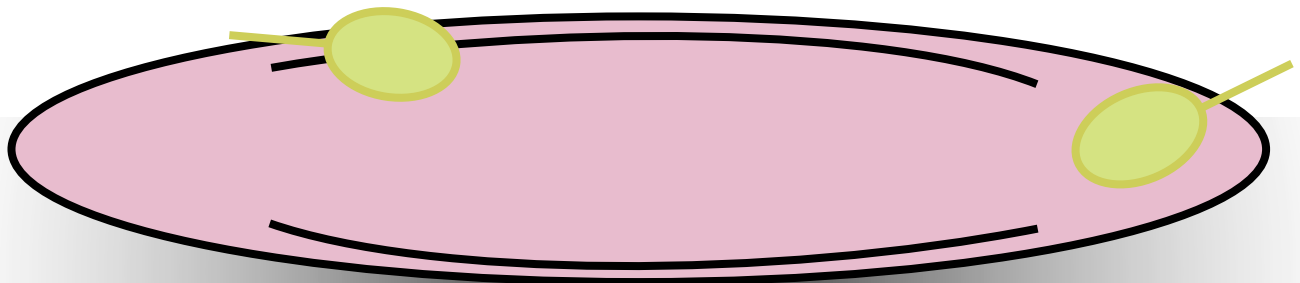


Leftovers

Written by Alex Streuth
Illustrated by Will Thrasher



Illustrations by Will Thrasher.

This book is a work of fiction. All characters, incidents, and dialogue are drawn from the author's imagination and not to be construed as real.

This is a work of adult entertainment, all of the characters herein are over the age of consent. Not to be read by minors.

Cherish Valley originally created by "The Mayor of Cherish."
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1

ITS SPRINGTIME AND THE PENDLETONS ARE GOING ON VACATION:

Martha Pendleton loves her husband very much, they've been married for five years now, and she's just started asking him about kids. He seems reluctant but she sure he'll give them to her eventually, as long, of course, as she remains his dutiful wife.

"Greg dear, I'd love it ever so if we could have some children of our own. All of the other couples our age have them."

"Mmm Martha what do you mean 'our age'? I'm thirty-two and you're twenty-eight, there's plenty of time for children later. Just enjoy the weather."

"Its actually getting to be a little cold, perhaps I'll go inside and get a sweater."

"That's fine." Greg said, admiring the rise and fall of his wife's large, healthy bosom. She had started to sag a bit after they had gotten married. He knew it could have just been buyer's remorse, the way he started to lose interest in her, but then some of his peers had made remarks as well. Her appearance had become embarrassing, so he had brought the subject [of her breasts' perkiness] up.

When she had learned of her faux faux, of the terrible shame she was bringing to her husband's reputation, she had of course acquiesced to his demand for a 'tune-up' the previous year.

The doctor had said it would be a simple procedure to give them more lift and bounce, and Greg had seemed quite pleased at this. Martha hadn't really wanted to do it, but she could see how important it was to him, so she had demurred.

She had gone in for a simple minor augmentation to her bust, but had come out all smiles, literally, the injections in her lips making them grotesquely large and fishlike. She now had a permanent glossy 'o' smile on her face at all times.

Her breasts of course now stood perkily from her chest, as though they belonged to a teenager, and were two full cup sizes larger.

Martha felt degraded by the changes, and regretted having had them done almost immediately:

The changes to her chest at least she had agreed to, but what had been done to her face downright disgusted her.

Afterwards she started to feel more like an object than a lovely wife. Everytime she looked in the mirror she felt like a freak. It was very hard to go out in public, too, and know that everyone was staring at her lips and tits... It was hard not to see herself the way everyone else did, as a slutty trophy, a fuckdoll, a toy for her husband to play with.

She grew desperate after that, fearing that the love her husband had once had for her was starting to dry up and that he was only interested in the thrill of her body. She decided she needed to become pregnant to gain his interest again, and to solidify her place in their relationship.

She therefore remained dutiful to him, and put her new lips to good use in the bedroom... As well as in the den and occasionally at the dinner table, but, she wanted to know that she was his wife, and that he valued her as

a partner... She figured that if she became the mother of his children he would have to respect her...

For Greg the changes were very enjoyable, but he still wanted more. He was indeed losing interest in his wife, she was growing old and tiresome.

She continually submitted to him, and he wanted a challenge, something younger, something with more fight in it. Martha was nice, gentle, and obedient, but she wasn't exciting. It felt like the conquest was over, the flame of his passion dying out, there wasn't really any room left for her in his life.

Unless of course, but no, she would never agree to that, it was simply too extreme, too demeaning of a position for her to ever accept it... Although...

The idea had been fluttering about for awhile, an idle fancy... If he could get Martha to come along with him to Cherish, well, then he'd be able to find some new use for her after all.

"Honey," she said, her jugs swinging into view from the door frame, "I'm actually a little hungry, so I'm going to heat something up. Do you want to come in?"

"I'll be in in a few minutes," he replied, templing his fingers, brooding. He smiled, if everything worked out according to plan she'd never go hungry again. He smiled, thinking of it.

--

The next day it was cold again, and they stayed inside. Greg was talking to her about the idea of a vacation.

“Or really, a vacation home. That way we could go someplace warm during the cold months.”

“Oh that sounds lovely Greg, can we afford it?” She thought that if they were alone together she might be able to talk him into some lovemaking, the ‘real’ kind this time, not the kind he insisted on... She shuddered and closed her lips tight in response to the image that brought to mind.

“Honey you just let me take care of everything and don’t worry about the money, remember that our finances are my affair.”

“Yes dear.” She knew they were. She had stopped working when they’d married, her husband had assured her that he’d take care of everything, and five years ago there had been no reason to worry, but, lately, she had found herself so much more dependent on him. He never made any empty threats, but when she displeased him, or when she refused him in the bedroom, there was always that thought, hanging out there, when he paused and seemed to casually dismiss her, as though he didn’t need her and that she could be replaced.

The thought made her stomach churn, she needed something, anything to get an edge on him again. Having children would do that, she figured, it would make her place in the family more secure, and rekindle his love for her.

“Very good, so I want you to pack up some things and we’ll take a trip.” He smiled, adding mentally “A one-way trip.”

“Okay honey. Should I put dinner on now?” She smiled, but really she was wondering if she could get him into bed later on. She needed him to make her pregnant and if she could get him in just the right mood...

It would be hard, she’d have to get him excited in her really fast and get

him to skip the foreplay, since it would invariably lead to his cock in her mouth, and not her pussy...

Sometimes, when Greg was watching his wife speak, he zoned out a bit, just a bit, watching her lips move but no sound come out. It wasn't hard to imagine something else going in. She'd stop talking though, and he'd nod or say something vague to try to get her to move them again:

"That's fine, go ahead," he was saying.

She turned and moved away so he left his daydream and turned back to the paper, putting his feet up.

2

THEY LANDED A FEW DAYS LATER AT A SMALL PRIVATE AIRSTRIP.

Martha got out, her long, lithe legs slipping languidly from the leather. She curtsied to the attendant and then smoothed out her skirt, making sure it fell properly down over her large bubble butt.

It hadn't always been so large and shapely, but her husband had insisted she exercise less and instead 'conserve her energy.' She had been a very active, athletic woman before their marriage began, but now, well, she was glad he didn't treat her like a cow.

