

DANGEROUS HOBBY

Curiosity made her fall.

PART 1

"Come on Elizabeth; it is Friday, let's go to the mall, we need to buy something to wear at Mark's party; it is going to be huge, you know his house."

Elizabeth knew his house indeed; his mansion was just across the street from her equally luxurious home. She hesitated for a moment. Maybe she should go with the girls and forget about her new, stupid pastime, but she knew that if she missed it, she would regret it all week long; after all, it happened only on Friday afternoons.

"You know I like to start my homework on Fridays so I can keep my good grades."

"What a wasteful way to spend your High school senior year," said Melissa exasperated. "You don't need perfect grades, your parents could pay your tuition anywhere."

"But I need..." Elizabeth started talking, but Melissa interrupted her.

"I need to be admitted at Princeton," said Melissa imitating Elizabeth's posh voice tone.

"Well, it is your call, hope you don't repent someday."

Elizabeth blushed slightly but managed to hide the impact of that phrase on herself, and maybe in a self-defense mechanism, she replied.

"Hope you don't repent either."

She immediately regretted her words. Melissa and Laura were her best friends. They had been classmates since elementary, but they weren't as rich, or as beautiful as Elizabeth.

Elizabeth didn't want to be judgmental, but she sometimes thought that her friends should be trying harder to get the scholarships that they needed, but they seemed to be at ease with the idea of studying in community colleges, if at all.

She felt that her outstanding wealth, her dedication to the school, and her demure behavior, somewhat alienated her from her classmates, even from her closest friends.

"Sorry, it was a joke, I call you tomorrow", she said, but despite Melissa's smile, she could sense that her friend was hurt, after all, they had talked about the subject several times.

She left the school building in a hurry. She was almost running. Then she saw her, walking just a few meters ahead. She was Paola Hernandez, a senior like herself, and she was also an attractive girl, but that was probably where the similarities ended. Their origin was pretty different, while Elizabeth was the only daughter of a very successful white couple, Paola was of Mexican heritage, the second daughter of a blue-collar worker that she barely knew; she was always tight on money. And while Elizabeth had always shined at school, Paola barely passed grades, always lagging behind. Their style was also a big contrast, Elizabeth was a slender blonde that emanated elegance and class, especially when she dressed up, but even now wearing jeans and sneakers she managed to look wealthy and stylish; Paola, on the other side, had a curvaceous hourglass figure that the cheap yellow cotton sundress that clung to her body didn't conceal at all. Her dark straight hair went to the middle of her back, and while Elizabeth's walk and style showed her high education, Paola's exuded some kind of wild sexiness.

Elizabeth followed Paola from afar. She had discovered Paola's secret just three weeks ago. Elizabeth started remembering her casual encounter with Paola.

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Elizabeth's parents were expending a couple of months in Europe, and Elizabeth being so ecologically conscious as she was, decided to walk to school at least a couple of days a week instead of using her red mustang. That Friday she tried to find a shortcut to her home and she walked out of her usual route; soon she found herself walking thru a rundown strip mall, she realized that the shortest path isn't always the best. She was trying to figure her way home when she saw Paola walking a few yards ahead, still carrying her ragged blue backpack.

She was deciding if she should approach her to ask for directions. She had seen Paola in school many times they took History together, but she hadn't crossed a word with her. Their social circles simply didn't collide at all and they hadn't been yet forced to work on a project together.

Elizabeth was still undecided, she wasn't classist, but it was so uncommon in her little society to trespass social barriers that despite her rational beliefs in equality, (she considered herself a leftist) in real life she felt pretty uncomfortable talking to 'them'. Then her thoughts were interrupted as she saw a man approaching Paola. The man looked middle class or a bit better and was probably in his forties, he even showed some gray in his hair.

To Elizabeth's surprise, after a little talk, the man held Paola's hand and both walked away. Elizabeth couldn't avoid following her classmate. She was so curious, "Was he her boyfriend?" she thought feasting on the juicy gossip, "gross, he is too old".

They turned to the back of the strip mall, There was an aisle with a vending machine and several doors. She saw the man putting some bills in the vending machine, and it delivered a keycard. He used it to enter one of the doors.

Elizabeth was mesmerized, was her classmate going to fuck with her old boyfriend in these hourly rate rooms. She was too curious to back up. She approached the room door trying to listen but she was too afraid to be discovered peeping. So she put some bills in the vending machine, selected one hour, and the room next to the one her classmate occupied and it blurred another keycard.

With trembling hands, she entered the room. It was so forbidden to be in that cheap room made for sex. The place was scarcely furnished; it had a nice queen-size bed and a bedside table. If there was still doubt of what these rooms were for, there was a big circular mirror in the ceiling, and the back wall was fully covered by another mirror. The back wall had also a door covered with a mirror, It didn't have a handle which made it even more discrete. It was designed to permit the access of the cleaning lady from inside the building, so there was no way that they could collide with the customers in the aisle or something. It was reasonably clean but the idea of people having sex there, made Elizabeth feel both repulsed and excited. She had never done anything so kinky, so forbidden. She approached her ear to the wall. It was a cheap one, so she could hear the muted voices of her neighbors.

"Lily", said the man which surprised Elizabeth, "Is it her second name or what?", she thought.

"It would be the usual fare?"

"Yes sir \$250 for your full fantasy", said Paola sexily.

"Did you bring the school uniform and the wood ruler?"

"Of course sir. I bought the uniform used, it is authentic and belonged to a junior high girl, it would look very tight on me as you like it."

"Ok, let's start then."

There was silence for a few minutes, Elizabeth supposed Paola was changing clothes, but then she heard.

"So little Lilly, you failed to deliver your homework again. What do you think you deserve for this failure?"

"A reprimand?" Said Paola in a high girly sexy voice.

"I think more than a reprimand is in order, it is the second time this week. You have one more chance to tell me, What do you deserve?"

Elizabeth heard an unintelligible whisper.

"What?" said the man. "I can't hear you."

"A spanking," said Paola in a shy-girl voice.

"Yes, a spanking is in order, come to my lap."

Then Elizabeth started hearing clapping sounds. Elizabeth took her hand to her mouth, the whole situation was amusing at first, this was certainly a grade 'A' gossip; her classmate was receiving a spanking for money! But after a while, the high-pitched whines of Paola and the constant clapping were getting to Elizabeth, and she was starting to feel oddly aroused.

"Let's give you the last few ones directly over your panties," said the man, and then added with feigned surprise, "What! You aren't wearing any panties! You deserve a much harsher punishment, bring me your ruler."

Elizabeth could clearly hear thru the wall the barefoot steps of her classmate clapping against the floor, and then after a few seconds, she heard a completely different clapping. He was spanking her with the ruler! Over her naked behind! It must have been painful because soon the whines of Paola were accompanied by very sincere sobs and pleads to stop. By then Elizabeth had pulled down her pants, and panties and was shamelessly rubbing her pussy, aroused by the odd situation.

"Principal please!" said Paola in the next room, "I'll suck your cock, I'll let you fuck my ass, but stop, I would dress decently next time," the phrases said in a high pitch and in between deep sobs sounded completely realistic.

"Ok Lilly, suck my cock, and all is forgotten, but do it right or I'll punish you again."

Elizabeth was surprised that she could hear Paola's slurping sounds across the wall, finally, she heard the man grunting, and Paola's feigned sexual ecstasy.

"Leave the cum on your face, and return to your classroom," said the man, and a few minutes later Elizabeth could hear a door open and close. Elizabeth fingered herself to orgasm imagining her classmate, with her face full of come, after prostituting herself in the most degrading way. That day she waited until she heard Paola leaving before abandoning the room. She didn't want to encounter her in the aisle or something.

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Back to the present Elizabeth followed Paola trying to be as sneaky as she could. She was doing it for the fourth time. She didn't tell anybody what she knew about Paola's activities. She convinced herself that it was because she was merciful, but deep down she knew it was because she was ashamed of her own behavior, and most of all because keeping it to herself it was more probable that she could attend another Paola's performance. And so she did, all in all, she had sneaked into the neighboring room a couple of times after that first encounter, and had seen Paola going with different men each time.

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The second time was pretty similar to the first, Paola was now a Greek slave instead of a schoolgirl, but she ended up whipped and being fucked in the ass by her salacious master. Apparently, Paola wasn't wearing anything but a leather collar and ankle and wrists cuffs. Elizabeth was so excited picturing her classmate in that sexy demeaning outfit, that she disrobed completely in the room next door and masturbated with contentment while hitting her tights with a wooden ruler.

The third time, Elizabeth came prepared to get the most from the experience, she was carrying in her backpack a used schoolgirl outfit, a very short Greek-style tunic, and a leather kit of ankle and wrist cuffs. They were not "real" bondage gear, no she would never approach an adult store in a million years, after some research she bought these cuffs from a gym store, they were intended to be used to exercise legs and arms using weight sacks and cable gym devices. She also had brought one of her dog's old collars.

This time however it was a little different.

"Hi Lily", said the man. He was a gentleman in his early 50's who looked higher class than Lilly's usual clientele.

"Is Miss Sanchez to you fag," said Paola in a very authoritative voice, but sounding more uneducated than her real voice, somehow more gang-like.

"Of course Miss Sanchez."

"Give me your wallet puto."

"Ok. \$350 will do for now, better bring more money the next time you useless fag, now take off those fancy clothes, animals don't deserve clothes."

"Yes ma'am," said the man, in an afraid but excited voice.

"Lick my boots clean."

"Is this clean to you stupid boy?" said Paola punctuating her question with a leash on the man's body.

Elizabeth was entirely surprised by Paola's change of attitude. She was entirely another person. Commanding, instead of submissive, she was putting that successful man thru his paces. Elizabeth was a little disappointed but she didn't want to leave before Paola and risk being discovered.

"Now put this collar and leash. I want to walk my dog."

"Stupid dog you must walk ahead of me, not behind!" she said, and a rain of swats could be heard. They were a lot stronger than the spanks that Paola received on those previous occasions.

Elizabeth started to immerse in a fantasy. She imagined herself as a young successful executive paying an ignorant, mediocre teenage girl to humiliate her like Paola was humiliating the man next door. She took off all of her clothes and

put the leather dog collar on her slender neck, and crawled on all fours around the room while listening to the hot scene developing next door. Paola was ordering the man to suck her tits and lick her pussy while she was constantly whipping his body and insulting him with degrading names, she finally ordered him to masturbate and spray his seed all over his clothes. By then Elizabeth was laying on her back on the disgusting floor masturbating with content using a deodorant bottle as a dildo to an earthshattering orgasm.

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After following Paola quite a few times she realized that she only had customers on Friday afternoons. That is why Elizabeth didn't go with her friends. She didn't want to lose her weekly entertainment, so she followed Paola to the strip mall once again. She was getting hornier just trying to anticipate what fantasy Paola was going to enact. She was now watching from a convenience store just across the street at the back of the strip mall. She would have to follow her quickly to see what room Paola would enter, so she could get the one next door.

This time she came even more prepared; she had bought several padlocks, and a new pink dog collar that she had bought specially for herself. It even had a bone-shaped metal tag that said "Princess", it made her shiver. That was the nickname that some of her father's employees used to affectionately call her; now when the chauffeur or the maid called her "princess " it would send shivers down her spine picturing them seeing her wearing this demeaning dog collar.

Just then she saw Paola circling the strip mall and entering the secluded aisle of the fuck-rooms as Elizabeth now calls them. She practically ran across the street and caught a glimpse of the door of cubicle #1 closing. The screen showed that it was rented for 2 hours. She quickly rented cubicle #2 for the same amount of time and entered it. She considered that the most dangerous part of her game was entering, and exiting; she didn't really know who else used these rooms, and the thought of running into somebody she knew was unthinkable, it would be pretty humiliating to be found there, and even more, to be found alone; she would be seen not as a horny teenager looking for a safe place to have sex, but as a little pervert. Just that thought sent shivers of shame and arousal down her spine. Still, she knew the chances were pretty slim, the whole business seemed designed to keep the traffic to the common aisle as low as possible so people didn't run into each other.

Once in the cubicle, she felt pretty safe, and her horniness took over any other emotions that she could be feeling. She tried to hear what was happening in the other room, but this time they were quiet. She thought with disappointment that maybe this time the client wanted just plain sex with no role play at all. She decided to obtain the excitement on her own role-play, hoping that at some point Paola and her client start enacting some hot fantasy.

She took off her expensive tennis shoes, peeled off her designer jeans and carefully folded them, and laid them over the bed; then she took off her white blouse and put it over her jeans. She was supposed to look casual in jeans and a simple blouse, but the silken blouse shouted money from a mile afar. She was

undecided about taking off her underwear, she was wearing her sexiest set; it was white lace and satin, the bra was a push-up that enhanced her 32-B breast and made her look a little bit bigger, and the panties were a very sexy bikini that exposed just a couple of inches of her nice and firm buttocks. Finally, she decided that naked would be more exciting, so her underwear quickly reunited the rest of her clothes over the bed.

Then her pulse started racing, she was very nervous and she didn't know if she should do this, but her horniness was clouding her mind. She put her dog collar and the ankle and wrists' cuffs. Then she put the keys of the padlocks over the bedside table and used one padlock to join the d-rings of her ankle cuffs together. Now her breath was short and ragged, she was hornier than ever, and put the other padlock joining her wrist cuffs behind her back. She hesitated before closing the padlock.

"What if something goes wrong?" she thought. But then reassured herself thinking that she had tested the padlock's keys a thousand times, and she had opened the padlock with her hands locked behind her at least 10 times. So she knew she could undo her bondage anytime she wanted. She finally closed the padlock, the metallic click sound magnified in her head a thousand times.

Her arousal skyrocketed. She fought against her bonds and realized that they won't give up; she must use the key to open them. She squirmed on the bed for a while. She regretted not having something to stimulate her longing pussy. She tried to rub her legs together trying to build a climax, but it didn't help her enough. She felt deliciously frustrated. She planned to tease herself during Paola's session with her client, then she would release her hands and rub herself raw.

Then she heard in the room next door, "Thank you, sir, see you around." said Paola's voice.

Then Elizabeth could hear the man walking to the door, "Aren't you coming Lilly?"

"No sir, I'll wait here for another 'friend' that is going to come in half an hour."

"Shit!" thought Elizabeth "what a show stopper. What should I do? Open my padlocks and rest, maybe dress again, or wait like I am until Paola's client comes."

She was undecided, but she didn't want to undo the bondage that she just was beginning to enjoy. So she decided to wait a few minutes before taking it off. Instead, she resumed her useless fight against her bonds, she was even beginning to sweat.

Elizabeth closed her eyes trying to focus on a medieval fantasy when she heard something that almost gave her a heart attack. She turned up to see and she saw the cubicle door open! There must have been the worst moment of her entire life, standing smirking at the door portal was no other than Paola Hernandez!

After a couple of seconds of paralysis, she turned around trying to get the padlock keys but Paola easily won the little race to get them.

Elizabeth looked up at Paola, her plate size eyes reflecting her fear of the situation.

"Please give me my keys," she barely whispered. Her nervousness and overwhelming embarrassment didn't allow her to talk any louder. She felt her throat tightening and even felt that the air was faltering her.

"My oh, my," said Paola who was surprised and amused by the whole situation, "who would have known that miss goody-two-shoes was such a pervert."

"Please," repeated Elizabeth.

"No, Elizabeth. Yesterday the manager of this place called me and showed me some videos of the last few weeks. He was concerned that I was being repeatedly followed by some young blond girl, that always entered the cubicle next to mine, and was always alone. So he was afraid that you could be some kind of journalist or even someone sent by the police. When I told him that I probably knew you, he gave me a master keycard so I can enter your cubicle and question you about your intentions."

Elizabeth's mind was flooding with things and images. It was now clear that Paola this time entered the cubicle with the owner instead of a customer.

"He was just the lure to catch me, and what a way to catch me!" she thought desperate at her stupidity of repeating her pattern four times by now. "What was I thinking?"

She was mute, overwhelmed by her shame.

"I was afraid that you were coming here to delate me, although I calmed myself thinking that you would have done it by now, and it was clear that nobody at school knew of my 'activities'. Of course, now it is very obvious what kept you coming here."

Elizabeth was now in a fetal position. She was trying to avoid eye contact with Paola.

Paola continued, "You Invaded my privacy, you pervert!"

She said in a very angry tone.

"I am sorry," said Elizabeth holding her tears.

"I am sorry," Paola mocked her posh girl accent.

Paola didn't know what to expect about this meeting, a part of her expected to find Elizabeth operating some kind of voice recorder trying to capture what was going on in the next room, and another part of her expected to find a curious girl trying to add some excitement to her boring rich girl life, but she certainly didn't expect anything as juicy as this. This could be a lucky stroke. She needed to

think, she hadn't decided how to capitalize on the situation, but she realized that she needed to keep Elizabeth out of balance.

"You know, I have to do this to live, to help my sister with the rent, and pay my books and other expenses. I receive many offers of work, but I only do it once a week because that is what I need. But you have your entire life solved and come here simply because you are a pervert."

Paola saw Elizabeth blushing, but despite the risk threatening the rich's girl way of life, Paola saw her classmate rubbing her thighs together, probably aroused by the humiliating situation.

"My, oh my," thought Paola, "the stupid girl is not only a submissive but she gets off on humiliation, what a jackpot."

"Ok, Elizabeth, I don't want to destroy you, I am certainly very angry, and my first thought was leaving you as you are, maybe giving an anonymous hint to our classmates so they could find you here, and discover by themselves what a pervert you are. I could do even worse, calling the press, they would have a field day with you, and I imagine it won't help your father's political career at all."

Elizabeth was about to burst into tears, but Paola calmed her down.

"Don't worry girl; as I said, I don't want to ruin your life, but that doesn't mean that I am not angry, you had no right to spy on me, and you deserve punishment, and I deserve to be properly compensated for the way you sexually used me, and for your invasion to my privacy and the enormous distress that you caused me as I was told that someone was probably spying on me. If you are willing to take your punishment, and also to compensate me fairly, I will make sure that this big mistake of yours has no disastrous consequences for you."

"What do you say Elizabeth, are you willing to apologize and accept your punishment, and of course to properly compensate me?"

Elizabeth nodded. She felt relieved. Her situation was still too shameful, too bad, but it was nothing compared to what she thought it would be a few minutes ago. She was relaxing enough now that her pussy was beginning to stir again from the humiliation.

"That isn't clear enough. Stand up Elizabeth"

"Untie me please"

"Not yet girl, first you have to apologize. So stand up"

Elizabeth blushed bright red, but twisted and turned on the bed and managed to stand up by the bed.

"Come to the front where I can see you"

The padlock and the D-rings in her ankle cuffs just allow her ankles to be separated for around 4 inches, so she painfully walked to the front doing micro-steps.

"You are fine there, now look at me."

Elizabeth looked at her classmate. This time Paola was wearing jeans and a t-shirt, off course they looked none like the expensive ones that Elizabeth was wearing a few minutes ago, but still, she looked more demure than anytime Elizabeth could remember. She felt very embarrassed being naked and tied in front of her classmate; she couldn't even use her hands to cover her tits or her shamefully dripping pussy; She hoped Paola didn't notice that. She felt so small, so slutty, so inferior to her respectable-looking classmate. Elizabeth's mind seemed to completely forget that Paola was prostituting herself a few days ago; instead, she felt so embarrassed of her own sexual behavior that she could not avoid looking at the floor, overwhelmed by the shame.

Paola was now completely calm; the strong fear and apprehension that she had felt since the day before, and until just a few minutes ago had completely flown away. It had been replaced with a wave of power. She looked amused at how Elizabeth was squirming under her gaze and shyly evading to meet her eyes. Normally people like Elizabeth were the ones with the power to ruin the lives of people like her, but now it was the other way around. She walked towards Elizabeth and saw her tremble with maybe fear, maybe excitement, maybe both.

"Let me see your tag so I can call you properly."

"Umm Princess... that is very appropriate," Elizabeth shivered with shame, and her blush returned with extra strength. She felt very uncomfortable with Paola standing so close to her, invading her personal space while she was naked and with her hands tied behind her back. Paola was maybe a couple of inches taller than Elizabeth, but now she looked much taller wearing high heels while Elizabeth was barefoot. Paola enjoyed looking down at her rich classmate.

Paola walked back a little and said to Elizabeth.

"Ok, princess, I want to hear your apologies."

"I am sorry," she said in a whisper casting her sight at the floor.

"No, that didn't sound authentic enough. Why don't you tell me why are you apologizing."

"for spying on you."

"You were more like peeping on me."

Elizabeth nodded softly.

"And why were you spying on me?"

"I was curious."

"I take that for the first time, but the other three?"

Elizabeth felt completely ashamed.

"I don't know," she said.

"You don't know what to say, but you know very well why you did it. Tell me the truth. I already know, but I need to hear it from you."

"Be..because... because it aroused me." She never stammered in her life, but this was just too much.

"And why did it arouse you? Are you some kind of voyeur or something?"

"I don't know."

Paola turned as if she was going to leave. "If you don't want to be sincere with me, so you can apologize properly, I don't see the object of continuing this talk."

"No, wait! I'll tell you"

Paola turned around again.

"I.. I imagined... you know... myself... in your place... being spanked... and... fucked... and humiliated," she said the last phrase almost as a whisper.

"And when I dominated that rich gentleman. Did you imagine yourself dominating him?"

"No," she said sincerely her eyes cast at the floor.

"So?"

Elizabeth took a big breath and then said, "I imagined you dominating me."

She had never been more ashamed in her entire life, but her pussy was practically dripping.

"That's gross," said Paola laughing, but despite that, her pussy was dripping wet with the idea of dominating that rich girl.

She took a pen and a piece of paper from her backpack, wrote some lines of text, and held the paper in front of Elizabeth so she could read it.

"Memorize it."

After a few minutes, she retired the paper from her eyes, pulled out her cell phone, and prepared the camera to start filming.

"No Paola, please no photos, we didn't talk about that."

"It is a little reassurance so tomorrow you don't twist our little story and tell your version to somebody else. I know that everybody else would believe you instead of me. Don't worry, you will tell my name, so I won't be releasing this tape unless people get to know about my activities."

"Ok," she said defeated, after all, she didn't have much choice.

"I am Elizabeth Pa...Parker... and I am a pervert who gets off on being spanked and fucked and humiliated by men and women," Elizabeth shivered, "I am too coward to enact my kinky fantasies with a partner, but I expend my Friday afternoons at an hourly rate motel room, naked and tied by myself trying to listen to the prostitutes in the contiguous rooms having sex while I imagine it is me being roughly fucked instead of them. I recently... recently spied on my classmate Paola having sex with her man here, and I want to apologize to her for being such a pervert psycho."

Elizabeth was bright red, it made the impression that her encounter with Paola was casual, and it only happened because she had frequented this sex motel for a long time. And it didn't say that Paola was a prostitute but instead she was having sex with "her man".

Elizabeth shivered as Paola made a close-up of her pussy by approaching the smartphone just inches away from it.

"And how is your pussy now pervert?"

"very wet," she whispered knowing that the camera had captured the images of the little drops running down her upper tights.

"Very good princess that was sincere," she smiled and turned off her phone.

Elizabeth breathed with relief, but she was hornier than ever.

"Well, now there is the point of your punishment. I think you have earned yourself a good on-the-knee spanking, so you learn to behave like a respectable girl, and not like a pervert little slut."

Paola went to sit on the bed and motioned Elizabeth to lay across her knees.

