

GAG-A-RIFIC BARRY part 3

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Barry's humiliation goes to knew depths.

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A few days after the extreme humiliation revenge that we put on Barry, both Jenna and I were still thinking about it. The story was spreading wildly and tons of people were asking us all about it. Jenna and I would be riding in her car and one of us would just start giggling and the other would join in. We both knew that we had pulled off the biggest revenge scene in the history of Girl Power. The satisfaction was incredible.

I was called by Sara, an acquaintance of mine who had heard all about what happened to Barry. She said that she knew that Barry was required to attend counseling by the judge. She also said that her cousin was finishing her graduate degree in psychology and was working as an intern at a counseling center. Sara had found out that her cousin was going to see Barry. I asked Sara if her cousin would have a little fun with Barry. Sara was unsure so Jenna and I decided to talk to the cousin. Sara's cousin, Becca, was willing to talk with us over the phone. She could not tell us anything but we could tell her everything. When I told Becca how Barry had cheated on me, she was disgusted. Becca stated, "I am completely a feminist and I cannot stand guys who cheat." We filled Becca in on the whole story and she thought it was hilarious. She said that she was not sure that she could help us out but would see what she could do.

Meanwhile, I contacted Barry to see if he intended on following through with his promise to be a French Maid for a sorority girl. He was rather snotty on the phone and said that he was not going to be someone's French Maid. I asked him about wearing a short skirt to court and he yelled, "uuuggggghhhhhh....you brat!" and hung up on me. It was sooo funny. Jenna had the idea to lure Barry over to our place and get him dressed as a French Maid. I told her that there was no way he would do it. Jenna, ingenious as ever, thought of a plan. I called Barry again, but this time I did not mock him. Instead, I told him that I was sorry and wanted to talk to him. I have to admit that I was a little surprised that Barry agreed to it. Then again, Barry is certainly not known as being very smart. In fact, he is completely an air-head.

When Barry arrived at my place, Jenna and I tried our best to not laugh. However, we could not help

grinning with satisfaction once in awhile. Barry would stand with his hands on his hips...glaring at us and running his tongue back and forth over his upper teeth. I told Barry that I was sorry and that I wanted to talk to him. I must admit, he looked great in his tight jeans. But I kept seeing him sucking cocks in my mind. We all sat down and Jenna brought him a glass of lemonade. But Jenna had put crushed sleeping pills into the lemonade. Barry drank the lemonade and began telling us how incredibly embarrassed he was over everything that had happened. He kept saying, "I am soooo embarrassed!" - over and over. Jenna and I were trying hard not to laugh at Barry. After about 20 minutes, Barry began to repeat himself and then he started to get drowsy. He said he felt tired and wanted to go home. I told him to lay down on our couch to nap. He did not even have time to agree before he collapsed into a deep sleep. We figured that he would be out for about 4 hours...which gave us plenty of time to work our plan.

Our plan started with Jenna getting a red French Maid dress from a girlfriend of hers. It came with some accessories and Jenna picked up some additional items. Meanwhile, I stripped Barry down to his panties. He was, of course, wearing a thong - a red lace thong. Jenna returned with the clothing materials and we put black thigh-hi lace stockings on him. His outfit also had a black taffeta petticoat and a red French Maid dress. Jenna had gotten black lace gloves, a black lace choker, a black and red leg garter, a small black and white lace hat, and black pumps. We dressed Barry and carefully applied full make-up. His lips were bright red with Covergirl Eternal Flame lipstick. Barry looked so sexy as a French Maid...lying there fast asleep. Since we had gotten our handcuffs back before Barry was arrested...we used those to cuff his hands behind his back and his ankles together. Then we carried him to Jenna's car and took him over to the Sorority house.

By the time Barry woke up, he was tied over a bench and Jenna, Sara and I were joined by 5 Sorority girls to spank Barry silly. His tiny red lace thong was just begging to be swatted. He was dis-oriented, but still cute in his make-up. We used a large Sorority paddle and pounded his cute little ass into oblivion. Each two-handed swing of that paddle took an up-ward angle and delivered a firm and powerful WHACK on his ass. Each swat would lift both of his feet about an inch off of the ground. It only took about 100 swats and Barry was blubering like an incoherent baby with Maybelline Intense XXL very black mascara running down his face. It was then that all the Fraternity boys showed up. The girls provided the beer and every guy got a headjob from Barry. A total of 22 guys came and face-fucked French Maid Barry. Each guy went one after the other, without much of a break between each guy. Barry slurped on 22 cocks for about 4 hours non-stop. Every once in awhile, I would freshen up his lipstick for him. Even though his lipstick would rub off on each cock and Barry had lipstick around his lips and on his teeth. Most of the guys just slammed Barry's tonsils hard, a couple of guys focused on the teeth-brushing technique...moving back and forth in Barry's mouth. Barry cooperated 100%. The slobber was running off of his chin and the mascara ran off of his face as he sobbed uncontrollably...but never took a cock out of his mouth once. Barry gobbled down loads of cum...he actually threw up twice but kept gulping cum like the cumslut that he is. While Barry was

getting deep-throated by all those guys...all of us Sorority girls kept spanking his ass. His tushie was very red and very warm to the touch...I knew it must be throbbing but Barry did not say anything. His mouth was too full to speak. As a matter of fact, after all the headjobs, Barry just stared with a stupified look on his face. Coming from Barry's chin and mouth was the potent aroma of cum. His mouth was half-open and he looked like he was in shock. Jenna and I both tried talking to him but he did not respond. We gave him about 30 minutes to "snap out of it" and tried talking to him again. He was still unresponsive. Sara called her cousin Becca to see what we should do. Becca came out to the Sorority house to see Barry and she tried to talk to him. Barry would just stare with a blank look on his face. Becca said Barry needed to go to the hospital, so we took him to the E.R. Once there, they wondered why he was dressed as a French Maid. We told the hospital staff that he loved being a French Maid. They stripped him down to his panties and wondered why he was wearing panties. They then ran some blood work on him. They said that they were looking to see if Barry had gotten any drugs in his system. All of the tests came back negative. The diagnosis was that Barry had "snapped" and would be kept in the psych ward for a few days. Jenna, Sara, Becca and I spoke with the nurse...her name was Laura. We told Laura why Barry "snapped" and she thought it was funny. She told us that we needed to bring some clothing for Barry up to the hospital unit. We were able to find a key in Barry's car to his apartment. So Jenna, Sara, and I went over to his place and picked up some thong panties for him. Then we went back to my place and selected some clothing for Barry. Of course, we selected effeminate tops and short skirts. We took the clothing up to Laura...who found it quite humorous. It took Barry five days before he even spoke a word. Reportedly, Barry would just sit in his skirt and top and stare. When he tried to speak, he would mumble incoherent words, like "hum-muna, hum-muna, bo-bo-ma". They put him on a heavy dose of anti-psychotic medication. When he finally did speak, he would only say, "cock...yum!" That was the only phrase he would speak for 3 whole days...sharing that repeatedly in group therapy. After 2 weeks, Barry was released from the hospital and he went to a counseling session with Becca. Becca reported that he came to the session wearing one of the mini-skirts and spent the entire time talking about his insatiable love for performing fellatio. Barry, of course, was obedient to take all of his medications. Becca, of course, complimented him on his skirt and encouraged him to embrace his desire for fellatio.

Whenever a girl seeks revenge on a guy and the guy ends up going psychotic, taking major medication, wearing skirts, wearing thong panties, and believing that he was born to suck long lines of cock...that is symbolic of extreme Girl Power. All of us still smile about it.

I would say that my revenge on Barry has been satisfied...for now...