In truth she was quite lovely, and not at all overweight, but the sitting clothes Greg made her wear had forced the fat she had gained off of her waist and down into her hips and ass. It was more of a corset than a posture skirt, but he had insisted on proper deportation.

She smiled at the attendant who helped her down.

“Oh dear, this service is lovely, and the air is so warm...”

“Honey shhhh, we’re in public and you know how much I hate it when you talk in public.”

“Oh yes dear, sorry.” Martha knew better then to speak in public, she was just excited at the new environment. She remembered a time, it seemed so long ago now, when she would have taken offense at his tone, but now...

It wasn’t that she enjoyed being his second, but he had explained it so well, it was a game, it was a play, it was just for show... She took care of the house, cleaned, cooked, and kept quiet in public, and he was the man of the house, in charge, and he interacted with others socially.

It had made sense at the time, although maybe the fact that he had been showering her with jewels and clothing had done something to alter her priorities. She had been close to getting him to propose to her too, and she had really wanted a life with him....

He made her feel so good when they were alone.

Yes, before she had met him she had believed firmly in the equality of men and women, but now, well, she reminded herself that it was just a game, that it wasn’t for real, that they were just pretending: And she did her part in that ‘game’ and kept her mouth shut.

They drove down a long, straight road until they came upon the vestiges of a town. The surroundings were dusty and barren, but as they approached she saw a small oasis in the middle of what could honestly be considered a desert.

“Greg, Greg what is this place?” Martha asked nervously.

Greg petted her softly on the head and led her to the intake office. It was a large concrete building that exuded little warmth. Once past the double doors Martha felt slightly trapped, as though she had just walked in to her execution.

She clutched her husband’s arm tightly for security and leaned her head on his shoulder, suddenly very shy and nervous.

“Hello,” her husband said, stepping up, “Greg Pendleton here to meet, um,” he checked the card, “Dr. Spencer. I have an appointment.”

The bobble-headed bimbo behind the counter nodded cheerfully, her vapid smile rising and falling on her full lips, and she pressed a big button on the counter, sounding a buzzer.

“Ah, my twelve o’clock,” Spencer said, stepping out of a nearby door. He had a stethoscope around his neck and was pulling latex gloves off of his hands. “Right this way.” He led them down a hallway through a set of swinging doors to an examination room. Martha was still quite nervous, and started fidgeting.

Dr. Spencer stood across from Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton, speaking to the former, and inspecting the latter. “And this must be your lovely wife...” He said, looking at Greg. He had his hand up Martha’s blouse, feeling her breasts methodically.

“Tell me what you like least about her.” Spencer commented, looking directly at Greg as he spoke. The doctor continued to run his hands over Martha as he looked at and listened to Greg.

“Well to be honest Doctor,” Greg smiled sheepishly, “she’s rather dumb.”

“So you’d like her made smarter?” The doctor sounded a bit incredulous.

“No, I just don’t want people to be able to tell that she’s so dumb.” Greg smiled over at his beau, enjoying the look of dismay and shock on her face. He shrugged at her, as if to say ‘Well, its true.’

“Ahh, an embarrassment you say, in social situations?”

Mrs. Pendleton didn’t know whether to feel outraged or inadequate, but with the way they were treating her, and with the way her husband was carrying on she felt very small, like she wanted to cry. She was angry, and it hurt to be talked about like this, especially by her husband, whom she worked so hard to please, but, she didn’t know what to do.

It must have been something she’d done... It was easier simply to lower her head in shame, listening to her husband and the Doctor speak about her, demurring and making not a sound.

“Yes Doctor its just, its a nuisance, I hate to admit it but sometimes she...” He leaned in, as though divulging a secret. He whispered, and though Martha could not make out his words she imagined she had done something terrible.

“No!” The Doctor rose up, as though taken aback. He feigned shock, surprise, and put his hands to Mrs. Pendleton’s face, running them carefully around her mouth. She whimpered, not sure what they had talked about but feeling inadequate. Even though she knew she had done nothing

wrong she felt like she had to apologize, she felt like she had to be better... somehow.

“That’s okay,” the Doctor said, reading her whimpers correctly. “We can fix that.”

She nodded, suddenly grateful, and desperate, needing this man to fix her, so her husband would love her again.

“Yes I think we can improve on these...” The doctor was saying, eyeing her breasts critically. “These look to be about a DD now, we should be able to correct that, perhaps to a FF, maybe more... and these lips...”



Turning to a tray nearby he took a medical marker and made some dotted lines around her lips, marking a larger ‘O’ shaped outline around it:

“Nurse,” he said, over his shoulder, “a size four oral catheter please.”

The nurse wobbled her way over, dressed in a white latex uniform which hugged her curves properly and allowed her excessive cleavage to spill invitingly out. She smiled down at Mrs. Pendleton, her mouth dominated by large lusciously collagened lips that drooled delightfully ever-so.

“Now say Ahh...”

3

MARTHA WAS BACK AT HOME NOW, HER TIME AT THE CLINIC WAS all finished, the Doctor had done good work.

“Wife.” Mr. Pendleton patted his thigh, and his wife, crawling on all fours, her eyes wider than ever before, her make-up perfect, her mouth large and circular, rubbery and at attention, moved to his feet.

She held her head up, her eyes trying to focus but unable to make out more than a vague blur. She held her mouth open, ready to accept whatever he had to give her. She waited patiently for his attention.

Mr. Pendleton finished his cigarette and stubbed it out, languidly disposing of it by tossing the butt inside his wife's face. He smiled when she gummed it, and, still reading the paper, he then ran his fingers idly around the wetness of the inside of her mouth, making sure the trash stayed where it belonged:

He turned the page in his newspaper, reading the headline:

“Local charity drive raises \$30,000 to cover cosmetic surgery of Cherish's needy.”

He scanned the article. Mrs. Pendleton, meanwhile, slurped on the disgusting remains of his cigarette.

When he was done with her she lumbered off to her corner.