Elizabeth's eyes were as wide as plates, this was just too much, but she didn't have much choice, she was still naked and cuffed, and now Paola had not only her keys but also that hideous video of her. She did as instructed and Paola started spanking her, at first it was very tame, as if she was just warming up Elizabeth's ass, but then she started hitting with full strength. Elizabeth tried to remain quiet to save the little dignity that remained, but as the hits accumulated she started sobbing and then begging. She was simply not used to feeling pain, or any discomfort whatsoever, her ass was quickly reddening, but her pussy was on fire too. After just a few minutes Paola suddenly stopped the spanking.

"Stand up princess."

Quivering with deep sobs Elizabeth stood up with the help of Paola. Paola produced a paper tissue and cleaned Elizabeth's nose, and chest that was stained with her snot. She even dried her tears.

"Very good princess, now we only have pending my compensation. At the very least you own me \$1000 because you had been using my 'services' for free, and that is not fair, and maybe another 1000 for the creepiness of your actions and the distress that you caused me"

Elizabeth was stunned \$2000 was just too much money, she was rich but she didn't have much access to cash.

"I don't have that kind of money"

"Aren't you rich?" said Paola annoyed and somewhat disappointed.

"Yes... well my parents are, I don't receive cash, but I have a debit card. I am not allowed to retire more than a few bucks in cash, so my parents can monitor my expenses. I can spend freely, but they didn't replenish any expenses that they did not approve. I can buy you clothes and things, maybe \$300 to \$500 each month if my parents don't stop me first."

Paola felt anger, she didn't want her petty cash, she wanted enough so she could get rid of the dominating clients at least for a while.

"Well, it is petty that you can't pay me; then all your punishment and apologies were in vain"

"No Paola, please. I'll do anything!"

Paola saw weakness and went for the killing.

"Ok, you will come here 8 Fridays starting today and I will give you to the dominant customers, and that is how you are going to pay me. If the customer is a submissive, I will dominate both of you."

"I can't...I can't do that, please... I am not a whore"

"No you are not a whore, you are a lot worse, a whore does it for the money, maybe pushed by the need, but you are a perverted slut that gets off on those things."

Elizabeth felt her pussy twitch, and she lowered her eyes.

"but eight times is way too much, I could maybe do it 2 times maybe," she said not believing her own words.

"Tell you what, you have two options. You may come here 8 times, or if 8 is 'way too much', she said imitating Elizabeth's posh accent, or probably you may prefer to come here just 4 times, but you give me your debit card for two months; during that time I pay for your most basic expenses and use the rest of your allowance for myself. Of course, you have to show me your bank

statements to see what stores, places, and amounts you usually expend so your parents don't get suspicious."

Elizabeth pondered the options, she didn't like any. She had to prostitute herself for two months (8 times), or just for a month but being penniless during that month and the next. She will feel so uncomfortable having to ask Paola for money, after all, she was used to the complete freedom of buying practically anything that she wanted. Losing that freedom, and depending on Paola was so demeaning, but it was more demeaning to whore herself, wasn't it?

"I'll take the second one."

"Good choice!" The first was better for Paola because it solved her money problems for two months, but she was thrilled by the second one, and the idea of being able to expend money as if she was a rich girl was exhilarating.

"May I go now?"

"No princess. You have your first customer in 15 minutes," she said checking her watch.

"No, Paola... I really need to go."

"Just a couple of minutes ago you promised to serve 4 customers, and you are already backing down?"

Elizabeth knew she didn't have any leverage to negotiate.

"No... it is just that... I am tired... and I am not ready yet... you know... mentally... I have to prepare myself."

"Non-sense," said Paola, "This is like learning to swim, the sooner you are on the water, the better, otherwise you start to build fear."

"I don't know... I need to think."

By then Paola was already opening the padlock joining Elizabeth's ankle cuffs, which gave her some relief that this could end soon.

"Well, princess. I got a go now to the other room, my client is going to arrive anytime now," as she was saying that she was putting Elizabeth's clothes inside her backpack, and then grabbing both backpacks she approached the door while Elizabeth nervously looked at her. She was still naked, and her hands were still cuffed behind her back, the keys still inside Paola's backpack.

"Ok, princess, I'll let you alone, so you can think and decide. If you decide to go ahead with our little arrangement, all you have to do is walk next door and bang on the door, I bet your little pussy would love it. Otherwise, I will do the client myself, and you may want to think about a plausible explanation of why you are bond naked in a hourly rate room because I won't return to this room." With that she stormed out of the room carrying Elizabeth's and her own backpack.

Paola crossed her fingers. If Elizabeth decided to stay, things could be ugly for her and probably the place owner, still, she was pretty confident that Elizabeth would follow her. She knew that the rich, demure girl enjoyed all this in a very sick way, and she also knew that her classmate was simply too afraid that her good girl façade would shatter to pieces with unpredictable consequences, and she counted on that her fear and horniness would further block her ability to think clearly.

Elizabeth was on the verge of a panic attack. The last thing that she wanted was to be found as she was in a place like that. Who knows what would happen? What if the next person raped her, or if the owner called the police, the scandal, the consequences for her father's career, it was just too much.

She stood up and walked to the door. It had a peephole and she saw that the aisle was deserted. She opened the door with her hands on her back, then turned around and ran to the next door. She banged the door with her head feeling stupid as she did it. On the other side of the door, Paola smiled happily. The power that she had now over that dumb rich girl was exhilarating. She waited for a few seconds to savor the moment while seeing thru the peephole how Elizabeth was turning her head nervously trying to be sure that nobody was seeing her in such a disgraceful state. The third time that she banged at the door with her forehead, Paola took pity on the poor girl and finally opened the door.

Elizabeth felt relieved. She had felt as if she had been in the aisle for hours, although it was probably less than a couple of minutes.

"I'll do it," she said. Her forehead was a bit red from all the knocking, almost the same tone as the red on her ass which was already fading to pink. She was surprised to see a schoolboy's desk in the center of the room, and an old green blackboard hanging from one wall. Probably the place had some scenography items available for rent or something to enhance the fantasies.

"That is the spirit, princess," said Paola. "Your client today likes to play the role of a strict, somewhat depraved principal. You are going to have lots of fun. Hey, you can even imagine that he is Mr. Donovan!"

Mr. Donovan was the principal of their high school. He was a short, balding man in his fifties, who was very strict and kept the school's academic level and discipline in top shape. But the man was also a bit creepy, several girls said that they had caught him staring at their legs or bosom. He had never said or done anything inappropriate, and probably his odd stares were more due to a rare defect in his vision than his lust or anything, but for the students, the creepy explanation was funnier.

Elizabeth cringed at the thought of Mr. Donovan seeing her like this. He had always respected her a lot and treated her even with deference. After all, she was not only a dedicated and well-behaved student, but her father was a very powerful man. Still, she had also sensed some creepiness in the way that his sight stopped at her legs a few moments longer than comfortable.

Paola then arranged Elizabeth's blond hair in a pair of pigtails and was still undecided if she should dress her pet in a school girl outfit, or leave her naked and cuffed as she was now. Just then somebody knocked at the door. Paola exited the room. She needed to talk with the client. Clients didn't want surprises, even when the surprise was a pretty naked young thing like Elizabeth.

She saw Mr. Johnson looking apprehensive; nobody wanted to wait too much in the aisle because it raised the risk of being seen. Well, Mr. Johnson was not probably his real name, but it was the way he liked to be called during the role-play sessions.

"Listen, Mr. Johnson, I am a little indisposed right now, but I brought a friend, she is a very pretty, very classy blonde, who is really into your kind of role-playing, and she is 19 just like me"

Mr. Johnson looked at her with apprehension. She lusted after the fresh meat, it would add excitement to the session, but he was always a little bit afraid of change.

"I don't know about that, Lilly, I love your acting, and the stories you come up with."

Paola thought about it for a moment, he was a great client, and Elizabeth most probably would be pretty paralyzed this first time.

"I don't think I can have sex today, but let's compromise, maybe this is an opportunity to try something new. What about if both of us play the part of your students, and it would cost you only \$100 more."

He smiled widely; the idea was very appealing, "Ok, I could punish you both for smoking in the bathroom, or copying in an exam, then have my way with both of you," he said daydreaming.

Paola panicked, she had enthused herself with the idea of sparing her Friday humiliation, and this wasn't going in that direction.

"No, no sir. That would cost you a lot more, I would be your accomplice in her domination. Probably the goody-two-shoes helping you punish the class rebel or just the other way around."

The last image sold him completely. "OK, deal," he said with a big smile.

When he entered the room, he was surprised to find a very naked, very blushing, very pretty girl there.

"Hi, sir." she said quietly, while Paola cheerfully disrobed to her underwear and put on her schoolgirl outfit. Elizabeth was waiting nervously to be untied so she could also put on her outfit too, she was somewhat relieved at the thought that apparently Paola was going to stay, but at the same time it was going to be so shameful that her classmate witnessed how she prostituted herself for the first time; her only consolation was that Paola was going to share her faith. Paola then approached and giggling whispered into Elizabeth's ear.

"This man wanted me to dominate you along with him."

Elizabeth blushed bright red, that was the worst nightmare she could imagine. Not only she would have to whore herself and accept the tortures, and degrading treatment of the client, but also from her classmate, a female classmate! It was almost too much, but her hard rock nipples and the way she clenched her pussy showed that her body was pretty happy with the idea.

"Just play along girl," Paola whispered again.

She then turned to see Mr. Johnson, and whispered to him, "May we call you Mr. Donovan? It would be more exciting for my friend." Mr. Johnson could almost read Paola's mind, surely it was the name of a real principal; he felt his excitement grow as he nodded his approval.

Paola then smiled broadly and walked towards Elizabeth, she then grabbed her collar and gently pulled her towards the man.

"Mr. Donovan, sorry to interrupt you, but I found Elizabeth naked and masturbating in the girl's bathroom. I had to cuff her hands behind her back, it was the only way I could stop her."

Elizabeth blushed redder, the fantasy hitting her hard, she imagined it was a real situation. Then she realized that Paola was using her real name and flashed her an angry sight.

Mr. Johnson looked at the scene with delight. He saw with satisfaction the embarrassment, and the anger portrayed by Elizabeth. "What a great little actress," he thought.

"Elizabeth!" he said with feigned surprise, "I wouldn't have expected so lewd behavior from you. I always thought of you as a very good student, a very good girl. Where are your clothes?"

"I.. in my backpack," she said shyly.

"See Mr. Donovan", said Paola, "and you never believed me when I said she copied me, and not the other way around."

"Still it is hard to believe Lilly. You had always been a troublemaker. How do I know you didn't trick her or something? Who took off your clothes Elizabeth?"

"I did," she whispered.

Paola laughed, "Tell Mr. Donovan why did you take off your clothes."

"I wanted to touch myself."

"You couldn't wait till the end of the classes. Could you?"

"No Lilly, I was too horny to wait."

"My oh, my, what a slut, I would have never imagined!" said Mr. Johnson.

Elizabeth shivered with shame and arousal, her mind quickly confusing reality with fantasy, but both were as degrading, and as arousing as they could be.

"And look Principal, she had also this cheat sheet in her backpack," said Paola in her high-pitched voice.

It was a real cheat sheet, and it was coming out of Elizabeth's backpack, She had made it, but just to study, she had never really cheated.

"No! I made that to study!" she said too fast, too sincerely. She didn't want anybody in her school to think that she cheated, not even Paola; she had never done it, although she had played with the idea once or twice.

"Would you believe that Sr? She is a tramp that takes off her clothes in the middle of the school day, and she carries all kinds of cheat sheets and stuff, and she said she is a good student."

"No Lilly, you are right. She probably doesn't have time to study with all the masturbation that she needs to keep that dripping pussy placate."

Elizabeth instinctively closed her legs.

"I think a punishment is in order," said Paola, "and she deserved the punishment I received last week for copying instead of me. It is only fair that I get to spank her."

"Yes, definitely, you are right, I will also exchange your grades in that history exam, so Elizabeth you failed, and Lilly you have an A+"

"Don't believe her, you know I had never copied, and she copies a lot," she replied, deeply immersed in the fantasy.

"I would have never believed her, but here you are naked and horny at school, and there was that cheatsheet. So I am convinced now that Lilly is the victim here."

"But Mr. Donovan," Elizabeth replied. It was as if accepting it would turn it real.

"She even stole several papers from me, so I couldn't deliver them on time while she got great grades."

"Well, then I will exchange all your grades for this month. You will need to work very hard from now on Elizabeth or you are going to fail your senior year."

"It is not true sir, please don't do that."

"Enough chit-chat," said Mr. Johnson, "Lilly, bring your, and your classmate's rulers"

Paola complied blinking devilish at Elizabeth, "This is going to be great," she thought.

"Ok., Lilly, you are going to punish her for being a cheater, and I would punish her for being such a disgraceful slut in the school."

"No, please. I am innocent, I didn't do anything, I wasn't touching myself yet, and I never copied" said Elizabeth who was very horny, but also afraid, because she now knew firsthand how painful can be a spanking delivered by Paola; she could only imagine that with the ruler it would be much worse.

"Don't make this worse for you, young lady. Bend over your desk and let's start."

She complied shivering with fear, and then they started. At first, they were alternating little swats, spacing them for several seconds, but soon they started to pick pace, and force, hitting on her buttocks and tights. Mr. Johnson seeing that Paola started hitting with full force began to raise the strength of his swats to match. He was in heaven, and Elizabeth in hell.

Elizabeth felt the pain beginning to overwhelm her, so she started to slowly rub her pussy against the edge of the desk, trying to cope with the pain by pleasuring herself. She could not understand how the rulers never collided, as she often felt both hits at the same time, and almost in the same place.

"Maybe we should do this in an assembly the next time, so my classmates know what kind of slut is Elizabeth. Look at her, shamelessly masturbating in front of you and me Mr. Donovan!"

Elizabeth felt even more ashamed, and her mind was more confused than ever, she stopped her rubbing; Her ass was on fire, and she started to sob, begging and apologizing like a little girl, much to Mr. Johnson's delight.

"Please Mr. Donovan, I am sorry I deceived you, I am not a respectable girl, I am a perverted slut, and a cheater, but I promise I won't be such a slut anymore, I promise, please I won't take off my clothes in school anymore, and I won't cheat again, please stop, you may give Paola all my good grades of the year, but stop."

They continued stroking laughingly for maybe another five minutes until they finally stopped tired but satisfied. By then Elizabeth's ass and tights were crossed with lots of red strips left by the rulers, and she was shaking and sobbing uncontrollably.

Paola then unlocked Elizabeth's wrist-cuffs' padlock and she immediately rubbed her ass and used the back of her hand to dry her tears. She had never been physically disciplined in her entire life, and now she had received two severe thrashings in the same afternoon. She rubbed her ass, and Paola gave her a cream which she promptly used to ease the pain.

"Well Elizabeth, now that we have all agreed that you are a slut, and a fraud, you have to compensate us for the trouble that your devious ways have caused us."

"How?" she said, begging in her head that it wouldn't be another beating.

"Well Elizabeth, a worthless dumb student slut like you has only one thing to offer. Hint: it had nothing to do with your brain."

Elizabeth blushed, "Sex?"

"You have this answer right, don't need to doubt. Yes you have three basic things to offer, your mouth, your asshole, and your pussy."

She felt her pussy tingling again with the insults.

"Why we don't do it in tandem again Mr. Donovan." said Paola, "She can be on all fours, and you may fuck her pussy from behind while she licks my shoes clean."

"That's a wonderful Idea, you are a smart student Lilly"

He then knelt behind Elizabeth, and after pulling down his pants he inserted his very hard cock in just one long stroke. Elizabeth's very wet pussy offered no resistance, and she quickly started squeezing his cock with her pussy. She had had sex several times before with her then-boyfriend, but she had never felt anything like this; she felt like a beast in heat. Then Paola presented her shoe in front of her face, and it somehow pulled her out of her stupor. She felt completely ashamed that Paola was witnessing her debauchery, and how she was fucking back that bastard old man. She stared at the shoe for some time until Paola pulled her by the hair until her mouth was in contact with the shoe.

"Clean them, or I make you lick my pussy instead."

That was enough motivation, she started licking with contentment and lost herself completely in the lustful moment. At some point, it was just simply too much for her young, overstimulated body, and she came like never before, she arched her back almost violently and emitted a guttural, barely human moan. The spectacle overcame Mr. Johnson's well-trained self-control and he had to pull his dick fast just a second before spraying his sperm like a fountain all over Elizabeth's back and very red buttocks.

"That was awesome!" said Mr. Johnson genuinely amazed, while pulling out his wallet and paying Paola \$350. "I'll probably want the same the next time, it's worth every penny" with that he marched out quickly.

"You were wonderful princess, you are a natural; I always have to feign my orgasms," said Paola.

"How shameful," whispered Elizabeth assuming a fetal position on the floor and covering her face with her hands. She was now coming to her senses and was just realizing the enormous magnitude of what she had done; She had whored

herself like some low-class, desperate slut in front of one of her classmates, and she had come like the worst tramp ever.

When Elizabeth recovered enough to realize she was still naked, she stood up and saw that Paola had already changed into her jeans and t-shirt.

"Elizabeth, you need to hurry up. Give me your debit card, it was part of the deal remember."

Elizabeth wanted to dress, but she also wanted to be left alone, so she delayed her dressing, and handed Paola the debit card.

"What's the nip?"

Elizabeth knew she shouldn't give that number, but she had done much dumber, and much more life-threatening things that day to care about that.

"2837"

"Nice. Send me an email with your bank statement and your shopping habits, so I don't do anything that could put you in trouble with your parents."

Elizabeth nodded, but then she said.

"I need money for gas, and to recharge my food card for the cafeteria," She said while pulling her clothes from the backpack trying to find her underwear that was laying at the bottom of the bag.

Seeing all of Elizabeth's clothes on the bed Paola had an idea.

"You don't really need your car, you may walk to school all week as you did today."

Elizabeth looked at Paola alarmed.

"That is not what we agreed, you said you cover my essentials and my car, and money for my weekend is part of the essentials. You will get the money for clothes, music, and that's it."

"Hey princess, remember who makes the calls here," just then Elizabeth realized that she hadn't taken off her cuffs and collar, and proceeded accordingly.

"I said what is essential, and what is not. Essential is food, rent, groceries, and tuition. Right now, as I see things, you only need money for your food card, all other things are been taking care of by other people in your household."

She was angered and even anguished, she had never been limited in her entire life, and the thought of getting thru life with an empty, useless purse was just too scary.

"I need money Paola, please be reasonable."

"No. You don't need money, you want money, and that is different. If you needed it, you will be willing to offer something in exchange."

Elizabeth looked at her classmate puzzled. Despite her recent orgasm, her nudity, and the conversation was again stirring something inside her.

"Like What?"

"I don't know, let's say I'll give you \$50 for your clothes"

Elizabeth laughed, "are you crazy? Just the jeans cost me \$250, the blouse must have been of a similar price, and even my underwear is pretty expensive. No, you won't get a bargain outfit from me."

"Your clothes are already used, and you won't get \$50 for them at any pawn shop, but I don't want your outfit, it is not my style at all, and I don't think it will fit me. I'll pay you \$50 to destroy it in front of me, including your underwear. You may wear your schoolgirl outfit for your trip home.

Elizabeth felt her blood pounding inside her head. She was very nervous, the idea of destroying her clothes for money oddly aroused her; it was just too humiliating, and it would be even more humiliating doing it in complete freedom which added several notches to the arousal that it caused her.

She reached into her backpack and pulled some scissors from a little stitching kit that she always carried, being as cautious as she was.

She knew she should probably bargain the price, but she was hornier now, and her mind seemed to be very clouded. She started cutting her underwear slowly and deliberately, and then her blouse.

Paola was mesmerized and aroused too. She felt very powerful; now she was the client, she was making that posh girl do things for a mere whim, and just because she could afford to pay for it.

Paola's smirk made it very clear to Elizabeth that she was now whoring herself for her classmate, and that added much to her own arousal, not to mention that she had now been naked in front of that fully dressed girl for almost two hours.

When she finalized destroying her jeans she started rubbing her pussy shamelessly, and only after her orgasm, she realized the stupidity of her choices. She was dressing when Paola left the room with a big grin on her face.

"Elizabeth, don't ask your friends to lend you money. If you need more, you now know the honest way to earn it."

Paola felt exhilarated and horny, she would have to look for a public bathroom to masturbate before heading home because she was just too aroused to wait to arrive home. She couldn't believe her luck, she had never felt so vindicated against all those people that had it all too easy, but more than that, she had never felt that power could be a so strong aphrodisiac, not even when she

dominated a client, perhaps because this time it was real, and it made her feel all mighty to have such control over other people's life.

On her way home, Elizabeth got feelings very similar to a huge hangover; she even had a headache. She was regretting everything that happened that afternoon, how she had made a bad decision after another; she felt so dumb and so slutty. She realized that she had been very weak by letting her pussy control her that way in the last few weeks; now it was obvious that she had been blind to the rising risks that she was assuming.

She tried to put those thoughts aside, and tried to forget everything that happened, and regain some normality, but the way that people looked at her kept her reminding her what she did. She was dressed in her tiny sexy schoolgirl outfit, she had even forgotten to undo her pigtails, so she looked like a sex fantasy, and everyone looked at her with contempt; some as if she was a piece of meat, and others (especially women) with disapproving, and spiteful glances. All the while she kept her eyes cast at the floor ashamed and thinking she deserved it all.

It was hard for her because she was used to being looked up to by almost everybody, after all, she usually portrayed the image of an unreachable, well-educated, rich girl. The worst part was that every objectifying stare and every mocking comment sent shivers down her pussy, and kept her nipples poking thru her blouse all the way home. When she finally arrived at her home she convinced herself that she was going to regain control and cancel the stupid deal somehow before the following Friday. She just had to think. Still, she masturbated a couple of times before falling into a restless sleep.

Part 2

On Saturday Elizabeth woke up tired, and late. She realized that she had fallen asleep wearing the demeaning schoolgirl uniform, and the damn pigtails. She hadn't even showered before going to bed.

"It is not supposed that raped women get a compulsion to shower? I slept smelling of semen and in those whore clothes, no wonder I slept so badly. I must have been too tired yesterday," She thought bitterly.

She knew why she didn't shower, and it wasn't because she was tired when she arrived. Although she tried to deny it even to herself, it was because she was still very horny; the trip back home had been one of the most humiliating experiences of her life, and oddly one of the most arousing, so she didn't want to ruin the mood by returning to her normal clothes and cleanness.

No, the previous night she wanted to keep smelling like a whore, like a slut, or like a sexual slave, because it all added to her arousal. The back of her skirt had been stained by a pool of cum that had dripped out of her panty-less pussy during the travel back home, making her fear that other people identified the smell and knew that she had been just fucked. She didn't look as if she had made love with a caring boyfriend, no, she looked as if she was just fucked by a customer, and she knew it.

Even then, she was about to take breakfast at 11:30 am, and she hadn't showered or changed yet. She looked at the creased \$50 bill over her nightstand and shivered. It somewhat ashamed her even more than the rough sex with Paola's client. After all, she wasn't officially a whore until she performed for Paola for just \$50. Normally that amount of money didn't mean anything to her, but now she had sold her dignity for it. Her pussy creamed just remembering it, selling herself so cheaply had added several notches to her arousal, and what ashamed her the most was that Paola knew it. That low-class girl knew her darkest secret even before herself. Now it still aroused her just to see the bill, but today the arousal came bundled with lots of regrets. As a matter of fact, if she didn't need it, she would have thrown that bill into the garbage.

