struggles against her ropes, glaring at him, wishing he was dead. Which unfortunately means she has forgotten to push down. She realizes that her bladder is filling past the point of discomfort, and has to concentrate on pushing. By trying really hard, she manages to stop the flow, and even reverse it a little. But the moment she relaxes, it races back in. She grits her teeth, and pushes. Harding puts a hand on her belly again, feeling the swelling of her bladder.

"There, you see, you picked it up in no time. Smart girl!" He moves his hand down further, to cup her sex. "How are we going down here? Hmm, nothing doing, huh?" He has slid his finger into her cunt, feeling for her lubrication. There isn't much. "How about our little man up here?"

He runs his fingers up her slit, and teases her clitoris. Now she can tell what felt odd down there to her. Her clit is not hard, but neither has it shrunk back to its accustomed size. It feels more like he is pulling on and squeezing a soft projection of sensitive flesh, that even soft, still hangs out well past her labia. The odd feeling she had must have been it laying across the top of her catheter bulb. She wonders what it will look like in daylight, and how she'll ever be able to face her gynecologist again. The fable of how the elephant got his trunk occurs to her, and she wonders if people would believe a crocodile pulled and pulled on her clit, till it grew so long.

Harding is stoking the thing quite persistently and the feelings are intense. But, the pressure in her bladder is distracting, and the whole idea of getting raped doesn't appeal. Even if she did fantasize about it much of the day, it isn't doing anything for her now. She feels quite relieved - thank you lord, perhaps she isn't turning into a sex-crazed nympho after all.

Oddly, Harding doesn't seem at all disappointed when she doesn't melt into panting heat. He simply scoops up a dollop of something white, and applies it to her vagina, outside and inside. Meanwhile, she is busy with her battle against unceasing water pressure.

Harding stands up. "Well, let's get this party under way." He drops his pants, then removes everything else. So do the other men. Unlike the last night they raped her, this time she is fully alert, and can pay attention to their penises before they are inside her. All of them are solidly erect and eager looking. Harding's... she looks down at his feet. She'd never noticed that he had such big feet, but sure enough, large penis size does correlate with shoe size. Looks like a good eight inches, and thick too. She almost forgets to keep up her belly push. At least now she doesn't feel so bad for losing the orgasm-freedom bet with him the first time.

So then, that one there must be Yuan. She remembers that one - the really huge one that seemed to be close to ripping her apart the previous night. The cock on which she lost count of her orgasms. Not a lot longer than Harding's, but salami grade thickness, with a

fat bulbous head. It occurs to her, that if one must be raped, at least let it be by men that can pound your pussy into massive, multiple orgasms.

The other two Latinos have nothing to be ashamed of either, though they are more 'average' in overall size. One has a surprisingly large, flared glans on top of a thinner shaft. It looks like a lamp on a lamppost. She remembers that one too - she could feel the ridge moving up and down inside her sheath quite plainly, and found that when she clamped she could get a reasonable grasp of that fat head. Making him have to work to pull it outwards in her tunnel. Though, he could always seem to thrust it back in easily enough.

Meanwhile, Vance has arranged her catheter tube out of the way, then slipped a hand under her arse and lifted her hips high. He shoves a rolled up blanket under her rear, commenting

"You looked so romantic with your pussy stuck up in the air yesterday, I thought we'd go for that style again. Mmm yes, I like it. Our fuck-toy, Laura Croft. Hey, do you realize with this super thin bush you have here, you look like a little girl? Well, except for the gigantic clitoris, enormous tits, and water-sports attachment.

He climbs onto the bunk, and maneuvers his penis till it is nestling at her entrance.

"So, any famous last words? Nothing overdramatic now, like spitting or biting. After all, you are the one who will suffer the consequences, which I assure you, will be ten times worse."

What with the bladder pushing, and her overall lack of any suggestion of feeling aroused so far, she is feeling more than a bit annoyed.

"Yes, Vance, you creep. This is rape, and I don't want it. You may be able to make me cum, but I still don't want it. One day, you'll all pay for this!"

"Ah well. As they say, filling out derelict pussies is a dangerous, thankless job, but someone has to do it. So..."

He thrusts firmly into her.

"Ahhhh! Oh yeah! Oh Laura, I didn't know you had it in you! A liter of water that is. Ohhhhh BOY that's tight. Oooahhhh! yeah! Ummmpfff!"

He pulls out, and thrusts again. Again, and builds a regular in-out rate. Uhhhh uhhhh uhhhhh ooohhhh uhhhh oh God! oh uuuhhh...

After a while of this, Laura has discovered two things. One, is that the thrust of his cock inside, in the tightness of her swollen-bladder, pushed down belly, the feel of his cock going so deep inside is distracting enough that she has great difficulty concentrating on

pushing down on the water. And the more she slips up, the worse and more intense the whole thing gets.

The other, is that strangely, despite the whole thing being quite intensely sexual, and the thrusting of his penis inside her feeling much the same as it did the other night, when she was forced to an orgasm, and that the full bladder feeling makes it more intense and erotic in many ways, she just does not feel herself getting turned on. Her pussy has lubricated a bit more, though not a lot. She can remember clearly how she felt most of this day - how she would have killed for a good solid fuck, and was left feeling empty and unsatisfied. Now, nothing. Well, almost nothing. She does have an odd feeling of frustration at her lack of response, as if something should be happening, but isn't. She can feel his cock riding her insides, it feels very, very nice (she has to admit), but as for swelling labia, hardening clit, and general arousal, nothing. She doesn't even feel her breathing changing. Weird!

All the weirder, because the more she thinks about what is happening, the stronger her feeling that she'd like to cum, to round of this day of desperately wanting to cum. Thinking of this seems to draw her attention to the feeling too, for it grows stronger. She clearly remembers being desperate the whole day, dreaming of ways to orgasm, or being barred from orgasm. Why not now! She really wants to come, she deserves it! But nothing happens! It feels like her pelvis could be a blow-up plastic love doll, for all the arousal she can feel.

And all the while she struggles with the water, and Vance grunts away above her, and the other's hands play with her body.

Maybe twenty minutes later, when Vance is clearly rising to his climax, she at last begins to feel a little something. Her clitoris is thickening up, and her vagina is giving an intermittent involuntary twitch now and then. But overall, she can hardly believe what is not happening. Strangest of all, she has developed an intensely strong mental desire to orgasm, but without the usual physical symptoms of arousal. She still isn't even breathing fast.

In the whole time, he hasn't spoken to her once. When she tries to speak, he shushes her impatiently, and one of his men applies some threat of pain, such as pinched flesh. She resigns herself to silent endurance of the strangely unresponsive rape.

Vance finally comes, and she can feel his thick load coat her insides. Since she has little to do but think, she wonders about pregnancy -but doesn't let it bother her. In a few weeks they'll be back in civilized parts, and she can have that problem deal with as well. The thought does cross her mind, that if somehow Vance is true to his word that he will be keeping her, then that whole issue could get complicated. Supposing he actually not only kept her, but kept her pregnant? There's no telling what the man might decide was a money making proposition. She shudders to think. He's not the kind of person who'd

respect an expecting mother's right to keep to herself either. He'd probably turn the whole thing into some big, complicated production, involving daily humiliations and sexual mistreatment. Right up till she gave birth. Oh! And probably including the actual birth too. She recalled reading something in a magazine once, about childbirth supposedly being made easier if the mother was masturbated to orgasm during the birth. Very new age stuff, but convincingly written. She can just imagine Harding finding something like that, and warping it into an excuse to have her give birth at the centre of a room full of his no good friends and associates, while subjecting her to mind blowing mechanically induced orgasms every minute for an entire 24 hours before delivery.

The strangest thing is, that as she thinks these thoughts, just as he is pumping softly in her, enjoying his post-orgasm buzz, then pulling out, her body has finally started to wake up. Her clit is approaching hardness, and that tight feeling about the base, returning.

So naturally, as he gets off her, they all laugh again at her outsize clit, and hands reach to pinch and squeeze it. It still feels kind of strange, is if anaesthetized. If anything, their manipulations make it soften rather than harden. Vance is sitting beside her, observing her with a relaxed, but alert look. Yuan climbs up onto the bed, and wastes no time centering his huge member on her entrance. At least he forces entry with some care- for the first couple of strokes. Then it's on for all, and he pounds her with a vengeance. She had been able to control herself well enough in the interval to push most of the water out, but Yuan's relentless and massive pounding of her deepest recesses plus the feeling of being split apart by his massive pole, rapidly makes her lose control. The result is that she is soon contending with both Yuan's huge prong, and a bladder that is filling past it's high water mark, and still rising. She feels as if her insides are going to explode out her bell

y button or something. She tries to tell them it's too much, between her gasping cries of pained pleasure, but they ignore her pleas. Instead Vance glances at the bottle, places his hand on her now swollen belly, and presses down firmly. Much to her dismay.

"Hey Yuan, fine work, she's really losing it. Wow guys, feel this - you can feel Yuan's dick in her right up here. He has one hand up just above her belly button, and the other still pressing low on the swell of her stretched bladder. The other two get in on the act, so she ends up with three pairs of hands pressing all over her belly.

Its highly uncomfortable, and humiliating, having them all feeling the movement of the huge cock inside her. But in a manner she's coming to recognize as typical, her body responds to this much more strongly than anything else after she woke up, and she feels herself begin to fuck back at her penetrator. That tension, down there among all the other intense feelings, is starting to grow.

But before she knows it, Yuan is huffing and puffing, then shooting his load. He didn't last more than ten minutes.

The next two are anti-climaxes for her, although they last well, and deliver what are definitely solid fucks. They have only enough effect to build her desire to orgasm somewhat, but not do the actual work of exciting her further.

After that, although the men remain naked, and sit around her playing with her body, it seems like there is to be at least an interval of rest before another round. Harding lowers the bag to a height that is easier for her to deal with the pressure, but leaves it connected. Her excitement declines quite rapidly, and within fifteen minutes she ends up feeling totally un-turned-on once more. For a while Vance amuses himself by having her relax her bladder muscles until her belly is hard and swollen, then expel the water again. He seems to get a kick from having his hand on her belly feel her swelling and growing tight, then pushing to empty. Once he has a good idea of how much water she can hold, he then lifts the bag up high enough that she cannot hold it back. He watches till she is squirming in discomfort, then closes the valve. Sitting down beside her, he toys with the tight swell of her stomach, as she groans and sighs with the feeling of being expanded well past her comfort. He also finds he likes feeling inside her vagina with one hand, while the other taps her belly sharply, causing her muscles to spasm.

Her state during this interval is surprising to her. Despite being calm, with almost no arousal, considerable discomfort, and trying to remind herself that she hates Vance and his men with a vengeance, she finds that somehow, she feels a kind of pleasure. She has to admit to herself that she likes what he is doing to her. She feels that she wants to be turned on, and thinks that their play with her body should be turning her on, but... still nothing is happening. Even when Vance fetches another toy - a large battery powered vibrator - and leaves it shoved deeply into her vagina making her whole belly hum even as her bladder is still crying for relief, she still feels no sign of her arousal returning. The feelings are intense, and very sexual, but simply nothing happens. Only that strange, incomplete feeling in her mind alone that she'd really like to cum, but somehow can't begin. When she wonders why, she simply can't imagine what is going on with her mind, and her body. More weird side effects of the vine poisons? Or her own subconscious mind playing tricks with her, as it has been quite a lot these last few days?

All this time her breasts have been aching, swollen and full, with the string still tied around and between her nipples, pulling them closer together. So far, no one has done more than toy with her breasts, stroking and touching. She wishes they would - her breasts badly need milking and are growing more painful as time passes. Vance, after inserting the vibrator in her cunt, then chatting carelessly with his companions, has been keeping a close eye on her, though she doesn't realize it.

When he is satisfied that even the vibrator, her swollen bladder, and their overall body stroking are not arousing her, he switches to playing with her soft clitoris. He makes quite a job of it, trying all kinds of different manipulations, even bending forward and sucking on the soft finger for several minutes. For Laura, it is quite excruciating. All the powerful sensations combined are driving her mind to distraction, yet still there is no response

from her body. She is sure she should be feeling at least as turned on as she was during the day... but no.

At this point, he speaks to her again. "Well Laura, you certainly are feeling cool this evening. Perhaps you tired yourself out today, hmmm? I guess we may as well give up on trying to tease you for the moment. But there is one thing I know you'd like to have done before we put you to bed for the night. Isn't there?"

He looks questioningly at her breasts, with their string-sealed nipples.

She nods, pleadingly. "Yes please, do. They are getting so sore, I thought you'd never ask." She is also thinking 'and the last time they were milked, I came and came and came. Maybe it will work this time again?'

"They certainly do look full. Astonishing development in so little time. Do you know I think they have become quite a bit firmer since your milking this morning?" Saying this, he has placed his palms around the bulk of her left breast, and squeezes solidly. She squeals in discomfort - that really hurt! "Yes, much firmer. Now, let's see..."

He unties the knot on her left nipple, and unwinds the string. The tip of her nipple had gone quite dark, though not blue since he hadn't tied the loops tight enough to entirely cut of circulation. Nonetheless, as the blood rushes back into the sensitive tip, she groans.

He unwinds the other one, with the same result. Laura is squirming with the pain from her nipples mingling with all the other discomforts - bladder, vibrator, and breasts over full. He watches for a few moments, and sure enough, pearly drops of milk begin to appear on the tips of her nipples.

"Hmm, look at that. Must be a pretty high pressure in there. That's the good news. I guess the bad news is that I don't like to see it going to waste, and so the tied nipples are going to be a constant from now on. But let's get a bit more scientific with this. One moment."

He goes off and returns in the one moment he promised, with a metal cup and a measuring tape. Firstly, he measures her chest and bust size as typical. But then he proceeds to take measurements enough to make a volumetric estimate of her bust. Circumference of the spheres in two different planes, and the circumference of the intersection of the spheres with the surface of her chest.

Then he places the cup below and over her left nipple, and begins to milk her. In only a few minutes it becomes clear he has underestimated her production, as the cup nears full. He asks one of the others to fetch him an empty water container, and by the time they return he has had to stop because the cup is full. Emptying it into the clear plastic two liter container, he continues.

Meanwhile Laura is finding that if she thought the strange 'ghost arousal' of her mind but not her body was intense before, she was mistaken. She is shaking her head from side to side, frantic with certainty that the incredible sensations in her breasts should be sending her body into orbit. They do send her mind into orbit, and she can almost feel the signals going out to her body to respond, and she can sense the place where her body should be returning feelings of intense physical excitement, but somewhere the chain is disconnected. Even with the buzzing in her crotch, no news of heat comes back from there.

Harding watches as he milks. "Intense feeling huh? No sign of action in the furpatch though. What passes for a furpatch in your case. Yesterday and this morning this really hit you in the spot, didn't it. Not now. I wonder if the vine effects are wearing off, or entering a new phase? Too bad if it has permanently damaged your sensitivity, and you can never come again."

She looks at him, aghast, speechless.

"Hey, don't worry, I'm sure that's not the case. I mean that - I am sure it isn't the case. Trust me." Still milking, he pauses a moment, then bursts out laughing, resuming milking. "Ha ha ha! Trust me! Oh, I crack myself up sometimes. 'trust me' ha ha ha! Ahhhh Laura, if you knew... But anyway, no, I am sure you are OK, and things will become clear soon enough."

The output from her left breast has diminished by now, and he switches to the right. Another two tin cupfuls later, he is done, and rebinds her nipples as before, except this time the intervening string is a little longer. Once again he goes through the breast measuring procedure, taking notes in his pocketbook.

Finally, he pulls out the vibrator, and sets the water bag on the ground, so her bladder can drain fully. Then sits contemplating her again. After a few minutes he seems to come to a decision.

"I'm going to show you something we found today. I probably shouldn't but I can't resist showing it off to someone who'll appreciate it."

Moments later he comes back with a solid carry case, about the size of a shoebox. He places it down where she can see it, and opens it gently.

"This was also mentioned in the writings I found about this place. You know, it's actually very old. At least five thousand years, if not more. And this (he gestures at the contents of the box) is the oldest known electrical device in the history of mankind. It predates even the Baghdad batteries, by at least double."

He very carefully lifts two corroded, obscure looking metallic objects from their packing in the box, and places them on a cloth.

"The first one here, is a galvanic battery stack. Probably produced about ten volts, and by the thickness of the metal plates, would have lasted a fair while under load.

The second object here... ah now this is the amazing part. It's a coil, of copper wire, around a rough iron core. And there's a thing here at the end, also of iron, that appears to have been on a spring, mounted here. This thing was the most protected relic in the entire temple - far more significant to the builders than that oversized solid gold dick. And do you know what it was for? You'd never guess. I had found some quite lengthy scripts discussing it before we set out on our little mutual adventure, so I have a very good idea of what it was. Tell me, what is every new technology always used for _first_?"

She is looking at the objects, feeling that deep sense of awe she always feels in the presence of something manmade and extremely old. Looking back at him, she answers easily, since it's a commonly known joke.

"Sex. New technologies are always used first to provide some kind of sexual benefit to somebody."

"Good! Head of the class! Now here we see another iconic example of that. Because what we have here, is a very simple vibratory interrupter. The coil energizes, pulls in the sprung metal lever. The lever breaks the circuit to the coil. Lever springs back, remakes contact. Cycle repeats. Giving both vibrations, and a pretty nasty shock if you put your fingers across the contacts, and get the fly-back spike from the coil.

Now, the outer casing on this thing was probably wood, and has entirely gone. But notice the dimensions... its long and narrow, roughly round. Put a finely made wood cylinder around it, and it would fit... yes. Inside a vagina. A tight fit, but definitely possible. You behold the world's earliest known vibrator.

But wait! There's more. The writings, ah the writings. We are talking high priesthood here. Dudes with agendas, and some very heavy issues with the temple maidens, or whatever. So was this thing used for pleasure? Of course not! This was a _torture_ instrument. Because according to what could have passed for a user manual I read, the thing had a few intricacies in the finer details. Specifically, the wooden cylinder was made in segments, with an internal spring so they would expand apart slightly. And if something were to _squeeze_ that construction gently, a contact would be made inside which connected the coil interrupter contacts with small metal pads on the outside of the cylinder. Do you see? Five thousand years ago, and some warped genius invented an electric combined vibrator, and orgasm preventer!"

He shakes his head. "Amazing. Especially considering where we find it- the Temple of Phali - residence of the Seeker of Nectars, the vine. More than that I won't say, for now."

He packs the items back in the transport box, reverently, looking a little incongruous since he is naked, with an erection. Takes the box back to its place in the gear pile, then returns

to her. The Latinos are still sitting around nearby watching her, nude in the hot evening air, by now all sporting erections again.

"Well now. That's the end of the history lecture. Time for some more sex-ed class practicals for you, young miss. After that it will be time to put you to bed. Heh. So, I'm going to let you up, but first.."

He disconnects the long tube from her catheter, and turns off the valve. Then he undoes both her wrists - the left that is tied to the rail above her head, and the right that is handcuffed with some movement. He helps her sit up, then handcuffs her wrists behind her. Then he unties her ankles. For the first time since yesterday evening, she can stand.

"Come over to the toilet area." With a torch, he leads her around some bushes, to a place with a small pit in the ground, beside a log. There is a large plastic jug of water, with a pour spout, tied up to a tree branch so the jug can be tilted for easy pouring.

"Now, maybe you can take a crap, maybe not. We are going to do this the instant way, which frankly, I'm going to enjoy doing more than you. Come here." He pulls her to the jug, then has her turn her back to it.

"Now, bend over with your legs apart. Stay that way." She feels him around behind her. Something slippery is wiped on her sex then ass hole, and then a finger works it into each of her holes, as she complains "Oh, no, not.." There is a sharp, loud smack on her bottom, and she takes the hint to be quiet. Then something hard slides into her vagina, and she guesses it might be the water bottle spout. A sudden jet of tepid water tells her she is right. The spout pulls out, to be replaced by several fingers working around inside her. Water runs down her legs, then the spout is thrust back in, deeper this time. From the sudden force with which more water expands into her, she thinks he must have squeezed the plastic jug. It is pulled out and again several fingers twist around inside her, more water runs down her legs.

Then the spout is pressed against her anus, and pushed a couple of inches in. More water gushes inside her. Bent over as she is, it gurgles down into her bowel, mixed with air from the bottle. She thinks that it is a very large jug, and he seems to be taking his time - is he going to fill her with all of it? Then the nozzle is pulled from her arse.

He slaps her rear again. "Stand up, stay spread, keep that arse tight." Walking around her, shining the torch in her eyes and over her body, he comments. "Laura Croft, Laura Croft. Fine figure of a woman, especially naked, but a mighty big pain in the arse at times. And so, you can expect some pains in the arse yourself from time to time. Now, running on the spot! Hop to it!"

He flicks her arse with a frond from a bush. She starts running, to the rumbling of water in her bowels, and the aching muscles in her legs from the day's contortions on the cot. He gives her several minutes, then has her sit over the log, arse above the hole, and let go.

Then he has her bend over again, pours some more water into her rear, and repeats the sequence. And one more time.

Then he takes a rag hanging off a branch, wets it from the jug, and runs it all over her body, cleaning her of the day's sticky sweat, if not exactly deep cleansing her pores. With that wipe down repeated twice, she feels much better. She notices that his erection is still standing proud, as he leads her back to the tent area by the string between her nipples.

This time, they take turns fucking her on a canvas sheet spread on the soft leaf litter near the fire. Apart from her hands cuffed behind her back, and the small catheter bulb still resting between her labia, she is unconstrained. Which turns out to mean, they have more variety of positions available to them. On their second go for the evening, they all take much longer to finish. Harding once more goes first, and takes her from behind as she kneels, arse up, head down on the canvas. He fucks her cunt roughly for a considerable time, during which he first smacks her arse hard until she is thrusting back in time to his satisfaction, then later when he is nearing orgasm, he slips one then two fingers into her arse and massages his organ through the thin separating membrane.

Next Yuan and Carlos, the one with the ordinary sized dick, take her together, with her standing between them, Yuan's huge cock in her cunt, and Carlos' up her arse.

Initially, she still has the same strange detachment from physical excitement that has been troubling her all evening, and the sandwich rapidly rekindles her mental desire, or rather frustrated wish for desire.

By the time those two are done, both her cunt and arse are feeling very well used, and her mental desire has met with a slight echo returning from her previously silent body. Her clit has erected to its full hardness, even though it still feels strangely distant and dull.

Franco has the last turn, and stands her up, and walks around her several times, tracing his fingers over her body, considering his preference. He plays with her clitoris for a while, testing its size and rigidity. It seems likely that it has firmed up for a while. His penis is rock hard, and looks kind of weird, with the longish skinny shaft, sporting a glans at the end that would look right on a cock three times as thick. On his it looks like a knob stuck on the end of a pole. The piss hole at the end of his knob matches the size of the knob, not the shaft. He gets a devilish grin on his face, and faces up close to her. She thinks he is going to fuck from the front, standing up. But instead he grips her clit, and the head of his penis, bringing them together. He places the tip of her clit into the opening of his head, and gently pushes forward. One of the others makes a crude sounding comment in Spanish, and Franco waves it off, laughing.

At first it looks like the thicker end part of her clit won't fit. But then it suddenly pops in over half of the way, and Franco pushes the rest till his glans is nestled in between her

labia, all of her clit down the inside of his urethra. Franco laughs again, and pulls back, then pushes again.

Laura is almost in shock. There is still some kind of barrier in her system against physical arousal, but the sensations from her clit pour into her brain and clatter around in there. She has most of the normal feel of her hard achy clit, plus an incredible sensation of it being wrapped in a silky smooth, warm, slippery tight channel, that is pulling back and forth on her organ. It is an unbelievable, electrifying, super-good feeling, that needs somewhere to go. It keeps looking for the door marked 'stairway to orgasm' in her mind, and not finding that door. She can feel it getting frustrated, and starting to firmly kick on the doors it does find. Doors like 'beg for more', 'sell your soul', and 'fall in love'.

She lets her head fall back, eyes closed, and pushes her hips forward, delicately.

Franco winks at the others, and develops a rhythm with his hip, moving only a few centimeters back and forwards. For him, the sensation is merely amusing, something he'd do for a lark. But from her reactions, he has a pretty good idea of how it feels to her. He supposes that it feels even better for her than it feels for a woman to receive head. He is absolutely right.

He reaches out and grips her tied nipples in his fingers, pulling her with him as he steps back a small pace. She follows, as if in a trance. For a couple of minutes he builds her, letting her hump her hips and clit into his penis. She becomes more and more flustered and short of breath. When she starts to moan 'Uhhhhh ooohhhh uhhhhh...' with each thrust of her hips, he decides she has had enough of a taste. He pulls his dick free, which actually hurts him a little, since her clit has swollen even larger and the thickest part barely fits through the constriction in his urethra just in from the opening. That makes him angry, and he lies down on his back, pulling her down with him.

"Suck my dick, you bitch! She has her hands cuffed behind her, so as he forces her dazed head onto his cock, she unbalances forward, impaling her mouth on the upstanding shaft. He grabs her head, and starts pounding her head up and down, fucking her throat.

By the time he comes, she is coughing and spluttering, short of breath. They laugh at her discomfort, as she is quickly bound back on her bunk bed as before. They carry her back to her tent, reconnect the catheter, and leave her for the night.

She wakes early after sun up, with her body once more beginning to climb into unexplained turgid arousal. She lies there considering the intensifying feelings, trying

again to identify the cause, and once again failing to understand what is going on with her body. The situation, the vine, or her own subconscious? Some combination? Whatever it is, she suspects that today could turn out very similar to her frustrating day in the tent yesterday.

A while later, Vance enters, and watches her for a bit. Then lets her pee, removes the catheter and fucks her, though seeming to be quite detached and more interested in observing her responses than enjoying the fuck. He deliberately finishes before she cums, and leaves her hanging. Then he brings breakfast - some porridge-like stuff, and a cup of broth.

As she eats, he brings up the topic of his finds of yesterday - the battery and interrupter coil vibrator - and gloats about how much they will be worth on the black antiquities market.

She is furious, but so aroused by she cannot help but be drawn into his musings of how the device was used on sacrificial maidens. Some of the things he says he read in the ancient scripts are very hard to believe, and she also gets an impression that he isn't telling her everything he knows. But the images he relates... they are extremely erotic. She fumes, at the thought that she is finding Vance's stories so physically exciting, on top of the frustrated state he left her in earlier. But the fire in her body which had been present even when she awoke, and which reached fever heat while he fucked her, grows stronger and stronger, till she finds herself begging Vance to let her cum. He refuses, and walks off, laughing.

Soon after that, she is relieved to find her frustrated arousal fades away quite suddenly, almost unbelievably fast. One moment she is lying on the bunk, cursing her aching sex and racing pulse, then all the symptoms of lust seem to nosedive together, leaving her calm, alert and feeling kind of detached.

With her senses once more free of internal distraction, she realizes the sounds outside are of the men breaking camp. She is relieved - at last, she'll be free of this dammed bunk. She looks forward to the trip out, and the probably opportunities for escape.

She is not so relieved, when she is presented with her 'travelling attire'. She had no idea Vance could be so despicably kinky. It is based on her slightly shrunken leather suit. Except he, or someone, has cut out the crotch and breasts, replacing those areas with bulging stiff open wire meshes. The long zipper is replaced with a zigzagged lace-up, with a small padlock closure. There is also some sort of lumpy rubber thing loose inside the crotch, with thin tubes extending down inside the leggings.

He instructs her in putting it on, and sure enough, the lumpy rubber object has to go inside her vagina. With the suit on, she finds it tight, but comfortable enough with the lace-up fairly open to compensate for the suit's shrinkage. It is the object in her pussy, with the

tubes coming out of her and down the legs, that she worries about, since he has not seen fit to explain what it is for. Something awful, she expects.

Then he has her sit, and puts her own walking boots on her bare feet. Except, there is some kind of spongy rubber insert inside each boot sole. He joins the tubes from these to the ones extending from the leather suit at her ankles, then leering at her, flourishes a large syringe. He fills it with water, and inserts the needle into the tube-joining gland at her ankle. Squirts in the water, and she feels a swelling under the soles of her feet, and inside her puss. He repeats this several times, till she is feeling quite full inside, and her boots feel a snug fit. Then he has her stand up, and take a few steps.

She is shocked to find, that each time she puts weight on either foot, the fluid displaced from the boot inserts makes the thing inside her swell and flex. So as she walks, it vigorously churns and twists inside her. It is a very disturbing feeling, and she fears it will become quite arousing, even though she isn't feeling anything pleasant at the moment.

He laughs at her dismayed look, and fastens reinforced leather gaiters over her ankles, locking them on and so placing the tubes beyond her reach. He has her walk some more, gloating at her. He mentions that since the incident on the train, he has often thought of the day he would have his revenge for her insolence, not to mention her stupid destruction of that most valuable relic.

As he talks, she discovers that if she stands still with her weight on both feet at once, the thing inside her expands gradually to an extremely uncomfortable extent, and then... ouch! It feels like it is jabbing her insides with sharp skewers! She shifts to one foot, and the sharp points retract again, but slowly.

He grins. "Yes, you've discovered another of its features, sort of. Actually, it is quite capable of perforating your sheath, and then out here, without medical aid, you'll die of peritonitis. Better listen carefully. What happens, is that there are little one-way valves, so the water goes up easily, but down only slowly. Now, if you were to try running fast for some reason, you'd very quickly pump the inside bulb up till the spikes stick out, and stab you. So, my dear Laura, take care to only walk, and carefully. Got that? ***NO*** running. Especially, no running away. We'd only have to follow you till we heard you stopped and yelling in agony. Or maybe there would be no point following, since we don't have the medical facilities to deal with a perforated vagina. And you'd soon be no good to fuck, what with the gangrene and vomiting and pus oozing from your puss. So we'd just leave you. Best not to run, don't you think?"

He lets that sink in for a moment. "I'd keep your hands bound and a leash on you, but as you know, the journey is rough, and I can't be bothered mummifying you over every obstacle. Too slow. So you can fend for yourself. Just remember - **NO** running."

By now, the other men have packed everything, and are waiting to go. Vance puts her own pack on her back, though it seems to contain little of her own gear. He locks that in place too, while mentioning that there is nothing in there she'd need to survive. She's just carrying some of the weighty camp gear.