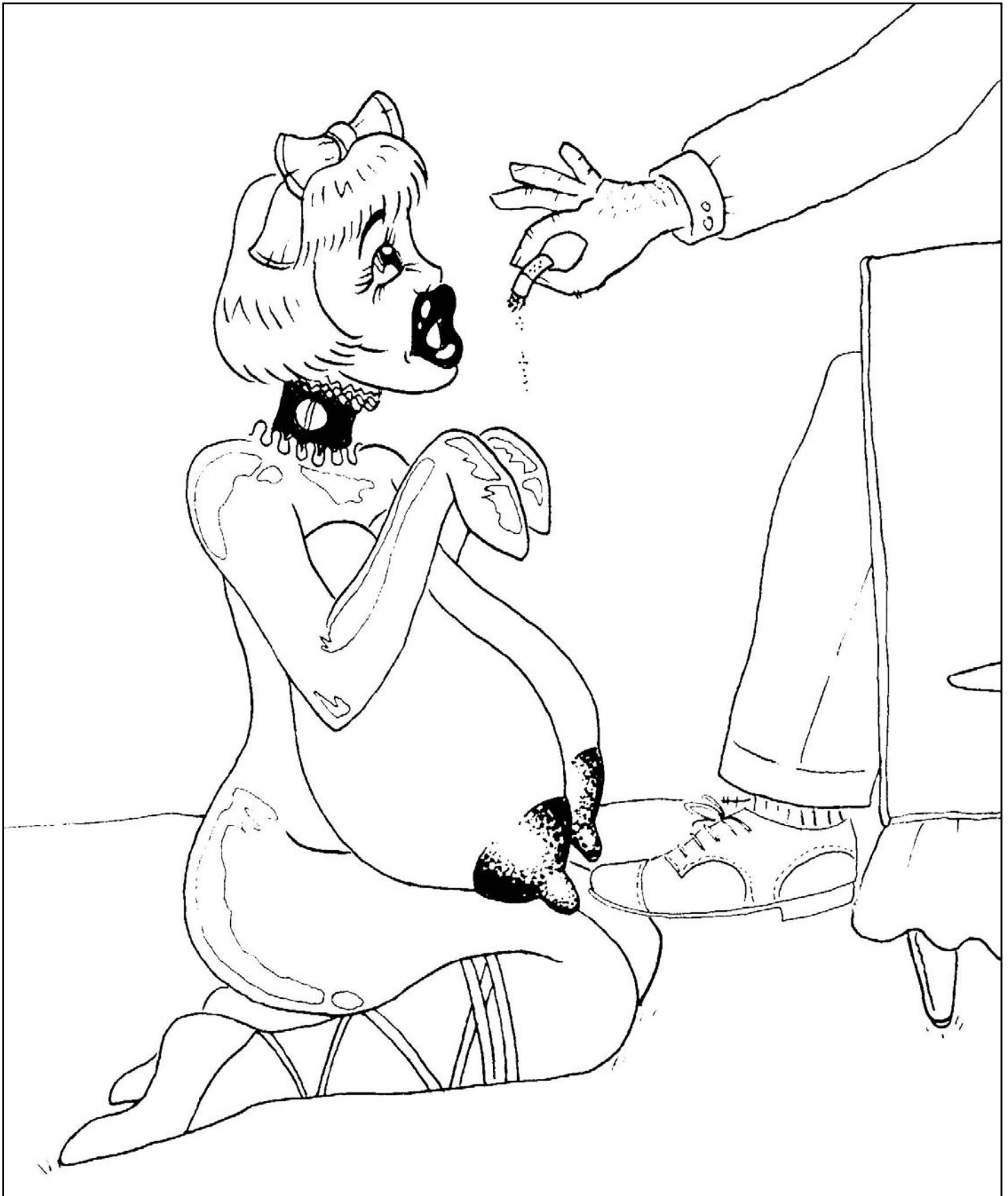
The rug on the floor was marked clearly, her space was behind the bright orange lines. If she moved from it at any time other than when ordered she was punished.

She was still learning but it worked very simply. There were two devices, and they were mutually exclusive, when one was turned on the other turned off. It was very discrete.

They were both tied in to the punishment collar around her neck. It would give her shocks if she left her designated area. Where her 'designated area' was changed at the push of a button:

The controller was in Greg's left hand. Martha watched it with interest, her fate easily decided if he toggled it on accident. She could feel the pulse in her neck as the two currents traded. When the transfer occurred she had a few scant seconds to move close to her husband, crawling diligently to his side before receiving a shock.

Then, so long as she kept her head close to his belt she was alright, although it was humiliating having to keep her head that close to his crotch to stay safe.

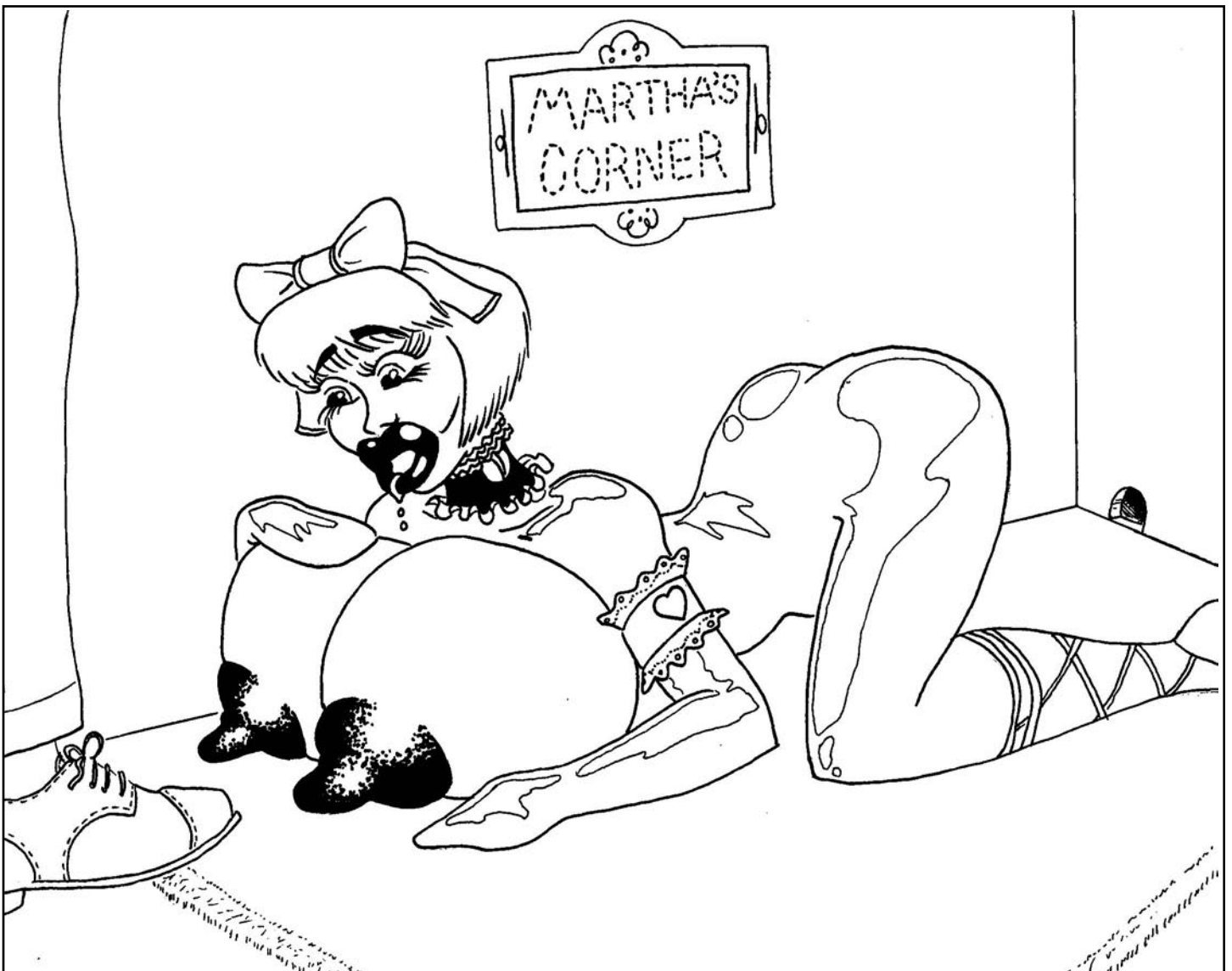


Right now though, with the current set to the ‘STAY’ command, she stayed in her corner, within the orange barrier outline on the floor.

If her head moved outside of the lines she would be shocked until she moved back in. This was her ‘safe spot’ and her husband had made it abundantly clear that he was not just playing with her.

The first night that he had got her home from the hospital she had thought he was joking, and had stood up, only to fall back down. The weight in her chest, which was now even larger—a full and proud GG—was so heavy as to unbalance her.

She had quickly fallen back to her knees.



She had tried to get up again, working her legs, reaching with her arms... Her husband had calmly watched her, taking in her adorable helplessness, until she had finally given up and accepted her place:

Which was on the floor, quiet, in her spot.