She walked fast to the kitchen, her bare feet slapping against the marble floors. She wasn't worried she could be seen. The driver was on vacation, and the maid didn't work on weekends, so with her parents still in Europe, the house was all for herself.

She poured herself an orange juice and unfroze some waffles. She turned on the expensive kitchen sound system and set it to her favorite online music station. It didn't match the sound of the home theater in the living room but it sounded better than what most people could afford.

She was nibbling at her food, trying to cope with what happened the day before, and its possible consequences, when suddenly it hit her like a train. It was as if she had passed from being drunk to a huge hangover in just a few seconds; Suddenly she felt completely ashamed, and afraid, and without thinking, she abandoned her food and ran upstairs to finally take a shower.

As the water poured over her head, she felt a wave of anguish as she realized that she had taken very stupid decisions the day before. Admittedly, it was hard to think when you are naked and tied in front of a person that has the power to ruin your entire life, and probably your parent's life too, but now her sharp mind was returning, and she deeply regretted everything about the deal that she made.

She realized that it would have been a lot better to promise Paola the money, and then arrange for a time to pay it. She even realized that she could have overused her debit card and then tell her father some excuse; it probably wouldn't have cost her much more than a harsh reprimand or a few days grounded and in the worse case, a reduction of her vast allowance. All in all, it would have been much better than the dark option that she took.

The reality was that she didn't consider those simple options because she had always been pretty afraid of disappointing her parents. Her family was not a functional one; she wasn't close to her usually away parents, but still, they held a somehow symbiotic relationship, they provided her with an influential last name, wealth, and comfort, and she gave them a poster child that worked fine for their political ambitions. Her mother had even made it clear to her by saying

"Listen, Elizabeth, all the wealth that we enjoy comes from your father's political career, but we are all a team, and your job on the team is to be a responsible child, to have success at school, and to behave exemplary, not only for your

future but for our present too; nobody wants to elect a man that couldn't even raise a child."

Her parents weren't bad people, and they loved her as much as their selfish personalities allowed them; it was just that they weren't the warm, close, communicative, supporting type of parents. They had become more and more single-minded over the years, dedicating all their hearts and souls to her father's political career, to fulfill the couple's power ambitions. In other words, the importance of anything was always measured by its impact on their political motivations which were the source of the social stance and power the couple enjoyed so much.

A chime of her phone took Elizabeth out of her reverie. It was a message from Paola, the fourth one that morning to be precise; She was asking for the bank statement so she could start spending Elizabeth's money. Elizabeth felt immediately uncomfortable; she couldn't deal with her yet, she needed to think of a plan so she simply messaged her back "Later".

While she dressed she realized that she could still change the arrangement. By the time she was finally dressed she was convinced that she could sell some stuff and then pay the cash to Paola. She would probably even buy her classmate's phone to guarantee that the evidence of her foolish, shameful night got effectively destroyed once and for all. She had a pleasant daydream of herself smashing Paola's cell phone with a hammer.

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A few miles from there Paola received the message. She was in her small one-floor house in a rundown neighborhood. The house had a living room, a little kitchen, and a couple of bedrooms. Its interior paint was almost as deteriorated as the exterior. The furniture was scarce and cheap, the windows were covered with uneven drapes, and some with newspapers, and there was a sense of chaos all around, with boxes here and there.

Paola was walking back and forward, the old wooden floor squeaking below her feet. Paola's house was as deserted as Elizabeth's; she used to live with her older sister, Monica, but a few weeks ago Monica moved to the house of her current boyfriend, putting even more pressure on Paola's precarious budget.

She was trying to think about what to do. She had also a restless night, but for very different reasons. She was exhilarated at her newfound power over Elizabeth; she didn't know that power could be so exciting, and so arousing. Of course, she had dominated men in the past as a part of her escort job, but although she liked to play the dominatrix role much more than play the slave, she had never found it nearly as exciting as the last evening with Elizabeth. She rationalized that it was because with her clients it was a borrowed power, a part of a game, and the men could say no whenever they wanted; but with Elizabeth, it was real power, a power taken away from Elizabeth instead of given up by her. She understood that what made it exciting was knowing that Elizabeth had not real choice but to obey; the fact that she had always envied the rich bitch,

just added to the satisfaction of reducing her to the level of a sexual slave, or a whore.

Paola was also happy because she felt she had regained some freedom, she won't have to prostitute herself for a month, and that was a huge relief for her. She had started this 'job' just a few months ago, induced by the then lover of her sister who convinced her that she could earn big money by playing a few sex games, and he even contacted her with her first clients, to his merit he never pimped her or asked her for money.

She fell into that job when she felt she didn't have any other choice. She already worked 20 hours a week at a fast-food restaurant, but that wasn't enough to keep herself afloat. She could not afford to get more hours because her grades were already suffering, so the idea of working a couple of hours a week and earn more than a week's salary from her crappy fast-food job was attractive enough to lure her into prostitution. She kept telling herself that it was just a means to get her goals of studying college and to get ahead leaving behind her life of poverty, but it always scared Paola of the very real possibility that she could get sucked into that life forever. It would be a great waste; she was after all a very smart girl, and she had been an outstanding student until junior high when she left her home along with her sister because they couldn't stand the new dangerous boyfriend of their mother.

At the peak of her excitement, she began thinking that she must make the most of this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. She should somehow use it as a lever, or at least as a starting point to change her state in life; She had imagined herself getting a much better job thanks to the nice clothes that she was going to buy with Elizabeth's money, or maybe by pressing her to use her father's contacts to get her a position. She felt excited at the possibility of being relieved from her crappy jobs for good, and not only for a month. With a wicked smile, she had also daydreamed that it would be even better to be able to pimp Elizabeth until she graduates college. Of course, that thought was mostly a fantasy, a sexual fantasy to be frank.

But after her delight started to wear off, she realized that many things could go wrong right then. The more she thought about it, the more convinced she was that Elizabeth would back off the deal, and give her money instead, but if she accepted the money, she would probably have to service her clients anyway because otherwise, she could lose them, and she would still need them in the long run. She also knew that she should keep some kind of leverage at the end of the deal, otherwise once Elizabeth had destroyed the blackmail material, she will be the one out in the open, and it wouldn't be easy to return to turning tricks, at least in the same area, because Elizabeth could get her revenge easily by delating her as a prostitute soliciting. A scandal and a police record could ruin her narrow chances of eventually getting a degree and a good job.

Paola shivered at the last thought. There was more at risk than she had thought. For a moment she even regretted the previous evening events. She was even starting to get afraid, the unpredictable actions that Elizabeth could take to lever the field could be very damaging. She could use her powerful

friends to ruin Paola even more than she already was. Paola's respiration was starting to accelerate when she forced herself to calm down.

"I hadn't survived all this time by being weak. No, I will take this chance and get the most of it; Elizabeth is the one who must be afraid."

A chime of her phone brought her back to reality. It was a message from Elizabeth it said just one word "Later". Paola fumed, she had been waiting for Elizabeth's answer for an hour right now, and she was delaying it even more. Then she got an epiphany, "She is trying to get control of the situation; she is planning her back off!"

For a moment she felt a new wave of apprehension, but then she started to cool down, repeating loudly.

"She is the one who must be afraid."

"She is the one who must be afraid."

"She is the one who must be afraid."

"That's it! yesterday I controlled her because I got her to be afraid, ashamed, and horny."

She then messaged Elizabeth.

"Listen, princess, there is a sex shop just a couple of blocks from my house, if you don't send me my buying guide in 5 minutes, I will expend the entire balance of the debit card buying sex toys, and bondage gear, and have them sent to your home. I bet it will get you a nice conversation with your parents."

Elizabeth read the message, just being called princess sent shivers down her spine, and she felt her fragile self-confidence crumbling down. If Paola did that, her father would probably believe that somebody stole her debit card, or probably not, she couldn't risk it, she knew she was a terrible liar.

She decided that she needed to gain some time so she quickly photographed a few of her bank statements and send them to Paola, along with a new message, "Come to my house now so we can talk."

Paola smiled when she received the message, she had won a little victory; she now was convinced that she needed to keep Elizabeth out of her balance.

She quickly texted back, "As you know I have some shopping to do, if you want to see me you must come to my place at 6:00 pm sharp, be punctual, otherwise I will go out with my friends."

Elizabeth nervously texted back, "I'll be there." but Paola didn't even read the message.

Paola went shopping at Macy's and other expensive stores. At first, she was outraged by the prices, but then she thought that she deserved to wear those fine clothes just as much as any other customer.

The shopping was a delightful experience per se; when she arrived at the first store, she was looked at with suspicion by the saleswomen, but once she changed into one of her new outfits, it all changed. She had never experienced anything like that before; every saleswoman looked at her with respect, worked hard to serve her, and recommend her the clothes and accessories that better suited her to gain the sale. She felt her self-esteem sky rocketing.

She had discovered that Elizabeth normally went on shopping sprees of \$700 to \$1000, then didn't buy a thing for weeks, except for her frequent restaurant bills, and movie tickets.

Elizabeth on the other side was nervous, she even called her friends to tell them that she would have to go out of her house to do some errands, and she probably won't be back soon enough to prepare themselves together for Mark's party. They usually got together at Elizabeth's house before parties to help each other with their grooming and to gossip and have a few laughs. Now it was also very practical for them, as the party was just across the street from Elizabeth's house. Melisa sounded pretty disappointed on the phone, but Elizabeth had more important things to worry about right then.

She rang Paola's house bell at 5:55 pm; she had been too afraid to be late, so she had arrived with much time to spare but had waited until then to ring.

After an excruciating wait, Paola opened the door, at exactly 6:00 pm. She was wearing the most expensive jeans that she had ever worn in her life, along with an equally nice long-sleeve blouse. She looked not so different from Elizabeth's rich neighbors.

"Come inside princess"

Elizabeth obediently followed her. She felt very bad to be called princess because it reminded her of the previous evening and her shameful behavior. She could almost feel the collar around her neck.

They walked to the living room. It had a very ragged rug that once was probably blue but now it looked mostly gray. The room was scarcely furnished, just a sofa that must be missing a portion of a leg because it was inclined to one side, three wooden chairs, and a plastic table for four. Over the table was a computer and it was opened at some porno site.

"What a slut, she knew I was coming, and she didn't care to let the computer display that shameful page," thought Elizabeth, "I shouldn't be surprised, after all, she is a prostitute, but she should show some pride, and close that thing at least while I am here."

Paola sat in front of the computer, and said, "I am just putting the last touches on this, you may wait over there, or see what I am doing if you want."

Elizabeth was about to go to the sofa when her eye caught something strange on the porno site.

It was her!

There was her shameful video, and also several photos that she didn't know Paola had taken. One was taken from behind, and showed her red ass while she was talking with her eyes cast at the floor with a man in a cheap suit; the man's face was blurred. Another photo showed her destroying her clothes with scissors while being completely naked, her face showing concentration on the task, and her pussy swollen and wet.

"What... what are you doing? We... we had an agreement," she stammered, her voice faltering as she was almost hyperventilating.

"Don't worry, this site is just for my private use. If you fail in our little deal, this site goes up on the internet immediately, and I have ready an email stating your identity, the name and position of your father, and a link to this little site. The address list includes all the emails I know from the school and the press.

Elizabeth was trembling now. Just one click and that bitch could ruin her life, and her family's life too. She tried nonetheless to reassert herself.

"Look Paola, I really... really can't do this anymore. I know I owe you bigtime, but I can't... you know... have sex... you know for money... I really can't, I am not that way... you know... but I've been thinking and I can give you money, I can sell some stuff."

Paola wanted to say no right then, she had already decided that money won't do her any good, but she didn't want Elizabeth to think she was being stubborn, and she wanted Elizabeth to feel trapped, so she asked.

"What stuff?"

Elizabeth had come prepared. She opened her handbag and pulled out a couple of collars, a wrist chain, and some earrings, they all looked like gold, and the earrings had also a white pearl. They were practically all the jewels that she possessed, all had been gifts. She never needed more because her mother allowed her to wear anything from her vast selection of fine jewelry, but now with her mother out of town, she couldn't open the combination vault where they were stored.

Paola looked at them with envy. "Those surely worth some dollars, maybe the \$750 that you own me in tricks, maybe even more"

Elizabeth sighed with satisfaction; she was seeing an open door to finally leave this nightmare behind.

"Take them." said Elizabeth, "they are all yours," almost too anxiously.

"No. I want money, not jewels, who knows what kind of trouble I could get in if I sell them."

Elizabeth looked at her with disbelief, but Paola added.

"You may sell them later and pay me, " Elizabeth felt relieved, and almost missed when Paola added, "but there is one thing that I don't like about this arrangement"

"What?" Said Elizabeth barely hiding her apprehension.

"The atonement"

"Atonement?" repeated Elizabeth, she was so close to getting what she wanted, and now this was taking her out of balance again.

"Replacing me was going to serve not only as a money source for me but as an atonement for you. You would have to walk in my shoes for a while, so you learn not to judge people so lightly, and to stop looking down at me, or anybody else. Right now you just said you can't do it because you are not that way, implying that I am. Let me tell you what, I am not that way either; I had to do it and I dare to do it, but I don't enjoy it, at least not as much as you did last night."

Elizabeth blushed bright red at the last phrase, still, she remained focused on sparing the 'Friday dates', so she said.

"I can do another thing for atonement, just not the prostitution thing, it is too dangerous."

Paola seemed to be reluctantly thinking about it, but she was indeed excited at the new possibilities. She realized that letting Elizabeth out of the hook until the following Friday was too risky. If Elizabeth found some willpower to fight back in just a few hours alone, an entire week could be too dangerous.

"OK. Let's compromise a little. I can offer you an alternative, but it won't be a pleasant one. I plan to take you down a few pegs so you fully understand what you did, and how I felt, to guarantee that you never do another thing like that ever again."

Elizabeth nervously nodded.

"Here is the deal. You have to obey me, and serve me for a week, and I mean every single thing I say. I will humiliate you, that's for sure, but you will accept it as a part of your atonement."

Paola realized that she was probably pushing her luck, but seeing Elizabeth blushing and squirming with something else besides shame and fear, she knew she had pushed the right buttons, so she added.

"I will make you do embarrassing things, even sexual things that don't involve a client, and I will make you do stupid things, or anything that I consider would make you feel humble, instead of high and mighty."

Elizabeth was anxious to hear the rest, "and..."

"but if you pay me my 750 before Friday, you are free, and you won't have to do any more tricks. Of course, I will keep your debit card as we agreed."

"I agree," she said almost too fast. She could picture herself obeying that girl for a week to avoid having to whore herself again.

"Wait. There is a single condition. If you didn't pay me 750 before Friday, you will have to comply with the original deal, AND..." she made a dramatic pause, and then continued, "you still have to obey me for the following couple of weeks."

Elizabeth hesitated for a moment. She will have to accept being humiliated all week long instead of just a couple of hours on three consecutive Fridays afternoons. But if she failed to get the cash it would be much worse, she will have to do 3 clients and also be constantly humiliated by that girl for three consecutive weeks.

Elizabeth made a quick deliberation in her mind.

"This new option will be more time-consuming, and it could be potentially worse, but I wanted to avoid selling my body, didn't I? And if I don't take this option, Paola will think that I want to whore myself again because I didn't do enough to avoid it."

"I'll take the new option. I'll obey you for a week, then I pay you \$750 and after that, I will be totally free; you'll give me back the videos and photos and erase them from your computer and any other backups you may have."

"Deal," said Paola smiling, and both shook hands. Paola felt Elizabeth's hand weak and sweaty under her own confident squeeze.

Elizabeth had accomplished her goal, well more or less, and she felt uncomfortable facing Paola, so she turned to leave.

"Well..." said Elizabeth, "I need to go now... see you on Monday"

"Where are you going?"

"Home. I got a party tonight..."

"You stay here until I tell you to go."

"Paola, please, can we begin tomorrow? This party is really important; I need to look my best, and it is getting late already."

"OK, if that is your choice," Said Paola, but she returned to her computer, "here, have this" and she handed her a piece of paper with something written on it. She looked at Paola puzzled.

"It is your new website you may want to share the address with the people at the party; you'll be the sensation of the night."

"NO! Please stop. Why are you doing this? We have an agreement."

Paola paused and turned to see Elizabeth's face. "Listen, princess, you already broke the agreement, you did promise to obey me no matter what, and you are questioning my very first and simple order."

"Sorry Paola, I didn't think it was an order"

"Ok. To make it clear for the future, every instruction that I give you is an order, unless I formulate it as a question. I will give you a second chance, but any disobedience and the whole deal is over, and arguing my orders is as bad as disobeying them. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Paola," said Elizabeth trembling a bit realizing that the week could be harder than she thought.

Then she added "I'll stay until you tell me."

"That's the spirit," replied Paola closing her laptop, "You won't want to follow most of the orders I'll give you. That is normal, after all, I will try to use my power to make you feel inferior and humiliated, that is the whole point of the atonement."

"But..." Elizabeth was feeling trapped, "Can I at least beg you when an order is too much for me?"

"mm... I think it is fair that you may beg, but I don't want to discuss every single order that I give you, so here is the deal, you may beg, but only on your knees, and only once a day."

Elizabeth nodded.

"Now take off your clothes."

Elizabeth wanted to argue, but controlled herself, and took off her shoes, pants, and blouse.

She remained in her underwear, but a stern look from Paola was enough for her to take off the rest.

"Pick up your clothes," Said Paola, then she walked to the front door, and for a minute Elizabeth paled, but she stopped before opening the door, and there just beside the door was a hard suitcase, that Elizabeth hadn't even noticed. Paola opened the big, old suitcase and said to Elizabeth.

"Put your clothes, and your shoes inside this suitcase. Your handbag too"

Elizabeth meekly complied.

Then Paola pulled a combination padlock out of her backpack and locked the trunk closed.

Elizabeth felt a pang in her stomach and a tingle in her pussy. She was covering her tits with one hand, and her pussy with the other. Once again Paola would control when she could dress again. She felt even more ashamed than the first time and was afraid that Paola could notice her obvious arousal.

"Listen, princess. Every time that you come into my house, you will take off all your clothes as soon as you enter the house, and you will put every single possession that you are carrying, clothes, shoes, watch, backpack, purse, cellphone, earrings into that trunk and you will close it with the padlock. I want you to face me completely deprived of any of the fancy possessions that could give you the wrong impression that you may feel superior."

Elizabeth nodded, she didn't plan to return to that house anyway, but the order was still demeaning and arousing.

"Get a Bluetooth hands-free, in case I need to call you while your phone is locked with your other belongings."

Elizabeth's lower lip was slightly trembling as she said, "Yes Paola."

Paola twitched her lips, there was something that she didn't like.

"Princess, from now on, whenever we are alone you must address me as ma'am, or Miss Hernandez. Is that clear?"

"Yes, ma'am" Feeling her last vestiges of power fly away.

"And, princess. I like that nickname a lot; it really suits you. You should carry your collar in your backpack or purse, so every time you are in my home you must wear the pink collar."

"Yes ma'am."

"Don't cover yourself. There is not much to hide up there, and I already know how horny you are. I have not forgotten that you are a perverted slut that gets off on this kind of thing"

Elizabeth reluctantly put her hands by her side, she didn't dare to look up, so her eyes were cast down, and she spared Paola's mocking smirk. Elizabeth felt ashamed and completely self-conscious. Her nipples were rock hard, and her pussy was already wet. The more embarrassed she got at her shameful reaction, the harder it was for her to keep her arousal at bay.

"OK, I need to take a shower and prepare for my night out. I will probably go to Mark's party, after all, I have now a couple of very nice outfits. While I do that, there is a cube, and several rags under the kitchen sink, use one rag to mop the kitchen floor, and another to clean the cabinets. I will check them in half an hour, and they better be clean,"

Elizabeth had never done manual work, so she couldn't avoid protesting, even when she had already followed worse orders without complaining.

"I am not your maid."

"Do you think you are too good to be my maid?"

Elizabeth shivered, she sensed the cold, aggressive tone in Paola's voice, and it scared her. She was probably just looking for an excuse to send her videos to the internet.

"No ma'am. I am sorry"

"I think so, but just to make you always remember repeat: I am just a dumb pervert slut, I am even too stupid for a maid job"

Elizabeth blushed she had always considered herself one of the smartest in her class, and certainly not a pervert nor a slut; it angered her to be made to repeat that humiliating phrase, but it also aroused her even more.

"I am just a dumb pervert slut; I am even too stupid for a maid job."

"Ok, repeat that phrase until you finish your job, if I don't hear you, or if you do a bad job, there will be punishment"

"I am just a dumb pervert slut; I am even too stupid for a maid job," she repeated almost in a whisper while walking towards the kitchen.

"Louder!"

"I am just a dumb pervert slut; I am even too stupid for a maid job," She started chanting now in a normal voice while she started scrubbing the dirty kitchen cabinets.

"I am just a dumb pervert slut; I am even too stupid for a maid job," she repeated and repeated while doing her menial work. She was starting to believe her own words, after all, if she had been smarter or if she hadn't been a horny little slut she wouldn't be in this predicament.

Once she realized that the cabinets could not get any cleaner without the use of some really strong substance to remove the stains that probably had been there for years, she started doing the kitchen floor. She felt completely degraded scrubbing the dirty floor with a rag, naked on her hands and knees, and repeating her hideous mantra "I am just a dumb pervert slut; I am even too stupid for a maid job."

She was getting sweaty and dirty, and also tired and hornier. She turned back and saw the bathroom door still closed, so she reached back with her hand, and still on her hands and knees, she started rubbing her pussy while still repeating her mantra. At that moment she felt indeed completely dumb, and completely slutty.

She closed her eyes and was about to climax when she was taken out of her stupor by Paola's scream.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING YOU PERVERT?" she feigned surprise, but she had been amused while watching Elizabeth degrading herself until she sensed that Elizabeth was about to come. Paola felt a wave of satisfaction seeing the rich posh girl squirming with shame.

"I... I..." stammered Elizabeth. She didn't know what to say, she was simply overwhelmed by shame.

"Finish that floor immediately and then we must talk"

Elizabeth resumed scrubbing the dirty floor. She was more self-conscious than ever. She was on her hands and knees, completely naked, and doing that menial work trying to avoid eye contact with Paola who was dressing a few feet away from her.

"Hey, don't forget your mantra."

"I am just a dumb pervert slut; I am even too stupid for a maid job," replied Elizabeth.

"Not to mention too horny to be of any use but fucking." said Paola giggling.

By the time Elizabeth had finished, she was dripping in sweat and had some dirt streaks crossing her very nice, very white body.

"Come here princess," said Paola, "Make yourself useful, Paint my nails and toenails. You know how to do it, don't you?"

"Yes ma'am, " Elizabeth replied, more insecure than ever, doubting her intelligence even for that menial task; maybe all the insults that she had been saying to herself for more than half an hour were getting to her subconscious mind, and she was starting to believe them. She shook those thoughts away and tried to concentrate on the task at hand forgetting her situation.

She knelt before Paola, who was sitting on a chair, drying her hair while checking herself in a mirror attached to the wall. Elizabeth started painting Paola's nails with dark red polish. She was surprised by Paola's appearance, she was wearing a new, very nice red cocktail dress, it had a halter top, and the skirt was pleated and went a couple of inches above her knees. She looked quite sexy but classy. Not so in your face like the very short, skin-tight dresses she used to wear; she looked much more elegant and equally attractive. She had prepared a new pair of high heel sandals that looked sexy but didn't scream fuck me. All in all, it was an attire that would make boys want to take her to dinner, instead of straight to a hotel room.