They set off, with Vance having Laura walk just in front of him, two of the Latinos in front, and one behind. Vance remarks that he's going to enjoy the view this trip... the view of her fine arse. He gives her arse a sharp slap with the flat of his machete to illustrate his point. Even through the leather, it stings her butt, and she turns to glare at him, fists on her waist. He just stares back, his eyes laughing at her. "Ah Laura, I do like those wire grilles, they make your assets look so... caged. So... mine!" She glares harder, but he laughs "Shouldn't you be shifting your weight a bit? As in, turn around and walk, bitch!" As he says it, she feels the first sharp prick inside her - sure enough, she has been standing on both feet for too long. Fuming, she huffs and turns back to follow the other men. Vance gives her another blade slap on her rear, a bit harder even. "I own your arse, woman. And I'll spank it when I feel like. Don't forget it." She walks, the stinging in her cheeks adding to the twisting and pulsing object in her cunt. She expects it will be turning her on. She thinks she can feel it starting a little already. That bastard Vance...

An hour later, she is sweating and sticky. The leather suit, even with its non-original ventilated areas, has her dripping with sweat. One thing that does surprise her, is how little effect the setup with the tubing, boots and twat-twister, has had on her. She can feel it constantly shifting inside her sex, but she seems to once again be in one of those 'distant, asexual' moods she has experienced lately. Some parts of her mind find the sensations quite disturbing, and seem to keep expecting her body to become excited, but it doesn't happen. Her sex just seems to accept the flexing intruder as an unimportant distraction, to be ignored. She has to admit she is relieved. It would be terribly demeaning if simply walking were to drive her into sexual heat. Considering that they will be walking for weeks.

She spends her time considering the matter of escape, and how she might accomplish it.

Part 4

Laura's boot sinks to the ankle into another squelching bog hidden under the rotting detritus of the rainforest floor. She curses, leaning back to pull her foot from the sucking mud. The rain has poured heavily all morning, and the party has been making slow progress along the relatively open tree line by the edge of a swampy clearing, heading down a long valley. Not much of which is visible, with the downpour misting the few distant views possible through gaps in the forest edge. It rained much of last night too, so all their packs are extra heavy with waterlogged gear. No one is talking much; despite the rain, and every frond of every fern and bush they brush past dumping even more water on them, it is still exhaustingly hot, difficult work, forcing through this trackless country. Vance's three porters take turns in the lead, dealing with the worst of the tangled creepers with a machete. That job is extremely tiring, and after several hours of it they are getting pretty haphazard in what they choose to slash, and what gets left for the others to cope with as best they can. Even Vance, normally coolly aloof and watchful on the trek, has begun to swear frequently under his breath at his encounters with trip vines and the numerous patches of boggy ground. Her curse was an act though - she is as tired as the others, yet fully alert while being careful not to appear anything other than worn out and pissed off. She recognizes this valley; she knows where they are now. For much of the past three weeks of their trek back to 'civilization', Vance had taken a different route than that by which she had reached the ruined Temple of Phali. Since she hasn't had access to her sat-photo of the region, she'd been more or less lost, simply a fellow traveler. Or rather, prisoner. Presumably, Vance had chosen his return route precisely for that reason, knowing she wasn't the sort of fool who'd try to escape into unfamiliar jungle without map, compass or the gear to survive off the land. So, for the past three weeks all her planning for escape had been future tense, thinking about what she would do once she managed to get her bearings as they approached their destination - the small village at the end of the last road. From which both her and Vance's parties had necessarily set off on foot into the jungle.

Today she knows where she is, and the rain is perfect. She knows exactly what she will do. Soon, soon... hopefully the rain will hold up until the right moment. Carefully, she paces herself. Not wanting to appear as if hurrying; yet not being the slowest of the party. She uses the men's instinctive dislike of seeming weaker than a woman, to keep them going a little faster than they would without her there. Tiring them out more, fraying their tempers as they make miss-steps, letting them all concentrate on the constant battle of moving forward through the resisting jungle.

This valley, she knows, is still three days walk from the village. Three days walk. But there are other ways than walking, it occurred to her. Walking, and this... **fucking** thing

in my pussy, she thinks, as an interval of firmer ground under her boot-falls jolts the hydraulic pads in her boot soles, and makes the rubber thing twist suddenly more vigorously inside her. Her feet are tough from all her many expeditions, and now she wonders if the inside lining of her vagina must be getting as tough as the soles of her feet. Nearly three weeks, of having Vance's dammed anti-running widget pulsing and twisting inside her with every footstep. It's surprising she didn't get blisters in there. It's also disconcerting that she never once became more than slightly aroused by the dammed thing. Or the rapes every night...

The rain is still holding steady, and soon their route will pass through some rougher, steeper ground with a different microclimate and jungle type, as the valley turns away from the direction of travel and they head across country. She must be patient. Now is not the time to let herself dwell again on the difficulties of her position, and the events of the trip till now. Soon that will be ended, soon...

Nearly three weeks; a few days short of three, she thinks. She has lost count, as every day played out the same as the days before. Each morning the men would rise at dawn, and cook their breakfast outside the tent. Laura would be left inside, still tied naked as she was during the night. Once they'd done cooking, they'd pack most of the gear outside, out of her sight so she wouldn't know what gear was in which packs. Then they'd come back into the tent, feed her, milk her breasts which were always achingly heavy by that time, dress her in her leather suit with the improvised open metal grilles at crotch and over her breasts, the wide lace-up open slash up her front from belly button to neck, and the business with the pads in her boots, the tubes up her suit legs, and the gizmo in her pussy. Locking the whole thing onto her with small padlocks on the zips and ties. Fortunately the getup was comfortable enough to walk in, if she ignored the humiliation of exposed private places, and looking overall like some kind of pornographic leather fetish whore. Which of course was Vance's intent, just to remind her of that evening on the train in Siberia, when she'd turned him down.

Lastly they'd blindfold her, pack away the tent and its few contents, then remove her blindfold, load her up with her own backpack, lock that on her too, and set off. Always the same routine, and not much potential there for escape that she could see, even as she considered it day after day.

During the day's march, they'd handcuff her whenever the group stopped for breaks, or lunch, or collecting something edible that they spotted. With her hands cuffed behind her back, around a convenient tree, she obviously wasn't going anywhere - not even on the times when the others all decided to take a siesta in the worst of the afternoon heat.

Each day, sometime before dusk, Vance would declare a campsite and everyone would thankfully down packs. The very next chore was always to erect the tent, strip Laura, wash her down if there was a convenient source of water, then get her tied securely in the tent for the evening. In that lay one of the few variations from day to day- they seemed to take

turns devising positions in which to tie her for the evening's entertainment. But always, always, one wrist or ankle would be handcuffed to something solid, such as a hefty tree root through the bottom flaps of the tent.

After that detail was taken care of, they'd all leave her alone in the tent while they unpacked, cooked the evening meal and chatted outside, out of her sight. A while later they'd bring her food and drink, joking and laughing among themselves and taking liberties with her tied and naked body as they all ate. After a few days of this, despite the distractions of being molested she'd noticed that Vance always was the one who brought her drink - and it was always that same thin soupy broth, with an interesting nutty flavor. It had dawned on her, that there must be something significant about that drink. Perhaps it was related to the other problem, which had already begun to worry her as much as the matter of how to escape.

When she had first turned down the broth, and asked for plain water instead, he'd simply insisted she drink it. She'd insisted back, which only resulted in her receiving a painful lesson in How to Make a Bound Girl Sorry. So she'd drunk it. As she had every night since then. And no matter how hard she had pestered him about it, he had never given her the slightest hint of what was in her nightly drink.

As the days passed, and her other problem became more and more of a worry and distraction, she became convinced that the drink must contain some kind of drug. Another of Vance's diabolical schemes to torment her in return for her actions on the train. Exceptionally diabolical and subtle too, even for him, she thinks. If someone had simply described it to her, some other time and place, she'd have thought the drug's effects would have been welcome, in the circumstances. But living it... seems to be a different kettle of fish.

Because every night, after feeding her the four men all take turns relieving their animal lusts within her bound and naked body, as the others amuse themselves by fondling and groping her breasts and whatever else is handy. They are virile men, despite each day's hard trekking, and most nights she has one after another hard cock pounding vigorously in her pussy for as long as two or three hours. Yet she never, ever experiences more than a moderate degree of arousal, and never, ever comes anywhere near orgasm.

Initially, on the first few nights, she'd thought this was simply due to the humiliation of being raped repeatedly, of being treated like some kind of sexual toy or slave. Even though the whole thing did coincide closely with some of her private fantasies, she'd decided that her body's non-response to the admittedly very strong stimulation was probably to be expected. After all, it was rape, and surely she shouldn't get aroused by this?

The problem was, that even during the very first evening's rapes, there'd

been moments when the sensations from her sex had made her forget that good girls don't enjoy rape, and she'd found herself trying, wanting, to have her body respond. Wanting to have an orgasm. Only, it wouldn't happen.

She'd feel the thrusting inside, her mind would become excited, she'd work her hips, clench, whatever she could, and still her sex would hardly become warm. Her clit would barely stiffen, and then soon recline again. As the days slipped by, she found herself becoming seriously obsessed with an increasing mental desire, need, for orgasm. Each day she'd walk all day with the rubber thing twisting inside her with each step, and nothing would happen. Each night she'd lie for hours under panting, thrusting males, and nothing would happen. Every morning and evening, Vance would milk her weirdly over-producing, over-sized breasts with their nipples grown beyond even 'weird'. The sensations of having her breasts milked were even stronger than the evening rapes... yet still nothing much would happen.

She knows it must be something in the drink Vance gives her. Somehow, he has a drug that inhibits sexual arousal, and is giving it to her as a kind of twisted revenge for her sexual rejection of him that night. Probably. Or at least, that's the best explanation she can think of, and for some reason the stupid bastard won't even admit it, or tell her why he's doing it.

Nearly three weeks, and there are now two things she desperately wants. One is to escape Vance, and get back to civilization before him. The other is to have an orgasm. She is no longer sure which is the stronger desire. In any case, getting free also means being free of the drug, and having orgasms again. Once she'd thought that through, she found herself coming up with much more imaginative plans for escape. Eventually, sometime in the middle of the second week, an idea occurred to her that seemed like it might work. Since then, she has been waiting, watching for the right time.

Her other foot sinks to mid-calf into another bog, and she curses again, convincingly. Soon... It must be around about here that they will head away from the valley. She just has to keep her eyes open, stay alert now. No more thinking about... god, about how much she wants to come. That damned thing inside her, it is such a perverse, inverted torment. Not that it moves, but that it's movements don't move her. She wishes that they did. Well, she won't have to put up with it much longer. Yes! Now Vance calls out to the lead man, shouting over the roar of the rain.

"Hey Franco! Fuck this rain! I can't see shit, but this should be where we turn off. Keep going east. Up over the saddle there, you see?" "What fucking saddle, I can't see sheet either!"

"Yeah, yeah, OK. Just go that way, OK! It's only a couple of kay. Forest will change a bit, no more of these fricking muck holes."

"Ok, two kays to the saddle. Or we are lost, right?"

"Just go that way and shut the fuck up. When is this fucking rain going to stop?"

Laura thinks to herself 'Not for a couple of kays yet, I hope!' as they struggle on through the downpour.

Sure enough the forest vegetation does change as they move out of the denser more scrubby valley fringe. The trees reach taller, and further apart, while the vines and creepers become more of an aerial tracery, rather than a waist-high tangled barrier. The rain just gets concentrated by the higher canopy into fewer, but bigger drops. There is no change in the humidity and heat.

At least the ground firms up, but that is more than offset by the inconvenience of the much larger size of fallen tree trunks. These ones are too huge to step over, too long to walk around. The party are reduced to clambering awkwardly over them, scrabbling on the slippery rotten moss-covered sides for hand and foot holds. Often the trunks are criss-crossed two or three deep. But even when the top log happens to be pointed the direction they want to go, the slippery moss and height combined with the weight of their packs makes it too dangerous to try and walk along the top. The frequency of swearing goes up, and the rate of progress goes way down.

For a change, Laura is glad of her hot leather suit, as the others acquire more scratches on their legs and arms from encounters with slippery, pointy-limbed walls of decaying wood. She keeps one eye looking upwards, furtively. Here she couldn't run even if she wasn't wearing Vance's devilish me-no-run patented pussy impaler.

But neither can the others, and they are all very, very occupied with the sheer shittyness of struggling onwards through this fallen tree trunk obstacle course.

Some while later, that seems an age to Laura but probably wasn't, they reach the saddle. Here the plan is to turn and follow the ridgeline on down, for quite a long way. All the rest of the day, and some of the next. The view out into the much larger, deeper valley would be impressive, if it could be seen at all through the thick forest canopy, rain and mist. But it can't.

No one proposes a rest, since moving in the rain is preferable to sitting still and miserable in it. So they press on.

And then, at a moment when Laura has climbed up to the top of one ancient fallen forest giant, and the others are all several meters distant behind and in front, she sees her chance. A vine, hanging at just the right angle from somewhere in the canopy far above.

She can reach it... if she... _leaps_! And grabs it perfectly, and she is away! No, she cannot run. But she can fly through the air!

And she can hope there is another vine, somewhere on her long trajectory, downhill and away from the ridge top. Even if there isn't... but she is in luck, and there is. She makes the transfer with only a little slip, as the weight of her pack nearly overcomes her grip. Now her speed is really going up. In the distance behind her, through the rain and air whooshing past her ears, she hears shouts, fading rapidly. There was only one 'just right' vine, and she doubts those clumsy oafs ever took trapeze classes anyway. She says a quick thanks to the rain, for keeping up and helping her by slowing down her captor's reflexes, and deadening the sounds of her first few critical second's flight away.

"Wheeeeeee!" she shouts, as she trades height for speed on the steep down sloping mountainside. Somehow, there always seems to be another vine hanging in just the right place. 'It's like in the movies! Yeeehaaaaa!' she thinks. "Oops! That was close." As she flies past a very solid tree trunk with bare inches to spare. "I'd better slow.... Yeooow!" A medium sized bushy shrub explodes into leaves and twigs as she flies through it. "Hey, that never happens to Tarzan! Ow! I have splinters in my boobs! Damned wire.... oh oh.... OW! ... oh shit OW!" Her latest vine seems to have been the last in that line, and she ends up swinging out to the end of its trajectory, then for want of anywhere else to go, gravity takes her backwards... through the shrub again. And again, before she stops.

Grumbling, she slides down the vine to the ground. There are definitely splinters in her boobs, she can see them. A few she can reach through the wire grilles, and those she pulls out, wincing. Nothing very deep, thank goodness. The remainder seem to be minor too. She is quite a long way from Vance and Party now, but not far enough to stop and deal with minor problems. She has to keep going, has to put a lot more distance between them yet. Her escape is only just beginning.

Here the hillside is quite steep, and the fallen logs tend to be mostly pointing downhill. All the same, she doesn't intend to walk far. Heading downhill slowly, threshing as best she can through the extremely dense undergrowth on the sheltered slope, she looks around for another suitable vine, and soon finds one.

This time she takes the vine express a little more carefully; lining up each swing, and usually hopping down at the end to hunt for the next one able to take her in the direction she wants. No sense taking the 'flying' thing too literally, and breaking a leg out here.

Overall, this method of travel downhill is many times faster than walking in the almost impassable vegetation here. It is the impassibility of these slopes that caused Vance to stick to the more open ridgeline, and fail to consider that she might try this route.

Her method also has the advantage of leaving only intermittent traces for anyone foolish enough to try and track her here. Several times she zigs her course, just in case they do try to trail her. Always heading downhill. Down, down, to her next shortcut.

Nearly three hours later, she reaches the river. Unlike the sluggish trickle through the marsh in the last valley, this one is a real river. With the rain, as always, its running high and fast. She knows the country here, and this river parallels the ridge the others will descend. They would have been walking along its banks on the last of the three more days to the village, after the ridge line falls to meet the river. She is going to take a shortcut, and get to the village much sooner.

First though, there are some things to attend to. Here along the riverbanks there is no shortage of stones, unlike back in the steep forested hillside, where loose stones were virtually non-existent. She tries smashing a few likely fist-sized pebbles, until one breaks with a sharp edge. With that, she saws at the webbing around her waist that ties the backpack to her. In moments that is cut through, and at last she can drop the heavy thing from her back. Standing, she stretches, and skips a few paces. Always such a pleasure to dump a heavy load, it makes you feel so light!

Then she squats down, and rests one of the small padlocks on her ankle gaiters against one large stone, while pounding it with another solid river stone. After a few smashes, the hasp snaps and she strips off that gaiter. The other soon follows, and she immediately rips apart the tubing joins at her ankles. Standing up and stepping around as the water drains, for the first time in three weeks she is able to walk without feeling at every step like her pussy is full of worms. As if to compliment her, at that moment it stops raining. She looks up, and can see that back there on the higher ridge it is still pissing down. 'Good. Let them soak. Keep it up.' she thinks.

Smiling, she sits again and begins working on the other small padlocks that lock her into the leather body suit. These she cuts off the tabs and ties to which they attach. Her breasts are stinging badly by now, and she strips the whole suit off, spreading it out on the clean river stones. The vaginal gadget she pulls out of herself and drops on top of the suit, then takes off her boots and pulls out the fluid pads from inside them, putting them with the gadget. The rocks hurt her bare feet, so she puts the boots back on, and the gaiters.

Naked, she feels strange for a moment, then realizes that it is because she is naked and not bound. For so long, those always went together. 'Phooey!' She shakes her head, and begins to pick out the remaining splinters from her breasts. She had reflexively pulled up her leather-clad legs as she swung through that blasted shrub, and that seems to have protected her crotch and the opening over her belly. Only her breasts got the pincushion effect.

From all the dried blood they look like they just met Freddy the Slasher, but she rinses them with the clean running water, and it all turns out to be superficial scratches and a

few shallow punctures. Hopefully, nothing that will get infected. Hopefully.... she sighs. Hopefully, she'll be able to do something about these ridiculously over grown breasts and nipples once she gets home to civilization. God, she hopes so.

With the splinters taken care of, she turns to her backpack and pulls out the contents to discover what she has been lugging around the last few weeks. Vance had said "nothing useful to you", but maybe...

It turns out he was fairly accurate. No food. No clothes. The mosquito net and a bundle of tent pole segments, but no tent, no matches, no guns, no... sigh. She thinks of the film from her camera, and the golden Lingam. Of course they are not here. They are why she has to get back first. What she does have, is an assortment of junk, that is going to be more of an inconvenience to the others by its absence, than a benefit to her by its presence.

Most of the cooking gear, but no knives. Much of the climbing equipment, but no rope. The handcuffs, but no key - 'yes, very useful for me, I'm sure' she thinks angrily. The catheter paraphernalia. The enema bag and nozzle. The vibrator Vance used on her a few times, and a pack of spare batteries. Three bars of soap. A bag of salt and some packets of spices.

And... in an inside pocket, a Ziploc plastic bag, holding a folded paper. She opens it. It is a handwritten note, to her, from Vance. She reads...

Now that you have escaped Laura, If you are reading this, congratulations - you have proven yourself resourceful and ingenious once again. I'd have been disappointed if you didn't try. It's too bad though, that once again you have foolishly screwed yourself but don't know it yet. Out of the pan and into the fire. Hope you make it back safely, while you can. Do hurry. I expect you should be able to keep going for at most three days. Will explain later, when you'll understand I'm not bullshitting you. Anyway, enjoy your freedom for a while. We'll come for you if possible, and then you and I will discuss the matter of how much extra trouble you've caused us, and what is to be done about that, and your other little problem.

Finger up your bum,

Vance

"What is he talking about, the foolish man?" she asks out loud. "I've escaped, gone, vamoosed. What is this fire I'm supposed to be in?" She shakes her head. "I'll make the village tomorrow, most likely. By the time you get there I'll have the local police waiting to arrest you, for... numerous crimes."

She crumples the note up into a ball, and is about to throw it into the river when a little voice in her head says 'littering!' so instead she shoves it back in the baggie and that back in the pack. "Oh, and evidence. I nearly forgot' says the little voice. "Thanks a lot" she answers herself. 'Littering... huh!'

She stands up, looking around and considering what to do next. It is less than a couple of hours till dark, and she doesn't want to try her next mode of travel by night. Some food, and a fire to cook it on would be good too. A dry shelter also, in case it rains again during the night, as it most likely will. Even as she plans, she can't help thinking how she must look, standing here on the open riverbank, naked but for her boots. Not just naked, but outlandish to any observer close enough to see... her... She has to bend forward slightly to even see down past her breasts to her crotch. Whereas always since the debacle in the temple, there is her newly overgrown freakish clitoris, hanging like a small flaccid penis from between her labia. As for her breasts... She shudders. 'Whatever am I going to do? I'm going to have to become a hermit or something!' Another thought, about masturbation and orgasms starts to nudge into her mind, but she pushes it aside. 'Time to move! Move!'

Downriver a way she can see a cliff line at a curve in the river that looks hopeful for an overhang or cave. She repacks all the junk into the pack, including the vaginal gizmo and its tubing, dons the pack naked and slings the soaking wet leather bodysuit over her shoulder, than sets off down the riverbank, boots crunching on the gravel and pebbles. She knows that some sections of the riverside are impassable due to cliffs, dense vegetation, and so on. But here, she is lucky to have come out upon a section of open pebbly banks.

Shortly she arrives at the bluff, and yes, there is a small cave river-worn into its base. She dumps her gear there on the dry ground, and again unpacks. This time, she gets to work improvising. One of the cooking billies sacrifices its wire handle, which she hammers straight with a stone. Three of the tent pole segments slip together, and get their joints dented with the stone enough that they lock into one piece. She hammers one end of the wire over, and flattens the bend till it forms a workable barb. The other end gets a short double over, then is slipped into an end of the tent-pole rod, which also gets flattened onto it, locking it in place. One fishing spear.

She unlaces a lace from the front of her body suit, and tightens that across the ends of another two tent-pole segments, making a kind of bow. Hunts around in the cave and comes up with an assortment of dry bits of wood, twigs, and leaves. She flakes another pebble into a useable sharp edge, and cuts a section of the plastic tubing off from her vagina tormenting device. That goes with the wood and bow, in a pile where she intends to have her meal.

Taking the spear and the enema bag, she heads down to the river. If anyone had been there at the river watching, they'd have seen a stunning nude woman with huge breasts, standing motionless in the shallows, spear pointed down at the water. A while later, she comes back with a fish flicking on the end of the spear, and the bag full of water.

She slits the fish open with the sharp stone, guts it, and sets it aside. Prepares a small fistful of finely shredded fine twigs and crushed leaves, placing that on the ground and some pebbles around it. She clamps one end of the plastic tube between her teeth. Picking up the bow, she fits a straight thin stick looped in its string, and the ends of the stick

between two other pieces of wood. One in her hand, the other held under her foot. She sets to sawing the bow back and forth rapidly, spinning the straight stick like a drill.

After a longish while the friction of the twirling wood reaches smoldering temperature, and a wisp of smoke rises from the contact point. She keeps sawing, and sawing. Then suddenly, in one quick motion, she moves the smoldering piece of wood against the kindling pile, and blows on the glowing powder at its centre with the plastic tube. The spark glows brighter, then catches. A small, small flame... and in moments the kindling has taken, and she has fire.

Soon she has a decent pile of sticks burning merrily and remarkably smokeless, and the gutted fish frying with some salt and spices in one of Vance's pans. Humming to herself, she wonders what Vance and Co. will be doing for dinner, with no cooking gear. If they can get a fire going at all, since she notices that beyond the cave it has begun raining again. She props her pack up on rocks near the fire, to dry out. She spreads her leather body suit at the edge of the cave, where the rain will keep it wet overnight. She wants it that way for tomorrow.

By the time she has finished her fish, which was as delicious as her new freedom, it is growing dark. Her breasts have by now begun to seriously ache from their fullness, but she decides to deal with the sleeping arrangements before the light is completely gone. There isn't much more firewood, and she is so tired.

With the remaining tent pole pieces, and assorted rocks she carts in from outside, she manages to construct a frame to hold the mosquito net in a canopy over the soft sandy spot where she chooses to sleep. By now the backpack is fairly dry, and together with some dry leaves makes a reasonably comfortable bed. She leaves the last of the fire burning, does her toilet, brushes her teeth (for the first time in ages) with a broken and frayed green twig end and some salt, then retires for the night with the bottle of water and the billy with no handle.

Once she is undressed for bed (having taken off her gaiters and boots), she sits cross-legged and attends to her last chore for the day. Milking her aching breasts. As usual, the same as when the men did it to her, it is a very intense, pleasurable sensation. She wonders if she will always have to do this, and why it is that the first few times she experienced this, it aroused her so terribly that she orgasmed repeatedly, much to her shame. Fortunately, this time it still doesn't seem to be having much of an erotic effect on her. God! What if it did! What if she absolutely had to regularly milk her own breasts, but doing so had an effect on her like those first times when Vance did it?

She shudders. She can imagine that she'd rapidly become so uncoordinated that it would interfere with her ability to milk them properly. But they'd still be full, and she'd have to try again... and then start to orgasm again, lose coordination, stop, restart... Oh god, how

shameful... to have her own body actually require her to repeatedly masturbate to orgasm, over and over till her breasts were empty, every day... Twice a day in fact... Oh dear...

Oh dear... Oh dear... Thinking about orgasms has reminded her how long it has been since she had one. And that feeling in her mind, a sort of mental echo of her body's absent feeling of arousal, a longing for the release of orgasm. Actually.. not quite entirely absent, she thinks, feeling that her clitoris is stiffening up a little. Not much, but a little. Much the same as it would do on and off during the nightly rapes. But never any further.

By this time she is nearly finished the second breast, and the billy is becoming quite heavy to hold under her spurting nipple as she squeezes it in the manner of a cow's teat. Previously there had never been this problem - what to do with her milk, since it had all been drunk directly by whoever's mouth was doing the milking. But now here she is with a billy part full of breast milk. What to do with it? It seems a shame to just pour it out. Good protein.

She tastes it. Hmmm... Strange taste. Nothing at all like cow's milk. She has another sip. Mmmm..... Not bad. "Well.... I suppose there's a lot to be said for recycling." So she drinks it, thinking she wasn't planning on desert, but what the hell, it's not as if she's getting fat. As she is reaching out to put the billy back outside the mosquito mesh, she surprises herself with a big burp. Then bursts out laughing, and laughing. So much stress and worry from the last few weeks. Now she is free, comfortable again, not being fed mysterious libido suppressing drugs, and on her way home. Then there is the prospect of revenge.

She lies back, stretching, turning over the word 'revenge' in her mind, considering if perhaps 'forgive and forget' in this case is a ludicrous concept. She decides it definitely is. Something about milking breasts and repeated orgasms, to be avenged... she falls asleep, comfortable, replete, smiling.

From outside the carriage, the roar of the rails and the storm form a murmuring background to the chatter of the passengers seated around her in the compartment. Earlier in the journey she had happily joined in the conversations, but now that night has fallen she has something of a problem. She sits, fidgeting in her seat, looking around at her companions. There is her dad, deep in discussion with that rascal Mr. Harding, about some temple for which they have found a secret map. Professor Edwards, Laura's Master's supervisor, the old lady's hair going snowy, chatting with Laura's friend Catherine. Two young lads, heading out to a country holiday, both reading some science fiction paperbacks. Laura's problem is getting quite urgent. But insoluble. She has been down to

the toilet compartment at the end of the carriage, and the sign says "No Nursing in the Toilet Compartment - Penalty 500 Pounds - By order, Department of Railways".

The conductor had glared at her, staring at her swollen breasts, as if to say 'I _know_ what you are thinking of doing, so don't. He had fingered the huge ring of keys at his waist threateningly, and said "Toilets are for brief use only, Ma'm. Other people got to go."

Every compartment in the carriage is full. She has nowhere else to go. And her breasts are getting unbearably sore, straining at her heavy-duty bra as if they might burst the straps. Her nipples are straining too, trying to force their way against the stiff material, and failing, painfully. The journey will not end tonight, or tomorrow. Why did she let herself be talked into this trip? She _knew_ what would happen. She knew. And she said yes anyway. Why did she do that? She must have somehow _wanted_ it to happen! How could she! How could she, she will die of shame! Even worse, somehow being here now, facing the prospect of... that... is making her body respond, as if, as if it _excited_ her to think of what she might have to do. ...Will have to do. Oh dear god! Yes, she definitely isn't going to be able to withstand the pain in her breasts much longer.

To top it all off and quite convince herself that she must be going mad, for some reason she can't recall she had chosen to wear a knee-long, full-sleeved, formfitting slip-on dress, with only a zipper at the rear behind her shoulders. A dress that provides absolutely no means to access her breasts, without actually removing the dress entirely. A dress of such a lovely hip-hugging stretch material, that she'd decided it would be spoiled by a panty line. So she'd worn none.

She must have been mad! Her breasts need to be milked twice a day! Without fail. She knew it, she knew it, and she still... She knows what happens when she milks her breasts. As if in anticipation, her ultimate shame, her oversized clitoris is already standing out rigidly. It was already popped out on her way back from her unsuccessful trip to the lavatory, and she'd hidden the obvious bump in the front of her stretch dress with her purse.

What was she _thinking_? She knows what happens when her nipples are squeezed and her milk lets down. Total Loss of Sexual Control, Chronic Libidinous Feedback, Multi-Orgasmic Fugue, Hyper Sensitized Erogenous Zones, Mammary Driven Autoerotic Frenzy - she has lost track of all the terms her therapists have coined to describe her unique condition. In essence she now faces a choice between suffering excruciating pain (and sexual frustration, as her sex throbs in anticipation of her twice daily 'exercise'), or excruciating humiliation as she disrobes in this public train compartment, and milks her own breasts. In the process, bringing herself to several fainting-grade orgasms. Naked, with her clit entirely on display.

Sitting there, squirming in discomfort, and ever growing arousal, she still cannot choose, or act. Till her Dad looks up from the doodles of maps and glyphs he and Harding are

swapping, and gives her the Stern Eye. "Laura, you know it is time for your evening session. I see you wore an entirely inappropriate dress, but we all know why, don't we dear? So, time to cut out the acting, and cease annoying everyone with your incessant squirming. Stand up girl, let's get this business over with."