In fact she had a very specific spot she had to stay in, and it was clearly marked with orange tape.

She had tried a couple of times to leave it, and each time been shocked. It took only a few shocks to convince her to never stray again. She was, at this point, fully broken, or, as her husband would say fully house-trained.

So she was careful to obey his wordless commands, to open widely when he needed her, and to stay inside the safe zone when he was done. She was not wanted around the house for chores, in fact she was ignored most of the time...

She felt, most of the time, like an object, such as a waste bin or a refuse point, and was treated as such. If Greg had something he needed to throw away or a bodily fluid he needed to rid himself of, he turned to her.

--

Greg stretched, holding the newspaper in his left hand. He glanced at his wife, who was still finishing up the last bits of cigarette butt he had given her earlier.

Mrs. Pendleton, swallowing, again and again, to get the butt down her throat, smiled, not because she was happy, but because her husband preferred to see a pleasant, wide-open smiling mouth when he glanced over.

If she wasn't 'at attention' he might shock her for laziness. He continued

to stare at her, his gaze locked onto the fascinating spectacle of her mouth. It never ceased to amuse him, the way the wide gaping hole of hers would leak down her chest.

Her jaw started to ache a bit so she smiled wider, her large lips deforming as she did so, their usual large 'O' becoming more of a tall oval, and, after she was done 'stretching', coming then back to rest again. He turned the page:

A couple of pictures accompanied the article, one of which clearly showed the marked improvement in one woman's bust, from a meager D cup to a much more palatable G. A quote from the lucky girl stated "Oh its marvelous, I am ever so grateful to mankind for allowing me to be able to go out in public again."

Mrs. Pendleton knew that obedience brought rewards in the form of the occasional treat. Greg might give her something to suck on, putting it up to her mouth where she would take it from him greedily. Usually a piece of fat, or a salty chew, something she would have taken for granted in her previous life, but which she now craved.

Her place now was on the floor, beholden to him. While she still harbored anger at him for what he had done to her, she had no way of expressing it. What's more, she still felt the need to please him, thinking that he would undo all he had done if she was just good enough. She still thought she could win him back.

She was trying hard to hold onto the idea of who she was, of the woman she had been... But every day she swallowed a little more waste, and grew a little more complacent.

She swallowed a little more of her pride when she swallowed his trash. She swallowed a little more of her anger when she swallowed his ejacu-

late. She was becoming more like an animal, or a dumb piece of furniture, every day.

She wasn't numb inside, not yet, but she was thinking less, and responding on instinct more:

If she tried to express herself, to vent, to push any of her feelings out or to refuse her husband service she was simply and easily defeated. He controlled her, forcing whatever he wanted into her mouth, and repeating the assault, putting more and more into her, until she was docile and swallowed reflexively, by instinct.

Until she was was fully trained and knew her new place.

4

ONE DAY SHE OPENED HER EYES TO SEE HER HUSBAND PEERING down at her, inspecting her with a telephone in his hand.

"Its my wife, Martha, it still thinks too much, and takes up too much space," he was talking to someone on the phone.

“Obviously important man business,” Mrs. Pendleton thought, opening her mouth to let her husband stick a finger in. She ignored the rest of the conversation, instead focusing diligently on sucking his finger in the most grovelling manner possible.

“We’re having company later on,” her husband said to her. She looked up, listening, not wanting to miss a single word. She was excited, maybe today would be the day.

“I want you to be on your best behavior and greet each guest as they arrive.” She nodded and kissed his finger, grateful for the opportunity to prove herself.

--

A guest arrived, she could hear him talking to Greg and then she saw his boots by her face. The man reached down to introduce himself, gripping her mouth and clearing his throat:

“Spwock,” he said, depositing a large emission of phlegm into her mouth.

Martha swallowed, observing her part of the greeting ritual. She smiled up at the next guest, who had arrived just moments ago. He obviously had something important to say to her because he was unzipping his pants.

She took the introduction in stride, welcoming all nine inches of him into her home and wishing him well on his journey. He took advantage of her hospitality and deposited his load in her recesses where it dripped down her throat to join the first guest’s deposit. “Why isn’t that sweet,” she thought, happy that she could oblige.

The third guest was obviously in a hurry so she didn’t want to keep him waiting, he was clutching his legs together as though trying to hold some-

thing. He unzipped quickly and moved down to introduce himself, splattering her face a bit before getting his stream into her mouth.

“Snacks are in the kitchen and we’ll have some entertainment later on. If you need to throw anything out or relieve yourself in any way you can use Martha here in the living room, or if she’s busy the one in the den.”

Martha coughed, choking suddenly, and not because of the copious amount of urine swarming down her gullet. There was another woman in the house besides her? When had this happened? This was outrageous!

Well, she made her face a mask of determination, she would show these men that she was the better of the two, she would have them coming back for more.

“Greg, you said there was another one out back? I really got to go, is it as pretty as this one here or..?”

Hah, Martha smiled—although it was hidden from view by the piece of toilet paper that was now stuck to her lip—now she’d see, Greg was surely going to say that she was the prettier of the two.

“Oh yeah Mark, that one back there isn’t nearly as well-formed as this one here, it’s only a double E. This one’s a double G and much more comfortable of a sit. Although if you want the best seat in the house you can go upstairs and use the one in the Master, that one’s a full.”

“Oh that’s great man let me go use that one.”

Martha felt like she had been punched in the stomach... She wasn’t Greg’s favorite?! She was crestfallen that there might be another woman Greg liked more, another woman who was better than her, a woman who received more of Greg’s attention. She simply could not believe it.

She became furious at 'Full' or whoever she was.

She wanted to see her, to see just what it was that she had that Martha didn't...

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Mark made it upstairs and looked around a bit, running his hands over the bed, leaning in close to admire its many breasts, before hitting the can.