"Very good princess," she said looking at her nails with satisfaction, "why don't you do my makeup too?"

Elizabeth had taken a 2-day makeup course pushed by her mother that wanted her to learn how to make herself look prim and proper. She analyzed the challenge, Paola was quite different from her. Her skin was darker, her eyes were brown, her hair was black, and she had a slightly round face. She started

thinking, trying to remember what the teacher had said about Latinos. In the end, she relied on a washed-face look, she just used light pink lipstick, and some mascara to make her eyelashes look fuller, and her eyes bigger. She didn't need more, Paola's complexion was excellent. She was going to grab some stares.

When she was ready Paola contemplated the mirror with satisfaction. She looked like a movie starlet, and she felt a proudness that she hadn't felt in ages.

"Well, now is time to get you ready for the party"

"That is not necessary," said Elizabeth, she wanted to get out of there as soon as possible, maybe she could still have time to groom herself for Mark's party, but first she will have to take care of some business... down there.

"No way. Let me start with your nails, and toenails"

Paola remained sitting while Elizabeth was kneeling in front of her. She started painting her nails in bright pink, then Elizabeth had to sit her naked ass on the dirty floor and put one foot over the chair armrest so Paola could paint her toenails. She did some extensive work because over the pink, she used some silver sparkling material to draw stars, spirals, and simple points. Elizabeth thought they looked tacky.

"Now let me do your hair, and your makeup"

"Shouldn't I shower first? I stink"

"No, it is not necessary" Said Paola, and started painting Elizabeth's eyes, and lips. She then did something that startled Elizabeth. Paola got a brush, and a small palette that looked like eye shadow, and started smearing it on the front of her hair, especially on the left side.

"Don't look at the mirror yet. Put these clothes first"

Elizabeth was getting impatient, they were losing so much precious time, and she would have to shower and undo all that Paola was doing, so she could look properly for the party. She decided to get over it fast, so she didn't even ask for her underwear when she saw a pair of skimpy garments on the bed.

"You may look at the mirror now," said Paola cheerfully.

Elizabeth felt shocked and aroused seeing her image in the mirror. She was wearing a purple tank top, that went just a couple of inches above her navel, and it delineated perfectly her small but perky tits; the skirt was a stretchy pink tube that didn't leave much to the imagination; it was shorter than anything she had worn in the past, it went to just a couple of inches below her pussy, leaving her nicely toned legs on display. Her face was equally shocking, a light purple eye shadow, and a very bright red lipstick, made her look tacky and old-fashioned. Her blond hair, which had become a little curled with all the sweat and heat, portrayed now a 2-inch wide pink streak on the left side of her face from the top of her head to the tips that reached below her shoulders.

"Put this", said Paola, handing her classmate a pair of platform shoes with heels probably 5 inches high. The shoes were shiny pink.

Elizabeth was mesmerized by her own image. Now she looked completely trashy but very sexy, or probably more than sexy, she looked available.

"OK, now let's have a photo for the memories," said Paola standing by Elizabeth in front of the mirror.

Paola was delighted by the contrast between the couple of girls looking from the other side of the mirror. While she looked classy and beautiful, her classmate looked cheap and slutty. Elizabeth shivered at the image but found it very arousing nonetheless.

She didn't want more photos of herself in Paola's hands but realized that she had already much worse ones, so after the selfie of the pair, she let Paola take a dozen photos of her. She even posed and smiled at Paola's command. She found the sexy poses demeaning and arousing.

"I think Paola would need to go to Mark's party in just a few minutes. Once she announces her departure, I will change into my clothes and dash home to masturbate like crazy," Thought Elizabeth who was seeing fewer and fewer possibilities of attending the party after all the lost time.

"I already sent the new and old pictures to your phone. Don't erase them without my permission" Said Paola, and Elizabeth shivered, she didn't like the idea of carrying such compromising photos with her, it was just too risky, somebody could sneak into her phone, and what would she do?

Her thoughts were interrupted by Paola's cheerful voice, "Let's go to Mark's party"

"Ok, as soon as I change into my clothes we can go, then..."

She was interrupted by Paola, "You are going to the party as you are"

Elizabeth paled, she couldn't go to that party dressed like a street hooker, and smelling like a construction worker, she noticed that she had a black streak on her stomach, and another on her right shoulder. Her knees were also dirty. And that party was "the party", not only most of her classmates will attend (well at least the inn-crowd) but also most of her acquaintances from the country club. Even Derek Haggard, who she had a crush on, will be there.

She fell to her knees and begged Paola, "Please Paola, I can't go like this to that Party. I may do another thing for you, but not that. Please."

Paola looked disappointed, but seeing Elizabeth's face she realized that the little blonde could have a breakdown, so she started thinking. She didn't want Elizabeth to panic because it could only have unexpected consequences. And as much as she had fantasized about presenting Elizabeth in her skimpy outfit to all her posh acquaintances, she knew that it could also be too risky as someone could smell something fishy and come to her help; she realized with

some disappointment, that taking her to that party won't be such a smart move. On the other hand, she didn't like that Elizabeth could think that every time she begged she could spare the humiliation. She decided to compromise, hell, it could even be more fun this way.

"OK. I thought you wanted to see your friends, but well if you don't, I understand. But I didn't doll you up so you stay at home. You may go to the party I was going to attend or you may go to Mark's party. It is your choice. Don't worry, if you go to my party, I will send you there with my cousin Juan, he will help you, and protect you."

Elizabeth was afraid; she didn't want to go to a low-class party and dressed like a whore, but she realized that she couldn't stand to show this facet of her current life to her friends. It would be simply devastating for her, and rumors could get to her parents.

"I'll go with Juan", she said in a whisper.

"Hey, try to talk as little as possible because your posh accent could reveal you."

An hour later Elizabeth was sitting on a white plastic chair in a warehouse improvised as a party salon. The empty warehouse had a rusted tin roof, and the floor was made of coarse cement, it was decorated with some balloons and colored papers hanging here and there. She thought bitterly that she should be sitting in a comfortable armchair surrounded by marble floors and luxury while listening to the last pop hits and electro-dance music thru high-fidelity equipment, enjoying the company, and the attention of her rich friends. Instead, she was forced to stand the strident cheap stereo that filled the place with songs that sounded pretty much alike. They were like a mix of hip-hop and Latin rhythms with very explicit lyrics that alternated phrases in Spanish and English. The improvised dance floor was full of couples. The dance steps involved a lot of touching, and a lot of sensual teasing from the girls. People talked in English spiced with a few words in Spanish here and there.

She felt completely out of place, she didn't belong there socially, or even racially. Most of the women there were wearing daring outfits in bright colors, but much to Elizabeth's shame, nobody was showing as much skin or looked as cheap as her. She felt even more insecure knowing that it was very clear that she wasn't wearing a bra, and the slightest mistake that she made would show that she wasn't wearing panties either.

On her arrival, she received a lot of lustful stares from the men, and angry stares from the women, but when they saw that she contented herself with sitting quietly beside Juan, most of them finally ignored the newcomer and got into the party full swing.

Juan was tall, maybe 6' 2", but not attractive at all, at least to Elizabeth. He was a bit fat, had a very round face, and had an annoying high voice. Still, he looked very strong. From the little talk they had on their walk to the party, she learned that he was 20 and had dropped school during junior high. He worked carrying

materials in a warehouse nearby. He probably wasn't very lucky with the ladies because everybody looked surprised that he had company; several men high-fived Juan who seemed pretty happy with the whole situation. All in all, he was a complete loser in her eyes.

Elizabeth planned to stay at the party for the least amount of time possible. She had the keys that Paola had given her, so she just needed to go there and change into her clothes, pick up her purse and keys and then go to her own house. Paola had promised that she would send Juan the combination of the padlock at some point before midnight.

She didn't want Juan out of her sight and didn't want to flirt or anything with the other guys, even when two or three of them were attractive in their exotic way. So she simply stayed with him and occasionally talked, but did little to hide her discomfort.

At some point, he offered her a drink. Elizabeth never drank. It was illegal at her age, and she couldn't do anything like that with her circle of friends, because the word could reach her parents and that was the kind of thing that could cause her big trouble. But at this party, nobody knew her, and the opinion or even the gossip of these low-class people didn't matter to her, and could never reach her parents. She finally accepted a cocktail made with grapefruit juice and tequila.

"Have you received a message from Paola?" said Elizabeth for the umpteenth time.

"No, Elizabeth. I'll tell you when I receive it. Why don't we have a good time in the meanwhile?" he said passing his hand around her shoulder.

"No," she said pushing his hand away.

Then a guy that cached the scene told Juan.

"What's the matter Juan, Didn't you pay the puta enough money?" he said laughing.

"What did he call me?" said Elizabeth with apprehension, she didn't know that Spanish word, but the context make it clear.

"He thinks you are a whore. The way you are dressed, and you know being so pretty, and with me. Several guys asked me how much did I pay you to come with me, and how much did you charge for a BJ or a fuck."

Elizabeth blushed bright red. She felt worse than ever. Those low-class people considered her even lower; they considered her a whore, and a whore that Juan could afford. Her pussy tingled; she was getting horny again.

"I am not..." she whispered trying to defend herself, but then her voice faltered her.

They kept quiet for a few minutes, and Juan fetched Elizabeth another drink. She was almost finishing her drink when the music changed, and they started

playing ballads, some in Spanish, and some in English. The dance floor was crowded with couples dancing. Elizabeth was bored and horny. After the incident with the guy, she had been building a small fantasy in her mind, and the alcohol was clouding her senses. So she finally whispered into Juan's ear.

"I will dance a song with you if you pay me \$5."

Her pussy tingled with lust after she finalized the phrase. She was blushing bright red, and she couldn't believe she just said that.

He turned to see her. He was shocked and amused at the same time. He knew that Paola had somehow pushed Elizabeth to come with him, but it had angered him that she didn't hide the fact that she wasn't with him of her own accord. And now she was asking for money! Well if she behaved like a whore, he certainly will accept the offer, but he will take her down a few pegs.

"OK, but I think that \$1 per song, sounds more like it's worth"

Elizabeth blushed, she knew she must be outraged by Juan's comment, but it aroused her even more. She was too shocked to speak, so she turned to face him, and saw him displaying the most obnoxious smirk, and his eyes... his eyes displayed the same contempt, the same despise that she had seen only once in her life. She shivered; he was looking at her with the same attitude that Paola's client saw her the previous evening. She realized that for Juan she was no longer a fellow human being, she was now just another piece of merchandise. She had never felt so objectified.

She was getting hornier, and the alcohol wasn't helping, she rarely had a sip of alcohol before, and now she was almost finishing her second drink, and she was starting to feel tipsy. Maybe she had been drinking too fast, or the drinks were too loaded, anyway, she didn't have the experience to know.

"OK," she said.

His smile turned even broader, but creepier. At the beginning of the night, he was excited with the possibility of somehow conquering that beautiful girl, and it had hurt him her complete lack of interest. Now his intentions toward her had completely changed.

They stood up and walked to the dance floor. He passed his arm around her lower back, where her skimpy top didn't cover her. She was about to pull his hand away when she realized with arousal that it was part of the deal.

The dance floor was now mostly dark. As soon as the ballads started, they turned off the light spots that shined on it, only a couple of dark blue spots remained on. Once on the dancefloor, he pulled her until she was practically painted on his chest. She usually put her arm in front of her when she danced slow songs so she could push the guy away from her as much as she liked to feel comfortable, but now she had simply passed her arms around his neck something she had never done with her boyfriend, much less with a guy she just met.

The whole scene was surrealistic. She was normally the unreachable rich girl that boys could only dream of, and now she was dancing very close to that loser guy. His cheap cologne filled her nostrils as she rested her cheek on his chest. He had his hands around her waist, touching the exposed skin between her skirt and her cropped top. She could feel her hard nipples rubbing against his body with each uncoordinated move they made.

The slow sensual music and Elizabeth's lack of reaction encouraged Juan, who soon was roaming his hands all over Elizabeth's back and shoulders. He concentrated his efforts on the exposed skin, and Elizabeth was shivering to feel the rough, heavy hands touching her.

Finally, the song ended, and she wanted to leave the dance floor, but he whispered into her ear.

"I've got another dollar for you"

Elizabeth shivered with arousal.

"Ok," she whispered back. She tried to convince herself that she didn't argue with him to avoid a scene, but the reality was that her pussy was taking command, while her brain seemed to take a break overwhelmed by the alcohol and the horniness.

She realized nervously that Juan's right hand was now rubbing her back under her flimsy top. She was afraid that the clumsy boy could break her top, so she reached back and pushed his hand down. Unfortunately, he seemed to misunderstand the message, and his hand continued its travel down, and soon he was caressing one of her buttocks over her skirt.

Elizabeth tried to mouth a protest but instead, she kept silent as the other hand started caressing the other buttock. At first, the caresses were light and somewhat discreet but soon he started grabbing her ass with contentment.

Elizabeth turned around nervously, the dance floor was packed. The couples were dancing so close to each other that probably nobody could see Juan's actions but she felt very ashamed nonetheless. What would her friends think if they saw her right then? A song ended, and another one started, and she didn't have a chance to talk to Juan who was holding her tight.

She felt Juan's hand traveling downwards to her tights, and she felt relieved that he was finally stopping squeezing her ass, but then she realized that he was starting to rise her skirt.

She reached her back with her hand trying to stop him, but he whispered,

"I'll pay you \$2 for this song"

She didn't answer but returned her hand to its place around his neck. She was blushing bright red. She knew now her whole ass was on display; Juan had managed to roll over the back of her skirt and tuck it at her waist.

"I can't believe I am letting this Neanderthal touch my naked ass for two bucks, " she thought bitterly, but she was too aroused by the idea to stop him now. Her respiration was becoming short and ragged.

Then she felt Juan's left hand leaving her naked ass. She received the news with a mix of relief and disappointment, but both were short-lived as she felt his hand raise the front of her skirt. An alarm rang in her head, but it was muted by the sensations and the arousing coming from the humiliation of being so available to that creepy, low-class, ignorant boy. When his finger found her slit, he was surprised at how wet she was. He soon found her clit and started slowly rubbing it at the compass of the song.

Elizabeth was lost in her sexual blitz, "This loser surely can't get a date, but boy he knows female anatomy, probably from whores," she thought, and then realized that she was now just one more. She was reaching the point of no return, she was using what was left of her clouded mind to avoid the embarrassment of having an orgasm in the middle of the dance floor.

Then a girl that was dancing next to them collided with Elizabeth. The girl felt skin where she should have felt fabric and immediately knew that something was wrong. She turned to see Elizabeth and realized that she was practically naked from the waist down. She was shocked at Elizabeth's wanton display and screamed at Juan.

"Come on Juan! Take the whore out of here; this is a decent party."

Many of the couples stopped dancing and turned to see her now.

She tried to arrange her skirt but it was all bunched around her waist.

Juan calmly said, "I am so sorry Lydia. You are right"

And walked slowly away from the dance floor with his arm around Elizabeth's waist, while she nervously fumbled with her skirt, overwhelmed by the embarrassment. She managed to fix the skirt just a couple of steps before reaching their chairs.

Juan pulled out his wallet and while many were still looking at them he handed Elizabeth four one-dollar bills.

Elizabeth was pale, her lower lip was slightly trembling. She was shocked with shame. One thing was playing a part for this loser, and another much worse was been caught red-handed whoring herself so cheaply by all the party-goers. She rapidly crumbled the bills inside her delicate fist. She felt the contemptuous stares, and smirks of everybody around, as if she ceased to be a person and turned into simple merchandise, and to be frank cheap merchandise. The girls no longer saw her as a competition, she was now not even a person, but simply a spiteful object. The boys saw her now as a sex toy made to be used, just a thing they could afford to buy another day, instead of a possible love interest.

"May we go now, Juan? Please," she said with begging eyes feeling the full weight of the judgment of everybody around. She felt so small, so inferior to

everybody else, even Juan. Oddly she was very aroused by the whole situation. She had been horny without release for too many hours by then.

Juan saw that Elizabeth was about to break down, and said

"I still hadn't received Paola's text message, and I was just beginning to have fun at this party, but you are right you are not welcome here anymore, so let's go."

They walked towards Paola's house for a while, Elizabeth was feeling pretty uncomfortable in her skimpy outfit. She now felt that everybody that crossed their path thought she was a whore. She felt insecure, and a bit afraid. A man that was smoking on the sidewalk looked at her from head to toe like appraising the merchandise. She shivered and clung to Juan trying to pose as his girlfriend, or at least stating that she wasn't available.

Juan got the tip and passed his arm around her waist. Still, he smirked at the smoking man, who returned him a knowing smile.

Elizabeth felt completely humiliated at being dissed just like this by those two low-class men, but something stirred inside her loins. It was much like those weird fantasies that she used to have in that cubicle as she spied on Paola.

Juan was not that experienced, still, he could sense that Elizabeth was still horny. He didn't know if she was really a whore or if she was just enacting a sexual fantasy, or was simply too desperate for money; anyway, she was obviously very inexperienced, at least on the money issue. He knew that the alcohol could also be playing a part and realized that he must take his chance right then, otherwise she could get to her senses and stop playing, or at least she could learn her real economic value and turn herself unaffordable for him. One thing he knew for sure, his window opportunity was nearly closing because Paola won't like him to fuck that slut in her house, so he had to act before they arrived there. He hesitated for almost a block before realizing that he had nothing to lose, so he said.

"Elizabeth. I'll give you another \$4 for a blow job"

Elizabeth blushed bright red, "No, I don't think so..." she whispered. She felt so aroused, and so ashamed. Was it all that she was worth? Four bucks? She used to pay more than that for a Starbucks Latte macchiato.

"Come on, you are not going to leave me with blue balls. You are not that kind of girl," He said while gently pulling her by the waist towards an old building.

Elizabeth knew she had to assert herself and stop that crazy boy, but instead, she let him guide her while her pussy was practically dripping. She was almost hyperventilating; part of her wanted to sell herself for that amount. It was much like her humiliating sexual fantasies; she would be not only a whore, but a pretty cheap one; even with her clouded mind, she realized that she would have to suck more than 60 cocks to earn what Paola did in just one trick.

They entered the abandoned building thru its broken door; it must have been a restaurant or something. The main salon was poorly lightened thru the main door, and smelled of stalled humidity and garbage. Juan continued pulling her, and all of her alarms should be ringing, but before she could react they reached what must have been a large men's bathroom. It didn't have a ceiling so the lamppost just outside gave the place plenty of light while the walls hid it from the street.

Elizabeth shivered, on one hand, she felt more at ease with the light, on the other it allowed her to see that the place was dirty, and it still had a couple of broken urinaries. The walls and floor were covered with small outdated white tiles.

"Kneel," he said.

"No way! This place is too dirty. I could catch something."

Juan sensed that it wasn't negotiable; nonetheless, it amused him that the filthiness could be a stronger barrier than her morals.

"OK, Let's compromise: A proper blow job must be given on your knees, but you may remain in a stand-up position as long as you get nude for the job."

She felt dizzy; It was too much, but the idea of getting naked at that loser's command, was so degrading, and humiliating that it contributed to her arousal. She pondered that it was better than putting her knees on the dirty floor; her clouded mind failed to see that she had a third alternative, which was of course to refuse to do the blow job. She peeled off her skimpy shirt and hand it to Juan, and then carefully unbuttoned her mini skirt and pulled it down being careful that it didn't touch the floor.

She shivered although it wasn't that cold. Her nipples were pointing out like small bullets, and her scarce pubic hair couldn't hide her arousal. Juan could even smell it. Even when she had dirt streaks on parts of her body, her slender elegant nude figure and her delicate manners contrasted to the extreme with the deteriorated surroundings.

He quickly pulled his pants down, just enough to pull his cock out. It was already erect, and although it wasn't that long, it was pretty thick. Elizabeth bent at her waist approaching his crotch and hesitated just for a few seconds before Juan gently grabbed her nape and pulled her head down to his cock. She rested her right hand on his hip to keep her balance. She hadn't really sucked a cock before, she just kissed one before; as a matter of fact, she hadn't had intercourse or given hand jobs more than a handful of times in her life, and always with her then-boyfriend.

She used her free hand to caress Juan's testicles and then kissed his cock repeatedly. She tentatively extended her tongue to touch Juan's balls which were surprisingly almost hairless. Juan could see that she was very inexperienced, but maybe because of it, he found it titillating.

Juan looked up for a moment and realized that the big mirror of the lavatories to his right reflected the hot scene of the slender white, blonde girl sucking his cock. The contrast of his big frame with her delicate body was so delicious that he pulled his smartphone out and started taking pictures and videos.

Meanwhile, she had put his cock inside her mouth, and was sucking on it. She had lost conscience of Juan's presence and was simply focused on the cock in front of her. She started bobbing her head up and down, just the way a classmate told them at a pajama party. Her hand abandoned his testicles and traveled back to her needy pussy and she started rubbing her clit in pace with her ministrations to Juan's cock. Then suddenly she felt his cock pulsating, she pulled out and tried to push his cock away but it was already spurting all over her mouth, face, and hair. She spat what she could, but it landed on her tits.

"Whoa!" he said, "that was great"

Juan's words took her out of her stupor, and she realized with despair that he was taking photos of her, in her very shameful state.

"No... no photos... that wasn't part of the deal," she said desperately.

"You didn't say anything about them, and normally I take photos when I am with a whore," he lied.

"No... " she said; she felt trapped. "Please let me erase them... I need..."

Juan knew the right thing was to erase them, but he was horny again, and he was enjoying the moment too much to let it end so he said.

"OK, If it is important to you, I understand it. But it is also the part of a deal that I enjoy the most. So what are you going to give me in exchange?"

"I'll give you back your money... all of it," she said too fast.

"Nah, you earn it honestly, and you will probably need it later. Tell you what: I always wanted to see a girl masturbate; if you do that for me," and then on second thought he added, " and give me your phone number, then I'll erase all your photos from my cell phone."

"I... " Elizabeth was blushing bright red, she didn't know what to say.

"You know you want to finish yourself anyway," he said with a smirk.

That seemed to convince her, and she started shyly touching her pussy, and then stopped after just a few seconds.

"Nah, I mean masturbate till orgasm"

Elizabeth blushed even more and standing on her high heels with her legs about a couple of feet apart she started rubbing with more enthusiasm while looking at the floor, too ashamed to make eye contact with Juan.

She wanted to come fast, but her nervousness, Juan's presence, and her odd pose were blocking her orgasm; she was used to penetrating herself while rubbing her clit with the other hand, but it was almost impossible while standing up, so wanting to end her humiliation she finally sat on the dirty floor.

Juan was in ecstasy, "Look at me, darling."

"Hey!" protested Elizabeth when she realized that he was taking photographs again.

"Don't worry, I will erase them along with the others, but it is too hot to take pictures of a whore in action."

She was in no shape to argue and decided to finish herself as quickly as possible. The slushing sounds coming from her fingers entering and leaving her pussy took a faster tempo.

"Look at the camera, Elizabeth."

"Smile."

Elizabeth complied realizing it must be the most humiliating photo of her yet. She was naked, sweaty, and dirty sat on the murky floor of the men's bathroom of an abandoned building, with her knees bent, and her legs wide open with cum on her hair, face, and tits, with three fingers buried inside her pussy while portraying a nervous smile.