She sits, staring at him, open-mouthed. "Dad!"

"Unless you'd like a spanking right here to begin with that is? Stand up!"

Knowing him, he'd be serious. She stands, shakily, again holding her purse in front of her crotch. All eyes in the compartment are on her by now, of course. Even the two young lads have pulled their noses from their books.

Her Dad continues, addressing the group. "I must apologize everyone, for the disturbance. Poor Laura has a medical Condition, deriving from contact with a plant toxin on an expedition last year. The symptoms involve exaggerated mammary and genital growth, prodigious milk production, and hyper-sensitisation of the erogenous zones. The unfortunate result is that she absolutely must express her milk production twice daily. This process also involves a degree of sexual arousal. Can't be helped I'm afraid, the sensitization is beyond the dear girl's ability to control. Usually this is done in the privacy of our home, assisted by the staff. However tonight I'm afraid this simply can't be helped. Does anyone here object, if Laura tends to her handicap in our presence? She will need to disrobe entirely, I'm afraid. Poor choice of garment. Anyone?"

There is total silence. No one says a word.

"Right then Laura. Let's get it over with. Off with the dress."

She glares at him, shaking in shame. "Thank you very much, daddy! Tell them everything why don't you!" Yet she has become used to her dad specifying the time and place of her milking. He obviously gets a kick out of maximizing her embarrassment, as he has often in the past at home declared her own go-orgasm- stop, go-orgasm-stop burst mode breast milking method too slow to suit the family timetable, and had her 'helped' by one or other of the house staff. Which of course meant he had to be present to supervise. Supposedly to ensure she wasn't 'interfered with' - but on recovering from her frequent faints she often felt a distinct difference in the state of her vagina.

He gazes firmly back at her. She gives in, firstly having to drop her purse on the seat behind her. There are various gasps and intakes of breath, and one of the young fellows whispers to the other loudly "That can't be, can it? What is that bump?" Reaching behind her, she pulls the zipper down to the small of her back. Then gripping the skirt at the waist, she starts pulling it up, slowly. The material rubs across her clit, and makes her hips shudder involuntarily.

Her Dad 'tut tuts'. "No, no no Laura, are you trying to act like some lowlife stripper? Just pull it off, there's a good girl."

She whimpers almost inaudibly, and pulls the dress up quickly, then off her head. Her Dad holds out his hand. "I'll take that, you'll need to sit down." She hands it to him, and he folds it, then puts it away in his briefcase, leaving the top open.

"No panties? Wrong dress. I'm seeing a pattern here, Laura. And the bra too, of course. Pass it here."

She can see that everyone else might not have even noticed the bra - they are all staring fixedly at her crotch, with her outlandish clit standing out like a small penis. She unclasps her bra, hands it to him. Her nipples pop out like little fingers. He places the bra on top of her dress in his briefcase, then closes, and strangely, locks the case.

"Laura, I see you only have your purse with you. No milk expression bottle?"

"Oh! Oh, no Dad, I... uh, I forgot to bring it."

"Tsk, tsk, tsk! Not only the wrong dress, no panties, but no bottle. You know how your milk sprays out. Did you expect everyone to want to be covered in your milk, girl? Or did you have something else in mind? Looking at you, I see that you are already heavily aroused, before even beginning with your breasts. Been looking forward to this, have you? You are damp girl, I can see the secretions leaking from your sex from here."

He pauses a moment, clearly not expecting a reply from her.

"Very well then, there is only one solution. Unless someone else here happens to have a bottle handy? No? All right then, Laura will have her wish, that she has obviously been fantasizing about since embarking on this trip. But she will have to ask for it nicely. Laura, sit down."

She does, confused, and places her hands in her lap covering her pubes and clit.

"No Laura, put your hands on the seat by your sides. Now slide down, till you are sitting on the edge of the seat. That's right, a bit further. Good. Now one more thing. You are to spread your thighs open wide. Yes! Do as I say or by heaven I will spank you right here and now, naked. That is better, but... wider. Wider. All right, now keep them like that. If you are going to dream of what might happen to your over excitable little pussy as you lie in a faint among these people, you may as well show everyone how wet the thought makes you. In fact, since your imagination is clearly so overactive, I see no reason to confine such acts to your unconscious moments. Do you?"

She hangs her head in shame. Admitting to herself that really, he is at least partly right. She obviously did unconsciously set this up, and this turn of events is lighting the fires of

her lust like a blowtorch. She cannot bring herself to speak, but merely shudders, her hips giving a small involuntary flex upwards.

"I'll take that as an agreement. Very well then. Now, you can sit there, and we may continue our conversations, until you choose to clearly request that those present please assist you in relieving the pressure in your breasts, by sucking and on them and drinking your milk. Of course, Laura does tend to twist around a bit due to the toxin-exaggerated sensory nerve signals. So, you'll likely have to hold her firmly in place, and who can tell where your hands may find a grip, eh what?"

So Laura sits there, thighs spread wide open and her juices leaking down the curves of her arse, breasts aching ever more unbearably, as the others pretend to continue their conversations while staring lustfully at her naked body shivering with her conflict of lust, humiliation and pain. She must ask them. She cannot ask them. The train and storm roar on in to the night, and the sound blurs into a background haze of feelings - the roaring, her body's throbbing, breasts aching, needing.... The train must be passing by a river, it sounds like... There is a bird call, and she feels oddly cool on one side. Why are her eyes closed? She tries to shift position slightly, and feels hardness against her side. The train... who was...

She opens her eyes, and sees the river, rain still misting the air and beating the surface to froth in the morning brightness, shining the pebble bank below her cave. The water is higher than yesterday.

She rolls over onto her back. Ow... her breasts really are sore. In fact, her whole body feels just like in the dream. She is hot! Seems like her libido is back right away, without Vance's drugged drink. Feeling the strength of her arousal, and that same demanding ache she'd experienced in her rigid clit during her day tied on the bunk, perhaps that isn't such a great development. 'What on Earth was that dream all about?' she wonders. 'Why would I imagine myself in a position like that? My Dad for heaven's sake! Oh well, no time to idle about, got to get on with the Great Escape. She sits up, trying to ignore the damp heat in her sex, and the throbbing hard ache of her clit. "Ouch. Do have to do my breasts though..." she says out loud, as their fullness makes them shift down painfully. Her nipples are rigid and swollen. 'Of course.' She sighs.

After that dream, she almost dreads to touch them, in case it really is like she imagined. She doesn't have time for orgasms now either. Got a village to get to today, if possible, and a long journey to it. But the pain is very distracting, so she sighs, and resolutely grips her right nipple as she shimmies out from under the mosquito net, and walks over to a bush to pee.

"Ohhhiiiiiee... yow! Oh that.. .really is... intense..." she gasps as the first few milky drops appear, while she squats and relieves herself. A strange feeling, peeing and milking at the same time. Letting go all over... She hums it to a tune- "Letting goooo all oveeeerrr...."

Ohhhweeee!" Hard to keep her voice steady, with that feeling. Her breasts seem to be back to nearly their full former sensory impact too. Hopefully, this won't distract her for long. She sits down on a rock, and massages her nipples. "Oooohhhh.... ohhh fuck!"

No, she mustn't let it hold her up! By now, milk is flying out in strong sprays with each squeeze, and despite the intense feeling, she gets up and walks back to her gear (such as it is.) 'No breakfast, just take what I need and go.'

She packs a lot of the stuff, on the principle that one never knows. Pausing every few moments to continue spraying out her milk. She tries not to let the feelings get to her, but it is very hard. Her sex is burning, aching, by the time she finishes packing. She leaves most of the cookware, taking only the small frying pan. The mosquito net, spear (which she pulls apart into two pieces), the fire-bow, and all the sexual gadgets, she takes. She empties the undrunk water from the enema bottle, then blows it up with air as full as she can, sealing the cap. Puts it in on top inside her pack for some flotation. She does the same with the boot-sole bladders, blowing them up, tying their tubes sealed, and placing them in lower pockets of the pack.

That leaves just her leather body suit. This takes a little time, as she cuts the metal grilles free from the breasts and crotch areas. She hesitates, thinking that they may be useful for something... but then she shouts "Fuck you, Harding!" and tosses them as far as she can. They make the other side of the river, and vanish into the foliage.

"And the horse you rode in on." softly, to herself.

Now she unties the remaining lace from the front of the suit, and arranges the suit flat on the ground, front down. She pulls all the legs and arms back, and binds the very ends - ankles and wrists - together in one bundle, with many turns of the lace, very tight. After knotting the lace she has several inches free, which she uses to tie the longest length of plastic tubing to the suit, both ends hanging loose.

She looks around her makeshift campsite, checking for anything accidentally left. Nothing she wants to keep. Then that moment she hates every wet morning - putting on the wet boots. It is dry in the cave, and the air is warm, but wet boots always feel cold and horrible, by definition. So do the gaiters, enfolding her calves to just below the knees in their clammy wet black canvas. Shod, she dons the considerably lighter pack, picks up the tied-in-loops suit, and heads down to the river, back out in the pouring rain.

Standing in the shallows (less shallow than yesterday), she tries out her transport. First she fits the suit around herself and the pack, so the tied ends are in front of her chest, and the open 'front' of the suit is behind her and the pack. The suit legs come around to her front just below her arms, and the suit arms fit around her waist. Then she lets herself fall backwards into the water.

With only the water bag and foot bladders holding air in the pack, as a whole she and the pack tend to sink. Then she puts one end of the tube in her mouth, and feels behind herself with the other end for the open 'front' of the suit. She blows, and air bubbles up into the closed off, wet leather arms and legs. Which don't seem to leak. She keeps blowing, till they are all holding as much as they can. By which time she is floating quite comfortably on her back. She adjusts the pack till it supports the back of her head. Now... she is ready to go.

The only problem, if it could be called a problem, is that her breasts stick up out of the water and sit in the middle of her view. She has to go downriver feet first, on her back, so she can ward off rocks with her boots. But... her nipples are still stupidly hard, and since she has to keep looking at them she can tell she'll find them distracting. Same with her clit, that pokes up out of the water when she brings her hips close to the surface. She had expected the water, and action of getting under way to have calmed her down. Plenty of time to deal with her body's needs once she is back in comfort at civilization. Only a day or at most two, away. But no, her body is not cooperating. Even the cool water feels like some kind of sensual caress on her sex - especially the waves that keep splashing up between her legs and concentrating on her clit.

Still, can't be helped. She pushes out into the swift current and heads off briskly down river. She is fairly sure there are no major rapids between here and the village. She hopes. Her naked arse hopes. At least the water is merely comfortably cool, rather than cold.

Sometime later, her plan seems to be working beautifully. The river is really moving along, with the rainfall. As the morning passes, the rain eases off then stops, much to her relief. It made lying on her back with her eyes open to the sky reminiscent of her experience of swinging under the waterfall. Plus who'd have thought mere raindrops could tickle nipples and clitoris so? After a while, that had really started getting to her, so much that she kept finding herself drifting out of control, laid back with her eyes closed, thrusting her hips and breasts up out of the water into the rain. Fortunately the first time she hit a rock while doing that was in a slower section of current, and it didn't hurt. But it gave her a nasty scare. After that, she struggled to not let the feelings get the better of her; to stay alert, with her eyes open.

Which should have been easy. Here she is, free, busy escaping, no one around to spy her nakedness, lying in cool water, nothing to do but steer a little and fend off a few rocks in the (so far) rapids-free river. She'd have thought she'd be able to spend her time considering details like what she was going to do to Vance once she got him locked up behind bars. Her name and money should be good for a few 'private moments' with the local police looking the other way.

One small problem does come to mind - the matter of first approaching the village, given that the only clothing she has is a shrunken leather body suit, missing its chest and crotch

areas. But a few leaves, fig or otherwise, should provide a temporary solution till she can have her contacts wire her some money. No worries!

So really, it's all going, err... swimmingly. Rapids she can handle, even if it means walking around them.

Then why is she having such problems concentrating? On anything other than the sorts of sex fantasies she'd thought she was free of since that day on the bunk. Her dream of this morning keeps coming back to her... and her present position - on her back, naked with her legs mostly spread apart to steer, seems to resonate with that dream. She surely would like to have an orgasm, but has a strong intuition that stopping on the bank for a while to take care of that would be a bad idea. She can't do it floating in the river - too risky since she does tend to lose control and/or consciousness for a while. Sharp rocks, drowning, these are strong discouragement for that idea.

It mystifies her. No matter what she thinks of, or tries to occupy herself with, her body seems to have only one state. Highly aroused. Highly, highly, achingly, throbbingly aroused. It can't be the wavelets caressing her, since it continues even when she lets her hips sink below the surface for long periods, and it feels more like a sensory deprivation tank than a river, and it isn't the raindrops, for the rain has stopped. So why is it?

Perhaps some kind of bounce-back from not having orgasmic for nearly three weeks? But she has often done this before! In fact up till the last few years she'd been mostly celibate, with no such problems.

Surely it can't be something related to the nightly rapes since Vance captured her? She didn't even enjoy it! Well, mostly, and she certainly never came. How could that have changed her responses?

It is very confusing. It seems clear that Vance was giving her some drug that blocked arousal. But without that, shouldn't her feelings return to normal?

Ah. It occurs to her that 'normal' might not be what she assumes. She has been comparing her reactions to the way she felt before the um, incident with the vines in the temple. But since then, things have been very out of kilter. For one thing, since the vine's thorns have undeniably caused some gross changes in her physical attributes, might they not have also changed her responsiveness? It's possible, she supposes. Yet hard to prove. Her clit and breasts - those are obvious changes, no arguing about the cause of them. But behavior... she can see that her present tendency to fantasize excessively seems to be only more of the same out-of-control fantasizing she had become prone to before... any of this.

How can she tell whether the root of her preoccupation with such ideas derives from a chemically induced erotic mania, or from within her own character? For instance, just looking at her bizarrely enlarged organs seems to dredge up associations with her past fantasies of sexual control and humiliation. So it could be just the unavoidable sight of

herself now, and the thoughts that come with it, that is keeping her constantly turned on? There's a kind of positive feedback there too - because her hard clit is so outrageously obvious, and so shameful to her, that turns her on even more! So do thoughts about how she is going to cope with her condition once she gets back home, and to society. Oh god, oh god, she doesn't want to think about that. But the thoughts keep popping into her head no matter how hard she tries to avoid them, so her subconscious is clearly working hard on the matter. She is starting to suspect her subconscious has some fairly deep sexual kinks. Perhaps the little bugger is having fun tormenting her by keeping her turned on? Currently, it seems to be trying to get her to imagine how it will be when she goes to visit her gynecologist to discuss her new problems. No! She doesn't want to visualize... She really needs a distraction.

The river has rounded a bend, and she finds herself in a wide, slower current, drifting along in open water stretching as far as she can see. She also notices that she is floating a bit low in the water - some of the air has leaked from her suit legs. She sorts out the plastic tube again, and blows her floaty-suit some more air.

That's better. Although the weight of her boots still tends to sink her feet more than she'd like. Too bad she doesn't have something else to hold air, that she could put under her legs, or arse. She idly holds the tube end under her arse, and blows. Oh! The bubbles tickle her, and feel kind of nice as they flow up past her sex. Just like farting in the bath, but without the smell. She does it some more, giggling, then pauses. Um, just like farting... Presumably, it wouldn't matter what kind of gas was inside... and she could do with some more flotation. No trouble letting it out again if... if it is uncomfortable.

Quickly, as if the impulse might leave her if she doesn't act on it now, she places the tube end against her ass hole under water, and pushes it in a little, while blowing. For a moment the bubbles still tickle her, then there are none, but a feeling of... hmmm... She blows more. Wow... that's... full... but not uncomfortable... so she blows more. With every puff she feels the expansion inside her bowel, and her body rides a little higher in the water. 'Hey, this is cool! Lifeguards should carry plastic tubes, and give drowning people air enemas!' She laughs out loud, imagining a scene of bronzed, muscular, blond haired lifeguards in their yellow and red costumes and caps standing manfully ready on a beach, coil of rope in one hand, and coil of plastic tubing in the other.

A fine thought, except perhaps a drowning person with an arse-full of air would probably just float arse-up. This time she laughs a lot longer, imagining a surf bobbing with bare naked asses; now and then one letting fly with a huge misty fart like a whale blow, then sinking with a few trailing bubbles... "Thar she blows! Ha ha ha!" She tries it herself, and produces an impressive gush of bubbles between her legs - with the result that she sinks a little again herself. Easily fixed with a few more blows through the tube.

Of course, one result of her new internal floatie, is that her clit is now right at the waterline all the time, instead of only when she makes an effort to hold her body up in the

water. Looking at it, sticking up like a little pink periscope, she thinks that having a good laugh, and yet there being not the slightest cooling effect on her sexual arousal, says a lot about the nature and persistence of her condition. Normally, laughter is pretty deadly to arousal, she has found. But not, apparently, to her new armor plated sexual heat. If anything, it feels to be getting stronger.

God she needs to cum! Perhaps... She gazes ahead downriver. Looks like it just goes straight and calm for ages yet, so she has some time. What happens if she goes limp? She tries it - relaxing every muscle, and just letting her body settle as it will. Hmmm. A bit of a list to port, but with the suit's inflated limbs to either side of her she seems to be fairly stable in the water. Her feet sink, but with the extra air inside her bum, not enough that she might slide out of the floaty-suit.

She thinks 'Yes, it would be possible, but...' Many conflicting problems keep her drifting, still, as she considers. Surely, there can't be anyone around here to see her? It feels so exposed here, in the middle of the river, dense foliage rising from the banks to either side. She makes a hesitant move to touch herself, then halts before her hand even lifts out of the water - this is the first time she has been free to touch herself since the vine-induced changes. She knows her enlarged clitoris is much more sensitive than it used to be. What if... what if it is so intense that she becomes unable to resist, unable to control herself? She could become addicted to masturbating! It is bad enough, that she had been in the habit of performing these acts now and then. Yet those infrequent times did prove that she was incapable of resisting the lure of sexual urges. Proved that she was weak, and fundamentally sinful. Supposing she became completely unable to resist, ever? If her body continued to be as it is now, always aroused, and she became habituated to giving in to the need, what would become of her? She would probably... probably end up in some sort of modern day equivalent of those Victorian asylums for fallen girls. And what... she has no idea what sort of things would happen there, but even wondering has an intense effect on her, as the dark, murky half-formed thoughts make the hot tension in her body flare.

She shakes herself in the water. This is ridiculous! She can't go forever without relief, so the thing will have to be tried eventually. Might as well be now. Surely she'll be able to cope with any... with anything, at least until she can get professional help.

Just as she is about to move, to begin, there is a loud shrieking sound from the forest to her left, followed by a multitude of hooting, laughter like calls. For a moment she cringes, flailing and panicked, imagining a tribe of natives, and ambush, darts... Then the shriek repeats, and more hooting, and she realizes there must be a tribe of monkeys up in the trees, out of sight. But still, monkeys... she shouldn't care if monkeys can see her, but somehow she feels she must wait, floating motionless, till she drifts past and the hoots fade upriver.

Now a bird flies low overhead, calling in a long whistling cry as it passes her. Others answer from the trees. Laura thinks to herself that really, the jungle here is no noisier than

anywhere else. She is just focusing on the sounds more than usual, since suddenly they all seem to be directed at her. As if the whole jungle is watching her getting ready to play with herself. The idea of being watched is so shaming, but so arousing! Now she really cannot wait any longer.

Lifting one hand out of water to reach her pussy, she finds this makes her roll in the water. After some experimentation, she finds that the only way to remain stable is to lift both hands simultaneously, and bring them both onto her hips, to her sex.

Finally, she tentatively strokes the side of her strange new clit with a fingertip. The sensation is shockingly intense. As if someone has turned up the volume knob of her genital nervous system, way beyond anything she has felt before. It reminds her of how TVs look with the color control set to maximum. Otherworldly; almost painful to look at, yet drawing the eye. In this case, drawing her finger. She strokes again, and then again. She can feel the effect immediately, as her whole body shivers, the desire blossoming with every touch. Combined with the feeling of the air moving in her bowel when she tenses, it is all quite overwhelming. Overloading, strange. It appears that masturbation now is going to be quite a different thing to her past experiences. Then, her technique mostly consisted of rubbing on her clit with one fingertip. But now, with its greatly extended length and sensitivity, that doesn't work. Even though her clit is as rigid as a nail, her fingertip keeps sliding off it.

She finds that she has to grip it among at least three fingers, in order to stroke up and down its length. Yet the feelings are so intense, that she can only bear to touch it very softly with all three fingers. So she adopts a kind of surface grazing, barely pressing stroke action with one hand.

Which leaves her other hand feeling left out, sitting right next to her pubic mound for balance. She dips that one down into the gap between her legs, and pushes a finger inside herself. She feels very warm inside to her finger, compared to the cooler water. She slips another one in beside the first, and 'Oh! That's... interesting.' The river water works inside along with her fingers, giving her an unfamiliar feel of invading coolness inside her heated sheath. It reminds her of... when she visited... when she will visit...

As they had before, images of visiting her gynie pop up into her head. This time she lets them run, as she delicately strokes her supersensitive clit, teasing herself, building... Drifting along in the slow water here seems to be very conducive to daydreaming, as thoughts and memories mingle in a flowing river of images; a river upon a river.

Part 5

Drifting, almost motionless with the arms and legs of her improvised leather body-suit floatie cradling her nakedness in the placidly flowing water, Laura barely touches her supersensitive clitoris. She is thinking how weirdly aroused she has been feeling all today, and what she will do about her freakishly enlarged breasts and clit, once she returns to civilization. How she'll explain to her friends, and... her doctor.

What if this kind of strange non-stop arousal really does turn out to be something she has to live with all the time? Persistent, intense arousal... How would she even explain it to her gynie? He's such a reserved old fellow. What would he think? She never can tell what he thinks of her reactions when he's running those tests, even though she finds the whole thing intensely embarrassing. She's been going to him for yearly checkups ever since her dad first took her there as a teenager. If she changed now, like to a woman gynie, they'd never believe her story about the sudden physical changes due to the vine. No, she'll have to go back to her old one.

She still vividly remembers the first time she went. Soon after her sixteenth birthday, her father had explained to her that it was time she went to have a 'women's checkup'. He'd sternly lectured her that this was something all girls must do regularly, and that she must be completely candid with the doctor, who would keep whatever she said in strictest confidence. The man was an old family friend, and her mother had always gone to him, rest her soul. He told her she'd find the experience awkward, but that she mustn't worry about it - it was a medical necessity. She must do as Dr Prott instructed, and not give the man any trouble, or her father would hear of it.

The rest of her week, till the time of the appointment, had been a churn of mixed emotions and worry. She had only recently begun to experience some strange new feelings 'down there' (as she'd thought of the place between her legs.) She really didn't have any idea what they meant, and found them quite disturbing and distracting. She'd be busy trying to concentrate on the lessons of her tutors, or maintain her defense in a fencing lesson, or balance in gymnastics, and then there would be that disconcerting heated itch down there again, tugging at her focus. Perhaps there was indeed something wrong there, and the doctor could fix it.

She'd thought that would be a good thing, though she wondered how she'd go about describing the symptoms. Somehow, she hadn't been able to tell anyone about them- it seemed to make her feel flushed to even think about those feelings. Sometimes, just worrying about them would actually seem to make them happen - which completely confused her. What sort of illness could that be?

On the other hand, she supposed that the doctor might expect to actually look at the place in question. Heavens, how that thought made her blush! She could barely bring herself to look at it, in the bath. She couldn't remember anyone, ever, having seen it. She supposed someone must have, when she was little. But now, with the area hidden under a coat of recently grown dark fur, it seemed much more private and secret.

Strangest of all, thoughts of her impending visit to the doctor, and having to describe her problem, and show him.... there, would invariably make that hot itchy fullness return to distract her. It seemed to be getting worse too - now she'd find that somehow her panties would become damp, whenever that feeling occurred. Was she wetting herself? What else could it be? She even started to have trouble sleeping, with those troubling feelings becoming frequent enough to keep her lying awake restlessly tossing.

It was one such night, two days before the trip to the doctor, when she'd felt particularly uncomfortable, even aching, down there. She'd got up to go to the bathroom to try going to the toilet. In the bathroom, she'd turned on the light, then lifted her nightie and slid down her panties to sit on the toilet. As she squatted, her dark-adapted eyes squinting barely open in the light, she happened to glance between her legs, at the furry patch there. And froze, in shock. 'Oh!' she'd thought. 'What is that!?' She could see something red and shiny sticking out from between the slit there, where she normally avoided looking. It is only small, but it was never there before. Now she can see it, she realizes that a lot of the disturbing ache she can feel is coming from that scary red thing. So... there really is something wrong with her! Oh no! Some sort of growth, or something... How terrible!

She'd gone back to bed, almost in tears, worrying that perhaps she really was seriously ill. But fortunately, she'd been able to sleep soon after. Next morning when she looked again, the red sticking-out thing was gone, and she wondered if she had dreamt that scary image. Was it real?

The day arrived, and her father instructed her to wear "a simple dress my dear, and nothing fancy." She'd chosen a long, loose fitting white cotton dress with an embroidered bodice, covering her from its high neckline to wrists and around her ankles. Its only fault was a slight translucency of the delicate cloth, that required her to wear near skin-toned underwear.

He'd sat in the back with her, making small talk as the Bentley's driver took them into town. She'd often travelled overseas with her father on his trips, but the local town was a place she'd hardly ever visited. It seemed more foreign to her than Paris or Cairo. As she watched the view out the car window, listening to her father's chatter about the latest finds at a dig in Paraguay, her worries about the doctor receded. Even the discomfort of that persistent itch which had been present since she woke that morning, and her increasingly dampened panties seemed less worrying.

They stop in front of an Edwardian stone building near the town centre, and enter. Inside it is all dark wood paneling with an air of considerable history, apart from the anachronistic brushed stainless steel lift doors. Which her father ignores, instead leading briskly up the stairs to the third floor. Down a dimly lit corridor with the same styling of ornate timberwork, past various doors both titled and unmarked to another such door. Here a brass plaque on the wall proclaims "Dr J Prott, Sc.D., F.R.S.Ed., F.R.C.O.G., F.A.A.A.S., F.A.A., F.R.S. Professorial Fellow, Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology, Royal Women's Hospital." He pushes open the door, and Laura finds herself in a modern, brightly lit waiting room. A young woman, looking not many years older than Laura, with striking Japanese features and jet black hair reaching just past her shoulders, glances up from behind the reception counter. Laura finds her eyes drawn to a subtle reddish streaking in the girl's hair - is that natural? Or does she dye it?

"Good morning! Ah, Mr and Miss Croft, here for your appointment?" Her father nods, "Yes, good morning Hiromi." "The doctor is just finishing up with someone, if you'll take a seat he won't be long." Laura is surprised at the Japanese woman's accent - a strong American drawl, with barely a trace of anything oriental.

They sit, and Hiromi goes back to whatever it is she is busy with on the computer behind the raised counter top. Laura is feeling that itch back again, now that she is here, and moments away from... whatever is going to happen. She looks around, and finds a heap of magazines on a bench beside her. All of them featuring heavily made-up women's faces on the cover. She picks one up, wondering what they might be about.

Flipping through it, skim-reading here and there, she is astonished! It seems to be completely full of sensationalist trivia, without a single mention anywhere of anything important, or any sign of connection to significant events of the real world. 'What sort of people read this?' she wonders. People interested only in lipsticks, perfumes, gossip, and articles on how to make themselves look... like the pictures on the cover. She has to admit, some of those women do look very... um, glamorous, she supposes is the right word. But haven't they got anything better to do? There doesn't seem to be a single article on anything like archaeology, or any science at all for that matter, in the whole magazine.

She is just picking up another magazine, wondering if they are all like that, when a middle aged gentleman opens the other door in the waiting room, and ushers a business-suited woman out. Laura looks at her, and the lady gives her a smile. She seems calm, so Laura takes that as a good omen. Dr Prott hands some papers to Hiromi, and the woman signs a form, then leaves.

"Ah, Richard! Good to see you! And this lovely young lady is your daughter, Laura? It's a pleasure to meet you at last my dear. Richard has often mentioned how proud he is of you. And no wonder. Well, if you would come this way..." He holds open the door, and her father leads through, saying to the doctor- "James, I won't stay, of course. Have some things I must see to in town. Just came to do introductions." The doctor closes the door,

and motions them to chairs in front of his desk. This room is also in a modern style, and well lit. There are large windows along one wall, but with translucent white drapes pulled shut. Another section of the room is blocked off with a line of sliding curtains, now closed. Laura sits, but her father remains standing.

"Now Laura, remember what I said. It is important to do as James says, and be open and honest with him. No sense going to a doctor then going all shy! I'll be back later to collect you when you are done here."

He turns back to the doctor. "James, as you know, this is Laura's first examination. She's rather shy at times, but as we discussed, she'll have to learn to get past that. She's growing to be a woman now, and so I think the full routine is appropriate, as with Lady Croft. I'm sure you'll be as thorough as usual, and my business may well take some time so don't rush things on my account. When you are done, if you'll call me on my car phone, I'll return for her." He pauses, and Laura thinks she sees a brief, strange look on his face. "Hummm... I do have to be back at Abbingdon by six this evening though. So I'd hope any <ahem> extended procedures you may require could be completed before, say five PM."

The doctor gazes neutrally and silently at her father for several moments, then nods. "Very well. Good day to you then, Lord Croft." Her father exits, with one last firm glance at Laura before he closes the door. "Remember what I said now! I'll be expecting you to behave yourself young lady."

Floating down the river, naked, her fingers stroking teasingly at her sex, she says softly to herself "But dad, you never did explain what you meant by 'behave yourself'. I tried to be good. I really did. But I didn't know it was going to... to be so, so physical."

She has been noticing something unusual about this recollection. The details seem incredibly vivid and detailed, much more so than any other time she's thought about that visit. Why, she could even read the lettering on the doctor's plaque! She can recall exactly what people said, and how she felt, and thought. It's very strange... but quite fascinating. She wonders if it has something to do with her arousal now, or the disconnected floating feeling of drifting down the river.