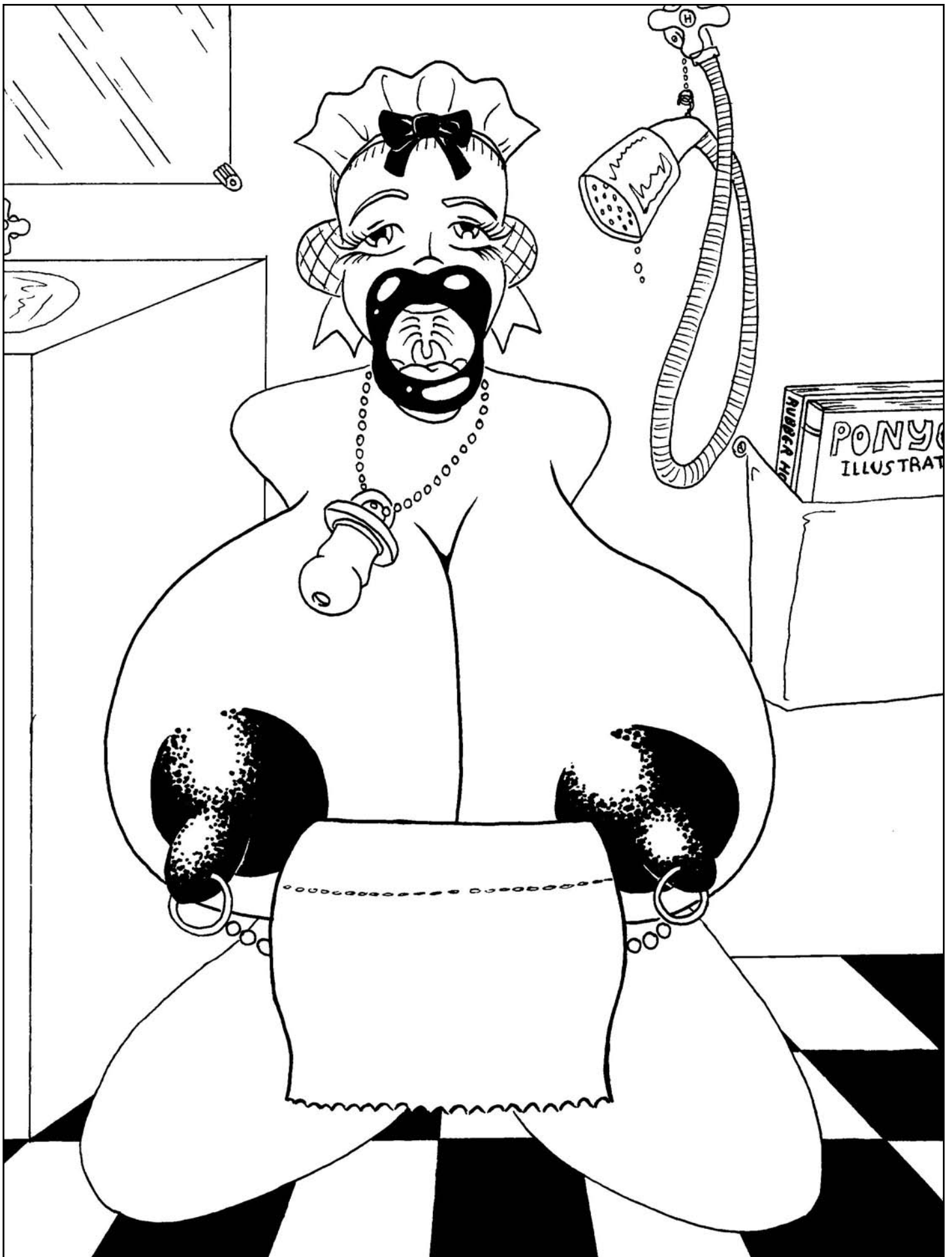
There it was, just like Greg had said. It was indeed a full!

The woman's tits obscured her lower body, and her eyes showed that she was asleep. Her mouth was wide open though, and what a mouth! He wasn't kidding when he called her a full, it was almost as though the woman's face was built around that mighty orifice.

He walked up to her and took the rubber stopper out of her mouth. Turning his back to her he sat down, carefully positioning himself. He ignored her protests and used her enormous chest to help support his weight. He relaxed the back of his thighs onto her bosom and breathed a big sigh.

He picked up a magazine nearby and thumbed through the articles as he let nature run its course. The woman tried to buck him off but her efforts were ineffectual, Mark just steeled his legs and held her down. In fact her movements helped him do what he needed to, stimulating the process with her 'enthusiasm' and keeping him amused with her feeble attempts to disengage him.

After a good long read, when he had gotten everything out that he needed to and the full had gotten a good long use, he set the magazine aside and stood up. He wiped and tossed the paper into her mouth, shoving it rudely in and making sure it became soggy on her saliva.



Since she had no tongue she could only look pleadingly up at him. She wasn't much of a conversationalist though, her noises annoying Mark as he watched her beg for his help. He wanted to shut her up so he took the nearby hose and forced it into her mouth, silencing her. He toggled the switch on the hose, starting the harsh flow that would clean her, and turned out the lights.

The water gushed into her mouth and throat, choking her partly and battering down her resistances. She sobbed silently in the dark, becoming ready for the next guest.

A few minutes later she heard the door open and a different party guest stumbled in drunk. He smiled in delight and glee when he saw her.

Downstairs Martha was having a hard time keeping up with the guests' demands, and they were making complaints to Greg about her usefulness.

It seemed she was happy to serve her husband but less willing to oblige his guests when he wasn't nearby. In fact she was being quite rude to them and not swallowing everything. The carpet near her was stained with tossed detritus she had refused to eat.

Greg, irritated, picked up the phone:

“Yes that's right Doctor, she takes up too much room in the house, and calls too much attention to herself. I'm just thinking out of sight out of mind, you know, but I still want her to serve a purpose...”

She was picked up and taken back into surgery the next day.

5

THERE WERE A COUPLE OF WRENCH TURNS AND MARTHA FELT A tightening on her bum and on her head, a tightness pushing on her whole body. She was groggy, still feeling the effects of the surgery.

“Yes, that’s it, just in there...” She was being fitted into her new home.

She smiled, the drugs bringing a numbness and a euphoria to her, even though she had to wince at the sharp tugs she could feel as the men installed her. She was becoming more lucid, the effects of the medicine wearing off, and the trickle of sensation began crawling back into her body.

“Perfect, she’s perfect.” Greg said, admiring the clinic’s handiwork. He signed their invoice and the men left. Greg could do the rest himself:

She felt something pushing at her and then made a face when she felt it slip in, invading her rectum and going in further to penetrate places that made her shudder...

She waited, sure it would be taken back out, but it stayed. She pushed at it, but it stayed. The snaking tubing wormed its way all the way up and made itself comfortable in her bowel.

Her husband wriggled around underneath the sink some more and she felt another, smaller, thing being pushed up into her urethra! This was so uncomfortable, it was so invasive, going right up and pushing into her bladder. She wanted to shout but her vocal cords had been muted with a valve.

Greg tightened the lower connections, making sure the hoses were fully in—one leading directly into her bowel and the other her bladder. She tried pushing but Greg tutted her and pushed them further in, holding them until he had tightened the washers and screws and attached the valves.

“There,” he said, standing up. He tested the valve, feeling the air coming from inside her as she relaxed. He tightened it again.

She frowned—as best as she could with her now much more rigid mouth—unable to express her discomfort any other way, her mouth remaining open and ready for business while her face was obscured by a glass plate.

Her husband removed her mouth stopper and stuck a lemon into her mouth. She quickly came to her senses.

“That’s to help with the smell,” she heard him say, to someone out of her view. “We’ll put a new one in every month.”