The stimulation and the humiliation of the last photo proved too much, and she came with an exploding orgasm, her back arching and her eyes rolling.

The orgasm made her come to her senses and she asked for her clothes. Juan handed them to her along with a handkerchief that she used to clean herself as much as she could before putting her clothes on. She dressed while he smilingly reviewed her shameful photos.

"Let me erase the photos myself"

"Of course, but first give me your phone number."

The last thing that she wanted was that creep to have her phone number; she didn't want to see him for the rest of her life, so she started to invent a number when he said, "Be careful to not give me a wrong number because I am sending you these photos there."

She felt trapped, she didn't want those photos in the hands of a random person, they could get back to ruin her life, so this time she gave him the real one.

She shivered thinking that her phone was quickly filling with very embarrassing, very degrading pictures of herself. Faithful to his words, after he sent the photos he let her destroy them to her heart's content.

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When she arrived at Paola's house she realized that she had taken her keys and clothes with her, leaving just her handbag and cell phone in the suitcase. A text message indicated that Paola wanted to sleep at Elizabeth's house so she would wait for her over there.

Elizabeth was simply too tired and too emotionally drained to think about going home as she was, not to mention that it was way too risky to approach her home in her current state when most of her acquaintances were partying just across the street. She simply texted Paola and told her that she could sleep at her house, but she would sleep at hers.

Elizabeth laid on the sofa while checking out her Facebook on her just recovered smartphone. She looked with despair at how her friends were having a good time at Mark's house; she could see Paola in a few photos looking happy and fitting in. Then she decided to lift her spirit checking on her crush profile, but it almost made her stomach turn when she saw that most of today's photos were selfies of Derek Haggard with Paola, both posing with big smiles and looking very nice and elegant. She closed her Facebook angered, and then she started looking thru her new pictures, she intended to erase them, but she browsed thru them while lightly brushing her clit until she fell asleep.

She woke up the next day in Paola's house with the first hangover of her life. She felt complete regret for the things she had done. Again she had slept all dirty with a strange man's cum all over her body. She showered and waited for Paola to return. It didn't happen early, Paola arrived at her home late in the afternoon looking very happy and enthused.

To Elizabeth's relief, Paola brought her some clothes to wear. They were not the ones that Elizabeth would have chosen, but at least they were hers, and they were much welcomed after having spent all day fully naked as Paola had instructed her. All in all, she traveled back to her house in her jogging outfit, and without underwear.

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Monday morning Elizabeth woke up with dread, she didn't like the idea of the day ahead of her. She felt her self-confidence had abandoned her. She didn't know how she would react when her friends asked her about her weekend and her opinion about Derek and Paola. She didn't do most of her homework, fortunately, she was usually ahead of schedule, and she already studied for the English exam of the day, but had advanced little on her paper for Tuesday.

She needed to regain some control of her life, during the weekend things spiraled down way too fast. She tried to assess her options; she could call her mother, and tell her the story of her blackmail without entering into much detail, but she thought that her mother would surely tell her father, who would instruct Mark Clapton to deal with the issue; that man gives her the creeps. He was probably more obsessed with her father's career than her father himself. He was a bald man in his fifties and had zero charisma, so probably tried to live the life of a popular politician vicariously; he enjoyed power, and he would do anything to preserve and grow that power.

"No," Elizabeth thought, "if he gets into the situation he'd probably try to bribe or threaten Paola, but if that didn't make him feel safe enough, he could even kill Paola, and he would convince my parents that I should be 'kept safe' so I didn't do anything similar again. I could end up in a boarding school, or even worse in an asylum; that man won't let a couple of teenage girls threaten his way of life."

She was probably exaggerating, but she believed that man was capable of anything just to keep his position of power as his father's right hand. Elizabeth trembled; images of herself in a straitjacket invaded her mind, filling it with fear and dread. No, she won't make anything that could get Mark Clapton involved.

She then thought about her professors, she wasn't close to any of them, but she trusted Mrs. Harrison, her math teacher.

"But how can she help me? Talking with Paola? Telling the principal about Paola? If Paola feels trapped she could release the blackmail material as an act of revenge for ruining her college chances. Or maybe the teacher could tell me to go to the police, which I can't because the press would know and make things complicated, to say the least."

She realized with despair that telling her teacher won't help her much, and she would have to bear the idea of her teacher knowing some of the shameful things that she had been doing. No, that was not an option either.

She realized that for the time being, her only option was to play along with Paola, hoping that she complied with her promise and let her destroy all the blackmail material the next Friday.

She reluctantly left the bed, and after showering and drying her hair to comb it in her classy style, she went to her big walk-in closet to get her clothes, only to find that most of the drawers were empty! She had not a single piece of underwear in her closet, and the hangers showed just a few items of clothing. Mostly skirts, and shirts. She fumed angered, and took the longest skirt that she could find, along with the darkest shirt. But Paola had been very careful while choosing those clothes because the longest skirt went just to mid-tight, and the shirts were mostly halter tops, and tank tops, along with a few cropped t-shirts. The blouse that she chose was fine from afar, but the fabric was so thin, that her nipples would be obvious, especially if they hardened. Her selection of shoes had also been narrowed, and she had to pick a pair of black 4" heels.

With her self-confidence even more diminished, she marched to school fearing what Paola could have planned for her.

Part 3

Senator Parker

Elizabeth's father's travel to Europe was not entirely leisure time; As a matter of fact, for Senator John Parker and his wife everything spun around his political career, and now he was indeed touring around Europe meeting with Ambassadors and politicians of different countries, unofficially lobbying for the need to revitalize NATO. If he could tip the balance in favor of that idea, his

supporters (mainly big military companies who would benefit from the new huge contracts) and the president, will be very happy. This could push his career to new high levels, maybe he could end up being the next secretary of the state, or at least it would reinforce his already strong position in the senate military committee.

He felt a bit uncomfortable promoting a new arms race, but he convinced himself that if he didn't do it, somebody else would capitalize on the bravado that Putin had been displaying since the Crimea fiasco. Still, he regretted that it would increase the probability of a huge armed conflict. He convinced himself that it was just a probability, while the economic and political benefits for his allies and himself were a lot more immediate and palpable.

Before his conscience could confuse him further with doubts about the ethicality of his actions, he quickly dismissed his reflections and became again the single-minded robot that only cared about reaching the goal that somebody has set for him, so he could advance his political career.

He wasn't always like that; many years ago he had been an idealist young man, trying to change the world, to make it a better place by improving the chances of the less fortunate, but soon life taught him the hard way that to make changes that mattered he needed power and to get the power he needed money; and of course to get the money he needed to get the support of rich, powerful people. So he started compromising by promising special interest groups advantages in exchange for money so he could get the support to introduce a little change according to his own altruistic agenda; to benefit the poor you have to keep the rich happy. He repeated this game too many times, always escalating the power of the SIG, so he could get even more political power, and after 20 years of playing, he had gotten so good at it, and so involved in it, that he had mostly forgotten what he was playing the political game power for. He just convinced himself that just by concentrating his efforts on winning elections he was doing his part on making this a better world.

Of course, along his way to the top of the political elite, he had done a lot of dirty stuff whose negative impact vastly overcame the little positive laws that he had gotten to approve, but he tried not to think about it, after all, most of the kickbacks, money laundering, and the bribes were implemented by Mark Clapton, his very dark aide, and right hand.

Monday

Elizabeth walked to the school instead of driving; this time, however, it wasn't her choice; she couldn't afford to spend her scarce cash on gas for her high-consuming sports car. Instead of feeling proud of being ecological, she now felt humbled by the fact that she couldn't afford to use her car. She needed to regain some control of her life; during the weekend things spiraled down way too fast. It was not only Paola's doing; she had to admit that she had let her horniness cloud most of her decisions. Just the previous night, instead of erasing her shameful, degrading video with Juan, she had used it repeatedly as masturbation material for at least a couple of explosive orgasms.

She resolved to erase those shameful videos right then as she walked towards school, but she procrastinated once more, deciding that she could bump into someone while doing it, and it would be too shameful if they noticed what she was erasing. She felt somehow relieved that she had moved them to her 'secret folder' along with the photos and videos that Paola took of her.

She tried to push all those thoughts aside, and think about her school work instead, and she almost accomplished it, but as she arrived at school she immediately felt the stares. She was not dressed more daringly than many students, but her current attire was so far from the jeans and sneakers she used to wear for classes that everybody had to take a second glance to reaffirm it was really her.

She suddenly felt insecure and lonely, the walk to her classroom seemed now an intimidating task, but fortunately, she found Melissa who happily greeted her with a hug. Elizabeth felt comforted by her friend's cheerful embrace, forgetting for a moment her nightmarish weekend, but she was brought back to her weird reality by the feeling of Melissa's coarse sweater rubbing against her hard nipples thru her thin blouse; she blushed and broke the embrace a little too abruptly.

Melissa felt a bit rejected, but quickly put that idea aside, "Are you feeling better Elizabeth?"

"Uh... yes, I am fine now" she almost forgot that she had said to her friends that she was feeling sick, as an explanation for her absence at Mark's party, and her rejection to hang with them on Sunday afternoon.

Melissa barely heard Elizabeth's answer and started talking excitedly about all the gossip from Mark's party. Elizabeth felt relieved that they didn't question her further about her supposed illness or her outfit. She tried to immerse herself in Melissa's funny narrations but she was still distracted by the odd feeling that every male was staring at her chest, maybe trying to guess if she was wearing a Bra, or not. It was probably just her imagination but it was very distracting nonetheless.

Just then Paola approached them and greeted Melissa with a hug and a kiss on the cheek, leaving Elizabeth shocked with surprise. Those girls had never crossed a word before.

Melissa saw her perplexed friend and said, "Do you remember Paola? She is in our history class."

Elizabeth nodded, still in shock, and Melissa continued talking excitedly.

"Paola went to Mark's party, and we made click instantly, she hung with Laura and me for a while before spending the rest of the party with Derek," she giggled at the last phrase, she suspected that Elizabeth had a crush on him, and it gave her a guilty pleasure to see that her rich, beautiful, and smart friend could fail to get something she wanted.

Paola smiled satisfied seeing Elizabeth's shock. She didn't approach Elizabeth's friends at Mark's party by chance; she wanted to control more aspects of Elizabeth's life, so she sugar-coated her encounter with them using a bit of candor, and adulation, and of course they liked her. Paola was certain that Elizabeth won't tell her friends about her current predicament, but still, she wanted to be sure she didn't look for help there. Her approach to Derek was not casual either. Once she learned that Elizabeth may have a crush on him; she knew that if she hooked on him, anything negative that Elizabeth told her friends about her in the future, could be dismissed as the fruit of anger or jealousy.

"Will you eat lunch with us Paola?" asked Melissa

"Of course, see you," Paola flashed a warm smile directed at Melissa and walked away just turning to give Elizabeth a discrete smirk.

"What was that? She is not part of our group," Said Elizabeth with obvious disgust and anger; she didn't want that hateful girl invading another part of her life.

"You should be more open, Elizabeth. She is a nice person, and very funny."

"But..."

"I know how you are Elizabeth. 'She is of another class,'" said Melissa, the last phrase with a very posh accent. Elizabeth was not elitist, but in reality, except for Melissa and Laura who had been her friends since elementary, she just hung with people from her country club.

"It is not that, I don't like her, and did you see her jeans? That is totally not her style, I have never seen her dressed like this; she probably stole them or something."

Elizabeth knew for a fact that those jeans were stolen, as well as Paola's blouse. She bought them in her last shopping spree a couple of weeks ago and had not even used them once.

"You are prejudicing her in the worst way," Said Melissa annoyed and rolling her eyes, "She is a nice girl who had been thru some really tough times, and she had succeeded nonetheless; And regarding her new wealth, she told us that she is about to receive a big inheritance from an aunt she didn't know, but for now she had only gotten a little advance in cash; If you are impressed with her jeans, you should have seen the dress that she used for the party; it was probably better than the ones you have. You are no longer the only one who can afford those brands now."

"Alright," said Elizabeth, still trying to push Paola away from her little group, "but lunch always has been for just the three of us."

"And now is going to be the four of us, unless you want to seek another group," she said angrily. During Mark's party Paola had helped Melissa see that she must be more of a leader. Elizabeth on the other side was perplexed by her

minion's rebellion but didn't want to alienate herself, not at this moment when she needed a dose of normality.

"Ok, see you then," she said reluctantly, and Melissa recovered her cheerful mood.

"That's the spirit girl, see you around."

Paola had looked at the scene from afar and was chuckling to herself, she planned to destroy any trace of assertiveness in Elizabeth, so she could easily exploit her submissive tendencies, and she didn't know much about it, but she had thought that taking away her leadership over her little group would contribute to cementing her insecurities.

As the day passed, Elizabeth started to feel more and more comfortable. She had successfully pushed out of her mind the way she was dressed, and she had immersed herself completely in her classes. She even participated a little bit more than usual, finding solace in the teachers' praising. Her only bad moment was at lunchtime when she had been mostly ignored as the other three talked animatedly about Mark's party. Paola's dreamy comments about Derek made her want to puke. The worst part was when Melissa asked her if she could refill her glass, and Paola quickly added hers to the task. She normally asked the same of one of her girls, and now she was more and more the minion. When Laura asked her to refill hers too, a quick glance from Paola told her that she must comply. She realized with sadness that in one day she had passed from being the leader of her little clique to being the lowest person in her now expanded group. She felt a little tingle in her pussy when she served Laura, but she tried to put those treacherous sensations aside.

She surprised herself wanting lunchtime to end, so she could go back to the next class and outshine her classmates. She was also waiting for History class to take her test; she would love to rub her perfect grade on her friends' faces.

When she was walking to her classroom, Paola texted her, "Meet me at the 1st-floor bathroom in 15 minutes"

Elizabeth looked at the message in disbelief; she would have to excuse herself just 10 minutes into class, and just after lunch. Fortunately, her next class was with Ms. Harris who was a very nice teacher.

The teacher started explaining a new kind of problem, normally Elizabeth would be entranced as Math was probably her favorite subject, but her mind was overwhelmed by the dread of what was coming, so she didn't understand anything. When she got a chance she walked to her teacher and whispered in her ear that she was "in her days", and she needed to go to the bathroom urgently. Fortunately, her good reputation helped her, and the teacher let her go without further questions.

She arrived at the bathroom with two minutes to spare. She was nervously waiting for Paola; she wanted to return to class quickly and avoid getting in

trouble. She was used to always behaving as a good student, and skipping class was making her anxious.

A full 10 minutes later Paola walked slowly along the school aisle, she was in no hurry, she had a free period. She was enjoying the day so far, she knew she had little victories over Elizabeth, like controlling her wardrobe, and using some of her new clothes before Elizabeth ever wore them, but most of all, invading her little group of friends. Now she knew she needed to raise the bar. She had heard from Melissa, (another advantage of befriending her was to have more eyes on Elizabeth, and more info about her) that Elizabeth was behaving pretty normally in classes if anything she seemed to be participating more than usual.

Paola was lingering; she wanted to keep Elizabeth insecure, nervous, and without time, or sharpness of mind to think about a way out. Making her wait was part of her strategy.

"Hi Elizabeth," she said with a smile, after finally entering the bathroom.

"Hi Paola, You said we would meet 10 minutes ago. Tell me whatever you need to tell me, and let me go, the teacher is waiting for me and I should..."

Paola's stern face took her out of her train of thought for a second, but she was too angry to stop, and continued talking, now in a more defiant tone, "You should keep away from my friends, and those clothes were not part of the deal, and..." she was interrupted by Paola's very serious, very cold voice.

"You still don't know your place, do you?"

"I just want to..."

Elizabeth was interrupted again by Paola who was looking at her with unsettling intensity, "You are the one who is still behaving all high and mighty, maybe you misinterpreted me being soft on you in school. Do you want to break our deal?"

"It is not that, but you can't continue taking my stuff, or affecting me at school, or..." Elizabeth wanted to assert herself; she was tired of being a doormat.

"Listen, princess," said Paola.

Hearing her now shameful nickname, and Paola's icy voice tone brought Elizabeth back to her reality.

Paola sensed the effect, and after a little pause, she continued, "I won't negotiate with you. I already did that. I am going out of the bathroom for 5 minutes, but I will leave my backpack here. If when I return I find my backpack over the lavatories with all of your clothes and shoes inside it, I'll take it as an answer that you want to keep your part of our deal, otherwise, I'll know our deal is off, and you better call your father to prepare him for the press storm that is coming."

Then Paola went out of the bathroom, leaving Elizabeth almost hyperventilating. She was regretting her little outburst. She didn't want to get naked in a school

bathroom, it was just too dangerous, but the other alternative was unthinkable. Anyway, she thought that Paola won't let her be discovered, or at least she hoped that.

She carried the backpack to a bathroom stall, then with trembling hands she started unbuttoning her blouse. She was taking a lot of time, each button seemed like a big challenge to her nervous hands. After fumbling with the buttons for a while, she managed to take her blouse off and bunch it inside the backpack. The skirt was easier to unbutton, and unzip, but it was mentally harder to put inside that girl's backpack, she was now fully naked, except for her shoes. After just a little hesitation her shoes joined the rest of her clothes inside Paola's backpack. She felt uncomfortable being barefoot in a public bathroom in spite that it was reasonably clean.

She zipped the backpack and felt a hole in her stomach. Completely naked and blushing bright red, she ran back to the lavatories and after putting Paola's backpack there she returned to her stall shivering with fear, her bare feet slapping against the tile floor.

She felt a bit safer inside the stall, but her respiration was still very agitated. She couldn't believe she was in a very delicate position, and the worst part was that her body was again reacting in the wrong way, her arousal growing by the minute.

"What kind of slut am I?" she thought bitterly, "If someone would catch me right now, after seeing my pussy and hard nipples, she would think I got nude to get my kicks."

All nervous she waited for Paola to enter. She heard the stall's doors opening one by one until she was face to face with Paola. She didn't feel so assertive this time and looked at her toes.

"I am glad you are taking the right decision, but your outburst can't go unpunished, otherwise you may feel tempted to repeat it again and again, and we don't have time for that. Do you understand?"

Elizabeth shivered with fear but managed to nod.

" You seem to think that your grades or a little problem with a teacher are more important than obeying me and keeping your part of our deal; well you will understand now what is important and what is not. First, I had not much chance to study for the History test, so you are going to put my name on your test, and I will put yours on mine. The test is multiple-choice, so not much chance that the teacher recognizes our handwriting. I expect nothing less than B+ or there will be another punishment, I will answer yours randomly, and if you are really lucky, you will get a bit more than an F"

Elizabeth blushed bright red, and cursed herself for her stupid outburst, she could probably deal with it by telling her professor that she was sick or promising to do extra homework, otherwise her normally perfect grade card will show a big red spot. She was taken out of her reverie by Paola's words.

"Second, you will miss the rest of your current class, as a matter of fact, I will return with your clothes just in time so you can dress before this bathroom fills with the girls who come here between class periods.

Elizabeth's face was priceless, she didn't know what to do. To beg for her history exam, beg to be allowed to return to math class, or at least beg for her clothes, but before she could react, Paola left the bathroom. Leaving behind Elizabeth who was pale as a ghost.

Paola watched the bathroom door from outside, she was probably almost as nervous as Elizabeth. She knew that taking their games to school was dangerous; if Elizabeth was discovered she would point the finger at her, and that will certainly not only ruin her plans of changing her life for good but also worsen her current situation; of course, it would be much more costly for Elizabeth, and her family. Still, despite the risks involved, Paola was convinced that the only way to maintain and enhance her grip on Elizabeth was to control her at all times.

So Paola was watching, ready to act in case of an emergency, but just a couple of girls entered the bathroom during that time. Each girl didn't stay more than three or four minutes, and Elizabeth's risk was low as they were most probably too concerned with changing sanitary towels or solving whatever emergency got them there, and they were too eager to return to classes. Still, she enjoyed the mental images of a very scared Elizabeth trying to remain hidden, and perfectly silent fearing that she could easily be discovered completely naked, without clothes on sight and if things hadn't changed, completely aroused.

When Paola returned half an hour later, she could hear some slippery sounds even before reaching Elizabeth's stall. She tiptoed to Elizabeth's door and then peeked over it. Elizabeth was sitting over the toilet cover with her eyes closed; she had one foot on each of the stall's walls and was fingering her pussy with abandon. Smiling Paola took a couple of pictures and a few seconds of video to capture the moment.

"Elizabeth, here are your clothes," said Paola pulling the door, which was surprisingly unlatched.

Elizabeth almost fell to the bathroom floor with her clumsy movements trying to cover herself and her stupid actions. She was blushing bright red. When Paola left the bathroom 30 minutes before, she had run to the stall farthest from the bathroom door and sat on a toilet cover bracing her knees with her arms. She was very alert, jumping at every tiny sound, her senses on full alert. First, she heard a toilet being flushed and almost got a heart attack, but she realized that the sound was probably coming from the bathroom directly above because she didn't hear anybody entering the first-floor bathroom.

At some point, a girl entered the bathroom and walked to the stalls. She heard the clicking sounds of high heels and hoped the girl entered the first stall, instead, the girl, probably a shy one walked to the one next to hers. Elizabeth was blushing bright red while trying to be as silent as she could. She even contained her breath trying to hide her presence. After a few excruciating minutes, she finally heard the girl flush the toilet and walk away.

She was getting more and more nervous, her heart beating fast with every tiny sound. She felt her ears ringing, and her anxiety was growing to an insufferable level. She realized that the only way to cope with the fear was to have some sexual release. She risked opening her legs a little bit, and started shyly touching her tits, and rubbing her pussy around her clit. She started to feel more and more adventurous and leaned each of her shoeless feet on the stall walls. She was getting hornier by the minute, and then she had a wicked idea, she leaned to the front, opened the door latch, then turned around and stood on all fours over the toilet cover, she finally reached back with one hand and started rubbing her pussy with content, and then she heard the bathroom door open again! She knew she couldn't do anything without making noises that could grab attention to her. She just hoped that the new girl didn't choose her stall, because nothing will stop her from opening the door, and be received by the look of her pretty white ass. Just the thought made Elizabeth's heart beat fast with fear and arousal.

The girl instead started walking along the stalls aisle.

"Had she seen me?" she thought completely frightened, "No, of course, no, she would have said something," she reassured herself. She didn't dare to turn around for fear of losing her precarious balance over the toilet.

Then the girl started talking.

"Hi Bob, I got out of Social Studies class."

"Yes, is boring as hell."

She continued talking over her phone while walking back and forth the aisle, even stopping for a few seconds just outside Elizabeth's stall, just to resume her walk and her talk. Elizabeth shivered thinking that a girl was just a couple of feet from her nude body, displayed in the most embarrassing position; she hoped she couldn't smell her arousal. Fortunately, the girl was lost in the conversation with her boyfriend.

Finally, she said, "You may go to my house in the afternoon, my mother is going to be in a church meeting or something, I am dying to see you, I am already wet."

Then she hung up and quickly walked out of the bathroom.

Elizabeth quickly turned around and sat over the toilet trying to regain her composure, but instead of closing the latch, she again leaned her feet on the stall's walls and continued her ministrations. She had a big orgasm, but that didn't stop her; She imagined herself being walked nude to Mr. Donovan's office just like the fantasy she played with Paola's client; she fingered herself for a second explosive orgasm. She was chasing the third with her eyes closed while picturing that girl discovering her in her shameful position when a voice almost gave her a heart attack.

"Here are your clothes," were Paola's words. She even had opened the stall door.