In any case... she strokes her clitoris softly, its good-aching hardness reminding her of how she'd sat there in that room, painfully conscious of the mysterious ache in the secret place between her thighs, and suddenly realizing that this visit might not be the brief half hour or so she'd imagined. 'What? Five in the afternoon?! But it's still only ten in the morning now! What could...'

Her dismay is interrupted by the doctor. "Well Laura! Welcome, and please don't feel concerned. You look somewhat tense, but please relax. Now, since this is your first visit I'd like you to fill out this questionnaire for the files, and then we'll get started." He hands her a couple of pages of photocopied text. "Take your time, but I must stress that it's

important you do your best to answer all questions correctly. I have some paperwork to do too, so don't mind me. If there is anything you don't understand, just ask, OK?"

As he speaks she has looked him directly in the eyes for the first time. They are piercing blue, and seem to drill right into her. Somehow they concentrate her attention on his authoritative, smooth rolling words, and calm her worries. Shyly, she nods, and takes the pen he offers her. The first few questions were simple, name, date of birth, m/f, address, next of kin, height, weight, and so on. She'd begun to relax already - this seems OK - when she came to the first question that confused her. "Are you sexually active Y/N?" She wasn't sure what that meant, so couldn't be sure of her answer. She pauses, wondering how to ask him what it meant, and why the question seems to be making her blush.

After a few moments of indecision, the doctor (who has been discretely keeping an eye her on while he writes in a journal) asks her "What is the matter, Laura?"

"Well... I... it asks if I'm ... um 'sexually... active'. But... I don't know... what that means, so... I don't know." She feels like she must be stupid, but she did try to be honest. She looks at Dr Prott, expecting him to say something disapproving. Like her teachers when she makes a dumb mistake.

Instead, he simply leans back in his chair, with a sort of 'Ah!' look on his face, and interleaves his fingers, tapping his thumbs together. He is silent for some moments, then elaborates. "Ah." More silence. Then he shakes himself very slightly, and sits back up straight. Leans forward and smiles warmly at her, greatly relieving her nervousness. His eyes catch and hold hers again as he speaks warmly.

"Oh, I'm sorry Laura, I guess I should have made those questions a bit clearer. That one means do you have a boyfriend that you make love with. I expect the answer is no, or you wouldn't be asking. Don't feel bad about it. Those forms are usually filled out by people much older than you, who've had more experience of the ways of the world. Not your fault. I'd better help you with the rest of the questions too, since you may find some further difficulties there. You don't have a boyfriend, right?"

"N... no." She ticks the NO box, while wondering what 'making love' is exactly. The next question is even more mysterious. "Do you masturbate Y/N?" She hasn't even heard of the word 'masturbate' before, so is completely lost.

He watches her hesitating again. "This one... You don't know?" "No. Uh, what does masti.. masturbate mean?" She stumbles over the pronunciation, unsure how it should sound.

This time Dr Prott seems to find nothing unusual in her question. He starts into a careful explanation - but she finds his description very surprising. "Well now... some people, once they are sexually mature, develop a habit in which they touch and manipulate their private parts, to sexually stimulate themselves. Its generally considered a rather nasty habit, and one I'm glad you haven't taken up, by the sounds of it, right?"

"Their... their private parts? You mean they touch...?"

"Yes, between their legs. That's right Laura. So I expect that one is a NO on your form too, right?"

She firmly ticks the NO[] box, agreeing. Only why she is blushing so hotly, she has no idea. She fidgets in the chair, wishing her own private parts were not feeling so... uncomfortable.

"Hmmm, Laura, I think perhaps we needn't bother with the rest of those questions." He reaches out and takes the sheets back, just as she was wondering what "Have you ever had an STD? Y/N" might mean.

On her back in the river, with her hips shuddering in heat as she teases herself mercilessly, letting the aching need build ever so slowly, expanding to fill her whole body, she thinks what a naive young girl she was back then. She'd had absolutely no idea. Since her mother's death when she was nine, she'd grown up in a kind of 'girl stuff' information vacuum, as her life at Abbingdon exposed her to virtually no one but her father, the very reserved house staff, and her tutors. She really had begun to warm to the kindly old doctor, who seemed so warm and understanding to her. The next part of her visit had been comfortable too, as he'd taken her temperature, blood pressure, listened to her chest, felt her pulse, and so on, much as with a visit to any other doctor. All the time he'd kept up a distracting, reassuring chatter in that smooth voice of his. She'd found herself quite fascinated by that voice, and somehow his eyes when they caught hers, seemed to focus her whole attention onto the flow of his voice.

But then it had changed. Dr Prott had been jotting some more notes for a few moments as she sat, waiting. Then he looked up at her, and instructed cheerfully- "Now, next we need to examine your breasts. I see that your dress is a one piece, and you'll be needing to take it off later anyway. So could you please step behind the screen there and remove your dress. Undergarments as well."

She looks around, disconcerted, and sees that there is a folding screen behind her, that had been hidden by the door when they entered. Then his final words sink in, and she looks back at him in shock.

"Did.. did you say... my..?"

He looks back at her, neutrally. "Yes, your underwear. Or did you want to have to undress twice? You'll need to remove everything in a moment anyway, so better all in one go. You'll find it easier to get used to this way." He smiles, reassuringly, his intense blue eyes holding hers. "Laura, I understand you may feel shy over being naked, but here you are, at a doctor's, to be examined. Being embarrassed about revealing your body isn't really

helpful or useful, now is it? So... please..." He points at the curtained off corner. "Let's get on with it, shall we?"

She stands, hesitantly, and doesn't think she has ever blushed as hotly as she is now. Her father's admonition echoing in her mind, she cannot see any way to avoid this, and anyway, her feet seem to be carrying her to the screen before she can even consider the matter. Once behind the screen, the same process goes on - she can't really think of anything else to do but proceed as instructed. The flush of her face is so distracting, that she finds herself standing with her dress in her hands before she has worked out where to put it. There are no hooks or hangars inside the screen, only a chair just outside, by the door. Or she could throw her dress over the top of the quite high screen, which is too high for her to reach even on tiptoe. What about her underwear? She can imagine trying to toss them onto the screen top, and having them flutter down outside, as if she had deliberately tossed them over. Her blush becomes even more pronounced. She'll be walking out naked in a moment anyway... so she steps out, in panties and bra, to drape her dress carefully over the back of the chair. Turning, she briefly sees Dr Prott looking up from his writing, startled, as she ducks back behind the screen. For... the next part.

Resolutely, she quickly unhooks her bra, and slips it off. Then slides her panties down her legs and off as well. As she steps out, blushing even more fiercely and places her things neatly on the chair, she is relieved to see that the doctor is not looking at her. He's busy with something on his desk. It turns out to be an intercom, as he speaks.

"Hiromi?"

There is a pause, then a rather terse "What?" from the speaker.

Dr Prott snorts softly, amused. "If I may have your attention for a moment,

though I'm sure your translations are gripping, do you have any idea where the clothes hangers from the change screen might have got to?"

Laura sits back down in her chair, somewhat distracted from her embarrassment by this scene. There is a noise over the intercom that might have been an exasperated exhalation, then several moments of silence before Hiromi replies.

"Well I didn't move them. They were there before Mrs. Wilson came in this morning. Where did she get dressed?"

"I'm not sure... I was washing up in back. Perhaps she moved over to the couch to dress. Hiromi, could you be a dear and hunt them down? Miss Croft's garments are on the chair by the door."

He releases the intercom button, but not before a muttered "Motherfu" is cut off by the disconnection <click>.

The doctor was turning back to Laura, but freezes, half turned. After a moment he blinks twice, then completes his turn, to consider Laura silently for several moments more. He seems to be thinking of something else, not really seeing her. He shakes his head. "Tsk tsk. She does get so engrossed in her translations. I do wish she'd try to remember she's not in Texas any more. Such language! ... Where were we? Ah yes, the breasts. Now Laura, what we will be do..."

He is interrupted as the door to reception opens briskly, and Hiromi strides through, in tight blue jeans, black leather high heeled boots, and a loose fitting casual top. Laura cringes in shock, but Hiromi ignores her and slips behind the curtain dividing the room. There are sounds of her walking around back there, as Dr Prott continues. Laura finds herself trying to think about three things at once - what the doctor is saying, that Hiromi saw her naked, and strangely dominating the others - how very short Hiromi is, even in the high heels. She hadn't realized, with the girl sitting behind her counter top.

"Ahem.. What we will do, is palpitate around and on the breasts for lumps. This is a check every woman should have done yearly, to discover any possible tumors at an early stage. I'll have you lie down on the bench back there; it's quite comfortable. This check takes a while and..."

Laura finds herself distracted from the doctor's lengthy explanation by the return of Hiromi, who bustles back out from behind the curtain with some clothes hangers in hand. She looks right at Laura, and winks, mischievously and with a lovely smile, apparently fully over her annoyance at being asked to go fetch.

As she walks behind Laura's chair, Laura wishes very much that the chair she is sitting on wasn't an open-backed affair, with verticals only at the sides. 'If Hiromi looks towards me, she will see my... my bottom!' But she can't turn around to see if Hiromi is looking, because then she'd be even more exposed.... She cringes, trying to shrink herself very small. There are rustling sounds, and then clinkings behind her, then the sound of the door opening and closing, to more boot heel clicks. For some reason, Laura becomes intensely aware again of the itchy ache between her legs.

The doctor continues. "That's better. We wouldn't want that fine dress to be creased. Never mind Hiromi, she's a lovely girl, bright spark. Over here on a working holiday-Escape from Texas and all that. Place full of racists and rednecks, like a lot of the USA, you know. Good thing she's out of it. Going on to Australia next she says, for a year of beaches in summer, then skiing in winter. Lucky girl, don't you think? Funny sense of humor though. She mentioned quite seriously that she intends to hunt down some unwanted Australian admirer with dogs and assassinate him. Seems she's not a fan of his writing. Hopefully she was just kidding. Now, as I was saying, this check takes a while, and as I gather you are finding this all a bit worrying, I've a little exercise I'd like you to concentrate on to help you relax."

He stands, and walks to a join in the dividing curtain, holding it aside. "If you will please step this way, Laura?" He gestures, arm extended into the other space, his eyes locking hers with a direct and commanding gaze.

Once again Laura finds herself acting before she can work through the complexities of emotion she is feeling. She is standing, and walking towards the doctor while still preoccupied with that itch, and remembering that she should have to mention it to the doctor. And that... red thing. She is afraid to look down at herself, to see if it is there now. It feels like it might be. Dare she look? What if it is, and he can see it already? What if...

She finds herself being guided by the doctor's hand on her shoulder, to a waist high padded bench. The rest of the room barely registers, as he speaks. "If you will just lie down here, on your back please. good, thank you. Now, rest your arms by your sides... you'll feel much more relaxed soon. Do you see the crystal hanging there from the ceiling? See how it catches the sunlight, and the rainbows that swing round and round as it turns in the air. Rainbows are so restful, don't you think? I'd like you to watch the rainbows, and think about how they are the colors of the sun, all spread out. See them spinning, slowly, round and round... Just concentrate on the colors, and you will feel relaxed... You see... so relaxed... Now, I'm going to be pressing here... around your breasts, softly, like the rainbows, moving around and around, slowly, softly around the circle... you can let yourself drift, drift like the rainbows, just drifting, a little sleepy... rainbows and light, spreading out and feeling sleepy, sleepy and drifting away... calming, you are feeling yourself slowing down, circling, softly with the rainbows, drifting and circling, softly, becoming quiet, worries slipping away as you feel sleepy... the rainbows carry you into peace and calm... you are feeling so warm and calm, sleepy.... sleep....

Drifting on the river, Laura is finding that there seems to be some kind of dream within the daydream at this point. She can remember... it's odd, she doesn't now remember ever recalling that spinning crystal before, when she thought about that visit. She'd always thought he'd just spent a long time pressing her breasts all over, while chatting to her calmly. So calming, that although she'd been terribly embarrassed at first, she had quickly relaxed and lay here accepting everything that happened. Including that the feelings between her legs had grown even stronger with his touches on her breasts, and she'd seemed to become out of breath, and she'd found that her hips insisted on making small tensing thrusts.

But now... she can remember that there was more... as if he had talked to her for a very long time, as she lay there with the feel of his hands moving on her breasts. But she still can't recall more clearly. Just feeling a drifting sensation, much like now. She remembers also having an incredibly intense and urgent hot excitement, centered in her crotch, but also her breasts. So intense her breathing was coming in short panting gasps, and her hips tensing and flexing without her conscious control. Her memories of this interval, before,

were always brief and quickly moved on to latter events of that day. But now, she recalls the entire feeling vividly, as if she is back there again. God! The memory is so strange! She can feel how intensely aroused she was, and how intensely embarrassed, but also remember the strange kind of passive unquestioning mental state, that had her simply lying there, arms limp at her sides, staring up at the ceiling and the spinning crystal. Not even wishing she could do anything about the feelings in her body. Not wondering what they were, or why. Just feeling, the intensity blinding her, as if she stared unblinking into the sun.

And then he had her get up, and... no... wait... that was after... there was something more... that girl... Laura finds that something is drifting up in her memory, as if popping to the surface of the river like a bubble of gas from deeply sunken sediment. Something she has never recalled before. Something more that happened as she was lying there, semi-dozing. There was a time when the doctor wasn't near her... talking, but not talking to her... she can... remember... she just hears the voices nearby, as she stares up at the ceiling.... He was talking to Hiromi, a low even monologue... only a fragment comes to her.

"...deeper and deeper. So deeply asleep... You can hear my voice, and understand only my voice. You are sleeping and listening to my voice, and you will understand and what I say is true. You will always remember what I say, and do what I say, and be what I say and believe what I say to you now. What I say is you, Hiromi, are as good as anyone else. You are a strong, brave, calm person. All your anger and pain from your past, from the racists, from the fools, is melting away. It is gone. You feel calm, and happy, and strong. You enjoy life, you love life and yourself, your beauty *and* your mind. You have nothing to be ashamed of, no need to be offended by other's failings, no need to run away from people who admire you. You are confident and active, and working to achieve your goals in life, without anxiety or fear. You will understand when people admire you, that they admire you, for yourself, not just for your race, or gender or some other superficial attribute. You are you, and that includes both your race and sex, so you will stop expecting everyone to be interested in 'you', while ignoring part of what you are - a very fine looking clever Asian girl. You will be confident in yourself, in your strength and flexibility, and so be able to bend and adapt to others when you wish, without fear that you might break. You will not break, because you are flexible and calm.

You can listen to other's ideas and discuss them fairly, even if you disagree. Criticism will help you learn about yourself, it will not make you feel uncomfortable and want to shut the person out. There are a great many things and ideas in the world that you still know nothing of, and you will find learning new things a joy. People who tell you things you don't know are being kind, not trying to attack you. You will be able to listen, and consider the ideas, not dismiss the bearer out of hand. You do not need to wield absolute power over discussions on your web forum - let the majority take care of the nuisances for you. You are not Stalin, and you don't need to delete histories that you don't like. You will get a more interesting class of readers and posters, if you quit kicking out anyone who shows up with some spine and opinions that surprise you. There is no moral or logical victory to

be had by rigidly shutting someone out, simply for being different. That way lies only insularity and stasis. Allow yourself to be challenged by the unexpected, and the unexpected and wild will come to you, and help you grow.

And you will fucking stop swearing all the time, when it isn't appropriate. Especially not in my rooms or you will get your charmingly formed arse fired. Use swearing wisely, never automatically and not at people who are trying to help you out by permitting you to earn some extra cash by doing your own interpreting jobs on the side while working here. All these things you will remember deep inside. You will not remember that I told you these things, or anything else that happens here today.

But you will always know what I told you now, as part of yourself, part of what you are. Everything that happens here today with Miss Croft will seem perfectly normal to you, and you will assist me as required, as you would with any other patient. After you leave here today you will remember only that Miss Croft visited today for some standard tests, and nothing unusual occurred."

Laura is astonished at what she is remembering. Perhaps she is somehow making this up? How could she remember all that, even if it was real? And it feels so... strangely like some kind of... not a dream exactly, but... weird. It is so detailed, she can even hear the intonation. But it doesn't come with any sense of how she was reacting to hear it. As if she was just some sort of passive recording machine, lying there on the bench, panting with the heat in her body, yet unthinking, unjudging.

She never had recalled this before, she is sure. Now she has, if it is real, the whole episode becomes clear. Prott had hypnotized Hiromi! It's obvious now. That explains some things she remembers about Hiromi, later that day. Something she'd always thought very odd and unexplainable about her memories of the events.

Oh god... even skirting close to thinking about ...later... makes her want so badly to let herself come **right* *now**. She is feeling so hot it's amazing the river water isn't boiling into steam all around her. Her clit is so hard it pulses painfully with every heartbeat, and now she can stroke it with one fingertip, and it doesn't slip aside. She could come... just one firm stroke... but she resists, fascinated with the line of these revelations. Some freak of memory this is- who knows if it can be repeated another time, or even after she comes? She wants to know more of what happened that day. She lets a single finger barely graze across the tip of her hypersensitive clit, shuddering at the touch. Ohhhhh godddd..... She remembers now what he made poor Hiromi do next.

He had paused in his stream of words to the hypnotised Hiromi. Time seemed undefined in this memory, and she had no idea how long he'd remained silent. Then... "There is still the matter of your swearing on the intercom in the hearing of a patient. That cannot go unaddressed. Hmmm... Unaddressed or undressed... Hiromi, on awakening you will remove your boots, jeans, and panties. You will then go back out and continue with your

work at reception, naked below the waist. You shall remain that way the rest of the working day. You will be aware of your condition, and it will intensely embarrass you, but you will not want to or be able to dress yourself. You will not know why you do not, you will not even think about it. You will just know that today you are semi-naked at work."

"I don't expect any other visitors today, but if anyone does come in, remain seated and they won't know. But you will know. Also, whenever there is no one there, you will feel compelled to masturbate, but only to just shy of orgasm, at which point you will feel compelled to stop masturbating until you have completed another page of translation. Then you will begin again until near orgasm, and so on. When anyone comes in from outside, you will announce them to me as usual, then ask 'may I?' If I say 'you may' you will immediately masturbate to orgasm. You will remember for today that I have given you these instructions, and that you must obey them, but you will not know why you do. Once you leave at the end of the day, you will forget all about your semi-nakedness today too. Now, in a moment you will awaken and then you will undress as instructed, place your clothes on the chair by the door, then go to your desk. I will call you when I need you. You will awaken when I count to three, and you will not remember having been asleep. You are starting to come awake, one... nearly awake... two... and... three..... Thank you Hiromi, could you file these notes for me please?"

She remembers a pause, then Hiromi's voice sounding a little perplexed. "Sure doc. Oh! I almost forgot, I'd better undress now, just a moment." "That's fine Hiromi, if you do that over by the chair, I can get back to my patient."

Laura is stunned, in addition to being in near-orgasm overload. She'd thought Dr Prott was such a dry and proper old fellow. Seems she was greatly mistaken. She's lucky he didn't try anything strange like that with her! She wonders why he didn't, considering that he probably could have hypnotised her too if he'd wanted to. Maybe that he was apparently on such close terms with her father? In any case, he'd certainly been nothing but kind and correct with her, and gone to great lengths to help her feel as comfortable as possible through the rest of the day's quite lengthy procedures.

She remembers... after Hiromi left the room, still unseen by Laura, Dr Prott had come back over to her. He'd loomed above her, as she lay staring at the ceiling. This part she had always remembered, as near the very end of the breast exam. She'd been still burning with the heat she didn't recognise or feel any wish to change, when he'd placed his hands on her breasts again, clasping them firmly, kneading and squeezing.

He'd continued for some while, working repeatedly closer to her nipples, then rolling them between his fingertips softly for a while to check them, then returning to testing her entire breast mass for lumps. She always sort of recalled this bit, but now... there is a lot more clarity.

Gradually, as he examined her breasts so professionally, he started to softly remark on the colours of the crystal's rainbows, and she found her mind filling again with their steady sweeping orbits, and his smooth voice. "... and the colours, all around and inside you, filling every part of you, bringing

that feeling of yearning, that need that has your pulse racing, and your breath so fast, and your secret place so full of aching pressure and emptiness at once that you wish you could faint, but you can't, and it just goes on and on, as you ache for some way to find release, but you don't know how and you think you'd like to touch there to rub that itch, but you know you must not, and what if someone knew, and that makes the itch worse, and you are closing your eyes now with the feelings in your body so intense, closing your eyes, and you can't see the colours any more, the feelings are always so strong and demanding as you slip into sleep, into deeper sleep while you can still hear my voice, but the colours are wonderful pleasure and frustration at the same time and they work into every part of your mind and you know they will never ever really go away now, and you are asleep, deeply asleep, but your body stays so hot and excited, and in your dreams the heat creeps in, so you imagine your body, naked as it is now, naked and open and excited, discovered by others in its shameful need and wanting, and you know that they will do things to you that feel so good, and make that need and wanting stronger, and you wish they would. And wishing makes you ashamed, but even more excited, and you know they would know you wanted them to, and so they will, and you are drifting deeply asleep, and I'm going to count to three and on three you will wake and remember that you have been having your breast exam. You will forget that I gave you all those instructions, but everything I've told you will be still be there inside. You will feel so excited you can hardly bear it, but you will bear it, and we shall go on with your tests with everything normal and ordinary, no matter what you feel or experience, and in your deep, deep sleep you hear me counting, one... and you begin to awake, two... nearly awake, three..."

"All right Laura, your breasts seem to be perfectly healthy, you see? So that's done. Did you manage to relax for that? You seemed to almost fall asleep for a little while there. Feeling OK?"

She'd gasped, feeling that she'd just woken from sleep. She had thought... she had. Her body is on fire, with that same troubling heat she has felt lately, but oh so much more intensely now. Her hands clench, then circle restlessly by her sides, finally coming to rest palms flat against her thighs above her knees. She wants to stroke... something. Ohh... her hands rub up and down her thighs, fingers splayed. She is panting, as if she can't catch her breath. She can feel her whole body undulating, as if it wants... she doesn't know what. The doctor is still stroking her breasts, and that seems to be something like what she wants, as she finds herself arching up to press against his contact. She realises he asked her a question.

"I... uh... uh... I'm... OK.... ohhhh... hooooohhhh.... I feel.... hooooohhhhhh..."

"Ah, a little excited? The breast exam can do that sometimes. Next we'll do the pelvic inspection... but first.... I notice you have quite a prominent clitoris, currently erect. Here, you see? Do you know what a clitoris is?"

She'd lifted up her head to look down to where he was pointing, and discovered that his fingertip was nearly touching... .that... red thing poking out from her secret place again. For a moment she feels a flash of that panic she'd felt when she saw it before, at her toilet. But then the panic goes as quickly as it came, and she finds herself still looking at the thing between her legs, and feeling... only that same breathless excitement. Its all right, the doctor is going to tell her...

"Oh... uh.. noooo... I oohhhhh... don't.... ohhhhhhh.... I saw it ouuuhhh... before,

and... ouuuhhhhh was afraid it... ouhhhhhhh... was something ouuhhhhh wrong... with me."

"Hmmm.. No, no, it's perfectly normal Laura. Nothing to worry about. It will always grow firm and poke out like that when your body is excited, and you'll find that your body will often become excited as you mature. More and more often... and you will find yourself feeling urges and desires that become very strong... extremely strong at times, but it is best to resist them. You will find that the longer you do resist, the more intense the desires will become to relieve the urges. But resist... resist... you must think about how shameful it would be if someone were to find you touching yourself here, touching yourself and masturbating... you will think what might happen then... if you were caught. You'd be punished for being naughty, and do you know how naughty girls who play with their privates are punished Laura? They are punished here Laura... and here... where it is very, very shameful and exciting to be punished. In a little while, you will discover exactly how shameful and exciting."

As he says 'here' the first time, he moves his fingers to stroke along Laura's clitoris, which he manipulates briefly, before slipping his fingers down to press them against her privates below there. The feelings are like nothing she has ever experienced! A lightning stroke of intensity, of power, of roaring response in her body, that lasts much longer than his brief touches. Her body seems to become more breathless, and she feels that it wants those touches to continue. But she still remains calm in her mind, accepting the experiences as they come. The doctor knows best.

"You'll be most surprised. But of course it's all normal for an examination. Come along, stand up now, and step over here. Here, I'll help you. Up you get... that's it.. now this way... good, don't worry, its all normal and routine, you're feeling a little dizzy aren't you? Nothing to be worried about, come and lie down on this chair. Its comfortable, and see, it

has places to rest your feet... there, that's the way... comfy, yes? Just relax, let your knees fall outwards, that's right... put your hands here, and you are feeling very limp now, and your hands are falling limp on the rests, and they'll stay there until I say you can move them, and you'll forget about them as the sensations in your body seem so intense, and urgent, and you'll pay attention to them, and let them flow over you and all around you, all around and through you, as we go on to the next part of the examination, which will all be normal and routine no matter how intense the feelings grow."

She had been slow to rise when he first told her to stand, and he'd helpfully slipped a palm behind her shoulders, and his other hand cupping her breast, two fingers gripping her stiff-feeling nipple. He'd lifted her, and she had indeed been feeling quite dizzy and slow. Once she was standing, he'd led her kindly by the nipple over to something that looked like a very complicated chair, with all sorts of chromed and jointed bits sticking out, supporting various padded rests. Sitting herself down in it, she'd found that her body lay right back, and her feet lifted up and fitted into padded things much like fluffy lined boots, that come quite high up her shins. As he keeps talking to her calmly, she feels her ankles being gripped closely as he does something with the foot holders. They are quite warm and cosy. She lets her knees fall widely apart at his suggestion, while at the same time her feet swing even further apart. She thinks that she must be supposed to be spread so widely open like this, with her secret place very definitely not secret now. Or the doctor wouldn't have pushed her feet so wide.

"Now, you'll find that sometimes your body will want to toss around as we proceed, and you might fall off the chair and hurt yourself. So I'll help you by fitting a few straps, here, lay your head right back, that's right, and here... and here..." She finds that the head rest is quite far back, and as she lets herself relax back into it, she loses sight of her body entirely. He fits a wide strap over her forehead, and tightens it. She realises that even if she wanted to look at herself now, she couldn't. Next she feels another strap fitting over her chest above her breasts, and under her armpits. Then two more over her arms, just above the elbow.

"There now. Next, we tilt back a bit more..." The whole chair swings back, lowering her head, and bringing her hips and legs to be the highest points. The backrest changes shape too, with the portion under her rear dropping away somewhat, so her back is more arched. Her back tenses at the movement, and she finds that her hips have a great deal of freedom to move up and down. In fact, her whole torso does, except for the area of her shoulder blades, which are held against the chair by the strap over her upper chest. Her hips sink back to the rest. The fastenings on her lower legs seem to have become locked at an angle that prevents her from bringing her knees closer together. She realises that when her hips lift up, as they seem to want to do all by themselves, she is pushing her wide open secret place straight up into the air, where the doctor can see everything. And could touch...

She remembers that flash of intense feeling when he did touch here there. Her hips seem to remember too, and thrust sharply up all on their own. She feels very glad he is such a kind, professional doctor, even though this position is _so_ embarrassing, there's nothing to worry about. She is proud of herself for being very good so far, and determined to make no mistakes.

"All right. Now... since you seem to be entirely unaware of your sexual parts, a little instruction as we proceed. Just close your eyes, listen to my voice, and concentrate on what you feel. Relax, let your hips fall back, they are feeling heavy, and so relaxed, you don't want to lift them, you can't lift them, no matter if you wanted too, as you feel my finger parting your secret lips that are so swollen and hot and itchy with your excitement. You can feel my finger sliding in the slippery wetness, that is your sexual lubricating fluid, that will always be produced in large amounts whenever you are feeling even slightly excited. That slippery wet feeling, you find it so shameful, yet exciting to think of what it is for... which is to help fill the hot emptiness back here... you feel my finger going inside here... sliding in with your lubrication, deep inside... this is your vagina. Its purpose is to receive the male penis, which is typically hard, long, and thick.. much much more than my fingers. Here is a replica penis... open your eyes for a moment..."

She does, and in front of her eyes she sees his hand holding a strange, irregularly ribbed rubbery cylinder, with a bulging head at one end. It seems very large... She stares at it, blankly. Does something like that go inside her? In her... vagina?

"Close your eyes again. That's right, your eyelids are so heavy, you cannot open them. Concentrate on the image of that penis, as you feel my finger moving inside you, sliding in, and out... in.... you badly want to feel more... your muscles squeeze down on my finger, and relax, and squeeze, and that feels very good to you, but so very empty. You will find that whenever you are very aroused, your vagina will have such contractions, as it yearns for something inside. Something much bigger than this finger... Now, I'm holding my finger still, with only the tip inside you. Feel how frustrating that is! If only you could move your hips! And now I've taken it out... and you can feel the penis pressing against your lips, and you feel so empty inside, and all it would take would be one push upwards with your hips, and now you can move your hips, and you push, and there it goes, popping inside so easily and its so big and long, and you can keep pushing up and up, and there is more and more of it, filling you so deeply... so nice to squeeze tightly down on, as you thrust your hips up and down, that's it, push, and lower, push... there, that's right..."

She remembers how astonishingly good that had felt. So good she'd thought of nothing but to thrust her hips as he'd said. She'd heard some clinking noises that barely registered, then the penis had taken on a more solid feeling, as if it no longer shifted at all when she thrust herself up onto it. Even better!

"There! That's locked in position now. You will keep on pushing yourself onto the penis, as you are, for the next part of our examination. This time, we will be checking whether your

body's sexual reflexes can achieve orgasm via vaginal stimulation alone. Keep going, that's it, push, push... you'll begin to feel a kind of hot tension building inside... an urgency, a need to go faster and faster... this is expected... let it build, don't be afraid, it's all normal... You feel the sensation growing till you think you'll explode, but you won't, you'll just keep on thrusting... you find that you want more and more to cry out as your breath comes faster, as you want to scream with the tension... this is normal... you are unable to hold your cries... that's good! Cry out... push...."