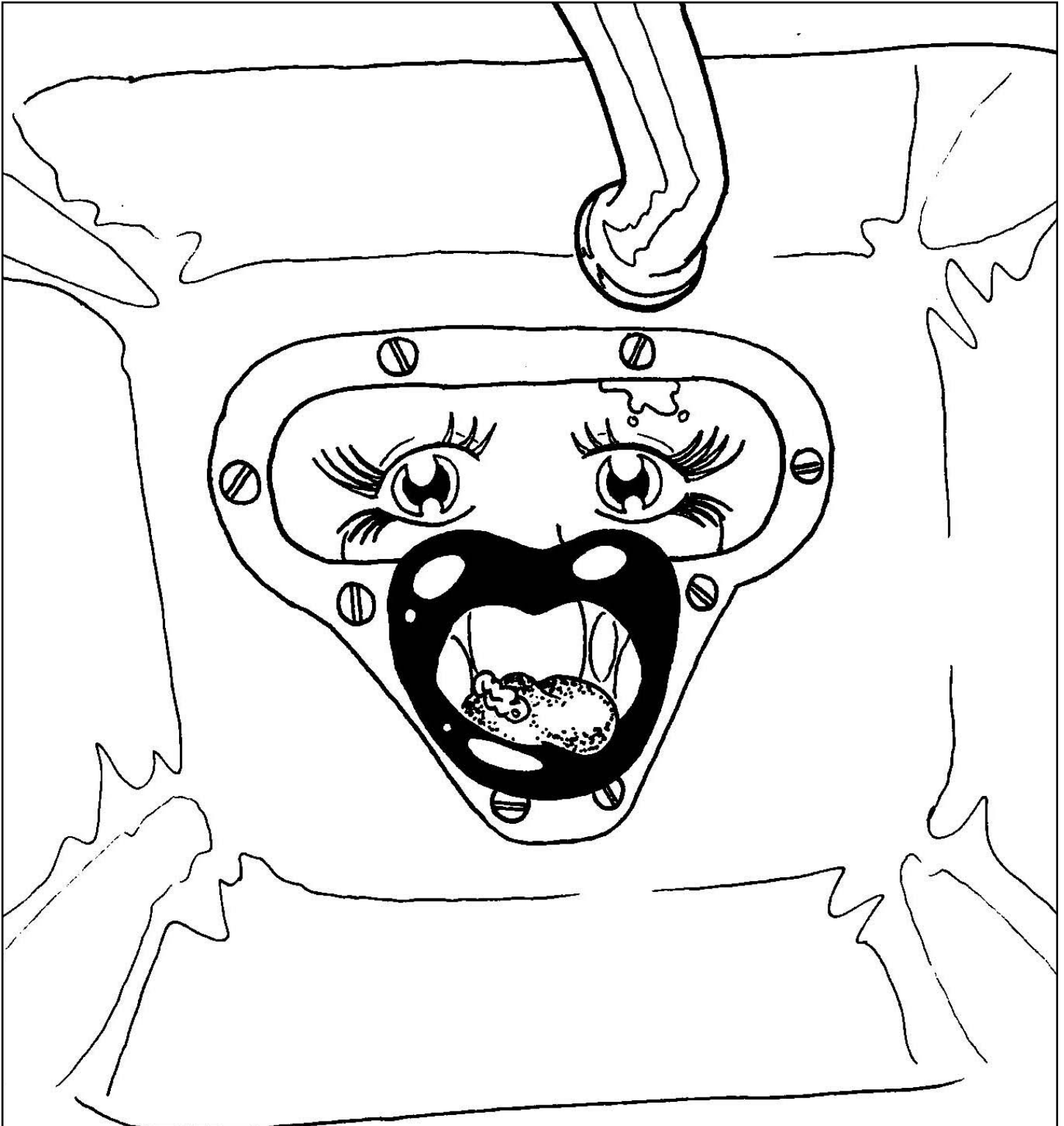
She sucked on it a bit, and then swallowed in surprise when he pushed it back down into her mouth. Surprisingly she didn’t choke. It was lodged in her throat though. It was an odd sensation having the thing stuck in her throat, unable to swallow it fully, but not choking. She wanted to gag but was unable to.

She could hear him opening a can nearby, and then the hum of the microwave.

“The air intake is through her vagina now, down below, that silly deprecated thing. So she can’t choke. The waste is deposited here,” he pointed at her mouth, “and if the valve is closed it remains there. When the disposal is turned on the valve opens and she grinds it all up and swallows.”

The person off to the side must have nodded because her husband continued. “Let’s test it out, I’m going to ‘eat’ this meal, and then we’ll get rid of the leftovers.”

He sat down and ate his meal of green beans, rice, and chicken in gravy, and then picked up his fork and plate and brought them over to the sink.



“Hello dear, I’ve finished my dinner...”

She could see him looking down at her, she was anxious about what he was going to do next. He was bringing the plate up next to her mouth, her wide open mouth. She was suddenly frantic, she wanted more than anything for him to go away.

She tried to close her jaws but something about them was lazy, disconnected. Greg watched her try to work her jaw, and then turned and whispered to the person next to him. The two of them shared a laugh, knowing more about her surgical changes than she.

The fork scraped the leftover green beans and rice, the scraps of chicken and all of the leftover gravy, all in a big goop, and held it up over her face.

She gurgled, trying to protest, to plead as best as she could with her newly severed vocal cords. All Greg could hear were the sounds of her inner throat, the gurgles and gurks... the desperate, ineffectual noises that made up the sounds of a working garbage disposal.

“I think its ready,” a female voice said from off to Greg’s side, and he smiled. He moved the fork in closer, tilting it, letting the goop fall, in seemingly slow motion, towards and then *into* Martha’s keening mouth.

She wanted to scream! It slid down off the plate towards her open, unwilling mouth. She pleaded, her eyes desperate, not believing that Greg would do this...

He did! Using the fork to forcefully scrape it off the plate into her. He pushed at it, making sure it went down in there well. The woman off to his side watched with rapt attention.

She soon had a large mouthful of the gunky yucky stuff. She wanted to mewl but it slid in deeper...

“As you can see her nose and nasal passages, now extraneous, were removed to allow more capacity.” He spooned another glob of the leftover food into her head, practically pouring the rice and gravy in.

Greg then ran the water, flicking a switch on the wall to activate the disposal. Martha felt a tingling sensation in her mouth and throat, and reflexively swallowed. The blockage she had experienced before was gone. She now had short flat teeth, she noticed, dentures that had been epoxied into her mouth.

They allowed her to grind the food a bit, as was her purpose, but they were mostly for mashing more than anything, “To keep her from damaging anything that might fall in on accident, like a ring or a piece of jewelry,” Greg explained to the person next to him. Martha heard the other one pop a bubble with their gum.

Martha wasn't consciously chewing, it was more like her chewing was done for her, mechanically: Electricity hummed and her mouth reacted, mashing, and her throat swallowed. “Mechanical addition, replacing the jawbone...” Martha started screaming suddenly at the thought of living the rest of her life as this *thing*! In fact, she was really keening now, although her sounds were getting swallowed up with the mechanical ones.

She was some sort of machine, she wanted it to stop, it was horrible, the smell, the feel of it, but she could only observe as food went in into her mouth (she hated to think it as the *disposal*...) and then she processed it!

She tried to stop her jaw, she tried to push the hoses out of her, pushing with her sphincter to try to force the one out of her ass, and pushing with her bladder to try to expel the other from her urethra, but everything was

done up industrially. She was indeed a machine in her husband's home. Trapped and forced to serve. Confined and trapped, modified and amputated. A head with an always open mouth, ready to accept whatever waste was put in it.

“Gah!” Her mind screamed. Her throat gurgled and gurked past the stew of messy intake. Her sounds blended with those of her mechanical parts as they pumped and moved rhythmically, keeping pace, keeping her performing... and she was rhythmically accepting, mashing, swallowing all the food her husband poured into her. It all came to rest perfectly, beautifully inside her stomach. The process came to a temporary halt as her mouth emptied. Her belly was now full though, so it was only a matter of time before her body geared up for the next processing task, digestion!

Greg smiled to the person next to him and motioned to the table top. A female hand, carefully painted, held up a can of beans and then ran a can opener. Martha mewled, her inner throat opening and closing, opening and closing in protest. She didn't want anymore, she was full!

The mystery woman ignored the frenzied look in her eye and proceeded to simply deposit spoonfuls of beans into Martha's mouth. The mechanical process started again, Martha tried to stop but she was at the mercy of the pink painted nails that spooned the food into her. She could not stop her rhythmic throat clenching, she just chewed and swallowed, unceasingly.