"You should have latched the door princess unless you wish all the school know what a perverted slut you are. Hurry, the recess is about to begin."

Elizabeth was too shocked to talk, she quickly dressed. She noticed that the top button of her blouse was missing, if she leaned down, it would be obvious that she wasn't wearing any bra. Her skirt now portrayed a two inches slit on her right hip opposite to the zipper on the left. The slit wasn't that long, but it wasn't seamed, so it could easily grow which was very dangerous given the fact that she wasn't wearing panties. She looked at her now almost obscene clothes with despair.

She didn't have time to wash when Paola pulled her out of the bathroom. Paola didn't want either of them to be late for History class.

When Elizabeth arrived in the classroom she received some stares. She had practically ditched the full math class, and now returned smelling funny, with her clothes all creased, and looking sexy as hell.

The whole exam was a surrealistic experience, she seemed to get hornier as she tried to answer the exam perfectly while giving scattered glances at Paola who seemed very relaxed while just pretending to read the questions and marking one of the 5 options of each question at random, and she could not avoid trying to see if she was getting at least an answer right.

The teacher was a bit perplexed by Elizabeth's behavior. She seemed to be very nervous while answering the exam, and she was constantly trying to peek at her classmate's exam. Paola wasn't a bad student, she was just an inconstant one, she could make a brilliant exam one day, and fail the next one, but Elizabeth's grades were always better than Paola's, so the idea that Elizabeth could be copying from Paola was really weird.

The teacher also had noticed Elizabeth's sexy outfit; it certainly was not too extreme given what some students wear these days, but it was nonetheless so unlike her.

"Well," she thought, "she is probably experimenting a bit taking advantage of her parents' trip. Everybody needs to misbehave a little bit during their teens."

Elizabeth finally delivered her test, and after a couple of minutes, Paola did the same.

"How was your test?" said Laura cheerfully meeting her friends just outside the classroom.

"I think I did very well," said Paola happily.

Elizabeth blushed bright red and wanted to remain silent, but at her friends' insistency she said, "I wasn't feeling well, I think I would go badly."

"Badly for Elizabeth is a B+" said Laura cheerfully. Paola turned to see Elizabeth amused, she wanted more.

"So you don't think your exam will be the best of the class?"

"It would be probably the worst," she said in a whisper while looking at the floor.

Laura tried to hide her excitement, "If that is true, I can't wait to see her exam," she thought. The fact was that she resented that Elizabeth was a very fast learner and would consistently get A's while she had to dedicate much more time to study and get mostly B's and occasionally B+.

Paola broke the tension by saying, "Let's get a coffee at Starbucks"

Elizabeth didn't have much money to go and didn't like the idea of hanging around Paola, so she tried to get out.

"I need to go to my house, and..."

"Come on Elizabeth, we always go along when you want a coffee; it is only fair that you go with us when we want one," said Melissa who was having a great time bossing her friend around, while feeling more and more self-confident.

Elizabeth reluctantly marched to Starbucks. She was walking insecurely behind the trio who were chatting animatedly. During the school day she had forgotten that she wasn't wearing panties, but now the cool breeze blowing under her skirt was a constant reminder of her state of undress. She was also afraid that the sunlight made evident that she wasn't wearing a bra beneath her sheer blouse.

When they arrived at the Starbucks, each girl ordered a Coffee and a Panini, except Elizabeth; she was hungry, but she knew that she couldn't afford to pay \$12 for that meal, she was only carrying the 8 creased dollar bills that Juan paid her to use her. She cringed thinking that her shameful behavior wasn't enough to even pay her a meal, so she had to content herself with a muffin and a coffee. She was blushing bright red as she sipped her coffee knowing how she could afford it.

Paola was intrigued, she knew that Elizabeth didn't manage much cash, and she expected her to pay with the sinful \$50 that she gave her, and got a little disappointed when she didn't. Still seeing Elizabeth's reaction she wondered if those creased bills had another shameful origin, or if she simply was ashamed of being unable to buy a better meal, or being seen paying with cash instead of her fancy credit cards.

Elizabeth felt uncomfortable and shamefully aroused, so she excused herself and went to the bathroom. She entered a stall and tried to calm herself, to clear her mind, and then her right hand traveled to her longing pussy. It was so unlike her to be doing something so personal in a public place, but nowadays she felt that she couldn't think clearly until she had come. She was starting to get at it, reliving the morning events in her mind, and although she managed to suppress any moans, her sensual respiration was becoming audible from outside the stall.

A knock on the stall door almost gave her a heart attack.

"It's occupied," she said with a cracking voice.

"I know," said Paola chuckling from the other side.

"Listen Princess. With the presence of your friends, it is getting hard to order you around as I would like."

Elizabeth felt pleased, she felt pretty uncomfortable hanging with her best friends and Paola at the same time. She knew she was losing her leadership, and it made her feel pretty insecure, but at least Paola couldn't make her do anything while they were present.

Paola listened with satisfaction to Elizabeth's relieved sigh and then said.

"So from now on whenever we are in the presence of other people, I will say "I bet" as a hint to tell you it is an order. For example "I bet you want to do this, or I bet you'll do that, etc. Understood?"

"Yes ma'am," said Elizabeth full of apprehension at the idea of Paola subtly ordering her around in front of her friends.

"On second thought, if by chance anybody else says that phrase, you must obey as if it was an order from me," Elizabeth's mood sunk even lower.

Once both were back at the table Paola said,

"So Melissa, Have you thought something about the problem I told you?"

"Yes, Paola. I am sure Elizabeth can help you." Then turning to face Elizabeth she continued, "Listen, Elizabeth, Paola have rented a new apartment, but she can't move there until a few weeks, but she is afraid to remain in her current place in the meanwhile because her new wealth could make her the target of some kind of crime. You know my house is small and full, and so is Laura's, but I think that you may easily host her for a few weeks."

"I don't know, " said Elizabeth nervously, "Maybe my parents wouldn't approve".

"Nonsense," said Melissa, "Your parents wouldn't mind, and they wouldn't even have to know"

"But the maid could tell my parents," she said weakly, although she knew it was highly improbable.

"I bet you can give the maid a week off, while you solve the problem with your parents," said Paola.

Elizabeth blushed bright red, "I guess you are right Paola. You may move with me for a few days while we look for the best solution."

"Thanks, Elizabeth, you are such a good girl," said Paola.

The rest of the day was a blur to Elizabeth, they returned home, and she told the maid that she could take a few days off with full payment, and then the group helped Paola pack and move to Elizabeth's house. They even used Elizabeth's car, and she had to spend another \$20 in gas from her scarce cash reserve which now amounted to only \$30.00.

Once Melissa and Laura went home, Elizabeth hoped to catch up with her homework, but Paola ordered her to get naked, and prepare dinner while she read from her books. After dinner Elizabeth opened her math book and started with the first problem of the homework, it was hard to concentrate while naked, and Paola watching TV loudly, but she was trying and was near to finishing the first problem when Paola said.

"Close the book,"

"Paola, please, I need to do this homework, and study for the English test."

"OK, you may use your books, but only after you have a beer and a couple of tequila shots."

Elizabeth had rarely had alcohol before, and the memories of her night with Juan came to her head, exciting and repulsing her at the same time; She knew that alcohol would make her more vulnerable and an easy target for manipulation; She was about to beg, when she remembered that she had already begged once that day, so resigned she went to her father's bar, filled a shot glass with tequila, and took a beer from the refrigerator, then she joined Paola on the couch to watch TV. She tried to give little sips to her drinks trying to give her body time to deal with the alcohol. She made them last almost 40 minutes, still, when she stood up to get the second shot she felt a little unsteady.

It was getting late, and she needed to do some homework, so she drank that one in just a couple of sips, this time the alcohol hit her like a train. She felt immediately ditzzy.

Soon she was trying to do her math homework, naked and in a groggy state. She was having a lot of trouble with the problems, and even manipulating her calculator, but she was giggling constantly and didn't seem to care too much. Her speech had now a cute slur that made her sound a little stupid. Paola approached her and saw the 8 problems that were full of errors even after the constant mending of mistakes by crossing an expression and replacing it with a new one which was just as wrong as the former; she even had a lot of arithmetic mistakes, and it looked like if they were done by a bad elementary student who couldn't even write straight.

"These are right, you may study English now," Said Paola amused by the situation.

Elizabeth giggled happily and tried to read her English lesson, but all that mumbo jumbo about literary analysis seemed pretty boring and uncompressible right then, so after a few minutes of effort in which she portrayed a cute frown,

she quickly dosed off before she could understand what was the idea of the first page she read.

At some point during the night, she ended up laying on the coarse rug of the living room. She had rubbed her pussy every time she was awake, and even during her dreams. She still had her right hand lightly teasing her pussy in her slumber when Paola shouted.

"Wake up Elizabeth, we need to go to school right now or we will be late."

Tuesday

The school day was pretty bad for her, she was dressed worse than the day before, just a short skirt, an old t-shirt, and nothing else; she didn't have time to shower, and her efforts to comb her hair with her fingers hadn't been successful at all but managed to leave her hair smelling like her pussy. They had to use Elizabeth's car again as they were already pretty late. This time Paola drove because Elizabeth had a serious hangover.

Her prestige suffered; her classmates were poking at her, and the teachers tried to hide their irritation at her state, after all, it was a first for her. Even more damaging was the serious hit her reputation took in the eyes of her English and Math teachers; the first because her English quiz was simply terrible, she didn't know a thing about it, and the second because Paola insisted that she delivered her shameful math paper, (Once she was sober she had seen how disgraceful it was and wanted to put it in the trashcan but Paola wouldn't allow that).

Paola on the other hand seemed to be doing pretty well at school. First, because she was now being more noticed by teachers and students alike, it was because she was better dressed, but also because she was coming to school better prepared which had given her more confidence to participate in classes. Her preparation was partly because she had requested vacations from her restaurant job, but it was more than the extra time, on Sunday and Monday she had really applied herself to her studies, partly because she felt more enthused, with her goals renewed; she didn't see her life as reaching a dead end as she thought just last week. And there was another little thing that pushed her to try to get the best grades ever, although she tried to reassure herself that it only played a little part in her motivation, the reality was that she wanted her high grades to humiliate Elizabeth.

During lunchtime, Elizabeth joined her little group but was withdrawn, and eating her lunch in silence. She blushed bright red when they shared the previous day's History grades, Paola, Melisa, and Laura were proud of their A, A, B+ grades respectively while Elizabeth had failed. She was concerned that her grades in three subjects will get a serious hit, and she could even fail the three of them if she couldn't recover in Friday's math exam.

Finally, the school day ended, not before she was ordered to ditch Social Studies class and take 10 naked selfies in the first-floor bathroom mirror. Paola had threatened her that if the photos weren't slutty enough, or if she wasn't aroused and smiling in every photo, the next time she would have to do it in the

men's bathroom. She had to masturbate to the brink of orgasm in one stall before taking the photos. She did it not only to get the "aroused look" but also to get the courage and motivation. Now her cell phone had 10 new shameful images of herself, smiling at the mirror while pinching a nipple, or sucking on a couple of fingers; one photo even portrayed her rubbing her pussy, her hair in wild disarray while portraying a shy, but sincere, satisfaction smile.

Paola was elated seeing Elizabeth withdraw more and more, her insecurities quickly replacing her normally assertive personality. She had noticed however that she seemed to have adapted easily to her new clothing style, so she decided to raise the bar once more.

That afternoon the four girls were hanging out at Elizabeth's house, just watching TV and gossiping. Even Elizabeth seemed relaxed and enjoying the company, but after a while, Melissa said, "let's play a game."

"Truth or dare or Spin the bottle," said Laura, but it had a cold reception. "What about Poker?" said Melissa trying to impress her new friend with a more adult game.

"Poker sounds nice, but it is only fun by the bets," said Paola.

"I don't have much money," replied Laura hesitantly.

"Nah, money isn't interesting; it doesn't mean the same for everybody. An amount could be devastating for one person and petty change for another", Said Paola.

Everybody looked at Elizabeth, who blushed. It was true that her friends usually couldn't keep her spending pace, but right then she was probably the one with less money and that scared her; she simply wasn't used to being limited by money, and now she realized she had to take great care of her scarce funds, so she was relieved that the bet won't be money.

Before anybody could propose a thing, Paola said, "Here is a bet that could be funny. We could decide what kind of look would be the most hateful for each of us. The first to lose 4 poker hands must have to wear that kind of outfit for the rest of the day, and the other three will design her look."

Elizabeth didn't like where all that was headed and was about to protest when Laura talked first.

"That is a great idea," she said, trying to be brave and fit in the group, "I bet Melissa will hate to be dressed as a frilly ballerina," She laughed.

"And you surely wouldn't like the punk look." Melissa laughed back.

"You maybe don't know me that well yet, but I hate the Latina maid stereotype," said Paola giggling.

"Wow, that is worse than the punk look," laughed Laura.

"And what about Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth was quiet. She normally would take control of those talks and would have driven the game to something comfortable for her, but now she was feeling completely insecure. She wasn't even wearing underwear. She knew Paola planned to cheat to make her lose, and was trying to think what kind of outfit could be less embarrassing. Unfortunately, the others took her silence as a sign of weakness so Melissa went for the killing; she was enjoying her new position in the group, as the new unofficial leader and she loved the opportunity of bossing Elizabeth, who seemed less and less assertive.

"You always dress so classy; I think your forfeit would be to dress as someone poor or something."

"Yeah! To dress like white trash," seconded Paola giggling.

Elizabeth blushed bright red, as the other three accorded that. She was nervous; she didn't know how she was going to avoid Paola cheating, she had to keep her eyes open, and see if she could detect anything wrong.

"I'll deal" blurted Elizabeth, thinking that it would block most chances of Paola cheating. She expected some resistance from Paola, but she simply said.

"Ok, it is fair. You asked first, but I bet you are going to lose anyway," said Paola giggling.

Elizabeth paled, Paola didn't plan to cheat; she was simply ordering her to lose on purpose.

Everyone bet one token, and Elizabeth dealt. Laura and Melissa were almost as nervous as Elizabeth. She was lucky and got a pair of Queens, but she threw them away, along with another big card. In exchange, she got nothing usable.

Everybody showed their games and cheered seeing that Elizabeth got nothing, while the others have at least a pair.

After just another five hands Elizabeth had already lost 4. She was bright red, and the others were laughing happily, all tension relieved.

"You are a very crappy poker player," said Paola giggling, "I thought this was going to take us an hour or so"

"I can't wait to see you in your trashy outfit," said Melissa, sounding too eager, and excited, even for herself.

But then Laura said, "I don't think we are going to find much in her wardrobe"

That tranquilized Elizabeth, as a matter of fact, even her worst outfit was miles away from trashy. She could feel comfortable with anything in her wardrobe. Certainly, if they chose her outfit, she won't look as good as usual, but not trashy at all.

Then Paola said,

"Maybe we can alter some of the clothes that you have separated for charity. I am sorry, but yesterday I got lost when I went to the bathroom, and I saw the plastic bags in the basement"

Elizabeth paled, she didn't have any clothes ready to donate; they must be her current wardrobe. She didn't want any of them ruined, but saw no way out, and if her friends go to her walk-in closet and found it empty, how was she going to explain that?

"Ok, let me go for a bag." said Elizabeth, anticipating that Paola could choose the bigger one or something.

She picked one bag that seemed to be full of denim pants, and some t-shirts.

A very excited trio ran back to the living room, chatting cheerfully, followed from a distance by a very miserable Elizabeth.

Soon they have thrown all the clothes over the rug.

"Hey, these are very nice clothes. They look almost new," Said Laura, amazed and a bit angry that Elizabeth could afford to throw away clothes like those.

Elizabeth blushed bright red, they were almost new indeed, and they were most of her jeans and pants.

"I needed space to get new clothes," she said nervously.

"These are better than the ones I am wearing," said Melissa.

"I bet Elizabeth wouldn't mind if we take what we like before she gives the rest to charity"

"No, of course not," said Elizabeth blushing. She saw with apprehension as her classmates took many items. She looked at her loss and was mentally calculating how much time and money it would take to replace all those pants and blouses. The reality was that her friends would have taken every single item if they weren't a bit ashamed of picking Elizabeth's scraps, even when those scraps were really great. In the end, the trio took a little bit more than half of the bag.

"OK," said Paola cheerfully, "Let's each pick some items and make an outfit"

Paola wanted to set the tone, so she picked a washed dolce gabana blue jeans and cut it very short, then she said.

"This short looks cheap now, but the expensive brand completely ruins the character", then giggling she cut all around the label, leaving a hole around 1 inch high and 3 inches wide above the right back pocket. She then made another couple of slits of roughly the same size in the back of the shorts. One just under the left pocket, and the other on the right pocket.

Elizabeth looked at her destroyed clothes with despair. Laura had cut one of her favorite t-shirts just below the breast line and had taken the sleeves away. Paola again upped the game by cutting around the neck of a t-shirt making the neck hole at least twice as big. She then cut the bottom of the shirt diagonally so the lowest part was around four inches below her breast, and the highest was just a brink below her right breast. She also took away the sleeves, but instead of cutting them at the seams as Laura did, she cut them an inch or two deeper, making the hole bigger, maybe twice the original size.

Melissa giggled, "You will have to be careful with those, otherwise you will show your bra, and with those slits, your panties will be on show too"

Elizabeth blushed bright red. Melissa took a denim mini skirt and cut it short, with ragged ends, then she cut all the buttons of a white blouse.

"I like the daisy dukes look for her," she said giggling.

The following hour was a nightmare for Elizabeth. She had to model every single combination of blouse and skirt/shorts. The girls quickly noticed that she hadn't any underwear and teased her to no end. She felt very exposed and degraded dressed like trailer park trash. Then Paola said,

"Why we don't grab your bag of clothes and go to the charity to donate them"

"I... I don't think so" said Elizabeth.

"Why? You don't want to donate them, or you don't want to get out dressed as you are."

Elizabeth felt shocked. She hadn't considered the possibility of getting out in one of those hideous outfits. They were already too shameful to wear inside the house.

"I can't get out as I am, it is indecent!"

"Come on, we can go to a place far from here, so you won't find anybody you know. And there will be no photos and no videos. Right girls?"

The other pair nodded mesmerized, the possibility of taking Elizabeth outside dressed as a cheap slut was exhilarating.

"No, that was not what we agreed in the game."

"Ok. Said Paola calmly. Let's play another game, but I bet you are going to lose, and if you do, you will also pledge to wear your new outfits after school from today to this Friday. "

Elizabeth reluctantly accepted the new bet, and she diligently lost once again.

A few minutes later Elizabeth was fuming, and deeply humiliated riding in the backseat of her own car while Paola drove. She couldn't believe she was outside her house wearing only that shameful cropped top with the small and

ragged denim shorts that Paola cut. She wasn't even wearing any shoes because the girls could not agree if she should wear sneakers, or high heel shoes, anyway, she didn't own any pair of shoes that looked cheap, and the girls didn't want her to ruin the look.

After a 20 minutes drive, they arrived at a goodwill center. Elizabeth looked at Paola, pleading with her eyes, but she simply said, "Come on Elizabeth, drop your bags in the donations container, so we can get going"

Trembling with shame, she got out of the car while the three girls looked excitedly thru the small car windows. Elizabeth pulled a couple of bags from the car trunk, they were still heavy, even after the girls had taken maybe half of their original content. She shivered, most of her clothes for school were in those bags, and another couple of bags remained in her basement, but they were mostly her party and sports outfits, a few old clothes, and her winter clothes.

She walked 30 yards from the car to the donation bins feeling very self-conscious. She knew that the outfit was very skimpy, and her pale ass skin could be seen thru the slits that Paola had cut on the back of her shorts. She was blushing bright red, walking with her eyes cast at the floor trying to convince herself that the people around hadn't noticed her. It was hard, however, given that her friends were loudly cheering grabbing the attention of the few people around.

In spite of all, she was getting wet, which only contributed to her shame. "What if the girls notice it?" she thought with apprehension.

When she arrived at the donation containers she felt a hole in her stomach. She realized how much out of her control her life had turned in just a few days. She took a deep breath and finally dropped her clothes inside the bins, showing her tits in the process because she had to rise her hands as high as she could to manage to put the bags thru the doors that were almost at her eye level.

She quickly scanned around hoping that nobody saw her disgraceful display, but a whistle from a couple of construction workers that were working on the site across the street told her otherwise. She blushed bright red and ran to the car, her shoeless feet getting all dirty from the muddy, and oily pavement while listening to the bold remarks from the construction workers who were assessing every part of her anatomy with the crudest words. It was completely embarrassing and she was aroused to new high levels.

"Wow, you maybe should hang with your new conquests, they surely look the same class as you do," said Melissa laughing as she opened the door to let her classmate in. Elizabeth wanted to do a witty comeback, but her mind was blocked; she simply managed to close her legs tightly and put her hands over her crotch trying to hide the shameful truth.

Fortunately for Elizabeth that wanted her ordeal to end, Laura said, "Can you drop me at my house, Paola? I really need to study for tomorrow's test."

Paola quickly agreed, and soon she had dropped Laura and Melissa at their respective houses.

Elizabeth felt both relieved and afraid of being alone with Paola. She didn't even change to the front seat, instead she curled in the backseat trying to hide from the outside.

"Here is your stop," said Paola.

Elizabeth saw puzzled that they arrived at Paola's house.

Part 4

Wednesday

Wednesday, early in the morning Elizabeth was shivering hiding inside the school baseball field dugout. It was already the end of March, but the mornings were still cold, especially when they were rainy like this one.

She was still wearing only her white trash outfit and was praying that Paola really would bring her a decent outfit, and some shoes to wear to class as she promised.

The previous night she had helped Paola pack some of her belongings in the car, then she had gotten naked, storing her skimpy clothes inside the trunk at the entrance of the house. Finally, the odd couple of girls chatted at the kitchen table while Elizabeth drank a small glass of vodka following Paola's orders. By the time Paola left, Elizabeth was already drunk and babbling incoherences, and occasionally exploding in a burst of giggles.

Elizabeth fidgeted nervously inside the dugout, she felt pretty insecure. She had again a serious hangover that make it very difficult for her to think clearly. She had woken up late, considering that Paola had told her to be at the school baseball field at 7:00 AM, and didn't have a chance to shower, so she still reeked of dust, sweat, and sex (She masturbated countless times the previous night while recapping her shameful afternoon). Her shoeless feet were dirtier than ever in her life, and she shivered just remembering the spiteful stares that she received on her commute.

Fortunately, at that early hour, most of the public transportation and the streets themselves were scarcely populated, and mostly by low-class workers. Still, the travel had been a scary experience for the posh girl, who was terrified by the idea that somebody she knew could see her like that.

"I must sell my jewelry today, so I can end this nightmare tomorrow once and for all." she thought trying to reassert herself. This alternative of obeying Paola for a few days had been a lot harder than she had thought when she agreed to do it. Still, she felt satisfied that she was almost done, and she would avoid the prostitution thing.

30 minutes had already passed, and Elizabeth was becoming very nervous. She was mostly hidden from view, but it was unnerving to listen to the voices of

students arriving at the school. She was afraid that somebody decided to cross the baseball field to cut distance, fortunately, the slight rain that was falling discouraged people to walk thru the baseball field to avoid getting mud on their shoes.

Elizabeth sat on the muddy floor of the dugout, crouched at the darkest corner of the dugout making herself hard to spot even if somebody came across the field.