Her memories of this part are so vivid! This is one part of that whole examination that has always stood out in her memories of that day. She hadn't known what to expect, but had become so totally carried away with the feelings, had been yelling and moaning so loudly, that she'd been quite unable to hear anything more that the doctor had said to her. She'd lost herself in the unbelievably intense sensations of that rubber penis, that had felt so huge inside her, as her whole body had wound up like some kind of spring driven thrusting clockwork machine, pounding away the seconds until... just as she believed she could not possibly stand it a moment longer, but her hips had kept on driving the penis in anyway... Her consciousness suddenly exploded with an all-obliterating chime of pure ecstasy. Her mind felt like a gong, struck in the pleasure centre with a huge hammer, her whole body shuddering in resonance to the ringing, unbearable, heavenly note. It faded slightly, then her hips gave another jerk, and the note struck fully again. And again... And again... She had no way of telling how many times it happened, as one who lies half asleep, half dreaming as a clock chimes midnight. In dreams, one cannot count.

Gradually, she'd become so out of breath that her own cries became faint, and she once again became aware of the doctor speaking to her.

"Well, that appears to settle that question satisfactorily. You are feeling calmer now, and relaxing, letting your hips drop back and rest. That's it, your breathing is slowing, but you still feel the head of the penis in your vagina, and you can feel a little of the tension remaining. You are relaxed, enjoying the glow from your orgasm. So relaxed, you cannot move your hips at all... totally limp, but still that need inside... I'll reposition the penis... so its horizontal, and sliding it fully inside... deep inside now, even deeper than you felt it before. Pushing hard up inside you, till you feel it push your womb. Lock it in place. There. You wish you could move, to feel it move inside, but you can't. You are so limp and relaxed, all you can do is squeeze your vagina on the penis, wishing it would move. There, just so.. squeeze... and relax, squeeze.. relax... How you wish it would move! It doesn't move... instead... it vibrates! Ah ha! That startled you, didn't it? But you are relaxed, this is just a normal examination, you are so relaxed that your eyes fall shut, but you are awake, and feeling everything intensely, as the penis throbs inside you, and all you can do is squeeze down on it, as you feel it exciting you again... forcefully, uncontrollably, irresistibly... you think you'd like to wait, to slow down, to hold it back. You try... try to stop the tension building. You tell yourself that its only a sensation, its your body, and you can control it... but you can't. That feeling keeps building, doesn't it? There's nothing you can do to stop it, once it's started. You can't make yourself even fight it any more. It becomes a driving need,

beyond your ability to hold back. I've told you that masturbation is a nasty, shameful habit, sure to get you into trouble once begun. Because it is an addiction - once you begin, the sensations take over your body, and you cannot resist. Feel that need growing, growing, sense the power of it. So hard to fight it once it gets a hold. Once your body's desire becomes so strong that it overcomes your will power and you begin to masturbate, you will find it overpowers your resistance, and you will be unable to stop yourself. You will struggle to stop, to hold off, to postpone the ultimate shameful abandonment of self control in orgasm. You will always try though, try to resist, to hold off, to stop. You will think of what would happen if someone discovered you in your shameful self-abuse. Imagine- you will never be able to orgasm quietly, and suppose someone heard your cries! What would your punishment be? Imagine! Suppose they decided to match your punishment to your guilty actions! They might administer the same as your naughty actions, but without the release! Imagine being kept excited, but always just short of that moment you experienced just now! An exquisite, delectable torment. Don't you think that would be a fitting punishment for a naughty girl? Feel that intense tension growing in you now... consider how it will be to be unable to relieve it. Or if you did not allow yourself to relieve it, when you are masturbating, and you know you should be punished for being so nasty, and so you imagine you are not permitted to orgasm."

In the years since, whenever she recalls this part of her examination she is amazed at how accurate doctor's Prott's good advice had been. He had warned her about masturbation, yet it seemed that in the months after that first visit her body's desires (as she had then come to recognise those feelings in her private places) had grown ever more insistent. It didn't help that she'd had the memories of the rest of that day's examination, and the multiple orgasms she'd been required to experience as the doctor gave her test after test.

That one with the vibrating rubber penis had continued on for a very long time. He'd spent most of that interval warning her of the addictive nature of masturbation, and how intense sexual desire could become when the body is overstimulated. He'd demonstrated by turning down the vibrations whenever it seemed that her body was edging up to the orgasmic peak. He'd wait a while till her moans quietened, and her breathing steadied somewhat, then he'd turn it up again. Around the time she'd started whimpering with desperation, he'd explained that another peril of sexual excitement, is that in extreme instances it can lead a girl to beg pitifully, and promise to do literally anything in return for relief. He'd proven that truth to her very effectively; before he allowed her another orgasm she had promised to give him her entire collection of *Archaeology Review*, to write him a twenty thousand word essay on the Morphology of Newts, and act as demonstration gynaecological model for his next lecture at the teaching hospital. It had turned out later that he was just kidding, though he'd kept up the pretence about the lecture for several weeks. Somehow he'd even had her dad going along with the pretence, and she'd really thought she'd have to do it, right up till the day of the lecture. Even then he only phoned to say he'd found a substitute for that day, and he might call on her to fulfil her promise at some future time.

family members, the servants, or outdoors. And combined with some standard chastisement such as a spanking or paddling. That's the sort of thing a young woman should worry about, when weighing her body's lustful urges against the likelihood of being discovered in the act. There is another factor too - when in the grip of sexual need, and torn with the conflict between guilt and desire, it is difficult to remember to do things like locking doors. In fact young ladies with such thoughts on their mind seem to forget details like door locks so often, that one suspects there is a degree of guilty subconscious desire to be discovered. Quite likely, since a decent young woman who has fallen into the habit of masturbation would naturally sense that her own willpower was proving insufficient to the task of controlling her urges, and that stronger measures would be needed. She'd be unable to confess her unsavoury practices to those close to her, thus leaving discovery in the act as her only hope of putting a stop to it. It seems as well, that desire for such discovery leads to a preoccupation with thoughts of its consequences, and heightened sexual tension and libido, thus further increasing the chance of discovery. Ah, but I see you about to endure your third orgasm ever. You'll notice over the next half hour that they will become ever more intense and all consuming. This sort of learned orgasmic intensity effect is"

She had burst into the cries of orgasm as he spoke, and he'd paused, waiting for her to finish. As she eventually did, gasping and sighing at the still-throbbing vibrations in her now very sensitive vagina. This one had hit her by surprise, like a blossoming fireball of heat that rippled through her body unexpectedly.

"Good, good, that's the way. You see how rapidly the desire returns! Well, as I was saying, this sort of learned orgasmic intensity effect is very pronounced over the short term. It also seems to have a significant lasting effect as well, where an episode of intense and sequential orgasms such as you are beginning now, actually conditions the body's nervous system to exhibit more intense and multiple orgasms overall. Of course, that will be of no consequence to you in the next few years, unless you were to succumb to the temptation to masturbate.

One thing you will notice though as a result of today's tests, is that you'll often experience quite vivid recollections of these new and intense sensations. I should warn you, that it is natural for such thoughts to be accompanied by a strong physical response. Do not be alarmed at this, it is expected. Human sexuality is a complex system, in which the mind and body are closely linked and interacting. Experiencing these feelings is part of adulthood, as are these tests to check that your body is healthy and functioning properly. Sexual arousal, and sexual desire, are integral and very powerful components of the mind's and body's reproductive imperative. Puberty is the time in which these physical and psychological urges manifest themselves, and a time in which we must develop the strength of will to manage them in a civilised fashion. With some shameful unfortunates, the desires grow to be greater than the available will, and masturbation is the result.

As for these tests, as I warned you, you will find that your mind will tend to dwell on the sensations. The physical desires are likely to be extremely powerful at times... you recall the promises you made to me a few minutes ago in order to obtain relief? I haven't forgotten those, of course! Regarding the demonstration modelling, I'll check with your father but I'm sure he'll be proud to permit your assistance. Anyway, my point is that once your body's adult sexual instincts are fully awakened, and typically these tests do have that effect, you will find yourself becoming quite intensely aroused at times. The accompanying desire for sexual activity will typically be at least equal to your need earlier today; in which state the mind can generate intensely sexual and fantastic imaginings in its subconscious attempts to overcome your civilised willpower, and have you masturbate yourself to orgasm. Your dreams particularly will tend to develop a theme of sexual imagery, since in sleep your conscious will is virtually absent.

Frequency and duration of such arousal episodes, awake or asleep, depend on the individual, time of month, and factors such as inadvertent physical stimulation, friction with clothing, exercise, and so on. Quite often it can occur entirely spontaneously. Its not unusual for arousal to be quite persistent and distracting on a daily basis, so don't be alarmed if you find yourself experiencing this. This is just something young adults have to cope with on their own, difficult though it is.

It is considered incorrect to discuss such feelings, or matters such as these routine gynaecological tests, in polite company. Just not done. That is what we doctors are here for, after all!

In any case, I understand your father Lord Croft has very high academic expectations of you. So you'll have plenty to keep you busy, and distract you from the desires of the flesh. Certainly I'm sure you'll be too busy with your studies to have time for boyfriends! And especially, most definitely, no boyfriends until your father permits it! That's very important Laura. No boyfriends, until your father gives you permission. You'll remember that, and you won't feel even interested in any boys until he gives you permission. No.... Ah, another one already? Very good! Impressive!"

It impressed her too, though she could have done without it. She'd had the bell, and the wave, and the fireball... this one seemed more like a freight train. She sensed it approaching, she was tied on the rails, it hit with enormous force, and just kept on rolling over her till she dropped away into blackness, still yelling at the top of her voice.

When she came round, she discovered that consciousness didn't appear to be a prerequisite for arousal, since her body was already well on the way to another orgasm. This time Prott said nothing, and soon she was screaming through her clenched teeth again. He was right, it was more intense. This time she didn't quite pass out, but then neither did her orgasm seem to quite end. It just tapered off, then began building up again, her whole body still tingling from the last peak.

That was the last she clearly remembered of the 'multi-orgasmic' test. The rest was always a blur of jumbled memories of nearly continuous climax.

The next thing she can remember clearly is an awareness that the vibrating penis > cold, since I just now took it out of the refrigerator. Open wide! Heh. No not your mouth, I was joking."

As he speaks, she feels something very cold press against her sex, and begin sliding in. Its *very* cold, icy! It goes in deeply, and then she feels it twist around, rotating, then expand forcefully, stretching her. He is seated on a roller chair between her widespread thighs, and bending over, close to her no-longer-so-secret place. Into which he seems to be shining a strong flashlight, who's light she can see reflected on the ceiling above her still strapped down head. Every time he moves, she can hear the chair rollers on the hardwood floor. There is a soft touching sensation deep inside her, somewhere past the still cool pressure of the metal instrument holding her open.

"There, that's the swab done. We send that off to check all your little cells in here are happily doing what they are supposed to. Which I'm sure they are, by the healthy colour. Now, next we have another sexual response test, only this time I'll have you do some muscle exercises as part of the test. Just a minute..."

She hears some clinking sounds, and a rustle of paper. Then something touches her inside again. It presses firmly against her depths, then there is a sharp sensation of sliding, and whatever it is seems to have slipped into somewhere even deeper.

"Good. Now Laura, that is a tiny sensor probe I have slipped up into your uterus. In the lead up to orgasm, and during, the uterus exhibits various reactions which this probe detects. The probe is connected to a little control box down here, which will be monitoring the test. It also can tell how hard your vaginal muscles squeeze down on this spreader inside you... now, I'd like you to try really hard to grip tightly on that... as hard as you can... come on Laura! I'm sure you can do better... There, good! You see, can you feel it give slightly when you do that? Its spring loaded, and measures how hard you squeeze it. Now a couple more things, and we're set."

With her head strapped back, she can't look at any of these goings on. But now the doctor draws something large from somewhere under the chair, and holds it up above her body, where she can see it in the bottom of her field of view. It looks like a large square board, with a concave padded recess in one edge. As he quickly fits it over her waist, and she hears it click into place, that recess turns out to press closely around her waist. The board makes a kind of partition, separating her into an upper and lower half, with a barrier in between that she can tell her arms could not reach around. Then he undoes the strap over her head, and her chest and upper arms, so her torso is now entirely free. Smiling down at her, he pats her reassuringly on the shoulder.

"There, you'll find that more comfortable. Feel free to move around as much as you wish during this. The partition is just so you can't accidentally dislodge the sensors. Now, the best for last..."

He walks around to between her legs again, and there are more cloth or paper rustling sounds. She feels his hands slip something under her rear, and slide around to her front. After some more slidings over her hips and thighs, there is a feeling of an elastic tightness, like a band, around her waist and down the junctures of her thighs and stomach. Then another tugging, and suddenly something soft presses down on that spot he'd called her clitoris. She can feel that hard little projection worm slickly into whatever he is working down onto it. Then he lets go, and the feeling of her very sensitive spot being enveloped in something pressing against it remains, as if it is attached to whatever he has wrapped around her body. Impulsively she moves her hips, but the harness or whatever it is moves with her, and so does the thing on her clitoris. She shakes herself harder, but it still hangs on, hardly producing any difference in the sensation of being clasped there.

"Yes, that little thing is fixed on pretty well, and you can move as much as you like without disrupting the procedure. I'll explain how this goes. There are two exercises I want you to practice during this test. The first, is for you to practice carrying out a breast examination for yourself. You should do this regularly, as a precaution. You mustn't feel shy or inhibited about this, its most important to check for unusual lumps quite frequently. Better to catch them as soon as possible! As you've noticed earlier, manipulation of the breasts can be quite arousing, but that is something one has to bear for a good cause. In any case, it's very rare for breast contact alone to induce an orgasm, so one can't consider this to be a form of masturbation. Now, I want you to take both hands, and work around one breast as I did earlier. Don't be shy... that's a good girl. You recall how I covered the entire breast systematically, with particular attention to the area around the nipple, and the nipple itself. So, I want you to continue practicing that. This will be a fairly lengthy test, which will be quite distracting. If you can keep up the breast exam practice most of the time, you'll find it will become second nature to you - an easy thing to do in your private moments."

At first she'd been hesitant to squeeze her breasts as he'd done. It was something she'd never ever done before, in the couple of years since her breasts had grown from nothing. She'd been quite self-conscious about them, and although her father had arranged for the house staff to purchase suitable bras for her, that at least held them firmly for her sports exercises, she'd mostly tried to ignore them.

With her fingers pressing deeply into her right breast, and rotating around, she'd been surprised to find the sensations quite... interesting. Perhaps it was the very odd feelings still coming from between her legs that overcame her inhibition in front of the doctor, but she'd quickly switched to circling her breast with both hands, and squeezing it outwards, working down to the nipple as he'd done. It was quite nice...

"Very good Laura! Now, as you continue, I'll explain the major component of this test. There are actually several forms of orgasm. So far we've ascertained that you can experienced vaginal orgasm, and next is the clitoral orgasm. In addition, we'll be establishing involvement of the vaginal musculature, via a little exercise for you. Now, when I turn this box down here on, you'll feel some fairly intense sensations in your clitoris. As with the penis simulation, if everything is working right you'll find yourself becoming aroused, and approaching orgasm. Only this time, to achieve orgasm, you'll need to squeeze down on the vaginal spreader as you did before. When the box registers that you are not squeezing as much you could, it will taper off the clitoral stimulation near the point of orgasm. As I've shown you, that can be quite frustrating. The little box has some clever circuitry, and will vary things throughout the test to keep it from getting boring. Oh, and as it seems you are quite athletic, I've set the squeeze threshold fairly high."

Without further fanfare, she'd heard a click, and then the most amazing sensation flooded her mind. The thing on her clitoris simultaneously *buzzed* on that spot, and seemed to *suck* down onto it, drawing her bud tightly into that enveloping softness. She'd gasped, and tried to sit up, her hands flying downwards to try and clutch at herself, and pull the thing away. Too intense! But her hands met that barrier, and with her waist held firm she could only half-sit. She desperately worked her hands against the board, trying to somehow bypass it, but it was impossible. She let herself fall back, panting, fingers splayed, pressing on the board. The vibrations on her clit intensified, unrelenting, as the feeling of suction reversed, then sucked back onto her.

"Oh, I forgot to mention. There are pressure sensors on the board too, and pressing on it makes the stimulator actions stronger, so long as the uterine sensor determines you are not approaching orgasm. Best if you just concentrate on your breast exam practice, eh? Now, there's something I must attend to. I'll leave you to it. The box will keep you occupied."

And so he did, and so it had. As he walked away she'd barely noticed, so intense were the feelings pouring into her from that little point between her legs. At that time she'd been unable to believe anything could feel so utterly overpoweringly pleasurable. Now, floating down the river with her ultra sensitive and ridiculously overgrown clit throbbing stiffly out from her swollen sex, she knows that feeling well, and her finger's delicate touch replays the feeling amplified. Her daydream breaks up into a jumble of thoughts - her annual appointments with Dr Prott, and the many different test procedures he's performed for her over the years. But each year, he always has her do that one again, with the clitoral stimulator and vaginal sensors. Now she wonders how he'll be able to fit the stimulator over her new clit, expanded to several times it's former size by the effects of the vine venom.

She recalls vividly how that first time she'd struggled to cope with the intensity. How she'd taken long minutes to learn that stopping pressing on the board really did result in the stimulation level on her clit dropping back to something more bearable. How she'd found

that nothing she could do with her hips made any difference - she could beat them back and forth in a frenzy, or simply collapse motionless, and that pulsing sucking hum on her clit kept right on dishing it out to her. It was when her body had quickly risen to panting, pulse-pounding pre-orgasm, and the stimulator had suddenly faded to agonising inactivity, that she'd found herself remembering to practice her breast exam. Her hands seemed to find her breasts almost of their own accord, and she wondered if perhaps breast exams could be done too forcefully. As her hands gripped and twisted at a breast each, she finally also recalled that she was supposed to be squeezing her vagina. It turned out that she did have to exert quite a lot of effort before the box would be satisfied, and allow her to achieve orgasm.

In her memories the events from this test were always quite confused. The box was able to stimulate her to a level of excitement so close to orgasm, that she literally could not think to do anything other than struggle to clamp down hard enough and often enough, to convince the fiendish device to not fade away her pleasure over and over again as she edged into the final instants before release. Whatever the doctor had placed inside her, it worked perfectly to detect her exact level of excitement, and infallibly judge the precise worst moment to pull back. Then, once she had grown desperate enough to exert the extreme grip the thing wanted from her while it held her hovering at the edge for agonising long minutes, it would decide to let her come and suddenly, unexpectedly buzz into high power, flinging her mind off into the stratosphere of pleasure and holding her there in mindlocked orbital ecstasy. Eventually, as she came down there would be a few minutes of relative rest, while the thing on her sex dropped back to a very light massaging action. Then she'd begin to wind up again, and it would start all over.

It was from those few moments of resting clarity, that first visit, that she recalls the surprising events with Hiromi and the doctor. They are a series of images and short sequences that lie in no particular order in her mind. Each one occurred in a few moments between her intervals of being far too occupied to notice anything beyond the feelings in her own body.

There is the time she lay her head to one side, panting in exhaustion after a huge orgasm, and saw Hiromi lying naked on the examination bench Laura had first lain on, her legs up over the doctor's shoulders, as he, trouserless, pounded his hips against her raised bottom. As he drew back, Laura could see a fat fleshy rod in the space between them, that disappeared into Hiromi's sex as he thrust forward. Both of them were panting and huffing, and Hiromi's hands were clutching at the doctor's hips, pulling him into her with each thrust. Laura had watched briefly, before the buzz on her own sex had picked up and driven her back into eyes-shut panting heat.

Some other moment, Laura had opened her eyes, looking up, and found a naked Hiromi standing next to her, with the doctor also naked and hugging the Asian girl from behind, as he kissed and nibbled at the side of her neck. Laura could hear him whisper in Hiromi's

ear. "She is so beautiful when she comes, don't you think? And so noisy. I look forward to the sound when I let you come."

Another image, again with Hiromi up on the exam bench, but this time sideways on her knees with her head down on the bench, so her arse faces to the side. The doctor this time is fully dressed, and standing with his face pressed against Hiromi's arse. He seems to be kissing her rear, as he also fondles her cheeks. He kisses one side, then the other, then holds her cheeks apart and presses his face into the crevice of her arse. He hums "HMMMMMMMMM..." and says, muffled. "Ahhh Hiromi. You have the most stunning bum. Such curves, such a delicate rosebud. The whole world should see this perfect arse!" Laura, the heat in her sex rapidly exploding again, remembers turning away from this mysterious scene, confused.

Then there is the time she had lain, eyes closed, panting from her exertions, and she'd heard that sound of the roller chair again nearby. She'd opened her eyes, and seen the doctor, naked, sitting back in the chair, with Hiromi sitting on his lap, facing him with her legs either side of his waist. She is wearing her top, but naked below the waist. Her face is screwed up in a grimace of pleasure or pain, and her hips rock as she holds herself tightly against the doctor and moans softly. His hands are under her top, running up and down her back, as he leans his head forward and gently bites on her ear, whispering. "Absolutely dying to come, aren't you? Well not yet, my sweet little motherfucker. Later. Hmm... I do hope you find someone who can make you happy, some day."

She remembers other moments of quiet between her episodes of frenzy, when she'd looked around the room to find herself alone, no sign of the doctor. Sometimes she could hear some movements from beyond the dividing curtain, other times there was only silence. Silence and the feel of the thing between her legs softly doing the job it did so well, and building her temperature up again. She really has no idea how many times that thing had cycled her through the peaks of ecstasy. Many, too many to count, even if she had been thinking of keeping count. She hadn't even been aware of when he'd turned the thing off finally. She'd just found herself coming up out of another orgasmic daze, to realize the thing had been removed from her, and the doctor was lifting off the board that had prevented her from reaching or seeing down between her legs.

"Well, Laura, I must say you did very well on that one! Outstanding! Your father wi.. would be most proud of you! Now we're nearly all done, just one more little lesson in a while, before your father arrives. But first, I'm sure you are quite tired after that, so you can take a short sleep to recover. You're feeling tired, aren't you! So tired, you're drifting off, deeper, your eyes are so heavy, closing, drifting and you can hear my voice as you drift deeper, deeper asleep...."

She certainly had been tired! She'd been very glad to be given the chance to rest for a while, and had dropped right off, just as he'd suggested. The nap had done her a world of good too, for the next thing she knew he was shaking her shoulder gently, and she woke

up feeling very wonderfully clear and rested, with a kind of tingling glow all through her body. She was still lying back in that chair thing, but with her legs and feet now resting together and free on a padded extension of the main body, something like a dentist chair. A soft cotton blanket lay draped over her up to her chin. It must have been quite a long sleep, since the sun had shifted entirely off the window drapes, leaving the room much dimmer. It felt like late afternoon. Doctor Prot leans down over her, smiling warmly as he looks into her eyes for a long moment, seeming to study her carefully before he speaks.

"Ah, you are awake. Feeling rested now?" She nods. "Good! That one can be exhausting. Now, a few quick words on hygiene. I understand you have been having your periods regularly for a while now, Correct?" She'd nodded again, shyly. "Your father mentioned that the staff has been providing you with sanitary pads so far. What we'll do now is show you how to use something more convenient, called tampons. I gather that you have pretty much avoiding touching your sexual organs. That's good, however there are things for which you must learn to put that taboo aside. One is tampons, which are a kind of absorbent pad placed inside the vagina. The other is cleanliness, and washing."

He holds up a small, white, cellophane wrapped cylinder. "This is a tampon. Here, take it." She holds it, cautiously. "Now, open the wrapping... see the little tab there... right. Now, the string has to hang outside your body, since otherwise extracting the pad would be awkward. Especially once it has swelled up a bit. All right, now.... oh, here, I'll remove the blanket. There. Now, knees apart, that's right. You'll need to reach down with your other hand and spread your labia - that's the lips there - apart. Correct. Now, hold the tampon by the string end, and push it into your vagina... A bit lower down, there, OK. Push it right inside, one finger will do, but keep hold of the string. A bit further, yes, that's correct. Now, let go. Feels comfortable? The length of time it will work for depends on the volume of your flow, but its best not to leave one tampon in place for longer than half a day. Now, pull it out by the string. No, its not stuck, just pull a bit harder, when fresh it tends to absorb your lubrication and resist a bit. There, easy. Oh, and don't dispose of them down the toilet, they play havoc with the sewage treatment system. Bin them. There, beside the couch. Well, those are tampons. I'll mention to your father that the staff should provide those from now on. I'm glad to see too, that you've overcome your shyness. There's absolutely nothing to be ashamed of in the insertion of basic sanitary items. Unlike, say, objects like this, which are designed purely for sexual gratification. You recall I showed you this before?"

From somewhere he has produced that same replica penis she had last seen held in front of her face before it was used to bring her to a series of orgasms. The sight of it again now sends a surge of heat through her body, especially her vagina, and she gasps softly in surprise, squirming slightly.

He holds it steadily in front of her, considering her as she looks at it. This time she has more time to examine the detail of the model. It fascinates her, and as she stares she can feel her pulse speeding up, and her sex feels like it is literally swelling and growing wetter.

She realises her thighs are still resting widely apart, and she brings them together, ashamed of the way she is reacting to the sight.

"No, spread your thighs again Laura. Here, take this in your hands and feel it." She doesn't want to do either, but finds herself doing both anyway, as if her body has a will of its own. The thing feels strange in her hands - a kind of rubbery softness on the surface, with an inner rigidity. It feels even larger than it looks. She remembers vividly how it felt, being pushed into her, and her hips give a small thrust upwards at the memory.

"This is called a dildo, and women who masturbate will often use things like this, or really any object of a suitable size, on themselves. Of course as I said, masturbation is a most unfortunate habit. However, I did notice that when placing the tampon just now, you seemed overly cautious about inserting it deeply enough. So I think it would be useful for you to just this once, explore for yourself the actual capacity of your vagina. Best way for you to dispel such concerns about tampon insertion. You'll find that your sexual instincts are responding to the sight and touch of a penis replica... as I can see. Strong aren't they? But don't be concerned about that. Can't be helped. Just don't get carried away. Sure, you can feel it all over. This one is actually not an average dildo, but a quite accurate anatomical model. Though, they never could get the foreskin exactly right. In real ones the loose skin behind the head there rolls forward over the head when the penis is not erect. Not so much when erect, so the model isn't far off. Its resilience is rather well done I must admit. Ha! Yes, that's the control for the vibration, and no, real ones don't vibrate. I think for your instruction in a moment you'd better leave the vibration off."

He'd let her play with the thing for a while longer, feeling the way the skin on the shaft felt like it slid over an internal hardness just below the surface, while the head was more like a firm spongy cushion with a kind of even resistance to pressure as she squeezed it in her fingers. All the while her thoughts had been whirling around the idea that he was going to have her push the thing into herself. Her body was greeting that idea very eagerly, yet she had no idea how she'd be able to bring herself to do such a thing. A thing which seemed so wrong, so shameful! Doing it with the doctor present... impossible!

"OK, I guess you've got the feel of that. Now remember, this is just an exercise. Laura, hold it by the base and press the head against your sex, just at the entrance to your vagina. Don't push it in yet."

She surprised herself - without hesitating she'd done exactly that. She'd found herself lying there, that rounded bulb nestling slightly into her lips, as her hips undulated up and down and her hand held the dildo steady at her entrance. She mouths a breathy kind of growl, as her left hand, lacking anything else to do, expresses the power of her reaction by clutching at her upper thigh. He was right, the feelings are very strong. She finds that instead of having to make an effort to do as the doctor orders despite her shame, she is actually wishing her hand would push that thing inwards. Yet it doesn't. He didn't say

anything about her hips though, and she rocks them urgently, sighing at the feel of that roundness pressing at her entrance.

He stands considering her for long moments, thoughtful. "Hmmm... I wish all my patients were so enthusiastic. All right. In a moment you can push it gently in, as far as it feels comfortable. Observe it as it goes in, and watch how deeply it goes. Here... I'll adjust the chair so you can see better... The vagina is remarkably elastic - you'll find you can twist the dildo around quite a lot with no discomfort at all. Also try pulling the dildo entirely out, then reinserting it firmly. You should repeat these exercises as necessary, trying different angles if you like, till you feel yourself become confident at this. That will definitely allay your concerns about inserting tampons. Meanwhile, time for me to go and phone your father. I'll be back in a few minutes. Oh... I almost forgot to say... You'll find your body will react to this exercise in a sexual way. Can't be helped, its pretty much an automatic response. Just stay calm, don't be discouraged by that, and remember Lara, if you find yourself becoming overly excited and about to orgasm, simply pause until orgasm doesn't seem imminent. I wouldn't want to feel responsible for having caused you to develop a taste for masturbation! Begin now!"

He walks away quickly, and disappears behind the screening curtain. When he adjusted the chair, he'd raised the back and headrest up so that she is lying with her torso curved, and head tilted forward so her chin is nearly resting on her chest. With her thighs spread, she'd found herself for the first time ever, looking directly and closely at her spread-open private place. The view astonished her. She'd had a fairly vague idea that her sex consisted of a plumply curving slit, surrounded and partly covered by her dark curls. The only other thing she'd seen before, was that little pink-red stub which he'd called her clitoris, which poked out from near the top of that slit when she was aroused. But now... she beheld something far different. Firstly, all her hair was slicked down tightly against her skin, glistening wetly, and doing nothing to hide anything. Most shockingly, the folds of skin she'd thought of as her slit were thickened, and stretched apart by the bulging head of the dildo in her hand. Open, they revealed another set of finer lips inside, also spread apart by the dildo, and of a much darker red colour. Where those came together towards her front, her clitoris was standing stiffly out, pulling the juncture of those inner lips upwards.

The view both mesmerised and shocked her. So much more complicated than she'd expected, and so... so... she groped for a word... so *_primitive_*. Yes, that seemed closest to the feeling the sight gave her. Primitive, in the ancient, powerful sense. The sight of that bulbous head on the dildo, pressing into her there... she could feel an intense, instinctive urge looming in her mind, to push, to thrust, to make that shaft penetrate herself. But it looked so huge, surely?... Still, it had been inside before, and felt... well, it had felt very good.

All these thoughts had flickered through her head in the moments between his raising the chair back, and him starting to walk away. She'd been so wide-eyed that she'd stopped paying attention to his words, and it only registered that he'd left as his footsteps retreat

behind the drape. She is just trying to call back his words, and consider them, when her hand acts. It pushes the dildo into her vagina with a strong thrust, and the feeling of that thing sliding deeply into her arrives at her mind simultaneously with her understanding of what he'd told her to do.