“Martha I'd like you to meet Jasmin, my new toy around the house.” Jasmin's head bobbed into view, and Martha recoiled in fright at the sight of the beauty as she continued to spoon the beans into her mouth. She was gorgeous, her face perfectly made-up, her hair lustrous.

She couldn't have been more than nineteen. She had bright white teeth and a malicious twinkle in her eye. She grinned down at Martha, obviously enjoying their 'introduction.'

“Martha Jasmin, Jasmin Martha, why don’t you say hello Jasmin.”

Jasmin’s grin grew wider, and then her mouth opened, as the gum she had been chewing for the past hour came into view. Martha tried to shake her head ‘no’, no she didn’t want this, it was too humiliating.

Jasmin let the gum linger on her tongue, letting the weight of what was to come dangle. Then, with an enormous amount of force she spat the pink bubblegum straight into the humble wife’s wide-open mouth. Martha was dumbstruck, the hard pink torpedo hit her straight in the gullet, and would have made a lesser woman choke, but Martha was no ordinary woman now, no, she was a merging of woman and machine, designed by none other than Alex Streuth, and his designs were built to last.

Even if her mind was reeling her mouth was functioning perfectly, it mashed at the gum and invited it lower before swallowing indiscriminately.

“There now, see, you’ve been properly introduced.” Greg said, smiling. He watched as the gum dissappeared from view, the pink sliding down Martha’s darker pink and slipping away down into the gentle folds of his lovely garbage disposal. There was even the slight ‘gahhhh’ sound that signified the tube was empty. He reached over and turned the disposal off, allowing Martha a break from her task.

The gum, of course, joined the rest of Martha’s stomach contents and waited its turn to be let into the intestines.

“Very good!” Greg said, clapping his hands. “This calls for a celebration.” He turned away from the drain to break out the champagne.

Martha flailed with phantom limbs in desperation to reach out and touch her husband. She watched him dissappear from view. Now only Jasmin remained, hovering over her, clearly savoring the moment.

Jasmin laughed, giggling with teenage glee at Martha's captivity. She thought it was marvelous that Greg had such a device. She taunted the trapped woman, sticking out her tongue and shaking her head mockingly. Before joining Greg she spat one last time into Martha's face.

Martha seethed with impotent fury. She didn't like this woman in her house at all. She hated her and she was taking her Greg from her! It pained her to think that there was nothing she could do about it, and, as Jasmin joined him in the dining room, she could hear his laughter, followed daintily by hers. The two seemed very happy, and Jasmin was *so* much younger, and skinnier, than she... God it made Martha so mad to think about it! She continued to boil over with anger as they dined....

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A few hours later Martha awoke from the plagued dreams she had exhaustedly fallen into to the fateful sounds of the tap-tap-tapping of high heels... and then Jasmin's face appeared above. Jasmin looked at her, surprised to see her awake, and then glanced around for Greg.

"Why hello there," Jasmin said, glad to see that they were alone. "I'd thought that you'd be powered down now or whatever it is you machines do when you are tired. I'm glad to see that you're still on though." She giggled, "and you looked just adorable with that pink gum of mine in your mouth earlier, it really brought out the color in your lips."

Jasmin smiled wickedly, and, turning her head in response to a call from Greg, listened but then narrowed her eyes when she turned back to Martha. "I have to go now, to entertain Greg, he wants me, not you, because I'm twice the woman you ever were." Jasmin ran her hands over her lithe curves, and then put her hands under her generous melons and cupped and jiggled them. "He's mine now, and you'll never interest him again."

Martha tried to protest but Jasmin took the sink's hose and stuck it in her mouth, gagging her. She left, but left the faucet running.

Martha swallowed the water, then swallowed more as it continued to pour into her. She could feel it fill her belly, and then it really started to fill her belly. It was hard swallowing it all, she grew sick of it, but she had no choice, like the machine she was she devoured it mechanically.

Her belly grew larger, bulging, and Martha felt like throwing up, but the water went only in, never out, like she was designed to do it went only in. Her belly began to distend, and she felt a cramp, but the water continued to come and she continued to swallow it, clenching her sphincter and stomach muscles in a desire to be rid of the discomfort.

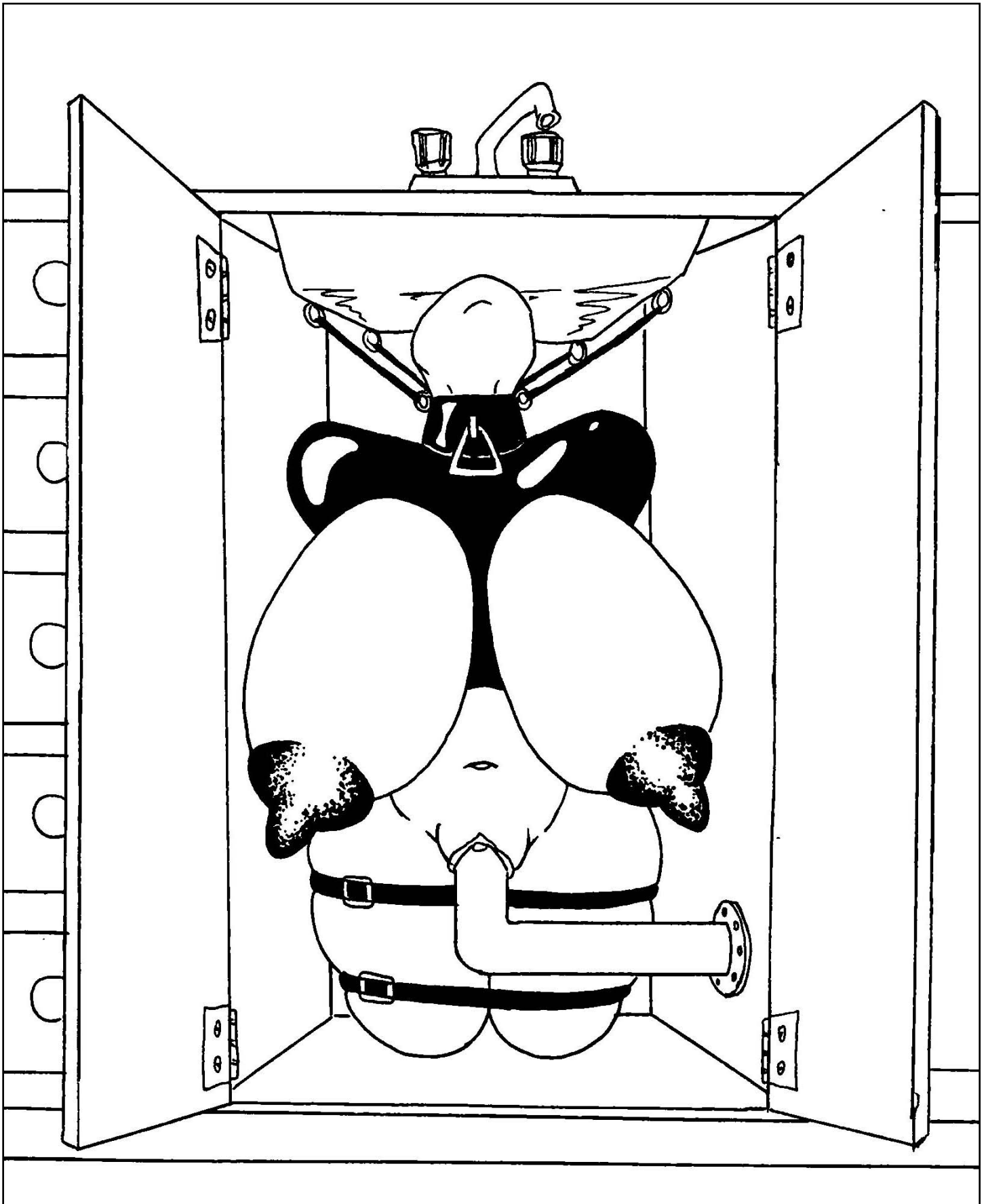
Greg and Jasmin were making out, their tongues intertwined, Greg's hands fumbling over Jasmin's now freed and tumescent breasts. The two were moving through the house back towards the kitchen, and Greg was all over Jasmin. Jasmin was moaning, softly, and Greg was pleasantly drunk.