But the nervousness was getting the best of her. She decided to touch herself a little to calm down. The skimpy shorts that she was wearing had only a thin strip of fabric covering her pussy; she pulled it aside and started fingering herself while rubbing her right tit under the tiny top. She closed her eyes and little by little she lost herself in her submissive fantasies.

When Paola arrived, Elizabeth was completely immersed in a sea of emotions and sensations that had her on the brink of orgasm and blocked the rest of the world away. She was topless because at some point she had almost unconsciously taken off her shirt to provide full access to her longing nipples.

Paola could not avoid chuckling when she saw the former prim and proper rich girl, dressed just in the tiny denim shorts, with her feet and legs all dirty, and masturbating with complete abandon in the school's premises in plain daylight. She snapped several pictures with her smartphone and for a moment she considered waiting for her to come, but then she realized that keeping her horny would be more amusing, and also would make it harder for her to think clearly.

"Hey, Elizabeth!"

Paola's voice almost gave Elizabeth a heart attack, and Paola could not avoid giggling seeing the clumsy movements of her classmate trying to cover herself while looking for her discarded top unsuccessfully, blushing bright red, and stammering some nonsense.

"It is not what... what... you think," she finally managed to say.

"It is exactly what I think. I knew you are a pervert, but this... tsk, tsk " replied Paola smirking confidently. She was carrying an umbrella and was once again dressed in expensive jeans and a white blouse with some lace adornments that made it look expensive. She had her long black hair tied in a ponytail and looked casual but rich.

Paola remained quiet for a few seconds while Elizabeth clumsily and unsuccessfully tried to put on her blouse. She was feeling smaller by the minute. Paola had not only control of the situation, but she had also the moral upper ground.

"I was going to give you some fresh clothes to wear at school, but you are undeniably enjoying those. I don't want to spoil your fun, and they are certainly more suitable for a slut like you, not to mention that they leave your bits more accessible for your perverted games"

Elizabeth paled, she didn't know for sure if Paola was joking or if she was serious. It was hard to tell with that mocking Cheshire Cat smile plastered on her face.

"Come on, let's go to school or we are going to be late", said Paola while walking towards the dugout door.

"No, please! I can't go to school like this" said Elizabeth desperately.

"Are you begging me?" said Paola smiling.

Elizabeth dropped to her knees and said,

"Please Paola, give me the clothes that you brought for me"

"I don't know, I really like your current look, and your pussy likes it too"

"Please" she insisted her voice reflecting her anxiety.

"Well, It seems to be important to you, isn't it?"

"It is"

"Ok. If you don't want to go to school dressed as you are, then give me your clothes"

Elizabeth started to protest, "But..."

"OK, you must really love those clothes, goodbye"

"NO STOP!" said Elizabeth handing Paola the blouse that she had already in her hand, and pulling down her shorts as fast as she could.

Paola could not avoid giggling seeing her classmate's clumsy efforts to get naked fast.

Elizabeth covered her tits and pussy with her hands. She was shivering, partly from the cold weather, partly from the shame, and partly from her arousal.

Paola felt a rush of power seeing her cowering naked classmate.

"Sit, we need to talk"

"May I have my clothes first, ma'am?" Elizabeth added the "ma'am" hoping it would make Paola more receptive to her petition, but it also make her feel more submissive.

"No, sit down now. I don't have much time"

Elizabeth contemplated the idea of sitting at the bench, but she felt it would increase the risk to be seen. So she sat on the muddy floor again.

"Very good Princess, " said Paola, barely hiding her excitement. "Listen, I have been improving my grades this week, and I have been putting myself up to date with my reading, but I had no time to do the history paper. I found yours in your backpack, and I already printed it with my name, but I don't want to steal it. I want you to give it to me. You know it will be a shame to ruin my perfect score in the history exam." She said with a smirk.

"But... but, it is my only hope to avoid failing history"

"Yes, and that is why you will love to give it to me, I bet your pervert pussy is all wet just thinking about the humiliation of failing history while I get a perfect grade."

Elizabeth blushed bright red and didn't dare to say anything with her nipples hard as a bullet, and her pussy all swollen and wet. She simply stared at her dirty feet, trying to avoid making eye contact with Paola.

"I'll take that as a yes," said Paola smiling, "Now back at your request to avoid going to school dressed in your favorite white trash outfit. What are you willing to do to avoid it?"

"Anything!" Said Elizabeth with apprehension. The school was about to start and she needed to change fast.

"Ok," said Paola grabbing Elizabeth's smartphone, " I want you to masturbate for the camera"

Elizabeth was horny as hell but thought that it was simply too much. She was already completely humiliated and embarrassed by being nude and dirty in front of her classmate. She thought, "Maybe she is just teasing me, she doesn't believe I would do that. I need to stand, so she understands that there are limits to her orders".

"No, Paola, I won't do that. I think I did enough by giving you my paper, and..."

Paola didn't let her finish, she simply tossed the white trash outfit to the other side of the dugout, and turning to walk away she simply said,

"Your decision princess, you better call your parents before the shit hits the fan"

"Wait, please" Paola had already left the dugout and Elizabeth hesitated between grabbing her clothes and chasing Paola, she got her head out of the dugout door and shouted, "Please wait Paola, we need to talk"

Paola turned around, and said, "Will you follow my orders or not?"

Elizabeth kept quiet, hesitating, but when Paola restarted her march, she shouted, "I'll do it! I'll do it!"

After a couple of steps, Paola finally stopped. She waited for a couple of seconds before turning around. She didn't want Elizabeth to see her broad

smile. When she recovered a serious face, she walked back to the dugout, much to Elizabeth's relief.

Once back in the dugout Paola said,

"Ok Elizabeth, I give you a second chance this time, but we will scale things up, so next time you think before saying no to me."

Elizabeth simply shivered, how can she scale things up?

"Sit on the bench."

Elizabeth complied and looked towards the school parking lot nervously. The dugout was around three feet deep and had a wire fence. The baseball field was fenced but there was an open door near the first base, and thru it, she could see the parking lot, some 100 yards away. The slight rain and the shadow of the dugout roof made her hard to spot; still, it was unnerving for Elizabeth to see cars and people moving while she was sitting naked on the bench. If somebody really looked her way, they could probably spot a topless girl. Paola crouched in front of Elizabeth, so she won't be blocking Elizabeth from the potential viewers. She picked up Elizabeth's smartphone again and said.

"Ok Princess, I was going to be easy on you, just have you rub yourself two or three times, but now I want to see the whole enchilada. Don't stop until you come, and you must talk all the time, remember like the video in the cubicles, and you better impress me with your dirtiness or imagination, otherwise, the deal is off. Ah, and I was keeping this as your farewell gift, but I want you to wear it now. And princess, don't forget to smile all along, and don't close your eyes"

She handed Elizabeth a new dog collar. It was made of leather, a little over an inch in width, and was painted in light pink color with some blue sparkles here and there, and engraved in a bright pink color written with a very feminine script the word "Princess"

Elizabeth took it with trembling hands. It was even more demeaning than the one she bought because this one had her nickname much more visible. She didn't want to argue anymore; all that she wanted was to end this humiliation as soon as possible, and before she could be seen by anybody.

She put the collar and Paola said, "Put your feet over the bench and open your legs as much as you can. Then you may start."

Elizabeth assumed the desired position. Her legs were forming an M. She was obscenely displaying all her charms. In the school premises. Her respiration was becoming short and ragged, as she started rubbing her clit and pinching her nipples with the other hand.

Paola started filming and then signaled Elizabeth to start talking.

Elizabeth looked at the phone filming her and shyly smiled while saying, "I.. I am Elizabeth Parker... I am a horny, pervert slut... " she was getting more into it, "I

couldn't wait anymore... and I am masturbating in Jefferson's High School grounds. I am naked... you know, clothes only get in the way. " She began to get into it, as the rubbing of her clit was followed by one finger, and then two fingers fucking her pussy.

"It is not the first time that I am naked in school, but it is the first time outdoors," she said and smiled while winking.

"I am Elizabeth, but as you see in my collar, I rather like my bimbo nickname 'Princess'"

Then she pulled her fingers from her pussy and licked them sensuously, much to Paola's amazement. Then she started to fuck her mouth with her fingers while furiously rubbing her clit to an exploding orgasm.

Elizabeth kept rubbing her clit furiously, with her eyes closed for a second orgasm. And then fell into an orgasm-induced slumber. As she became more and more awake, she realized the enormity of what she had done. Suddenly she was overwhelmed with shame and fear; she realized that she reeked of sex and dust. Her body and feet were muddy and her hair was wet, plastered on her face, and full of knots. She wasn't in shape to face her classmates, and teachers. Much less when she was completely unprepared for any of her classes; her academic reputation and her good girl reputation had already taken a serious hit this week; she didn't need to worsen it further.

"Paola, I think I am going to skip school today, I don't feel well"

Paola thought for a moment; The way she looked, Elizabeth will end up in the principal's office sooner or later, and that could have an unexpected outcome for her little plans.

"Ok, you maybe use your time to sell your stuff." She said handing Elizabeth a cloth bag with her jewelry inside. Elizabeth received it and felt a glint of hope. She scanned the bag's content; her jewelry was complete, and there were also several of the shameful outfits that the girls made for her the previous evening.

"That's a good idea. Please give me my clothes and my keys"

"Your clothes are over there," said Paola pointing at the discarded white trash outfit.

Elizabeth blushed bright red, "but... but I did... you know... what you asked, and you promised"

"I promised that you won't have to go to school dressed in your white trash outfit; but you are not going to school, so you don't need your fresh clothes; although if you are going to school, I will let you have your clothes."

Elizabeth felt mad at herself; she had been outsmarted. She felt even more humiliated. For a moment, she considered calling Paola's bluff, but she was too afraid to go to school right then. Defeated she walked to her tiny denim shorts and put them on, along with the shameful skimpy top.

"Here, " said Paola handing Elizabeth a pair of old pink flip-flops. "You can't have your tennis shoes, it would ruin your look, but we have to protect your feet"

Elizabeth rolled her eyes, and said, "Keys"

"You already have the keys of my place, and I need yours for when I return home"

Elizabeth, "No please, I need them"

"You already begged today. Bye, I call you later"

With that Paola walked away, she was pretty happy with the result. It had been better than expected, and she even had the chance to program Elizabeth's phone to back up all its photos, and videos on Paola's cloud account. So by the end of the school day, all of Elizabeth's phone multimedia content would be accessible for her to see.

Elizabeth wanted to go right then, but she didn't want to risk being seen by her classmates arriving at school. So she waited, hidden in a corner of the dugout. She was thinking about where should she sell her jewels. She decided that going to a high-class jeweler only could bring her problems. She had no Id, and with her current look, nobody will believe her the jewels were hers. They could even call the police, or even worse; somebody could recognize her. She decided that her safest bet was to go to a pawn shop; they frequently bought jewels.

She decided that going to a pawnshop near Paola's house was safer than going to one downtown, or near the school.

At 8:30 she left the school, and went to Paola's house, where she showered and lay naked for almost an hour; occasionally touching her clit, trying to abstract herself from her situation.

She really didn't want to face the world dressed as a low-class girl again. She was examining carefully the clothes that she had in her bag. She spread them over the bed and was trying to decide which items would make her look less cheap.

She was angry at her friends. There was no possible combination that would make her look decent. Still naked she marched to the kitchen and poured a glass of vodka. She sipped from it, trying to relax while looking at the mirror, trying to tame her tangled hair by combing it with her fingers. She normally used a hand drier to have her hair straight, because she thought that it was more fashionable that way. Today she had let it dry after she washed it with a cheap shampoo, and it looked curly, and a bit wild.

"There is no hope that my hair will make me look classier than my clothes," she thought bitterly while idly rummaging thru the scant clothes trying to decide what to wear. She rummaged thru Paola's drawers trying to find anything better, but she only found a cheap lipstick and the pink powder that Paola used on her hair

during the weekend. She shivered remembering her night with Juan, and then trying to erase the shameful memories, she gulped the rest of the vodka glass.

She felt a bit ditzzy for a moment. Then she started giggling stupidly and thought.

"It is impossible to look decent in any of those clothes, I'll better go the other way around, and show them I am bold"

The reality was that she was getting horny again, and now with her clouded judgment, nothing stopped her to enact some fantasy.

She painted a pink streak on her hair, just like that night, and used the red lipstick on her lips to complete the young slut look. She then decided that the denim microskirt that Melissa made was the most daring, given that she didn't have any panties. She pondered wearing the button-less blouse but decided that it looked expensive anyway, and turned to the red t-shirt that Laura had left sleeveless, and that now reached barely below her tits; as a matter of fact, if she lifted her hands, she will show her nipples to the world. She found a pair of old blue high heel shoes at the bottom of Paola's closet and she put them on.

She contemplated her image in the mirror and felt a tingle on her pussy. With just the lipstick and the pink streak, she projected some kind of jailbait image; but she didn't look innocent at all, she looked hot, and, well, available.

She sipped a small gulp from the vodka bottle and marched to the nearest pawnshop.

A couple of hours later...

"But I can't sell these for just \$300, I need way more, and these are Cartier"

"Listen, girl, I know the brand is important, but it only had sellable value if you have an authenticity certificate, otherwise the value is only its weight of gold"

"But, what about the diamonds?"

"I don't know a shit about them, probably a jeweler can buy them for a bit more."

Elizabeth was desperate, it was the fourth pawnshop that she had visited, the first one didn't even make an offer because the owner suspected it was stolen merchandise. The others made lower offers. She started to think that she had put herself in a very bad situation. Probably she wouldn't be able to get \$700 from her jewels as she thought.

Then she realized that she had now a new resource.

"I need \$700, " she said with her more seductive smile, "If you pay me that for my jewels, then I could do something for you; return the favor, you know," she winked.

The clerk just chuckled, "frankly girl, \$400 sounds much more than your usual fee, isn't it?"

Elizabeth blushed bright red; "This low-class man thinks I am whore!" She should feel outraged, but it only made her feel hornier.

"And how much do I usually charge, know it all," she said with fake, playful, anger.

"Don't know, \$20 or \$30 for a fuck, \$10 for a BJ?" He answered sincerely.

Elizabeth blushed even more; her pussy dripped just thinking that this man considered her almost 1/10th of Paola's fee.

"but... but I need 700." She said almost in a whisper.

The clerk was a man in his 30's. The sight of this slutty, needy girl was making him horny, but he was not crazy to pay \$400 for a quick fuck; anyway, he wanted to help, and to fuck.

"There is an alternative. I can call a jewel appraiser. He will examine your merchandise and print a certificated appraisal. He can recognize if the diamonds or the art of the chains represent some commercial value.

I could pay you up to half the appraisal value of your jewels minus the cost of the appraisal itself which must be around \$150."

"I don't know" said Elizabeth hesitantly.

"Well, it is all I can do for you. But if he can certify it is authentic, and the diamonds are of good quality, just the necklace could fetch \$2000"

Elizabeth saw the light. Surely the necklace was of the best quality. She will get at least 850. So she finally agreed.

He made a phone call and then said, "Ok, the jeweler will receive us tomorrow at 4:00 pm. Be there early with the jewels" He handed her a business card with the jeweler's address. It wasn't far from there.

She nodded. She could not believe her luck. She had solved her problem, well, almost. She felt more relaxed, and her horniness was returning.

He then pulled a \$10 bill from his pocket, and said with a smile,

"Maybe I can use your services anyway... if you don't mind"

Elizabeth blushed bright red. Once she saw the end of her problems in sight, the feeling between her legs started to further cloud her alcohol-numbed mind. She thought.

"Well, I can live my fantasy, just a little, without anybody knowing"

Soon she was in the back room sucking on the clerk's cock with abandon while rubbing her clit under her skirt. She had taken her shirt off for fear of smearing it

with semen. When he came, she had some semen drops on her chin and on her tits. She was still horny, because she hadn't come yet, and then she said.

"Can you make a little video of me with my smartphone?" she said handing him the device.

She took off her small skirt and sat on the floor wearing just the cheap high heels, and then started rubbing her pussy and finger fucking herself while smiling at the camera, soon achieving the most intense orgasm of her short life.

Once she got an orgasm she got to her senses.

The clerk was hard again, the show was just too much. This girl was not only a whore, but also a horny slut.

"May I have a copy of the video?"

"No, sorry," she said while dressing and grabbing her phone.

"You are a hot girl. I only wish you have some piercings, especially a tongue one"

A few minutes after, she was walking towards Paola's house. She felt completely ashamed of her behavior, but the clerk had been very nice and behaved like a gentleman even after she sucked his cock, and made her wanton display. He suggested that if the jewels were as valuable as she thought, she was risking being robbed. So he offered that the safest way to store the jewels was to pawn them for \$100, then the next day she could come with \$102 and redeem them, that way she didn't have to walk with them. She agreed, most of all because she had certain fear that Paola could sabotage her plans somehow.

She felt tired, so once at Paola's house, she fell asleep. She was naked again and was having very weird dreams. She dreamed that she was in school, and she received a phone call, it was the pawnshop clerk, but it was labeled as "customer". She was hesitating if she should attend the call; surely she couldn't tend to the client right then, she was at school after all. She was about to answer when the phone stopped ringing, only to start again a minute after. In her dream, she realized that she was already dressed as a whore, and decided to ditch school and the phone rang again. In her dream, she answered the phone, but it didn't stop ringing, then she realized it was her real phone. She awoke all confused and took her phone, it was Paola.

"What does happen to you? It is the third time I call"

"I am sorry, I must have fallen asleep"

"Come to the car, I am already outside the house"

"Give me 5 minutes," She thought in panic. She smelled of semen, and her pussy was very red from all the rubbing she had made in her sleep. Not to mention that she still had the pink streak on her hair.

"1 minute," said Paola, and hung up the phone.

Elizabeth ran to the bathroom and washed her face and tits the best that she could, and then put on the clothes that she had worn to the pawnshop. Finally she reapplied the lipstick, like trying to hide what her mouth had done.

She got out of the house after just 3 minutes but Paola wasn't counting the time. She was pleasantly surprised by Elizabeth's selection of clothes, and that she was wearing high heels and lipstick, but what she liked the most was that Elizabeth was portraying a pink streak on her disheveled hair.

"How was your morning?"

"Fine," she answered with impatience, rolling her eyes and looking at the floor; she felt pretty insecure with the image she was portraying. But then she saw the chance to reassert herself and to rub her near-coming freedom on Paola's face, "Well, better than fine indeed; successful, I would say; Tomorrow my jewels will be appraised by a jeweler, and we are pretty sure I will get much more than needed to pay you and end this stupid game tomorrow"

"Nice," she said, trying to hide her worries. "And who are "we"?"

"Well, me and the buyer"

"Oh," said Paola.

"Let's go to your place, we need to get the most of the short time we still have"

Elizabeth cringed, but then realized that it was only 24 hours, and to ease herself, she told Paola all about her dealings in the pawnshops (well except for the shameful part).

Paola tried to hide her apprehension; Elizabeth sounded more secure, and Paola didn't know how to stop the sale. She didn't think that Elizabeth could fetch a good price for her jewels dressed as she was. She scolded herself, she should have planned to that possibility; now she would have to improvise. Of course, she could simply continue with the blackmail, but that doesn't feel right; she wanted to be honest and faithful to her word and keep the moral superiority that had made her feel so good.

And to be frank, backpedaling could be dangerous. If she didn't comply with her promise Elizabeth wouldn't believe that she will set her free in three weeks either. She will probably swallow her pride and call somebody for help, maybe her father's aide, Mr. Clayton. She shivered, there were a lot of dark rumors about that man although many were probably exaggerations but she didn't want to learn about it firsthand.

Mentally she repeated her mantra, "She is the one that must be afraid," until she felt more at ease. "I must return to the basics."

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A few minutes after they arrived at Elizabeth's house, Laura and Melissa joined them.

They smiled with twisted satisfaction seeing Elizabeth already wearing their "creations".

"Wow! The shoes, your makeup, and your hair really add to the character," said Laura. She was especially surprised by the pink streak of hair which made Elizabeth look even cheaper.

Elizabeth blushed, "I was only playing around, to surprise you, you know, being a good sport"

She looked shy, and insecure, miles away from the typical self-confident Elizabeth; it was a welcomed change.

"Paola told the teachers that you skipped classes because you were sick, but she told us that you had a hangover. I didn't know you had a wild side, " said Melissa giggling.

Elizabeth directed an angry glance at Paola, who just laughed playfully.

"Come on Elizabeth, I only told Melissa and Laura, they would have known sooner or later"

Elizabeth cringed, by now probably half the school surely knew. Her friends were good girls, but they won't resist good gossip, especially if they think is harmless.

"I hope it doesn't get to the teachers," she thought with real concern.

As in cue, Laura said.

"You better be careful tomorrow Elizabeth. The history teacher seems to be mad at you, and you failed the math test," at the time that she handed Elizabeth the shameful test.

She grabbed it and looked at it briefly, barely beyond the big red "F" on the top left corner. She will have to do a lot of damage control starting on Friday.

Melissa saw the tension and broke it with an unrelated joke. Then they started joking and gossiping as if everything was normal. Still, there was nothing normal in the trashy, slutty way in which Elizabeth was dressed, and there was some excitement and expectance in the air. Everybody wanted to take Elizabeth out again, but they were waiting for Paola who was the bolder of the three.

After an hour or so, Melissa couldn't wait anymore, and out of the blue blurted. "You know what your cosplay is missing? "

They all turned to see Melissa, Elizabeth with fear, and the others with curiosity and satisfaction that the conversation had returned to the elephant in the room.

"Piercings, " she said with a somewhat evil smile. She knew Elizabeth hated them.

Elizabeth would have protested immediately, but the memory of the clerk saying that he would have liked her better if she was pierced, sent shivers down her pussy. Seeing her silence the girls started to chat animatedly about the subject.

"Yes, nose piercing, maybe another in your navel"

"In the tongue," added Laura.

"Lots of piercings would complete the trashy look," Said Melissa giggling at her classmate's obvious discomfort.

"No, we can't take her that far, I think it would suffice with two piercings," said Paola.

Elizabeth realized that Paola was taking the talk from the realms of an uncomfortable fantasy to a very scary reality.

"No, I can't. My parents would not allow me... and I..."

"Well, if you don't want to, don't worry, then we should go to hang at Marshall Mall "

Marshall Mall was the place where her rich classmates and some of her friends from the country club used to hang out. She could not face them dressed as a cheap slut.

"No..." she said her voice faltering.

"What is going to be, the piercing parlor, or the Mall?"

Elizabeth was pale, she couldn't go to the mall, and she didn't want to get a piercing, she didn't have money for them. Her friends looked at the scene with cruel fascination.

She looked at Paola with apprehension.

"Cheer up Elizabeth, it will be exciting. And you can choose something that could be easily hidden from your parents"

"I don't see how. I can retire the jewel, but my parents could see the hole in my skin anyway" she protested.

"No, you may pierce your tongue, and put a ring around your lower lip, it would only leave a small hole just below your lip, very, very discrete. I bet you are going to accept"

"But... I don't have any money."

Paola took Elizabeth's purse and said, "this \$110 will suffice. Tomorrow you can dispose from your debit card if you need cash."

Elizabeth hesitated, Does that mean that Paola will give the \$110 back? She needed them to redeem her jewels. She saw Paola nodding at her, like answering the question.

She quietly nodded, and everybody cheered.

You are too tense Elizabeth, maybe you should take a sip of vodka before we go. They all drank grapefruit soda with vodka, except Paola, because she was going to drive. Of course, she prepared Elizabeth's extra loaded.