Lying on her back in the river, Laura quivers at the memory of that first thrust by her own hand. This sequence from her initial visit to Dr Prot has always been a perfectly clear, vivid memory, and she could not count all the times she lay sleepless in her room at Abbingdon in the years after, recalling that sensation, and battling against the feelings that always arose in her body as if summoned by the memory. She was so ashamed of herself, that so many times she'd eventually lost that battle. She still is today, even if recent events beyond her control have put her in a situation where her body's needs are seriously interfering with her escape. 'Oh goddddd!' She moans to herself, floating, as her hips shudder and her fingers tease her unbelievably rigid and sensitive enlarged clit. She wishes she had a dildo here now. The memory of that filling thrust always makes her feel so enormously empty inside, and now, with everything else, its as close to unbearable as she's ever felt. But... a little bit longer... this time she is recalling so much more of that visit, and her curiosity is strong - was there anything else she didn't recall before?

Besides... those minutes alone there on the chair left such a powerful memory, and for some reason this time everything she recalls is so unusually intense. She is already so unbelievably horny, and thinking of that time has always made her nearly lose her self-control. Nearly! She sighs, admitting to herself that actually, to her shame, it has more often than not had exactly that effect. Even going so far as to act out the whole scene with the dildo, letting herself imagine that sitting up naked in her bed, propped on pillows and using some improvised penis substitute in herself, she was back in the doctor's rooms, obeying his instructions again.

What a shameless young girl she was! Perhaps it was something to do with losing her mother, and not having anyone close to talk to about such things. She'd always felt so guilty afterwards, hating herself for her weak will for days.

Today, in the river, she remembers how as she'd grown into her twenties she'd become more able to control herself, and such regrettable lapses had become rarer. But never entirely absent, even though as a mature adult, she should have been capable of that. She thinks that here, now, would be a good moment to demonstrate to herself that she can control herself, and master this troublesome memory once and for all. Yes! She decides that is an excellent idea! She'll play right through the dildo memory, without letting herself come. Just to prove that she can. And... and to punish herself for all those times she was weak. Yes! Then she'll explore the remainder of the Dr Prot visit memory, and only when

she is sure she has squeezed every last drop of new recollection from it... _then_ she'll let herself come. So she can get on with paying full attention to her journey.

Preparing to let herself sink back into the dreaming, she opens her eyes and looks about. Everything seems much the same. She is still in the central current, in a wide, slow reach of the river. Some way ahead the river appears to bend, but shows no indication of any change in overall grade. Just a bend. Nothing that needs her attention. She drifts on, recalling. Still teasing her sex deliberately, carefully, savouring the quite agonisingly needy heat of her body. She'll show it who's boss...

Her mind had been filled, stunningly, by the feeling of that fat shaft thrust into herself by her own hand. She'd gone sort of blank, just a slate on which the sensations of her body and the image of her sex being penetrated by the dildo were writing over anything she might have tried to think or will. She wasn't even consciously making her hand do the things it did. Something was though. Her hand would push and twist the shaft in her, making her grunt with the depth. It would hold it deeply in her, and stir it around in a mixing motion, or rotate it, and thrust in and out with long, deep strokes, each time pulling the head fully out of her sex then plunging it back in. 'Firmly', just as the doctor had ordered. The closest she'd come to any kind of coherent thought was a kind of interested attention to how very much of the dildo could fit inside her, and what a good idea this was since those tampons seemed a much better thing than messy pads. She was glad that the doctor was showing her how very accommodating her insides were.

This memory had always gone on much like this, just her watching and feeling the effects of her hand using the dildo to explore the (very exciting) limits of her insides. But this time, she is aware of something else, something that had been so peripheral at the time, that it hadn't registered at all. Way over on the edge of her memory she can hear... the sound of the doctor walking in the other room. The scrape of his chair pulled back. A series of muted telephone dialling tones, followed by the ring tone, clearly on speaker. All the while with that rod stirring around in her, it's sensations about a million times stronger than the faint sounds. But she concentrates on them this time, gripping this new fragment of memory tightly. A voice answers.

"Hello, Richard here." "Ah, lord Croft, its James. We are about done here. Another half an hour would be good timing, if that is convenient for you?" "Errr... why, yes, that should be fine. All well?" "Oh splendid! Very, very fine young lady you have there. I'm sure she'll do you proud. Takes after her mother - very receptive." "Good, good. I do miss her." "A tragic loss indeed. Still, on the bright side, now you can indulge yourse..." "cough!" "Don't worry, phones and all that, I know. Well, anyway, the package awaits your attention. Have you decided when you'll look into the matter?" "Ah... I was thinking about two years. I'd rather enjoy the uh, package in it's existing condition for a while. I'm sure time will fly, and I will enjoy... um the present arrangements. Your work is always first rate." "Thank you. Oh and do be here on time if you can." "Oh?" "You'll see. Surprise. Ah, just get Hiromi to buzz me,

and I'll bring Laura out." "I'm intrigued. Very well. Half an hour. Good day to you." "Good day." There is a click, then silence.

At first Laura had been intrigued to discover this new footnote to her memory. Its very hard to give it much attention, while wrestling with all the other raging feelings of the memory and her present state. For one thing, there's a streak of perverse excitement in discovering that while she was lying there naked on the doctor's chair, filling her vagina with a large replica penis, she'd also been unknowingly listening to her father's voice. Something about that makes her excitement flare even hotter, and she has to cut back on her touches lest the need overcome her. All the same, it doesn't seem to mean much. Arranging his return time, something about some business of his the doctor knew of, and nothing else. Was there? Oh wait... two years... Gee. He'd probably never got around to whatever it was, since he'd died less than two years after that day. Poor dad. She hopes he did get lots of enjoyment from whatever it was he'd been talking about. Still, now is not the time to feel sad about her father. She thinks 'not that it seems to have had any effect on this damned horny body of mine! Ohhhhh Fuuuuck! Uhhhh! Thats sooo intense...'

She lets the memory play on. How fascinated she'd been at the way her reddened flesh had pulled in and out with the dildo as she thrust it in and out. How she'd been producing so much of that lubricating fluid, that her bum had begun to slide around on the slippery wet leather of the padding under her rear, as she squirmed. The doctor had certainly been correct - this exercise did make her get very, very excited. She'd been too blank to think about it then, but when later recalling those minutes she'd always been mortified to realize that she'd been moaning and huffing so loudly that the doctor must have heard her. She wished she hadn't done that- she must have sounded much the same as she had during the orgasm exercises he'd set earlier. She hoped he didn't think she was masturbating. After all, even though she wasn't really in control of herself, she had still been good and done as he'd said. Her hand had slowed down the thrusting as she'd felt herself nearing another of those orgasms she'd had so many of earlier. He hadn't said anything about not twisting about desperately, clutching at her leg and stomach with her left hand, and generally writhing with the sensation of being so near to orgasm. That had seemed to go on for many minutes, with her hand somehow having more will than she herself, to slow down and speed up, always keeping her safely just short of that orgasm.

It had ended when she suddenly felt the doctor's hand on her shoulder, and he spoke to her. "Very good Laura, that's enough now. It looks like you got the hang of it OK. Here, I'll take that, thanks." Her hand had obediently pulled the dildo out of herself and handed it to him. He'd put it somewhere out of her sight, and then instructed her to rise. "Come along now Laura, your father is on his way and I still have to show you some personal hygiene pointers before you dress. Up you get..."

He'd taken her hand - the one that had been holding the dildo - and she'd stepped down off the chair onto very shaky legs. She'd also stepped into a barrage of sensations quite new to her, as he led her across the room. Once again she seemed to be operating on

automatic, as her mind struggled with thoughts and feelings that entirely saturated her concentration. Layers of feelings, so many that she was overwhelmed with them. Primarily, there was the impact of suddenly finding her desire, her closeness to orgasm, her pounding heartbeat and gasping shortness of breath still present, while utterly unaccompanied by that wonderful fullness and movement of the dildo within herself. Somehow concentrating on that deep probing, on the sight of the thing thrusting into her sex, had cast her feeling of need as a totally pleasurable experience. Now as she walked, feeling so empty inside, every aspect of her body's state seemed a torment of intense frustration and mortification.

Her clitoris was standing stiffly, aching hard, between the lips of her sex that felt extraordinarily swollen and slippery. No longer parted by the dildo, they pressed in against her clitoris and slid against it with each step. This sensation so stunned her in her first few steps that she looked down at herself to see what it could be. The sight didn't help - her sex, hair damply plastered to her skin, her lips looking every bit as swollen as they felt, and her clit poking between them. She could even see her lips slide back and forth as she swung her legs.

The same feeling of slippery rubbing emanated from everywhere down there. It felt like the crease between her bottom cheeks had been oiled, and her cheeks slid against each other the same as her sex. When her thighs brushed together, those too felt wet and slick. She grappled with the idea that all that wetness had come from inside her vagina - it seemed so humiliating!

With her mind in a whirl she hadn't even realised that he had brought her to a stop. She only became aware of her surroundings again when he placed a finger under her chin and lifted her head, to face him. She felt herself flush crimson, seeing him looking at her quizzically, and realising in a flash that she had been standing on the spot, gazing intently down at her sex as her buttocks flexed and tilted her hips with the intensity of the feelings down there. With him lifting her jaw, she also realises that she'd had her mouth open in a round 'O', breathing heavily through it.

"Well Laura, it would appear that in addition to your fine figure and generously developed feminine charms, you have the mixed blessing of a highly responsive sexual physiology. One prone to unusual persistence of those responses too, I observe. Quite remarkable! Still, don't let it alarm you, it is rare, but certainly not abnormal. I'm glad you came in today; it can be most distressing for a young lady to enter this time of their development, unaware of the nature of the new feelings they find themselves experiencing. Not knowing that such desires are normal, and simply to be borne with patience, can lead girls to the most distressing and shameful habits, in their ignorance and uninformed attempts to relieve the needs.

Of course, I understand those needs can be extremely trying and awkward at times. For instance, you'll certainly find that your body's reaction to today's procedures will persist

unabated for several hours, at least. But don't let it worry you. It can be difficult to socialise in this condition, I'm afraid. But not impossible. Just pretend your rosy cheeks and perked nipples are from the cold, and try not to dwell overly on whether those around you are guessing how you are really feeling. Use a tampon or pad when your secretions might be a problem. And that brings me to our last topic today - genital hygiene."

Although as usual his voice transfixes her attention, and holds her eyes firmly on his, she has become more aware of her immediate surroundings. She hadn't noticed before, but there must have been some kind of alcove or back room, equipped as a large bathroom in which she now found herself. The wall behind Doctor Prott was all tiled in white, and so was the floor. There was a counter top, sink with wide mirror and toilet to one side, and off to the other side an area like a wide, open-plan shower. Within a low tiled step, the floor sloped down to a central drain. Overhead, a shower rose. On the wall, taps and a flexible water spray head. But incongruously, in the middle of the shower area sat another medical looking reclining chair - this one all shiny stainless steel tubular frame and minimalist cream coloured padded rests.

"As I was saying, you don't best not be always worrying yourself over what people are thinking about you. Now, you'll no doubt have noticed that along with the secretions of sexual arousal, there is a distinctive scent... no, there's no reason to blush about that here. Ha ha! Someone is making a lot of money from all the air freshener we gynaecologists buy! Ahem..." He pauses, then startles her by reaching between her legs and wiping his fingers casually along her sex, from rear to front. She feels them sliding wetly in her fluids. He brings them up under her nose, while holding her eyes with his. She feels compelled to obey his cue, and sniffs. Her blush redoubles, as the warm, musky odour she's been aware of all afternoon gels in her mind as her scent.

"It's quite distinctive, isn't it? Very telling. So, now I'll have you hop up on the seat here, and we'll quickly run through how to wash yourself thoroughly there. Up you get. And lay back, let your legs relax apart, that's right."

Once more she found herself seated, her back and head propped up to make a panorama for her of her widespread sex. He reaches for that flexible shower spray on the wall, and begins adjusting the taps as he points the spray away from himself towards the floor.

"Of course, I'm sure you have always been careful to wash yourself everywhere. What I want you to practice now, is a more complete wash, getting into all those nooks without being squeamish about it. Here, take this. Whoops! Careful, I'd rather stay dry, thanks!"

She was still grappling with the intensity of her body's arousal, and had taken the spray rather clumsily. She quickly points the strong spray away as he steps out of the shower area and walks over to the sink. As he continues speaking to her he begins to wash his hands, half turned to face her, still holding her gaze.

"Your father will be here in just a few minutes, but this is a quick thing anyway. I want you to use your other hand to spread your labia apart, and in a moment direct the spray closely into your sex. Run it up and down, while you make sure every part gets a good wash. Oh, and if we had more time it might be better to wait till you have cooled down a little before we do this, since you'll find the sensations quite powerful. Normally, the unavoidable stimulatory effects of a few minutes careful attention with a spray will be easily borne. Considering your present state though... well... you've already had your prescribed orgasms for this visit. So Laura, you understand, no more! Its unfortunate that you'll find it difficult, but remember what your father said - you must be a good girl and do as I say. Don't have another orgasm. I'm sure you'll be able to avoid that, no matter how strong the feelings become. Now, begin. I'll instruct you from back here."

Waiting, listening to the doctor, with her fingers holding herself wide open down there and the spray hissing loudly onto the floor beside her, she'd had a feeling this was going to be something memorable. She was so... so... excited. She didn't seem to have calmed down at all since the moment when the dildo had gone from inside her, and the thought that another orgasm was close filled her with expectancy. She'd loved the feel as her fingers spread her swollen lips just as he'd said, and the anticipation of feeling that hard spray right there sent shivers along her tensing body. When he'd instructed her that she wasn't to orgasm again, she didn't know what to make of it. Confusion, and an odd feeling of abstraction, and then... before she could think more, her hand brought the spray to her sex.

Electric! Her whole body jerked taught, lifting her back from the seat, and forcing a sharp breathy grunt through her throat. All possibility of thought ceased. She fell back, limp, groaning "Ahhhhhhiiiiiiiiieeeee! Ohhhhhhhhhhh... Oooooooooohhhhhhh.... uhhhh...." Yet her hands seemed to have no trouble holding steady, still parting herself and targeting that needling spray at her most sensitive parts. "Oooooooooohhhh Gggggooodddd! Ohhhhhuuuhhhh.." She could feel herself hurtling toward a massive orgasm, the tension building rapidly, and somewhere a trace of panic joined the storm, as that part of her garbled mind struggled to fight it, to be good... She tried to struggle up, to sit up, to bring her legs together, and make it stop. His voice...

"No, just lie back, keep your legs spread. It's a simple hygiene exercise, Laura. Nothing to get upset about, just a normal practice wash... Don't fight the feelings, let them wash through you... don't worry, you won't come, I'm sure. I'm sure you won't come Laura, no matter how intense... that's right, good girl, play the spray up and down, up and down... as you feel your orgasm always just beyond where you are, because you mustn't come this time, not here today again, and the tension and need is building, building, way past the point where your orgasm hit before, but now it doesn't and you just get more and more wound up as the spray works right into you... As it jets against your so sensitive and throbbing clitoris, and you are not going to have an orgasm now, not going to, not going to... No, don't hold your breath; breathe, that's it, breathe deeply, keep washing yourself... you feel like you are going to faint, but you don't, you breathe deeply, let the feelings in your sex flow through you.... glowing, intense, so much pressure but there is no orgasm to

release it... you feel like an aeroplane, going through the sound barrier, faster and faster, past the speed of orgasm, faster, twice the speed of orgasm, faster... once you are high up here you can fly forever, holding that feeling, holding back that orgasm, flying... good, just keep on like... Oh, hello, there's the buzzer. Keep on with that Laura, I'll be a moment."

She wasn't thinking about anything at all by then. Now, floating down the river, she shudders with intense arousal as she always does when remembering this part. This time she is finding it much clearer than in the past, yet she can barely grasp at his words, she was so deeply into an extreme sexual trance that day. She has always been astonished that somehow at his suggestion she was able to avoid an orgasm. That state she entered is somewhere she has never been able to reach again, or ever wanted to. It hurts her mind to even think about how it felt. She recalls that he went away, leaving her there at the mercy of her own determined hands and that spray. She was crying and gasping loudly, and couldn't hear anything beyond her own heated sounds. At some time after he left, he returned.

"Well, time to go. How are you doing there? Good, good... One other thing quickly, before we end this washing practice... here... let me guide your hand..."

Through the veils of her clouded, overloaded mind, she feels his hand grip hers around the sprayer handle. He seems to do something to the sprayer, and then... The needling changes to a solid, pulsating jet, that pummels her sex. His hand guides hers lower, and suddenly that jet thrusts up inside her, beating at her inner heat. The water is just above body temperature, and she can feel its warmth sluicing around, pulsing, in there. Sensations far beyond her ability to deal with, in her present state. They just pile on, adding to the impossible weight of sensory overload. If she was a camel, her orgasm would have broken long ago. She has gone limp, collapsed.

"There... it's best to wash inside regularly as well. I'll mention to your father that your bathroom should have accessories such as this. Now... I'm afraid you'll have to rush and dress now. Here's a towel, up you get. Yes, you may feel a little weak, I expect, but nothing that will stop a strong, healthy young woman like yourself! There you go! ... My, we are in a daze, aren't we! Dear me! Look, your father is outside in the waiting room, and is apparently in something of a hurry. You finish drying yourself, I'll get your dress."

He leaves her, slipping around the corner into the examination room. Then returns a few moments later with her dress on a hanger, as she is still uncoordinatedly attempting to dry her legs.

"Ready? Good, just slip this on, here, let me help..." He guides her fumbling fingers in fitting it over her head. Vaguely she remembers her underwear, and makes a hesitant, questioning gesture in the direction of the other room. She is still panting, and too clouded to form the words.

"Oh, no time. I've put them with some other things to give your father today, don't worry about them. The dress is fine, quite demure." He turns her around, and does up the buttons between her shoulders for her. "Come along." He takes her by the arm, and steers her as she staggers along. What she is still feeling is so powerful she can barely stand up. The sensation of that water pulsing inside her still echoes around in her consciousness, searching for some exit. There is no exit, no relief, from a body that feels like it wants to explode.

As Doctor Prot guides her, he chatters cheerfully on, his words barely registering in the blizzard of heat that is her mind. "You did very well today Laura! Very well. One hundred percent healthy young woman. Its a pity we had to rush a bit at the end, but that's life. Never enough time, eh? Hmmm... yes, looks like you've built up quite a charge there. Splendid effort too, very well done to not get carried away. I'm afraid you'll find it will take some hours to wind down though. And um... I should mention there's some possibility you may experience a spontaneous orgasm in the process. Well, I must be honest, its actually very likely. One or more, in fact. Once you are sitting down, and your body wants to relax." As he walks her, he holds her wrist, clearly taking her pulse. "Hmmm... remarkably persistent. Exceptional. Well well. You know Laura, there are a small minority of women for whom sexual arousal simply cannot be relieved or abated other than via orgasm. For single girls of high morals, this can make life most awkward... most awkward... I wonder if you may be... no... perhaps... Time will tell."

Passing his desk in the outer room, he picks up a plastic shopping bag. As he lifts it she can see that it contains a box of some sort, plus her underwear and shoes, clearly visible through the translucent plastic. He continues to steer her on, to the door to reception. Opening it, he guides her unsteady path through, before him. "Richard! Sorry to keep you waiting. Still, here is your lovely daughter, all done. Absolutely top notch shape, fine young woman. Hiromi, it won't be necessary to do the usual paperwork, thank you."

Laura remembers that as they entered, Hiromi was looking very flushed and disconcerted, while her father was sitting opposite, with a wide grin. An expression she rarely saw on him. He jumped up, while Hiromi made herself busy with papers on her counter, clearly making an effort to establish her routine. She'd begun to pass some to Doctor Prott, who'd waved them away, and Hiromi, thrown off balance, was left with her original look of discomfort. Strangely, in her recollections Laura does not recall being aware then that Hiromi was probably naked from the waist down, and perhaps... my goodness, was that why her father had been grinning like that?! Had the doctor really made Hiromi have an orgasm in front of her father? It couldn't be possible surely! Her father had never seemed to her like someone who'd grin about such a thing. A respected academic - he'd surely have been shocked, or at least embarrassed? If he even noticed. After all, later... But although she shivers in anticipation of reliving that difficult memory, she stops herself from getting the story out of sequence. Back then in reception she'd been nearly completely oblivious of her surroundings, so hot did her body and mind burn. Yet now, as

with the whole sequence, her dream is casting up unexpected details she's never recalled before. This conversation...

"Never mind James, I assure you the wait was entirely enjoyable. That was very kind of you! Is it...?"

"All there. Here you are." He passes the shopping bag to Lord Croft. "Some of Laura's things too. Shoes... is the car outside? It's all carpets to the foyer. She's quite... tired. Take the lift for once, seriously."

Her father had held the bag up, considering its contents through the thin plastic, then gazed at Laura for a few moments, thoughtfully.

"Yes. I see what you mean. Well then, the lift it is. You know, I think that will be a first for me."

"I believe it may be. You should take it easy Richard. A man your age should learn to relax, and let things come... as they will."

Her father had looked as close to startled as she'd ever seen him. She didn't understand why he'd found such a homily surprising, but then her father's conversations quite often seemed to be at some tangent she didn't understand. He'd glanced again at her.

"Errr... really? But James, I never rush things. Perhaps its you who is a little too ambitious at times?"

"Nonsense Richard! Nothing changes, really. But fate often makes mockery of our slow old plans. Something about grasping nettles occurs to me, but it's a very poor analogy. Besides, I thought you were in a hurry, remember?"

"Ah, yes, of course. Well then, thank you again. Good day to you, Hiromi. Laura my dear, do you need assistance?"

She'd taken a moment to react to the question, then shaken her head, no. Internally, she was occupied with her own version of hell for clocks - the feeling of being wound up near to exploding in a hail of small parts, but nothing ticking.

Somehow, she'd managed to walk with her father down the corridor, step into the lift, stand there, and walk out of the building. The car was right out front, and she barely noticed treading across the pavement in her bare feet. The driver had seen them coming, and held the door for her. She had slid across, and was settling back in the plush seat as her father got in after her, when she first perceived a difference in her state. Not so much a change in her hyper-wound-up state itself, but an increase in her own ability to perceive anything at all beyond the sensations of her body. Now she lay back in the soft leather she should have been comfortable. Instead, she became more aware of how very many ways

she was not comfortable. As if a dam of consciousness had broken, she realised... she was naked under a very thin dress. She could actually see the dark patch of her pubic hair through it! What had the others seen? Her breasts, swaying unsupported beneath the cloth, and her rigid nipples pressing obvious peaks in the embroidery. Beneath her, the feel of dampness already making the cloth cling to her as she fidgets. The incredible, unbearable aching swollen throbbing between her legs, that remains all tangled up in her mind with images and sensations of the dildo thrusting inside, the water spraying on her overloaded clitoris, and that pulsing jet of water blasting into her depths. The feeling of being somewhere well past the point of orgasm, but unrelieved, unbearably pent up, near to the point of fainting from the intensity.

The car had pulled out into traffic. With the result that now her nipples were being teased as her breasts wobbled under the embroidered bodice with every dip and curve in the road. More stimulation. Somewhere, she could feel something shifting. Something to do with relief, and orgasm, and her unspeakably pulsing and puffy vagina, and utterly humiliating herself in front of her father.

BUMP

Ouch! That hurt! Her eyes fly open as she feels her side impact solidly on something in the water, which slews her around rapidly, scraping along the something. It turns out to be a large rock jutting up, and the further bad news is that the water is pouring around it with a noticeable wake, rapidly. She pushes away, and paddles to reorient herself, while peering ahead. To find very, very bad news. The river has developed a scary case of the rapids, and not far ahead actually degenerates into very turbulent white water. 'Shit!' One shore has gone very steep, nearly a cliff line. The other is jumbled, but definitely her only choice. She breaks into a frantic backstroke, struggling to cut across the current while there is still a chance.

She hits two more rocks as the flow speeds up, but each time manages to ward off them with her boots, intensely aware of her naked skin and the roughness of the stone. Finally, with only a few tens of meters to go before the main current sluices steeply into a series of drops, she manages to reach shallow water and dig her heels in. Standing, she staggers the rest of the way to shore, uneven footing under the turbulent water threatening to drop her back into the current. Here the shore is an assortment of large monolithic boulders, and she clammers out of the water between two, and up onto the flat top of the higher one.

Surveying ahead down the river valley, she is dismayed. She can see the end of the section of rapids, but it is some distance away, and lower. There is clearly no way she is going to be taking the river express down those rapids, yet the riverbank looks hardly more

inviting a route. Very jumbled, with no clear easy passage. Meanwhile, her body is feeling equally jumbled. She can barely concentrate on slipping the leather floatie suit's embrace, for the demanding ache between her legs. The scare with the rapids didn't have any effect on her arousal - her clit and nipples still feel as hard as those rocks she bumped into. Her vagina... she recalls that part of her day at the gynie again. Sitting in the car, going home, feeling utterly empty, with her mind filled with memories of fullness - that's how she feels now. That memory always has the same effect on her. Only now she has these oversized breasts, and ginormous clit and nipples, with their achingness scaled to match.

She finishes rolling up her suit, and packing it into her backpack. No point trying to convert it back to wearability for such a relatively short leg of land travel. She stands again, lifting the water-heavy pack to her shoulders, and sets off. As rapids go, these are small. But they will take her hours to bypass. She won't be getting to the village today. Or coming anytime soon - not if she wants to be sure of getting back before Vance and his cronies. No time to waste on pleasures. She sighs, wishing she'd not put hers off so long on the river. Thinking of her vow to wait until these recollections have run through to their end. Which now will not be till after she gets back to the river.

Part 6

Scrambling over the tumbled boulders of the riverside, Laura begins her bypass on foot of the cascades. She had thought this would be time consuming but relatively simple. However in only the few minutes since she began, some unexpected difficulties have developed.

The least of her problems is that while drifting in the river she had become so used to the feeling of her air-inflated insides, she had forgotten about it. Once she began to walk, her body quickly reminded her whenever she bent or twisted in clambering over the large boulders. She found that while standing upright her inflated bowel didn't seem to be able to expel the large volume of air she'd blown into herself. Not anywhere nearly as easily as she had originally managed it while floating in the river on her back. The result now was a quite distracting and awkward bloated feeling, only lessened gradually each time she managed to produce another sizable fart. At least, she muses, one benefit of being alone in the jungle is feeling free to fart loudly and repeatedly without fear of social disgrace.

She had expected to have some awkwardness finding a route along the jumbled, descending riverbank, that was reasonably clear of pointy vegetation. Mostly naked, with only her boots and gaiters for protection to her upper shins, and the backpack which she could use as a shield of sorts, she definitely did not want to encounter any kind of thorny tangles. Fortunately, it turns out that by staying near the water's course she can progress by a series of boulder climbs, interspersed with sections of pebbly flats and low weedy foliage that is mostly only up to her calves. The river clearly floods frequently enough to scour away any significant vegetation before it can grow large or dense here.

Instead of having to battle with foliage, she finds her worst difficulty is a hindrance from her own body. For despite the scare of nearly being dragged into the grinding whitewater rapids, despite the discomfort of her extremely windy gut, despite the strangeness of naked rock climbing, and the need to concentrate on her movements lest she slip on the spray dampened and mossy rocks and injure herself (which could mean her death, here), she is dismayed to find that her body maintains the exact same aching, powerful, attention stealing state of sexual arousal as she'd been marveling at during her drifting reminiscences of her gynie visit.

On the river she had deliberately teased herself, astonished at the intensity of sensations from her vine-altered clitoris and breasts. Somehow her dreaming recollection of past events seemed much more vivid as well, whether due directly to the vine venom, or to her wildly boosted sexual feelings, she didn't know. Then, the intensely demanding need of her frustrated sex as she teased herself, had formed a perfect counterpoint to her reminiscences. Anticipation of the orgasm she would soon allow herself made the frustration more of a pleasure than drawback.

Now those same feelings are proving seriously distracting. Her rigid, enlarged clit stands straight out, with its relatively unchanged clit hood stretched tightly around the thickened base of the almost penis-like organ. Only unlike a penis, the entire body of her organ is super sensitive to touch, achingly engorged, and pressed on either side by her equally engorged labia. The result is that merely walking is an autoerotic experience, and the greater movements of her thighs required for the frequent bouldering sequences, produce far more unwanted stimulation.

Those sensations by themselves are constantly tugging her attention, and making the business of rock scrambling very difficult. Not only is her concentration off, but the muscles in her thighs and hip seem to be reacting on their own accord to the heat in her sex, no matter how hard she tries to control them. When she is carefully balanced, and reaching for a new foothold, it is extremely disconcerting to feel that slither of labia across tingling clit, and find her hips humping on their own, repeating that slick friction of swollen flesh. In some particular positions the effect is rapid and automatic, rather like the reflexive jerk of a leg when the kneecap tendon is tapped. With each jerk producing another sharp jolt of sensation, her pelvic muscles break into a repeating stutter she finds impossible to control other than by changing position to break the feedback loop. So far she has been lucky, and this hasn't happened while she is in a dangerous climbing situation.

Even worse, in the same way that parts of her body are beginning to rebel, so is her mind. She is trying to concentrate on getting past this river barrier as quickly as possible - both to minimize lost time, and also so she can get back in the river and finish her uniquely enhanced recollection. And also... she had made a resolution that she wouldn't let herself orgasm until she'd finished running through that memory. A resolution made to prove to herself that she was still in control of her body, regardless of the bizarre and very obvious physical effects of the venom.

Yet she hadn't quite finished that recollection, when the rapids forced a halt. She had been very close to the end, and very close to letting herself come. At that point, once she reached the safety of the riverbank, she still very, very badly needed that orgasm. Yet she determined to stick to her resolution; the importance of proving to herself that even with her amplified sexual needs, she can still control herself. To prove to herself that she won't become a compulsive, out of control masturbation addict. Admitting to herself that there was a small chance she might lose control for a while once she did allow an orgasm, just seemed prudent and realistic. Better to put it off till she had passed these rapids. Just in case.