Greg caught sight of Martha with the hose in her mouth and went over to check her out. He left Jasmin to hitch her bra straps back up onto her shoulders. Greg opened the cabinet to the sight of Martha's enormous belly; she looked ten months pregnant. He found it so amusing that he burst out laughing, and turned to kiss Jasmin, passionately, the sight of his bloated, suffering wife, turning him on.

Greg pulled the hose out, alleviating the pressure on Martha, who had been trying to expel the water in any way she could but was unable to because of the tightness of the valves.

With the hose out of her mouth she vomited some water, but Greg shushed her, and tightened the valve around her neck so that no more leakage could occur. Nothing was going to be coming *out* of her mouth now.

Greg admired the sight of Martha's tightly confined body. She fit well into the house's plumbing while offering her naked jutting udders to the room.



He patted her stomach, rolling his hand over it... “Oh my, darling...” He said, and then saw her starting to pee, “No no no, you’ve got to hold it in.” He tightened that valve again, dissatisfied at his plumbing. “I thought it was tight enough,” he said to himself. Martha felt the pressure in her bladder tighten up, and no more release was forthcoming.

He was drunk and slurring his words, but feeling playful. He stood to chastise her for leaking, shaking his finger at her: “You’re pregnant and you’ve got to hold the baby.” He smiled at his own wit, turning to Jasmin and kissing her, the sight of his captive wife really getting him going.

Martha groaned, unable to endure the pressure, it was agony, and knowing that her figure was being ruined, that she was surely to be replaced by this younger, prettier, perkier woman, (well girl, really.) She could hear the sounds of them kissing, and imagined Jasmin’s young and perky breasts sliding up against her husband’s chest, of him cupping them and losing all thought of her. She heard Jasmin murmur something in Greg’s ear...

Her husband turned to go and then paused, the effects of the alcohol obviously affecting his system. He widened his eyes and then rushed over to the sink, leaning down to stare directly at his wife. Her mouth, eternally open, flinched as he retched, the liquid coming right into her mouth and deluging her palate.

She could feel it, disgusting and bitter, and hear it as he threw up more inside of her mouth. She felt sick herself, and knew that there was very little room in her stomach to accommodate. Her husband, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, stood up, feeling better, and, not wanting to wait much longer on what Jasmin had whispered to him, quickly plugged up his wife’s mouth with a stopper, put an arm around Jasmin’s waist, and led her off to the bedroom.

Jasmin giggled playfully as Greg squeezed her ass and chest.

Martha was in darkness now, stuck with the horrible mess in her mouth, tight, sealed, and put away. No fluid was coming out in any direction, and all she could do was swallow. She tried not to, knowing that once past her esophageal sphincter it was stuck, and would only add to the pressure on her stomach, and its further distention, but she couldn't help it, there was too much fighting against her...

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Across the house two lovers explored each other's bodies, their breath hot on each other as they took the plunge, forgetting everything else for the moment.

"Mmm I love you," Greg said to his new conquest. She was young and full of fight.

"Mmmmm, mmmmm mmm, mmm mmmmm mmmmm!," she said, at first amorously and then in surprise, feeling his hot manhood fill her mouth and take her vestal trachea.

"That's a good girl," Greg said, smiling, closing his eyes and pulling her in tight for a proper hug.

Jasmin gagged, trying to push his legs and thighs off of her, trying to escape his embrace, choking... but he held her tight and embraced her, fully.

Her eyes watered, her gag reflex kicked in, but he held her tight and kept her down, holding her until his passion abated.

She sputtered down off the bed, catching her breath. Greg lit a cigarette and picked up his camera. Jasmin clutched her chest, still heaving and swallowing for air. Greg snapped a few candids of her scrambling around naked and disheveled.

She clambered to her feet, collecting her clothes and swallowing nervously, feeling sick. He motioned for her to pose for the camera, which she did, reluctantly, not really wanting her humiliation recorded.

“Decent,” Greg said, snapping his first shot. Jasmin was glad that he had been pleased with her performance, and smiling politely, opened her mouth to say thank you. “Say Aaaah,” Greg commanded, and, blinking in surprise, she did. Greg captured both the vapid moment of surprise and the wide-open moment of compliance after.

He’d have lots of good photos for his scrapbook. Relaxing, he took a drag from his cigarette, setting the camera aside, and let Jasmin dress. He leaned over and patted her ass as she put her shoes back on.

Jasmin felt disgusted at the way she was being treated. She had hoped that Greg would treat her like a girlfriend, and he had, all the way up until he had used her like a common whore. Now, his victory complete, he seemed ready to throw her away.

Greg dismissed Jasmin and, all thoughts of both women gone from his mind, finished his smoke. He ventured into the bathroom to get ready for bed. After toileting he stubbed the butt out and tossed it away, setting the Full to its cleaning cycle after use.

Re-entering the bedroom he turned down the sheets and then settled in to a warm, well-deserved sleep.

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Martha heard the tap-tap-tapping of high heels, that horrible sound...

Jasmin fumed. How dare Greg treat her this way. Now everyone in Cherish would know that she was no longer a virgin ‘up there.’

She thought back to how Greg had made subtle inquiries before their date as to her oral status. It made her so angry, the way she had been used. She wanted to hit something. She felt queasy.

She was passing by the kitchen on her way out when it occurred to her. She snickered, thinking about what she was going to do, and diverted her path. Martha could hear it and cringed, the tap-tapping of high heels drawing closer.

Jasmin giggled, lifting the lid off of the sink and watching as Martha stared up in trepidation at her. “Bitch,” Jasmin spat, she needed to vent.

The angry teen flipped the disposal switch on, watching as Martha came to life around the stopper. Greg’s deposit from earlier churned and Martha’s eyes pleaded anxiously for it to stop. Jasmin smiled in delight.

It tasted and felt awful! The foul mess was forced down into her, she was forced to swallow, against unbearable pressure from her very full stomach.

Her mind screamed, and Jasmin was treated to the familiar keening sounds the disposal made. Underneath the sink Martha’s truncated arms and legs flailed uselessly in panic. Jasmin’s eyes watched in fascination, absorbing the event until Martha’s mouth ran dry. She had swallowed it all.

She looked pitifully up at Jasmin, feeling miserable and very tired.

Jasmin wasn’t finished though. Being a conscientious girl she was naturally concerned with her figure. She had simply been getting Martha ready for the main course. “Open wide,” she said sweetly, “I have a present.”

Jasmin leaned her head over the sink, pulled the mouth stopper out, and, smiling evilly down at Martha, who watched in horror, the beautiful girl stuck one of her perfectly laquered nails down her own lovely throat...

* * *

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