She'd expected the intensely distracting arousal and desire to diminish as she walked. Yet it had not. As if her body's responses were on some kind of mechanical ratchet, there'd been no reduction at all. Even more worryingly, there seem to be other ways in which she

is not herself. Such that she begins to suspect the venom may have affected her mind as well.

For despite her best efforts to focus on the task at hand, her mind's thread keeps picking up that memory again, of the late afternoon drive home in the car with her father. Every time her sex thrusts it's demanding ache into her attention as some movement tickles it, there along with the sensations comes that memory again. The trouble is, the sensations she remembers feeling back then in the car are so similar to what she feels now, that the two experiences bind closely together, one inevitably summoning the other. She can't decide if she'd 'normally' be thinking like this. Sometimes she does think about sex a lot. But this seems so compulsive...

In her memory as now, she had been desperately in need of the relief of an orgasm, with her body wound up past all previous experience of neediness. Both then and now, she struggled to hold off having that orgasm, greatly fearing its consequences. In the car she had been sitting, flushed and short of breath, closely adjacent to her father. Now... she is alone, but fears the implications of an orgasm overcoming her own resolution. She fears, barely daring to admit it, that she is not herself, her mind is not her own.

Back then, settling in the car, she had only moments before been experiencing the thrusting of a large dildo in her vagina, followed by the experience of penetration by a pulsating water jet. Sitting there in the Bentley's plush upholstery, her mind had been literally jammed with an overwhelming sense of the emptiness of her vagina, contrasted with the intensely full and deeply penetrated feelings just moments before. She had lain right back in the seat, head resting on the leather, looking blankly up at the car ceiling. Her hands lay limply forgotten to her sides on the seat, as she struggled to hold her body still despite the sense of a powerful and inevitable shape growing within the sexual storm clouds of her mind. A form, an electric potential, whirling around and around that unbearable, empty hollowness of her vagina.

Usually in the past she has put that journey out of her mind, as too acutely humiliating to bear recalling. Her father must have understood it was something that she couldn't help, just a side effect of the doctor's examination that day, because he had not said anything to her then about it, nor ever mentioned it afterwards. But she knew he'd known. Could not very well have failed to know, considering the noises she'd made despite her best efforts to keep quiet. The doctor had warned her she might experience spontaneous orgasms, and he was absolutely right, she had. To her desperate shame, that whirling tension in her body had grown darker, and heavier, and reached down from her mind towards the emptiness between her legs. Before it touched she had known it was inevitable, known that she was about to shame herself in front of her father, and yet still the raging winds of need had blown away her will and control even before the orgasm storm center hit.

She has always preferred not to think of what she did, but now, struggling to concentrate on traversing these jumbled boulders, she finds the memory tumbling unwanted into her

mind. Against her will, and with the same crystal clarity and intense accompanying feelings she has been experiencing all this day. She remembers...

Sitting there, the scenery and evening traffic outside unnoticed, as she struggled to control her own body. To keep still, to sit as if everything was normal, even as her breath grew more ragged and halting, and her pounding pulse rushed so loudly in her ears she is sure her father must hear it too. She hoped to pretend to be merely tired, and not draw her father's attention to herself. So she didn't dare look at him directly. From the corner of her eye she could see that he too was leaning back, relaxed and apparently musing on some private thoughts as he gazed ahead, but slightly to her side. Enough that he must be able to see all of her clearly, should some action of hers distract him from his reverie. She wanted to hold still as a mouse.

Yet she had been losing the battle, and known she was losing. The first lines of her control were overrun, and she found herself tensing, straining her muscles against a desire to squirm. Her hands gripped the leather edge of the seat, and clenched, tightly. She took a deep, sighing breath, as her thighs tensed against an urge to straighten and spread. Her feet moved restlessly, bare toes pushing through the pile of the car's thick carpets. Which did **not** help. She had never ridden barefoot in the car before, and that unaccustomed tactile contact on her toes acutely reminded her that under her dress, *_all_* of her was bare. Bare, aching, swollen, wet... an image of her private place as she had seen it spread and slick on the doctor's chair invaded her mind. **That** ache... she knows her clitoris must be sticking out again, hard and pink... it almost hurts. Under her, she can feel her dress growing damper, as slickness seeps between her thighs. Thin white dress, thin white dress... she imagines what it will look like if she allows the front of her dress to fall between her legs... if the cloth became drawn tightly down into the V of her crotch... if it was pulled hard against... she must not let her legs spread, she must not... She has to tense her rear and thighs, drawing them closer together. But that is worse, her aching clitoris flares at the pressure, and her legs want to fly apart... she knows it's hopeless, and she is losing control.

What was it the doctor said? The words repeat in her mind. "very likely, very likely... orgasm... spontaneous... very likely... small minority... arousal cannot be relieved... only orgasm... very likely spontaneous... you may be... remarkably persistent... more than one..."

She'd groaned softly then, knowing she was lost, giving up hope of maintaining the pretense. She'd turned her head to the side, away from her father, not wanting to see him recognize what was happening, as that dark whirling cyclone of tension inside her mind had reached down, down... Between her legs, the aching of her clitoris, the unbearable emptiness of her vagina had reached upwards. Contacting, merging, the twin roaring forces had blasted away the last of her willpower, and her body had taken over.

In that first moment her legs spread wide, then closed tight, then opened again of their own will. Her hips had lifted high off the seat, her body arched between her feet and her

shoulders pressed hard into the seat back. This time her exhalation came out as a loud, shaming moan, unmistakable. Her sex, her vagina, felt sooooo empty. Unbearable! Her right hand clenched into a fist, wishing all on its own that it still held the base of that dildo. So, so empty...

By the river, Laura is crossing another bank of river-worn pebbles. She shudders to a halt, stricken by the intensity of the sensations of her own body. So empty, so empty... She practically doubles over, hands gripping her knees tightly, as she struggles to disengage her mind from the feelings in her sex. They thunder at her louder than the torrent cascading over a series of jagged falls only meters away, churning her mind into a confusion of broken thoughts. She has to... has to stop this. Has to keep going... Stop the feelings that keep her so confused... So she can concentrate. Got to get down this section of river... so empty.. the emptiness brings that memory... confuses... she could... could...

Still bent over, panting heavily although she isn't out of breath, her eyes gaze blankly at the pebble bank on which she stands. The stones are various colors and shapes, though all darkened with the river's drifting spray. They are slippery, so that she has to be careful with her footing. All shapes and sizes... Most are worn roughly oval, while some are newer and in varying stages of losing their original broken form. Her eye happens on one that is a remarkably extended ovoid, of some smooth white stone. It could not be called a rod shape, but does have a long way to go before it becomes just like its oval companions. Before she even knows why, she is picking it up. Once she is holding it, she knows why.

The white stone is dense and heavy, and she turns it in her palm, running her fingertips over the surface. It feels cool and rounded, with a slightly grainy surface, midway between grit and silk. With its river misted slick dampness, the stone is a pleasure to touch. She thinks it is probably marble - there must be a seam somewhere upriver. It is like an egg, only far more elongated than eggs. A little over six inches long, and three wide at the thickest point. One end is bluntly rounded, the other more pointy. The thickest part is around a third of the way along, from the blunt end.

There is very little thought behind what she does next. Her mind is still filled with the idea that she can't continue, with this empty aching driving her nuts. She has to get going. Just a moment of relieving that empty feeling... help drive that overpowering memory out of her mind while she climbs. She can carry the stone, and repeat as required. It won't slow her down... Just to keep herself together till she makes it back to the river past these rapids, and can finish...

Meanwhile her hand holding the stone seems to have known all along what she would decide. The pointy tip of the stone feels cool against her sex, and so welcome, as she grips the rounder end in her palm and presses into that aching emptiness. She parts her legs wider, for better access, and stands up straighter. The weight of the backpack feels strange in this context, but she doesn't want to take more than a moment, so best not take it off. One small part of her mind visualizes how strange a sight she must make - naked but for

her boots, gaiters and backpack. Her whole body gleaming damply with the river's mist, as she peers down between her freakishly large breasts, at the sight of her hips grinding forward against a river stone in her hand.

A river stone that is feeling both divinely satisfying, and also somewhat insufficient. With a couple of inches of it pushed inside herself now, it is feeling deliciously thick. The sensation of her vagina being stretched is like finally scratching an infuriating, nagging itch, that has been impossible to reach for hours. She finds herself crying "Ohhhhh Yesssss ohhhhh! Ahhhh Uh.." in satisfaction as she twists and pushes the stone into herself. Yet further inside, beyond the reach of the stone, that empty feeling remains untouched. She pushes further, and further, frustrated and determined.

By now the widening girth of the stone is straining her entrance, and the stretch feels about all she can take. But also feels so wonderful! The emptiness... it definitely can't remain with much more of this... only that remnant of want, deep inside... Just a little more to get at that, then she'll be able to start moving again. And a little of... "Ahhhh ohhh oh oh..." She lets herself pull it out then push in again, in and out a few times. "Ummmmm oh yes... but don't... don't want to.." She manages to stop herself thrusting it, and decides to try one more deep push, as far as it will go before the too wide part hurts her, to get at as much of that inside itch as she can. Thinks that she should keep an eye out for a longer, thinner stone. One that would fit her.

This last time she'll allow herself, she takes a good grip around the very base with her thumb and first finger, and twists it into herself determinedly. "Ummmmmmmm uhhhhhhh... oooooooohhh" Feels sooooo good... So thick... A bit deeper... "Uuummmmmhhhhhhooohhhh!" She can feel that thickening straining at her opening, so good, sooo..... it's not so painful, really... so she can... a little more... a bit more... "Ohhhh godddd..... ummmmm..." Her muscles clamp down on the pleasure and pain mix invading her. Her hand feels the stone shift, moving inwards slightly. "Ohhh soo nice! Ohhhh! Yes!" She relaxes, and her hand holds the stone there, not letting it drop back. It is *sooo* thick, so intense... yet doesn't seem quite as impossibly thick anymore; perhaps a little deeper.... She pushes in with her hand again, and again her insides clamp down in response to the feeling. This time, the stone slides a little further slowly, then suddenly a lot further with a rush. Her fingers holding the base meet the flesh of her sex, then slip off the stubby and by now extra slippery end.

The sudden shift and depth leaves her standing there in shock, hand clasped over her sex and gasping in a high pitched whine. "Uhhh! Uhhh! UUUUHHHH! OhhhhHHH! Ohhhhh!!! Where she felt empty a moment ago, now the feeling is of incredible, tightly stretched fullness. It isn't as painfully deep as the weighty gold lingam bore into her when she was upside down in the waterfall; in fact it isn't painful at all. However it feels quite different - much fatter and filling. Her inner muscles are spasming, clamping and releasing on the stone, which in turn makes it shift inside her. The lower end is still resting thickly between her labia, but when she clamps it pulls up inside her enough to allow her lips to nearly

close over it. She can feel that under her hand. Her hips buck with the sensation, and that rubs her rigid clit against her palm. For a moment she totally loses control, and stands, panting and moaning as she rapidly rubs her hand back and forth over her sex, only seconds from a huge orgasm.

Yet somehow, something at the back of her mind remembers. Through all the wildness, she tells herself "Laura! If you let yourself come now, you are lost. Might as well lie down and die right here." With a mighty effort, she manages to pull her hand away from her pussy, and goes back to her first position - bent over, hands on her knees. Panting much more rapidly, and trying to get a grip on what happened. She looks between her legs - invisible stone, though her labia are not closing as they normally would. Forcing her vagina to relax, she sees it press shyly out from her labia, parting them widely to poke out it's fat, blunt end. When she contracts, it slides back up inside, its rough-polished surface teasing at her flesh. The feelings are... very powerful. At least that maddening emptiness is gone though. But she isn't sure this is any better.

In any case, she thinks, struggling to gather her scattered thoughts, its time she got back on the road. Time to get this pebble out, regardless of how nice it feels. Emptiness problem solved, and she can do this again if it comes back and bothers her. She straightens up again, and puts her hand back underneath her sex, being careful not to touch her clit. She'll just push down, grab the end, and pull. She pushes down, inside, and the end slides out a little further.

It takes her quite a while to realize she can't get it out. After a few minutes of trying to push, and finding her fingers simply slipping off the well lubricated end, she dropped her pack on the ground and tried several variations. Squatting. Lying on her back. Jumping up and down while pushing down. Sitting in a pool at the edge of the water, hoping the water might make the stone less slippery, and so easier to grip. That didn't work either. The blunt, rounded end simply never comes out far enough to get any kind of grip on it. All she achieves with the pushing and pulling, and twisting and fiddling, is to keep herself excruciatingly stimulated and horny. The appearance of that fat white stone end, popping her labia wide open from inside doesn't help either. It looks so obscene, and coupled with her perpetually rigid overgrown clitoris, quite freakishly perverted.

After nearly an hour passes with her still on that same bank of pebbles, she realizes that she simply has no choice. Unless she wants to spend the night here, spray damp and uncomfortable, she will have to keep moving. Stoned or not. The pun had occurred to her with a grim chuckle, as she picked up her pack again, and tried a few paces. The results are not good. She can either walk with her vagina relaxed, and the stone pressing very distractingly between her lips so that her thighs rub... well, make everything down there rub a lot more than normal. Or, she can try to keep herself contracted, which has about the same effect of entirely focusing her attention on rock-filled vagina and rock-hard clitoris.

Sighing, she sets off again. Thinking - 'It's all that bastard Vance's fault. She'll kill him the minute she sees him again. Never mind the police. No wait, death's too good for that swine. She'll crush his balls between two stones, then skin him. Then she'll make him eat his own eyeballs, before extracting his teeth with pliers. Then the nails hammered into his knees, and after that the boiling oil enema.... and that's not even starting on the ancient Mayan sacrificial techniques...'

Two hours later, she has managed to negotiate most of the obstacle course alongside the river rapids. Her rage had kept her mind focused on dreaming of what she would do to Vance and his friends, which somehow made her constant state of severe arousal less of a distraction. She'd negotiated several difficult scrambles in a kind of abstracted fury, constantly fueled by her outrage at having a rock stuck inside herself. The stone's incessant shifting between her lips, added to the perpetual aching hardness of her clit often threatened to induce the orgasm she absolutely refused to allow yet. Then she'd simply hold still for a few minutes, while continuing her imagined and ever more elaborate and bloody revenge.

There comes a moment when she is resting on another raised line of stone, overlooking the last few descending cascades of the river. Not far ahead and below, she can see the river return to a gentle flow, where the valley widens. The rest of her detour looks to be relatively easy, with just a few scrambly bits. Another half an hour, at most. Then she'll be back on the river, and at last can... can...

It occurs to her for the first time since getting the stone stuck, that if she wants to have that orgasm she's been promising herself, it will have to be an orgasm served with stone stuffing. Whatever that will be like. She wonders. Rather dramatic, she suspects.

Then there's the matter of her breasts. It is mid afternoon now, and not long before she'll have to make camp. Already her breasts are quite uncomfortably full, in need of milking. How will that fit with the stone thing? She's finding that her 'Vance tortures' are distracting her less as the topic loses its novelty and she runs out of fresh ideas. And as that distraction loses its effectiveness, the state of her body has been again rising to take the prize for number one distraction. The feeling of that rock popping slickly in and out between her labia, playing peek-a-bo with the outside world as her internal muscles shift, is seriously starting to get to her. She's had to take more cooling off rests the last half hour, and worse, she's finding that now her sex is beginning to develop a kind of automatic muscular tick; clenching suddenly of its own accord, and subjecting the rest of herself to the feeling of the stone doing it's labia jack-in-the-box act. The more this happens, the less control she has over her own closeness to orgasm. The less good the cooling off rests do.

To emphasize that problem her pussy spontaneously clutches at the stone, and she moans, closing her eyes, swaying. It happens again, even though she tries hard to relax. The feelings... so strong. She senses that a moment may be approaching when her sex will start doing that enough to make orgasm inevitable, unavoidable. But she must force herself to

stick to her plan - no orgasm till the river! She *must* be resolute! The struggle has become something more than simply a demonstration that her will is still in control - that since she's chosen to put off orgasm till she reaches the river again, then that's what she'll do. She's also developed a hunch that her resolution to delay the orgasm is in some way essential to her survival. She isn't sure why, but her intuition is insisting, so strongly it's become a conviction. With all the growing weirdness of her body and feelings, she's convinced that 'losing control' might be seriously dangerous. Something from which she might not come back. So the stronger the sensation of impending orgasm becomes, the more desperate she is to fight against it.

With the feeling of another vaginal clench coming on, she growls to herself "Arrgh! *NO*!" and firmly smacks herself on her right buttock with her open palm. The stinging pain seems to subdue the building urge to clench, and she mutters under her breath "That's right. I'm in charge here." For good measure, she repeats the same on her left butt cheek. "So butt out. Wait till the river, and we finish that memory off. Not till then." She shivers, shoulders her pack again, and moves off.

By the time she has nearly finished the final descent, it is becoming clear that her determination might not be enough, and instead there is a race - whether or not she can get into the water and complete her memory play, before her body goes ahead and has an orgasm anyway. She'd tried the spanking thing again several more times, but after a while the stinging of each slap had ceased to be effective, as her tingling rear had started to somehow make her arousal problems worse. By now her arousal has become a serious hazard to her climbing, but thankfully it looks like the worst of the climbing is over. Here as the river banks widen out, there are no more hairy climbs. She is standing at the top of what seems to be the very last significant drop - maybe twenty feet high, a steep sloping bank of mossy stone and dirt, with a covering of weedy vegetation. At the bottom, flat ground and more low greenery. Through the trees ahead she can see a riverbank and calm water. At last! She feels like she is about to explode, what with her pussy contractions coming ever more frequently as her arousal edges up towards the cum zone redline.

Yet, this bank is still a little difficult. It looks very loose, and although not vertical, does need to be treated carefully. Having picked a spot that appears it may have the best chance of footholds under the all-covering greenery, she backs cautiously over the edge, feeling for purchase. Her boot toe finds solidity, and she works herself lower.

She is well started on the pitch, and swinging her leg lower for another hold, when again her cunt spasms, powerfully. Off balance and overwhelmed by the feeling in her sex, she instinctively pulls herself tight in against the bank, to take her weight fully on her one good foothold. At that point it all goes to hell. Her naked chest pushes solidly into the weedy plants in front of her. Which turn out to be some sort of stinging nettle, that she hadn't recognized as such. A wave of fire sheets across her breasts, and she shrieks, jerking herself away from them. Her foot slips off its hold, and her body, with only her hands steadying her, drops downwards and forward - plowing into the even denser

foliage further down. Another blast of burning pain, this time spread over most of the front of her body. Her legs are still splayed wide, with no purchase, and so she literally has no way to push back. Her shocked reflexes are confused. Her hands recoil inwards to try to protect her front from the fiery pain, and so she loses her last grip. She starts sliding down the earthy bank, pressed front-in, and semi-spread-eagled.

Effectively, gravity wipes her down through the nettles, scouring her entire front surface with the soft but stinging plants. They whip up along her inner thighs, gathered together by her spread legs to swipe in concentrated masses against and within her spread open sex and over her erect clit. Leaves pulled between the stone projecting from her vagina, and her labia, are channeled deeper within her sex than they'd have been without the stone. Some shred, leaving fragments stuck deeply in her cleft. Those that gather up between her legs but remain attached to their plants, then rebound to whip across her breasts. She screams in pain, still sliding, and finally her reflexes cut in to avoid the agony. She pushes herself away from the slope, and falls the few remaining feet to the soft earthy bank below. Where she lands on her arse, legs spread wide, her body upright. The blow knocks the wind out of her and cuts off her scream, as the ground thrusts the projecting stone fully inside her. Shredded nettle leaves that were still wedged in her sex get carried inwards along with the stone, adding their stings to the lower first inch of her vaginal interior. The impact and the fresh stings all add their own flares of pain to her general overload.

For a few seconds she sits motionless, dazed. Then she screams again and rolls violently to one side, scrambling to her hands and knees. The ground she landed on is covered with the same nettles, and now not only most of her front is on fire, but so is her arse. Her pussy is the worst - so painful she doubles over, still screaming, clutching at herself. Yet the moment her hands touch the skin there, she whips them away - the touch itself redoubles the agony. She stands, bent over, hands helplessly waving, touching then waving away, as her cries and sobs die away. She gives another yell, this time of rage and pain, as she pulls herself together enough to look around. The whole clearing is covered in that weedy plant. She looks towards the river, sees the bank there is clear, and staggers in that direction, still sobbing. The first nova of agony from the nettle stings is fading already, to a flaming burning heat. Yet every slightest touch anywhere on her stung skin is unbearable. She walks with her arms and legs spread wide, gingerly taking mincing steps, as every movement causes her deeply stung labia to friction excruciatingly against the stone pressing out between them.

By the time she reaches the water's edge, her sobbing has switched to swearing, and she has begun to take stock of the damage. Dropping the pack carefully, trying to avoid letting the straps touch any of her stung areas, she stands, cursing, looking down at herself.

The nettles must have been a very fragile-spined variety, for they don't seem to have had much effect on any areas of stronger skin. Her inner arms have some welts, but her forearms, which certainly contacted plenty of the plants, are fine. Areas of softer, delicate

skin such as her inner thighs fared badly - those are already bright red and swelling into numerous long welts where leaves dragged along her skin. Her breasts... there are welts all over, but it feels like the worst affected areas are their underneath, which she can't see without lifting them, and when she tries the pain makes her give up immediately. For pain though, her nipples and aureole beat the undersides. Her nipples are still the same rigidly extended little fingers they have been, but now they are also even further reddened and swollen. She tries, but simply can't bear the pain that results from touching them.

Most of her curses though, are reserved for the stinging between her legs. The whole thing was so fast that she doesn't recall exactly what happened. Just a sliding blur and lots of pain, is all she can remember. Somehow, not just her outer genitals, but the entire surface of her pussy, labia, clit and crotch have been scoured by many of the nettle leaves. She absolutely can't touch herself there, but it feels as if nettle leaves were dragged deeply through, between the sides of the stone and her inner labia. While inside her cunt, it feels like she is still being stung, continuously. She claws desperately at the end of the stone, but it is still impossible to grasp. The only effect is that moving it at all instantly throws a wave of fresh new searing pain at her, as leaf fragments shift and sting inside, and the stone rubs already stung skin.

Pain, pain, pain... she can barely think for the pain. Her entire crotch is turning bright red and puffing up even more than it already was. Twisting around to look at her arse, she finds that its story is not so bad- just several large and reddening blotches, that must have been where she sat on some of the nettle leaves. Most of her arse is stung, but probably only once. The whole area was already rather rosy from her own self-administered spanks, while the nettle stung blotches stand out as obvious but not terribly serious welts. Unlike her crotch, which feels like it has been flayed alive. She doesn't even attempt to touch herself again there. The idea of trying to squeeze a finger in to extract the leaves she can feel sting her more with every movement, is an obvious non-starter. Far too painful, if it would even be physically possible - which she doubts.

There don't seem to be any other injuries from her fall; only the nettle stings, some minor grazing on her knees and palms, and her totally obliterated pride. What she does find very disturbing is that despite the pain and shock, both her nipples and clitoris have remained fully erect. For the first time she starts to feel distinctly afraid and helpless in the face of what is happening with her body. Its just too extreme - even now, shaking from the shock of falling, and almost beside herself with the burning agony of the nettle stings, especially on her poor nipples and clit, she still feels incredibly horny. She'd first noticed that the arousal was persisting behind the pain as she was walking towards the water. Initially she'd dismissed this as impossible; merely a slowness of her body to react. Yet now, several minutes later, it still shows no sign of abating.

Even more worrying and inexplicable, as she stands there gritting her teeth and trying to come to terms with the awful, incessant stinging, and wonders whether washing in the river might sooth or exacerbate it, she has to also admit the unbelievable to herself. The

sexual heat in her body seems to be actually increasing, as if the throbbing, burning pain from her clit and nipples is some kind of extreme caress. The touch of a sadistic demon rapist she can do nothing to stop. An elemental demon with a fat stone penis embedded in her; a demon who's etheric caress sets fire to her skin, burning her flesh to ash, yet still driving her lusts to rage like the flames of his realm. She moans, dropping to her knees next to her pack, thighs spread wide to try and lessen the pain between them. Her hips... she can't stop them thrusting, though even that movement makes her skin flare in pain. She is dizzy, near delirious with the hurt and desire, yet can feel that urge to clench down on her stone impaler rising again, demanding, remorseless, a primal reflex beyond her control. She's fairly certain what that will feel like now, as the rock shifts between her swollen and too-painful to touch labia.

Somewhere, amongst the chaos of pain, desire, and fevered sexual imagery churning in her mind, she finds enough will to fumble with the fastenings on her pack, and start to pull out her floaty suit. She can't think clearly at all, only barely able to even remember the plan. She must... on the river... must float.. a jumble of impressions; sitting in the car, with her body exploding into out of control orgasms, the feeling in her pussy now, that same inevitable rising tide of approaching orgasm, the knowledge that at any moment her sex will spasm, clenching hard as the tide flows over her. The golden lingam, shifting deeper into her as she straddled it, trapped. In the waterfall, swinging under the stream of water, one merciless orgasm after another, utterly beyond her powers to avoid.

Blindly, shaking and shuddering, alternately swearing and moaning, she manages to get the pack closed up again. Holding the suit in one hand, she struggles to her feet, swaying, dizzy and uncoordinated as her muscles rebel against her control, wanting more to thrust and sway to the pain-tune of her demon lover. She stumbles the few feet further to the water, dragging the pack behind her. Mostly she's forgotten why, except that she very much wants to somehow stop that ever-rising urge to clench. Its going to really, really hurt, she fears. Maybe in the water...

As she wades deeper into the gently moving water here, there comes a moment when it reaches her crotch. She very nearly collapses from the flare of fresh stinging the water coaxes from her abused flesh, yet somehow manages to keep her footing. But not the plot. There follows an interval in which she just stands there, waist deep near the shore, panting and sobbing, too confused and distracted to remember what she intended to do next. So much pain, and that heat, the maddening heat inside her, demanding... wanting...

After a while, her mind finds some self-awareness again, and she struggles clumsily to get her pack on, then the suit properly arranged. It takes a lot longer than it should, but finally, good enough, she drops back into the water. Now her breasts nova in new pain as the water finds them, and threshing, she nearly sinks before managing to blow air into the suit legs and arms to keep herself barely afloat.

Again her mind loses the thread, and as the current draws her into mid-channel, she simply drifts, awash in the painful throbbing of much of her skin, and the throbbing heat of pretty much everything inside that skin. Too much... Also she isn't floating well; something about extra weight, it's hard to think about. To sustain her body near the surface she has to keep slowly kicking and sweeping her hands in the water. It's annoying and it hurts to move. She wants to just let go, withdraw into herself. All too much. Some small part of her, something to do with survival, whispers among the sensory din and chaos of her mind "you know you're going to cum soon, and you know what happens then, don't you! So you have to..."

She shakes herself. 'Yes. Have to... must concentrate, have to get to the village. Have to...' the thought blurs into confused memories of herself tied to the camp bed in Vance's tent, her legs pulled up and back over her body, ankles to wrists, someone's fingers worked slickly in her rear, and other fingers busy in her vagina and on her clit. That aching need to come, but a body stubbornly refusing to even approach release. Such a contrast to now... Such a contrast... As stubbornly unresponsive then as it is now stubbornly permanently aroused. For a fleeting moment an idea teases at the edge of her tangle of thoughts, but then is pushed aside as she wonders how to do the air thing, when her whole backside is a mass of painful nettle stings. Can she even touch herself there, let alone stick the tube in? The stone... will it...

"Oooouuuuhhhh! Ohhhh nooo.... " As if just thinking of the stone has set off her sex again, an intense wave of need hits her. She can feel her sex gathering its strength for a huge clench, and what will come with that. Unconsciousness and drowning, a part of her thinks, and she moans loudly as she struggles to concentrate, to suppress that clench reflex. The crest ebbs slowly, reluctantly, leaving her once again intensely aware of the large stone object jammed in her pussy. Aware that despite everything else, it seems inevitable that stone is going to make her come, just by sitting there. Or start to cum, anyway. What the pain of it moving will do to the cum, she has no idea. Better get that air in quickly.

Struggling to stay focused this time, she moves the tube end to her rear. Before it even touches her skin, she blows some bubbles. Ow! Even the delicate touch of air bubbles rising past her labia trigger bursts of hot stinging nettle burn pain. Pain in the shape of hypersensitive, stung labia stretched tightly around an unmoving fat stone. That will soon be moving... hurry...

She grits her teeth, and gingerly moves the tube in. Fire. Pain. Its tip leaves a trail of white hot burning as it brushes against her welted backside. Her anus turns out to have been only slightly stung, and is comparatively painless to touch. Since she is also having to more or less tread water the whole time, it takes a few attempts to hit the spot, but then the tube end slips inside. She blows, and blows again, pausing only when it becomes uncomfortable, letting the air redistribute, then continuing. She thinks "I must float! I must... must ...float.. even if I... don't... if I... Ohhhhh... don't..." So many powerful feelings, they tend to get mixed up. She can't really tell how full of air she is. Her pussy feels so full,

and she can feel the air bubbling deeper inside her. Her eyes fall closed on their own, and now she has a strange feeling of spinning slowly, as if she is floating in space, weightless. Feeling dizzy.. faint.. "No! I mustn't faint! I'll drown... Must float..." She puffs more air down the tube, and faintly, amongst the din of pain and aching heat and dizziness, feels it inside her. Stretching... like the stone... that stretching feeling seems to help reduce the demands her pussy muscles are making, that they need to clench. Fullness... everywhere. She blows some more. And another breath. And another... More shifting, stretching sensations, now clearer in her overloaded senses. "Must be pretty intense" she thinks "But at least this is one thing that doesn't hurt. Hmmmffff... if it doesn't hurt... more..."

She has been still moving her hands back and forth in the water, and kicking slowly, as she needed to stay afloat. It occurs to her that she really feels pretty stretched now, and maybe she should give free floating a try. But still, it's a strange feeling. Almost... despite all the pain... interesting. A few more puffs, slowly. Now it's really an intense feeling, not far behind all the others. Which in a way is kind of good, since it helps distract her mind from the stinging welts, and the aching need in her sex. She doesn't want to open her eyes - that spinning feeling is rather restful; sort of dreamy. But she must... Must check the river, and try just floating.

She opens them, and looks down at herself. Gasps! "My goodness! I look... pregnant!" Her abdomen is absurdly bloated, sticking up out of the water like a domed, welt-streaked island of skin. She lets herself hang, motionless, and it's obvious that she isn't going to be sinking anytime soon. Her belly doesn't even come near to submerging, and she floats quite stably. In gasping, she'd let go of the tube end in her mouth, and it 'fwooshes' away, whipping around at the water's surface, blowing bubbles. She can feel herself shrinking! Reflexively she grabs the end, and holds a thumb over it. Among the jumbles in her mind, she thinks "Was that how Alice felt, shrinking? Like someone pulled out a cork? Where was the cork?" She tries to judge if she shrank... sank much - it doesn't seem like it. All the same... she brings the end back to her mouth, and blows again. This time, with her eyes open and looking at the results, the whole thing seems quite different. With eyes closed, it was just an odd stretching feeling. Now...

Somehow the sight of herself seems sexually exaggerated in every imaginable way. Her breasts are huge, swollen and tight, feeling both achingly full, and stinging from the nettles. Her nipples are the same; absurdly large, hard, and aching both from their hardness and the nettle welts. Then her abdomen, looking like a pregnant fertility idol. Its so large she can't even see her crotch, but she remembers what that looks like. Her bizarrely enlarged clit, now even more swollen from nettles, projecting from engorged, stung labia like a hot dog in buns. With a large white rock in there as well, like some kind of salad dressing for Trolls. A Troll fertility idol... complete with cartoonish constant extreme sexual arousal. A Troll sex doll... Her thoughts go round and round, chased by pain, broken into fragments by the storm of conflicting sensations.

Still, the sight of herself seems to give her mind some focus, by bringing one set of sensations to the fore. She can't believe it, thinks she must surely be losing her mind. But even with all this constant, burning pain, that flares up excruciatingly at the slightest movement or touch in her worst stung areas, she still feels an urgent need to orgasm. A need that regains more dominance of her mind with each new small puff of air she blows through the tube into her arse. Its as though the tightness of her abdomen somehow offsets the pain, somehow makes it less dominant in her mind. She isn't thinking clearly at all; rather her thoughts drift around, pushed back and forth in the conflict of needs - to escape the nettle pain, to relieve her desire, to not drown, to ease the overfull ache of her breasts, to continue her... her plan...

She still has the tube end clamped between her teeth, and for a moment, absently, lets some air escape. That shrinking feeling - its really... quite pleasant. She blows more back in, and her desire flares more. Without considering her actions, she repeats this, and again. Again. She moans softly into the tube as she blows "Unnnnnmmmmmmmmhrrrrr..." With her legs straining wide and back in the water, she can almost forget how badly her sex hurts. Somewhere, lurking among the pain, waiting for its moment, is her orgasm. But she fears to clench, it will hurt so much. 'Perhaps if she can bear to push the stone in with a finger before she clamps down to come, her coming won't hurt so much?' It seems like a reasonable idea, so she tries it. With the tube clamped between her teeth again, she gingerly places one fingertip on the end of the stone wedged between her sex lips. tentatively, she pushes inward lightly. The stone shifts, slightly. She screams at the blaze of pain, as its not-so-smooth surface drags on her inflamed most tender membranes, and she snatches away her hand.

In the moment it takes her to recover, the tube end has been whipping around, letting her deflate again. She collars it, and in a daze, blows to replace her lost air. With the same effect also - her need flares, just as the pain had. This time, she pulls the tube out of her arse when done. Now her mouth is free, she curses wildly, on the verge of hysteria, till she runs down. "Ha ha ha oh fuck FUCK! **FUUUCK** IT! ha ha.. a rock and a ... a hot place... caught between... oh fuck I need to come... and that FUCKING HURT! FRICKING NETTLES! FRICKING VINES! FRICKING everything aching hot but too sore to even FUCKING TOUCH MYSELF! FUCKING SHIT FUCK MOTHERFUCKER! I've got to get this FUCKING ROCK out of me! But I FUCKING CAN'T and even if I FUCKING COULD, it would hurt too fuckin MUCH to move the FUCKING thing. ARRRRGGGGHHHHHHHHHH! I need to come! I need to FUCKING COME so FUCKING, FUCKING... ArrrrghHHHH! FUUUUUUCK! Ha ha ha Fuck fuck fuck FUCK! Oh god I've got to get it out... get it out.. maybe if I... ha ha ha oh right Laura, now you're gonna... shit fuck... stick a finger up ha ha..."

Still laughing like a crazy person, she reaches behind herself, and gritting her teeth at the pain from brushing against her moderately stung arse cheeks, she works her middle finger up into her arse. Her half-formed idea is that maybe she can push the stone out far enough from inside, to grip it's end enough to pull it out. Hoping she can just ignore the pain of its friction on her stung sex. Her first surprise is the sensation her finger encounters inside.

Past the tight sphincter, her insides are... open space. Distracted, she feels around, her fingertip stroking along surprisingly silky smooth, taught membranes. Its interesting... actually, quite... pleasant. But returning to her purpose she feels to the front, where the large bulk of the stone rests on the other side of a thin wall of herself. The stone... she works her finger in further, attempting to reach its top, or somehow get some purchase on it. After a while, she realizes she can't. She can barely reach the point of greatest thickness, and then only just perceptibly. Nothing to push down against. Failure.

What she has achieved though, is a vivid mental sensory image of how very large the stone is inside her; how massively thick it feels to her finger, how her vagina is stretched around the stone, how the whole thing forms an enormous bulge into the front of the tightly inflated space of her anus. Of how that bulging ridge seems to go on forever deeper inside her; much, much further than her finger can reach. The problem is, that this image joins forces with her arousal, with her need to come. Like she planned. Her plan... the car, with her dad after the doctor visit, she remembers... images fly through her mind, jumbled together with thoughts of her situation here on the river. She couldn't touch herself then either. Such severe embarrassment, as her body built to a spontaneous orgasm exactly as the doctor had warned her would happen. The sense of being doomed, the same as now - then doomed to the shame of losing control in front of her father, now doomed to the certain agony of an orgasm's contractions, stone rubbing on stings.

Now she floats naked on a river, a finger still up her arse just for the pleasure; its original purpose futile. Then, in the car then she'd suddenly lost the battle to sit demurely still. Her hips had thrust up into the air, knees spread wide. With her body arched up, supported only by shoulders against the seat back, and her naked feet splayed in the car's rich carpet, her dress had fallen down between her spread legs as her clenched fists pressed into the upholstery and her ragged breathing formed into gasping pants. She'd turned her head away from her father, unable to bear to see if he was watching her. Unable to think of anything at all except the incredible strength of feelings in her loins, and the recent memories of her own hand thrusting the dildo within herself, the pulsating water jet, and the sensations of being overpowered by waves of orgasms during the doctor's tests. How she'd totally lost control during the tests, and how she was certainly losing control in the same way in the car, her up-thrust hips bucking obscenely as she cried out loudly in the delirium of her first spontaneous orgasm.

After a while the paroxysm had subsided, and she'd come to her senses absolutely mortified. Still with her head turned aside, she'd stared out the window beside her, unable to deal with the situation. She was simply pretending it wasn't happening. Her father was silent, perhaps he too was pretending it didn't happen. Even worse, her orgasm had passed, but not the feelings of intense excitement, as if her body was a tightly wound sexual spring. The doctor had said... had said "one or more ... highly likely ..." It seemed like it was going to be 'more', if the feelings in her private place meant anything. That 'thing', her... clitoris, he'd called it, was still hard and aching, throbbing with her racing pulse. She had brought her knees back together, but now her dress was bunched up down there, and

sticking wetly to her. She was afraid to look. Afraid to draw attention to the dampness she could feel there, by pulling the cloth free from where it was wedged into... into her there. The back of the dress had somehow also got wedged between her bottom, and felt even damper. She squirmed uncomfortably in the seat, but froze, shocked. Somehow the cloth pulled into her private place was pressing against her clitoris, and when she moved... She shivered, remembering the vibrating thing Dr Prott had held there. The dildo... Was she one of those girls who "couldn't relieve their excitement except through orgasm"? Did that mean she would have to either masturbate, or feel like this a lot of the time? She didn't want to be weak, and masturbate herself. Surely her will would be strong enough, she'd be responsible enough, to avoid that? She tried to imagine what it would be like to feel like this, for days on end. Maybe even weeks... years?

In the car she could feel the tension building rapidly inside her again. Just as it had moments ago, and over and over back in the doctor's rooms as he'd checked her body's health. He'd said she had 'strong responses'; was she going to be one of the 'shameful ones' who made a habit of masturbating? Oh God, she'd probably be caught doing it! What would... Ahhhhh ohhh... its getting so strong! At least now... he'd said these were spontaneous, just a side effect of the tests. Not masturbation. But she still felt so ashamed. Uhhhhh.... oohhh its going to happen again... her hips were squirming by themselves now. She should try to pull her dress out of there, at least, so the feel of it bunched in there didn't keep her feeling excited after. Easy, just hold the sides of her dress... her hands wanted to clench again anyway. By now she could barely coordinate her movements, as she tried to prepare to demurely shift a little to pull her dress loose from her sticky rear cleft. In theory... except an image of herself alone in her room, naked before her mirror as she changed, panting in a desperately aroused frustration that had lasted for days and she knew would go on indefinitely, suddenly popped into her head. He'd said she had 'highly responsive sexual physiology. With unusual persistence...'. How unusual did he mean? Did he mean... that she'd be like this *all* the time? That the desires would never go away; would torment her always? She tried to imagine feeling that aching need all day, every day, when she woke in the morning, through her meals, as she spoke with her tutors, as she went riding, as she swam in the pool, as she undressed, as she bathed, as she lay awake hoping for sleep, and... in her dreams.

She could imagine it would become unbearable. Perhaps, willpower or not, she would be one of those girls who ended up masturbating for relief, after a long, desperate struggle with her desires. Each time.

"Ohhhhhhh..." Something about that thought destroyed her self-control, and burst like a fireworks in her crotch. Her hips raised up into the air again, gyrating as an even more intense orgasm swept thought her. Only now her hands, clenched on the seat, were holding fistfuls of her loose skirt. She hadn't noticed, but she had gripped not just the rear of the skirt, but the cloth of the front that had fallen between her legs during her first orgasm. Now as her hips pushed up, that front cloth pulled short, forcefully yanking folds

tight into her pubic cleft, dragging them firmly across her clit with every hunching thrust. With dramatic result.

Any trace of conscious control had been booted right out of her head by that sensation. This was another part of the memory she'd invariably skipped over in the past. How to admit to herself that she'd persisted, thrusting her hips hard against the pull of the tight cloth in her sex, gasping in an orgasmic daze, for several long minutes, at least? She really couldn't tell how long that had gone on for. The worst part was that at one point when she'd happened to open her eyes and glance at her own humping crotch; the thin white material of her dress was completely soaked there with her own fluids, making her hair-shaded mound, and the cleft into which the bunched cloth sank, entirely visible.

She had never dared to glance in her father's direction, so she had no idea what he made of all this. By the time the Bentley pulled up outside Abbingdon, she'd had two more, lesser but still impossible to disguise orgasms. The butler was awaiting their arrival, and opened her father's side door to take the briefcase and packages her father passed him. Then her father had got out first, walked around to her side of the car, and taken her hand to help her out, in the manner one assists a frail relative. In truth, she had been nearly too weak to stand, and had staggered a little before she could stand straight, eyes downcast to the paved drive. He'd then suggested in a perfectly normal tone that she might prefer to retire to her room after such a taxing day. He would arrange to have supper sent up to her, if she wished. She nodded, too tongue tied to speak, more concerned with the large wet spots front and back on her dress, and her unaccustomed bare feet on the flagstones. After a moment's awkward silence, during which the Bentley drove off to be garaged, her father had exclaimed "Oh, I'm sorry! I forgot - your shoes and things - George has taken them inside with my parcels. Hmm... well, you'll be all right going up alone? I'll have your things sent up later with supper, so you can rest now. I hope you take any advice the doctor gave you to heart. Fine fellow, and a clever man, Dr Prott. Your mother thought much of him. Good evening my dear."

He'd strode away into the entrance. She'd followed, somewhat dazed and rather less sprightly, taking the stairs to her room on the second floor, while hoping very much to meet none of the staff on the way. She'd made it, un-met, and heaved a sigh of relief once she locked her bedroom door behind her. The remaining problem was that she seemed to be building up to another of these mortifying spontaneous orgasms. The sticky state of her dress was easily solved - she quickly threw it off, into the wash basket. That left the sticky and heated state of her body. A shower would fix the stickiness, but first... she recalls the image that had come to her in the car, of standing naked and excited in front of her large mirror. She never actually... stood naked... Now she walks over and gazes at herself, full length and naked. Aroused. Now she knows what that is, it's very obvious. She can see that her face is flushed, her breathing deeper than normal, her nipples are stiff.. and between her legs is swollen and darker red. The hairs are damp and matted, and there... the thing that so scared her a few days ago, her clitoris is standing stiffly out. Again.

She hopes her vision was not prophetic, of herself standing here before this mirror hot and frustrated, day after day, fighting a slowly losing battle of willpower to refrain from masturbation. No! She will be strong, she'll never do things to herself. But... come to think of it she just did. In the car she'd been unable to stop herself tugging the dress across her clitoris, until the orgasm had spent itself - rather slowly. At Dr Prott's the small vibrating thing, and the water spray had felt very exciting. But the feel of the dress's coarse cloth dragging over her clit... She'd been masturbating. In front of her father! With the dress now in her basket. So really, she already is 'one of those girls.'

Well, she won't do it again! Even if thinking of doing that in the car, and of getting the dress out again and pulling the cloth between her legs right now does make her sex flare up in heat. She must be careful to avoid things that might rub down there when she is excited. Which pretty much means avoiding any sort of clothing, if she's already excited and her clit is sticking out like that. Lucky her room has a lock on the door. But... why does just thinking about being naked in her room whenever she's already excited, feel so exciting? Seems like this sex business is going to be complicated. She pouts at her reflection. It's a shame a girl has to have an exam like today, to check everything is working, if the result is that everything starts working so demandingly all at once. And the memories... she recalls lying back, her hand working that large dildo in and out of her vagina. To familiarize herself with the sensations of penetration, for tampons. She hadn't been allowed to come then, and he'd instructed her to do that, and so it wasn't masturbation. But she can see now why sexual intercourse must be very intensely pleasant. Perhaps she would need some more familiarization. So long as she didn't come. "Ohhhhhhh!" Just the thought of pushing that big thing inside herself, is making her feel so much tenser down there, and a bit weak in the knees. Maybe the shower first isn't a great idea. She stumbles over to her bed and falls backwards onto it. She lies still for some moments, then her hips begin a slight rocking wiggle, with the rewarding effect of rolling her clitoris between the folds of her labia. After some more moments of this, she sighs in exasperation, and spreads her legs wide apart. "So, when I'm excited I have to lie on my back naked, with my legs splayed, or even just moving my hips is a kind of masturbation. Terrific. This could grow stale real fast."

She lies still for several more minutes, hands clasped behind her head. Whispers to herself. "In fact, it gets worse anyway, even if I do nothing. Since I can't stop thinking about it. Great! But I suppose that's just the buildup to another of the spontaneous orgasms doctor said I'd have after. I guess it's inevitable now... by the feel... uh of it. He said not to worry... ohhhh my hips... so hard to hold still... Hmm... but should I have to? If it doesn't rub... if I don't touch... I'll keep my hands behind my head, yes... I can do that... won't masturbate! Ohhhhh god! Its... so strong." She'd decided she could simply let her hips thrust as they wanted to, since it couldn't do any harm, and seemed easier than simply refusing to allow herself to move at all. It didn't appear to make the building tension in her belly grow any faster, so could hardly be considered as masturbating herself. It didn't relieve it either. Just seemed that her body felt more comfortable, with her hips bucking and thrusting up into the air, her body straining and arched on the bed.

After a while, lying there and allowing her body's reflexes to do what they wanted, it occurred to her that actually, now she wasn't in the car with her father and so didn't feel so ashamed, and since this was happening just as the doctor had predicted, and since she knew her body was going to have an orgasm all by itself, so this feeling of intense need she felt now would relieve itself soon and there was nothing she could do to stop it, that in fact... really, it was quite nice. More than nice... Lovely. She closed her eyes, and let herself relax into the feeling, imagining. Dreaming, of what it must feel like to submit herself to a lover, letting her body respond as it would, to his touch and caresses. To let her body speak to him of her eagerness, in its movements, in the wetness between her thighs, in the swollen openness of her sex, the aching stiffness of her clitoris, and the panting urgency of her breath.

To know that he would bring her to climax, that with his large manhood thrusting inside her belly she would convulse and cry out in ecstasy, her insides exploding in that temporary death of all conscious thought, as pleasure filled her world. To let herself go, abandoning her life and will to his demands, to his own needs, to the trust that she would receive such joy that it would drive her mind out of her own body, at least for a while. Joy that would relieve all her wants, at least until next time. Joy for which she would sweat and pant and abandon all modesty, that she would obey him for, that she would... for whom she would do as he wished. Her lover, her hero, her beast.

It was such a pleasant, enthralling dream, with so much agreement from her body, that she had entirely lost track of the time. She'd come up to her room with the sun still not set, and its rays beaming horizontally into her room, warming her naked body on her bed. Her panting daydream had gone on and on, with the point of orgasm approaching, approaching, closer and closer... At some point, she'd begun to realize that the approaching certainty of release was taking longer to arrive than she'd expected. She'd opened her eyes for a moment, and been surprised to find her room in gloomy twilight, the sun long set. As one hand switched on her bedside light, she'd returned to her fantasy with a thought that the spontaneous orgasm should happen soon, so she'd still have time for a wash before a servant arrived with supper. Her hips thrust frantically; so close, so achingly close as she gasped between long straining holding breaths. The tension felt intense, unbearable! He'd said there'd be multiple orgasms, there must be one more coming, for her to feel this way!

There on the river, floating in much the same posture and pickle as she remembers herself being that day long ago, sixteen and suddenly encountering her own sexuality, she grimaces painfully at her naivety then. She had been so desperately aroused, and growing increasingly desperate as it slowly dawned on her that there wasn't going to be another spontaneous orgasm for her. Not that night, and apart from immediately after each of her her once-yearly checkups with Dr Prott, never again. She had lain there in the pool of light from her bedside lamp, gasping and hunching, completely unable in her need to admit that it wasn't going to happen. Eventually, a knock at the door had forced her to stagger up, stifling an exasperated moan of frustration, and quickly snatch a robe from her bathroom

so she could open the door. The housemaid handed her a tray with her meal and a bag containing her apparel from the doctor's visit, curtsied, and left.

Laura had sighed, dumped the bag on her floor, and sat down at her work desk to eat. Trying but failing miserably at holding her agonizingly aroused body still. Still thinking that perhaps after she ate, relief would come to her. Unaware that tonight was the beginning of an entirely new life for her- one of frequent aching torments, and a rarely absent battle of her will against the demands of her body. Of whole days struggling to ignore the aching need. Of nights frequently spent naked, spread-eagled atop her bedclothes, wishing her hands and feet could be bound to the bed to remove the strain of temptation from her will, as her wet and swollen sex called like a siren to her fingers.

She'd lasted nearly six months, till her will had first shamefully failed.

The irony now, not to mention her nettle stings, is painful. How many years had it taken her to accept that sometimes masturbation is simply a practical necessity? Even though she has never been able to shake off the sense of shame and guilt, eventually she came to intellectually accept that sometimes she simply has to have relief. Even so, there's still a disapproving little voice in the back of her head that can be relied on to butt in at the worst, most delicate moments of approaching climax. Stupidly of it since this always knocks her some way back down the slope, and so prolongs the very acts which her conscience voice tells her she shouldn't be doing. Often she even finds herself swayed by the guilt, convinced she must stop. Resulting in a kind of extended see-sawing self-torture of repeated close approaches to climax, interspaced with intervals of remorse. During which her body twists in feverish arousal, desperately complaining against the denial of its closely anticipated release. Usually the need eventually overcomes her conscience again, she resumes her efforts to gain relief, approaches... and as she feels the wave beginning, again comes the little voice of guilt. What should only take a few minutes, often drags out to excruciating hours of panting, writhing autoerotic sinfulness. She knows it's foolishness. Knows that if she didn't feel that nagging guilt she could achieve her release easily in just a few minutes.

Except now here she is, more frustrated than she can ever recall, for once free of guilt due to the extremity of her circumstances, and she daren't do it! She has even fulfilled her own resolution, her test of her self control, and waited till she finished her recollection of that first day, her introduction to a modern feminine medical checkup, and how it had turned out for her. Only now it isn't guilt stopping her, it's the fear of intense pain. Now with her weirdly over-excited body, and massively stone-filled cunt, it feels like a spontaneous orgasm is once more on the cards- yet that prospect terrifies her. Every part of her body is pouring a deluge of sensations into her mind, well past what she can handle. Her breasts throb with aching over fullness. Her nipples combine rigid arousal with nettle stung hypersensitive pain to touch. Her abdomen feeling stretched, full, pregnant and penetrated. Her vagina - filled with massive, heavily thick hardness, and her own finger in the stretched cavity of her air-filled rear seconding that impression. But betraying it all,

her sex - clit and labia - so painfully stung and swollen that the slightest touch or rub feels like a sledgehammer blow of agony. The stone stuck in her pussy - that will move and rub her stung flesh if she clamps in orgasm. The orgasm that feels like it is an oncoming slow freight train. The pain she expects. Her mind, whirling around and around the need for relief, her pain, the throbbing ache through all her body. Her finger inside her arse - she can't help shifting it, feeling the satiny sheath of flesh around her stone impalement. Sitting in the car with her father, an oncoming inevitable orgasm building, building, her breath breaking into pants, and her hips rising in irresistible orgasmic spasm. Her breasts, aching, throbbing, overfull. Doctor Prott, the tests, her own hand obediently thrusting and twisting the large dildo inside her vagina. How right he'd been, in predicting her tendency to persistent arousal, even on her first visit. The vine and its strange changes to her body - her now giant clit. Her aching nipples. Orgasm... so close... the feeling inside her arse, so smooth... her cunt, the stone... she's afraid, but no more able to stop than a whirlpool can reverse itself. She feels it begin, the flush of intensity, sucking away the fragments of her mind, building, the sea going out, drawing down before rising in a devastating tidal wave to sweep all... she can feel it... her vagina quivering, ready, aching to cramp, the peak rising up, nerve clusters subtly altered by the vine's venom fire up, her muscles bunch, cle....

"ARRGGGGH! AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!! OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!" PAIN! Pain strikes her in the center of her being, at the core of her need. A reflexive recoil, a drawing back. Her whole body had tensed, as her pussy tried to clench. Her body is still tensed, but her pussy! Such pain! It moved, the stone moved and scraped across her poor, stung inner lips and the base of her clit. Like an eye jabbed with a sharp object, her body drew back, the clampdown in her center recoiled, reversed. But the orgasm... it has tried to begin, and it won't be denied! It demands! Her brain has begun, has embarked on the little death, no thought is possible. It demands! Her body, straining tightly in anticipation, demands! Her vagina, her womb, aching to clamp down, demand. There is no mind to control, to recall what is inevitable. Her vagina contra... "OHHHHHHHHHHHHH! AGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA! AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!" Contractions of her chest, and vocal cords. The messages of pain strike again in the core of her orgasm, travel to her spine. Reflexes act. She cries out. Her vagina halts, relaxes before completing contraction. There is no one home, just her body, an orgasm machine with a shorted circuit preventing completion of the program. The orgasm program runs, but hangs, suspended. Retries. Her vagina con... "AHHHHhhh00000HHHH!
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH! OOOOOOOOOOOO!" Spinal reflexes, basic, hardwired like a leg jerking from a tapped kneecap, halt her clench. The orgasm process, too long delayed, vine-amplified, sensation boosted, will not stop. Like childbirth, inevitability is in force. Her body shudders, jerking in spastic shock, no mind at the controls. Her mind... is in an orgasm that cannot progress. Sensations cross wired, pain, pleasure, it simply pours in, uninterpreted. Her body draws a breath, her vagina contracts... "AAAAAAAAAIIIIIEEEEEEEEE!!!! NNNNNYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAUUUUUUHHHH!!!!
NNYYYYYOOOOOOOOOOHHHHH!!!" but is halted and releases before it barely begins, the stone shifting only slightly but excruciatingly against her nettle-tenderized

membranes. Like a bare foot placed on an unexpected sharp object, instant protective reflexes in the spine act, and jerk away. But just as the body's weight must find ground somehow, the orgasm requires a clench. The foot descends again, her pubes thrust forward to meet the source of such intensity as all sensation is confused with orgasmic pleasure overload by other nerve centers, her vagina contra...

"AAAAAAA00000000000000HHHHHHHHHHH!

OOOOOUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUHHHHHHH!!!! UUUUUUUUUUHHHHHHH!!!!!" The simple pain-avoidance reflex can thwart nothing but the muscular contraction of her vagina and uterus. But that is enough. Swollen, engorged flesh, the nerve ganglia, the hormone releases, all are blocked from resolution. Most of her body, her mind, her general vascular system, are all hanging in the peak onset of massive orgasm. But the key to release, the vaginal and uterine components, are thwarted. They cannot even begin their orgasm response. Cannot achieve relief. The rest of her body demands they do. Her vagina begins to co.... "UHHHHHHHHHHHH! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAOHHHHHHHHHH!

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK! AAAAAAAAAAAAA!" Chemical messengers of orgasm are flooding her body. Normally released in a short burst at onset, they continue to pour into her bloodstream, as the counter-messengers associated with relief fail to arrive and shut down the initiator systems. In her mind the orgasm draws its coils more firmly around her thoughts, tightening, intensifying. Orgasm, orgasm, nothing else. Massive intensity, no relief. The stone rests hugely within her aching, needing vagina, motionless. She craves... Her vagina tries to tense.... "UUUUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!

UUUUUUUUUUUUHHHHHHHHHHHHH! UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUHHHHHHHHHHH!" It orgasm-hurts to tense, it orgasm-aches to not tense. Her pussy cannot tense. It cannot. The orgasm fullness aches. It aches. Intensity. Orgasm, orgasm, intensely aching, pleasure, unbearable intensity, unceasing, inescapable. She aches to clench. Her vagina tries to clench... "WAUUUUUUUUUUUUHHHHH AAAAHH! AAHHHHHHHHH!

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH! AH! AH!" The pain is a kind of pleasure, orgasm pleasure, but it repels her center, and down in her lower spine something says "No!" persistently at each clench. Forces her back away from relief, away from the clench. To a place where there is aching, needing pleasure, a place that does not jerk away when her body tries it. Orgasm, without relief. Contradiction, impossible, unbearable, yet she is stuck.

Her mind and nervous system, like some simple pleasure/pain programmed neural net, flails around for a solution. Orgasm, her thoughts flatlined by the brightly burning orgasm centers in her brain. Her body shudders, hips juddering back and forth in uncoordinated thrusts. There is no pain, but no result either. Orgasm engaged, locked, fired, unflinching. Pleasure, desire, desperate need. In her sheath, thick unmoving stone. Engorgement, heat, need, fuck-need, fullness. Her hands waver randomly, finger pulling from her rear with little attention, fists clenching and unclenching. There is no coordination, no intent. She does not even think to use them. Something in her is learning, adapting. Slowly. Another clench tries to begin, more tentative... "AH!!

OOOOOOWWWWWWWWAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH! OHHHHHHH!! Uh Uh Uh....." A lesson is absorbed, by lower body nerves acting on their own. Clenching is suspended,

unworkable. The unending mind-jamming intensity of orgasm-onset is accepted as part of a new operating state. Desire, fullness, orgasm, need... it doesn't stop, it doesn't stop.. Her hips buck wildly, thrashing in the water, as her reflexes refine to fucking herself jerkily on the feeling of unmoving fullness, suspended completion, pure blinding pleasure in the frustrated absence of relief.

It goes on and on, beautiful, beautiful agonizing frustration overload... Her body has learnt that clenching is useless, does not work, brings only pain. Her vagina aches, full, throbbing, unrelieved, her mind submerged in glorious roaring ecstatic peak, at the pinnacle where excruciating pleasure should trail off into relief and resolution. But it does not. Cannot. On and on she orgasms, flying, floating, drifting, strange patterns flickering across the neural folds of her mind. Arms loose, forgotten. Aware, conscious, but unthinking. Floating, cumming and not cumming at once, mindless. Shut down, hallucinating dreams of erotic fragments, senseless, disjointed. She drifts. Eyes closed, head pulled back, till her face is nearly underwater. Mostly all that is visible above the waterline is her rounded abdomen, and swollen breasts, bobbing irregularly as her hips shudder randomly and futilely, humping at nothing, each reflexive jerk bringing only twinges of stinging pain lacing through the constant pleasure. Captainless, her body adapts on its own - movement brings pain. Her shudderings grow smaller, fewer, then cease. She drifts motionless, legs wide under the water, stone unmoving in her pussy, oblivious to her surroundings.

On and on her snarled orgasm blazes, mercilessly, unfading, uncompleted, as vine venom altered neurochemistry combined with pain conditioning holds her in that mindless sensory fire as firmly as the vines once held her over the pool. Time has no meaning, she does not perceive time, only the beautiful agony of endless orgasmic tide flowing into her, and into her, and into her, like some vast symphony of pounding sounds and lights far too complex and grand for her to comprehend even the tiniest part. So richly dense it feels like roaring white noise, a universal static pounding on all her senses. Overwhelming, as blinding as suddenly gazing into the full Sun with eyes that had lived only in twilight. Yet as her uncomprehending and battered mind's focus flails about unguided, any small thread of the whole it bumps upon sears her with a white hot hallucinatory torrent of vivid, interwoven detail. Self-awareness failed, she is merely experience without thought. A mind's eye without mind. She cannot analyze, cannot even form the concept of 'I', to begin "I cum, therefore I..." For she is not. In the mind of the woman floating down the river, there is only 'am'. The whole Universe... am. With no one home to hold the floodgate closed against a crowding universe, the barrier swings open.