They marched to the car, and Paola drove again to her old neighborhood. Son the four girls were marching inside a tattoo parlor. It looked decent enough. Still, the trio of girls dressed in expensive jeans and t-shirts looked a bit overdressed for the shop, while Elizabeth looked cheaper than the other customers. She felt very apprehensive. She was nervously looking at photos, with an overwhelming mix of emotions, she was afraid, she felt humiliated, and she felt a bit aroused.

"What the pawn shop clerk is going to think when he sees me pierced tomorrow?" she thought while biting her lower lip.

Finally, the technician had enough of the girls' giggles and comments and said.

"Just one of you can stay with the patient, the others get out please."

Paola stood by Elizabeth's side and "helped" Elizabeth explain to the technician all about the desired piercings, and to choose the ring and the barbell, both of which were metallic pink.

Before the technician started, Paola whispered in Elizabeth's ear. "Enjoy this night's humiliation slut, because tomorrow our little game will be over, and your pussy is going to miss it"

Then turning to the technician said, "How long is it going to take?"

"Around half an hour." he said.

"Ok, Elizabeth. We will wait for you at Mc Donalds. It is in the next block going that way" she said pointing with her hand.

"Ok girl. It is going to be \$120.00" she gave him the \$110 that she was carrying.

He smiled and said, "I said \$120, you are \$10 short"

"I don't have any more money sir"

"Ok, then you may pick cheaper jewels, look at this one"

She looked at the alternatives, but she knew Paola wanted the pink ones because they go better with her "princess" persona.

She pouted, "I really want the pink ones, sir, can you make a discount for me?"

He turned serious, "We don't give discounts here, I can pierce you with the black barbell and you may return another day and purchase the pink one that you want"

She must have the ones that Paola wanted, otherwise, there could be trouble, and well, she was getting horny too. Paola's words that this was her last day in fantasyland rang all over her head. She looked at the technician, he was a very hairy man in his forties, slightly bald, and with an incipient beer belly, not nearly as attractive as the kind pawnshop clerk, but not repulsive. She leaned to him and whispered in his ear

"I may suck your cock if you put me the pink ones," she said with a very insecure voice while trying to sound seductive but blushing bright red. She could not believe she had just said that.

He couldn't either, despite those legends of sex at the tattoo parlors, it was very rare, and to involve such a young, fresh-looking girl was even rarer. He looked at her, trying to read if it was a joke or something. When he realized that it was serious, he smiled. He shook his head, and thought, "What the heck, I need some release, and Sara is out of town". Still, he had some slight distrust for the situation, "Could it be a trap? Is she wired or something?" he thought.

He decided to act as if it was the case and whispered in Elizabeth's ear. "If you want to purpose to pay me with sex, you have to do it properly: Get Naked, and ask again"

She blushed a brighter shade of red and hesitated for a moment, but the whole situation was so close to her kinky fantasies that she could not avoid feeling completely aroused by the suggestion, and in a daze, she took her shirt first, and then her skirt.

"What is going to be sir? Are you going to take a bj for the missing \$10?"

He looked at her and was even more amazed. He had suspected she wasn't wearing any bra, after all, her nipples were standing up for attention, but to wear that short and ragged skirt without any panties, God this girl was bold, or a complete slut. Well the fact that she was naked, and proposing a bj for \$10 showed that she was more than a slut, she was a whore; still something in the way she talked and moved, told him that she hadn't done this many times before. Probably she was making her baby steps into prostitution, who cares. Here she was, fresh, beautiful, naked, and available. Of course, he said YES.

She knelt before him and started licking the technician's cock. It was short but very thick, and he was very hairy, which she thought was disgusting. The fact that for a few bucks she was sucking the cock of a guy, who was so far physically, and mentally from what she considered attractive, only added to her humiliation, which fueled her arousal. As she enthusiastically swallowed the whole thing and alternated it with licks on her ball sack, all thru the tip of the penis, she realized that in all her previous life she had never given a blowjob but after her escapade with Juan it had become very exciting for her. It was probably the disparity of the act with one person serving the other without any

reciprocation what pushed her buttons. She realized with shame and arousal that just this day she had sucked the cocks of two strangers.

He came too soon before she could get any release from her ministrations to her pussy. She managed to swallow everything this time. A faint smile painted in her face as she realized with weird pride that despite her short experience, she was becoming quite proficient at sucking cocks.

He made her clean her mouth with abundant mouth washer and then proceeded to do the piercings, all while she remained naked and horny. She wanted to rub herself to an orgasm, but when her hand approached her pussy, he softly stopped her while smiling. Leave that for later, girl, I can only deal with this much distraction he said while pointing at her nakedness. She blushed bright red and kept her hands by her side, fearing that he could accidentally hurt her if he got distracted.

A few minutes later she was handed a hand mirror and she contemplated her new look. The pink lip ring made her look wilder and cheaper. She took her tongue out and was somewhat fascinated with the pink glittering among the red of her tongue.

He gave her some cleaning solution and transparent retainers.

"This is a very effective product, wash your mouth with it every couple of hours, and you'll be able to suck cock by Friday, " he said smiling.

She blushed ashamed; still, her lips portrayed a faint, shy smile, which the technician found very sexy.

"If you want to have your nipples pierced, come again and I am sure we can come up with a special discount"

She merely nodded at the implication. She didn't like the idea of having her nipples pierced. Nonetheless, the idea of sucking this man's cock again for another set of piercings that she didn't want, was making her horny again.

"thanks" she said with a lisp. She immediately panicked and looked at the technician with eyes big as plates.

"Don't worry girl. You have just a little swelling, use the mouth washer I gave you, and it will be gone by tomorrow. The lisp and the droll will disappear once you get used to the stud.

"When?" she managed to whisper.

"In two or three weeks"

She blushed bright red. She felt stupid with the lisp, and it only added to her humiliation and her arousal.

He finally handed her clothes, but she was too horny to simply dress and walk away. She had the willpower to stop herself from masturbating right there, but she wanted something to do it later.

"May I have a photo here, you know... for the memories"

He laughed, "this girl is really a horny slut," he thought. He used her cell phone to photograph the horny girl sitting on the medical chair, with her legs wide open, her knees over the armrests, and her pussy slick with her juices while sticking her tongue out to show her new piercing. Then he had a selfie with the horny girl he used a hand on the phone, and the other to squeeze Elizabeth's ass.

A few minutes later she was walking to the corner's McDonalds to reunite with her friends. The new shameful photos were now in the memory of her phone and on the phone of the technician. He didn't steal them, he asked for them and she sent him the photos. It was quite a thrill to know that now he could see her naked body anytime he wanted, but now she was having regrets despite her arousal. She believed his word that he won't put them on the net, and even if he did it, she looked so cheap and so slutty that she thought nobody would believe it was her, even when her face was clearly visible.

She arrived at the McDonalds and felt very apprehensive. She was dressed as a cheap slut, and the manager followed her with his sight until she sat with her friends. She felt out of place. The other three were neatly dressed with outfits that once belonged to her, while she was barely covered. Still, her cheap looks went beyond the clothes; Her makeup, her wild hair with the pink streak, and her new piercings gave her the full teen slut look.

"Wow, they really suit you," said Melissa happily.

Elizabeth tried to make a witty comeback,

"ha, ha, You ade ready funny," she said before remembering her new lisp.

They all burst into laughter. It all went downhill from there. She was teased and mocked mercilessly by her classmates, who kept it light, but it was extremely humiliating for Elizabeth, who didn't dare to defend herself for fear of showing her lisp again. Paola was kind enough to bring her food, so she didn't have to order, but at some point, she went to refill her glass, mostly to escape her friends for a while. A couple of young teens, maybe juniors approached her at the dispenser and tried to make conversation with the young sexy girl in skimpy clothes. She didn't dare to say anything fearing further embarrassment from her lisp, but it only encouraged the boys to start touching her, at first subtly, but -- when one grabbed her waist trying to pull her close for a kiss or something she pushed him away and said. "Sthop, go away"

The boys just giggled, "She is probably stupid," one said while grabbing her ass over her tiny skirt. "Leave me athone (alone)" she whispered when she tried to scream, the fear taking away her voice. The boys giggled again and started talking fast, while grabbing her waist, and her shoulders. The fear of showing

her lisp, and her worries about the boys finding that she wasn't wearing underwear further clouded her mind. She was overwhelmed, and the boys started talking as if she was stupid or something. She was used to being admired for her looks, and her intelligence, not despised for the very same reasons. She was feeling more and more powerless, and insecure. Normally she would easily handle boys that age, or of any age for that matter, but now her horniness, was rendering hers completely unable to stop the clumsy advances of the boys that were turning bolder and bolder; fortunately, Melissa appeared from nowhere and said,

"Leave the girl alone you twerps!"

The boys scurried away like cockroaches under the light, not wanting to confront the senior girl.

Elizabeth felt both thankful for the help and embarrassed by her poor assertiveness. "Today, I can't even manage these stupid kids," she thought bitterly.

Melissa felt a wave of satisfaction, not only she had helped her friend, but her action had somewhat cemented her new leadership. Elizabeth on the other hand felt even more insecure at her immature display. And worse of all, she was becoming even more aroused, and feared that the girls could notice that her nipples were almost poking thru her top, and she could smell faintly the arousal of her own very wet pussy. She was pondering if she should go to the bathroom to at least get rid of her horniness with a much-wanted orgasm. Thankfully the reunion didn't last much more, and soon Paola and she were again in her comfortable house.

PART 5

Paola was a bit more at ease seeing that Elizabeth seemed more manageable than ever. But she stayed focused; she realized that she needed to play her cards right, otherwise Elizabeth will be free by the very next day. She still hadn't thought about how to capitalize from all that craziness in the long term, but she was more convinced than ever that she had found gold, and that she needed to take this unique chance to change her life for good, and solve all her problems once and for all. For now, she didn't have a clear strategy. She didn't want to come up with a new blackmail scheme, it would make her lose the moral upper ground, and she needed that Elizabeth felt that all of this was mostly her fault. She was convinced that she should make Elizabeth further tangle into her own web, and to achieve that goal, she must keep the girl horny, and confused.

"Come on princess, take off all your slutty clothes and put your collar on"

"Listen Paola, I am tired" Elizabeth didn't want more games, she wanted to go to her room, or the bathroom and rub her clit raw. She had been horny for hours now.

"What did you say?"

"Ma'am, sorry ma'am."

Paola interrupted her, "It is probably the last day of our deal, and I plan to use it to the max. Are you going to back down, or are you going to keep your promise to obey, so tomorrow when you pay me I keep mine, and let you free, and give you all your photos and videos back?"

Elizabeth quickly took off her clothes; the last thing that she wanted was for Paola to back off their deal when she was so close to ending her ordeal. She surely could obey her for a few more hours. As she put on the collar, she even thought.

"It could be fun; after all, it is my last chance to live these crazy fantasies of mine; and it isn't my fault. I am being forced. Aren't I?"

"Is it semen that spot on your hair?"

Elizabeth blushed bright red and negated with her head while nervously passing her fingers thru the hair around her face.

Paola smiled amused, she hadn't seen any spot, but Elizabeth's attitude and the fact that she checked her hair revealed that she had probably sucked the technician's cock.

"Follow me," said Paola, "on all fours princess."

She guided the posh girl to the kitchen. She picked up a couple of bowls, and the vodka bottle and marched to the living room, where she opened the curtains to the backyard. There were glass sliding doors all along the living room dividing it from the patio deck. The luxury view of the stylish wood deck and the beautiful pool behind was impressive. "I can get used to this," thought Paola.

Elizabeth felt pretty exposed, even when she knew that the backyard was completely secluded, as her father didn't want a paparazzi spying on her wife or daughter while they used the pool. She cowered behind a sofa waiting for Paola to close the drapes, but instead, she opened the sliding door and marched outside.

Paola put a bowl on the deck floor; poured some vodka in it, walked 30 feet away to the other end of the deck, and repeated the operation with the other bowl. All while Elizabeth looked apprehensively from inside the house.

"Listen, Princess, I need to study for tomorrow's test, but that doesn't mean that you can't have your fun"

"Oh, I almost forgot," said Paola and walked to Elizabeth's room, and returned with a handbag. She took a pink dildo from it. It was around 1 1/2 inch thick, and maybe 10" long. She stuck it to the glass door, at a little less than 2 feet high.

"So here is your mission princess," she said with a wide smile, "You are going to crawl to the first bowl and lap from it 5 times, then you are going to crawl to the dildo and suck it 5 times, then you are going to crawl to the second bowl and lap from it 5 times. Then you are to return to the first bowl but of course,

you are going to make a stop in front of your pink friend, and then you are going to use it to fuck yourself doggy style for 5 times"

Elizabeth was stunned and horny, she was dazed, mumbling something unintelligible.

"But to make things interesting let me tell you that if you come, you will have to wear your slutty clothes at school tomorrow. You'll probably be asked to leave, but it would be quite interesting anyway"

Elizabeth looked at Paola in disbelief.

"Go now!"

Elizabeth crawled tentatively to the first bowl and lapped from the vodka-laced grapefruit beverage. She realized that she hadn't drunk that much. Then she crawled to the dildo, and trying to abstract herself from the situation she started sucking at it. She opened her eyes and saw Paola smirking and laughing at her.

"Deeper!" she said from the inside of the house, "or it won't count"

Then Elizabeth swallow it as much as she could and she saw Paola approving from the inside only after she gagged on the damn thing. Then she started counting with her fingers, each successful suck, skipping the ones that she considered too shallow "1.. 2 ... 5".

She went to the other bowl. She was undecided if she should drink fast and risk getting too drunk pretty fast, or drink slowly and take many more humiliating stops at the dildo. She decided to drink as much as she could with the allowed 5 laps.

Her return to the dildo was even more humiliating than the first time. She put it inside her very wet pussy, and pumped backward. She didn't want to have to restart like when she sucked it, so she pumped back as much as she could. She looked back at Paola, trying to get her approval, only to see her smiling and photographing her. The photographs were quite unnecessary, the whole event was being filmed by several security cameras.

Elizabeth continued the game for twenty exhausting minutes. To her merit, she avoided the orgasm, but she ended up, pretty drunk, and hornier than ever. The dildo was shining with a mix of her saliva and her pussy juices. Her mouth tasted of the same mix.

She knocked at the glass door, and Paola finally let her come inside the house. She collapsed on the living room rug exhausted while Paola happily clapped like a schoolgirl on a clown show.

"You are a natural princess," she said giggling, partly as a joke, and partly with a serious recognition of her classmate's sexual abilities. After all, Paola had never been able to swallow that much.

Paola pulled some belts from the same bag. And said, "You are a lot of fun princess, now both of us need to improve our education. I will continue preparing for my test, and you need a little instruction to make the most of your natural talents."

A few minutes later, Elizabeth was strictly tied in front of her home theater. Her tights and calves were joined together by a belt, and each knee was tied to the opposite leg of a heavy sofa so she was fully spread. Each wrist was tied to the opposite elbow and her ponytail was tied to the back of the armchair so she was only able to look forward. She was ball-gagged, and in the giant screen ahead of her, a porno film was playing. Images of submissive women tied, and pleasuring men filled the screen. The loud speakers and her tied ponytail made it almost impossible for Elizabeth to abstract herself from the torrid images of sex and depravity projecting in front of her. Paola had insisted that she paid special attention to the blowjob techniques and of course to any other hints of how to pleasure a man.

Elizabeth was becoming more and more aroused picturing herself in the place of the girls in the videos, then after the third short film or so ended, Elizabeth almost got a heart attack. Instead of another nameless porn star, there it was her own image! Her naked self was filling the huge screen of her home theater. It was the very first video that Paola took of her that dreaded night a week or so ago.

Elizabeth was shocked to hear her cracking voice on the loud, high-fidelity speakers of her home, confessing that she was nothing but a perverted psycho who gets off from humiliation. She was nervous and horny as hell; the home theater won't be the same for her ever again. She wished that at least the volume was lower.

The sound ended with the video, but the silent images of her shameful photos in the school bathroom, filled the screen, while her real-life moans broke the silence.

Paola's giggles gave away her presence behind Elizabeth, and that added to the girl's humiliation caused by the shameful images ahead of her.

"My oh, my, what a slut!" Exclaimed Paola giggling when the screen showed the photos that she had not supposedly known about. The shameful photos with the tattoo parlor technician.

The short video of her wanton masturbation session in front of the pawnshop clerk followed, while Elizabeth tried to scream thru her gag for Paola to stop the projection, while at the same time she tried fruitlessly to grind her body to get the desperately desired slight touch that she needed to cum.

The speakers went mute again, but the show hadn't ended. Elizabeth's color became even redder when her photos with Juan at the abandoned hotel bathroom started to appear on the screen. She had never been so ashamed, or horny in her whole life.

Paola paused the photos, and said in a loving, almost tender voice to Elizabeth.

"So this is what you want to be?" She said pointing at the frozen image on the 70" TV. Elizabeth could not avoid looking at her own picture; There was she, naked, covered in dirt, while sucking a fat boy's dick, her face reflecting the horniness that she was feeling at that moment.

Elizabeth squirmed nervously in her bondage. She didn't trust herself to say anything. She was extremely horny, and she had been deprived of orgasm for so much time by then.

"You have been trapped in this goody two shoes Elizabeth persona; the poster girl with valedictorian aspirations and a fully planned life ahead; An expensive law school education, a boring but rich boyfriend, and then a convenient marriage. A boring low-key career in politics, or as the smart wife of a politician.

Your rational mind may tell you that is what you want, but your pussy likes much better to be "Princess" the girl with the worst grades in her class; "Princess" the horny girl who gets naked in school bathrooms and masturbate a lot in school, not only in the bathroom but even naked in the baseball field dugout; "Princess", the little whore who sells blowjobs for \$10 or even \$5 to complete strangers."

Elizabeth blushed bright red. Paola's words were hitting the nail with precision. She had felt ashamed of her falling grades, but despite her worries, she had also felt strongly aroused by the humiliation of being a dumb, lazy girl in the eyes of the teachers and classmates, not to mention that her sexual escapades at school had been stressful but arousing to a level she previously didn't know even existed. And to sell her body for cheap had been exhilarating; the humiliation level of those acts had been enormous, but consequently, her confused mind and body had translated that humiliation into unprecedented levels of arousal.

"And you like to obey your pussy instead of your boring mind. You like to be forced to wear the skimpiest, cheapest outfits, so nobody can see in you anything more than a slut, a bimbo, and well... a whore"

A little moan escaped Elizabeth's lips. Paola's talk was pushing her horniness to new levels. She knew that just the slightest touch on her clit will be awarded by an earth-shocking orgasm, but she was all tied up, and can't achieve the little physical stimulation that she needed to cross the bridge.

"But you want to be forced. There is no way that the prim and proper Elizabeth could act like 'Princess' if she is not forced to do it. So it seems to me that tomorrow Elizabeth will come back while 'Princess' fades away forever."

Elizabeth's face reflected a cute gesture of concern. She felt genuine anguish caused by the idea of 'Princess' vanishing forever.

"But you know there is a way to keep 'Princess' alive for just another couple of weeks. A couple of weeks full of adventures and excitement, to form exciting memories to last a lifetime, instead of a boring return to Elizabeth's dull life"

Elizabeth futilely rocked her hips back and forward, like trying to find in the air the stimulus that she needed to come. She was drooling thru the ball gag more than ever, and her tits and chest were pretty soaked with her saliva. Another moan escaped her lips. This time it was louder, and it was followed quickly by another.

Paola looked excitedly at the wild sexual animal tied in front of her. She was becoming wet, excited by her growing power over the posh girl.

"You know I only need one little thing from you and we will have 'Princess' for another couple of weeks." Paola picked up Elizabeth's little skirt and pulled a small ticket from the pocket, and smirking at Elizabeth said,

"You only have to give me this"

Elizabeth blushed even more. It was the pawnshop ticket for all her jewelry. If she accepted, she would lose all her jewels, and won't gain anything. She would still have to comply with the original agreement, replacing Paola as a whore for three customers and...

Elizabeth's thoughts were interrupted by Paola.

"Think about it, Princess. It would be wonderful for your pussy to lose all your jewels for nothing knowing that you will have to obey me for two more weeks; I bet by then you would have donated to me or destroyed most of your original wardrobe." Just the idea of having Paola looking more and more affluent while she looked cheaper and sluttier by the minute, had her pussy dripping like a faucet.

"So what do you think slut, do you give me this little ticket?" Paola said.

Elizabeth negated slowly with her head. She was confused by the alcohol and the constant horniness, but still, she was trying to think with her head and not with her pussy.

"Not to mention that on top of that you will have to fuck three of my customers in the next three Fridays, and knowing you, most probably you will have some business on the side, giving \$5 blowjobs to have some change in your pockets"

The rocking of Elizabeth's hips was more and more intense. The idea of selling her body for cheap was a big turn-on for her. It was so deliciously humiliating to have to blow some dude just to afford a cup of coffee.

"Still not convinced?" said Paola smiling while softly caressing Elizabeth's inner thighs with the point of her tennis shoe, escalating Elizabeth's anticipation for a touch on the right spot to get her the much-wanted sexual release.

"Maybe you need to know more..." Said Paola, but didn't wait for an answer, "First, well you know Eastern Holiday is coming this Saturday, and prim and proper Elizabeth would fly with her friends Laura and Melissa to an all-inclusive luxury resort in the great lakes. The boring vacation that your parents planned

for you because it isn't wild and because it was a frequent destination for affluent people, especially Harvard Students.

Elizabeth would be like a fish in the water in that environment, surrounded by all kinds of luxuries, and a bunch of service people waiting for your slightest signal to jump and do whatever it takes to keep you happy and satisfied as a customer; and of course, all those rich people with whom to talk about politics, economy, college life, and career choices. Meeting the kind of people that your parents wish you will marry to."

Elizabeth felt uncomfortable. It wasn't an imposition from her parents, she had been looking forward to that holiday. It wasn't as boring as Paola described, and she really longed to talk with Harvard guys, not only she could get some first-hand information, but who knows, she could even make some friendships that help her in the near future. Of course, right then all of it paled in contrast with the little adventures of princess. Those adventures really made her heart beat faster, and stronger than ever while her pussy dripped like a faucet.

"On the other hand, if you give me the redeem ticket, you will have a much more exciting holiday. You will send Laura and Melissa with some excuse; maybe that you are going to Cancun and want to keep it secret from your parents, or whatever you want to say."

"Imagine your friends living the life of the rich, probably wearing some of the stuff you gave them, and hanging with rich young men, maybe even hooking with some future rich husband. While you are forced to dress 24/7 as white trash and live in my old low-class home. Maybe I can take you shopping at some thrifty store so you can buy a secondhand and even skimpier wardrobe. I bet that we can find some very nice outfits for you that show more skin and look cheaper than your current white-trash clothes. You will tell your parents that I will stay here, so I can enjoy living with a maid and a chauffeur at my beck and call for a couple of weeks, while you commute using the bus to my crappy job at superburgers because you are going to cover me for two weeks so I can return to it when my perfect holiday living in your house ends"

Elizabeth respiration was getting shorter, and the drooling had increased. She was full of anxiety, and all the talking was increasing her arousal without any chance of release. Her mind was becoming cloudier because of the alcohol and the numbing horniness.

Paola crouched and untied Elizabeth's ball gag.

She stood up again and started tracing subtle circles with her tennis just below Elizabeth's navel. Elizabeth tried to push her body up so the touch reached her longing pussy, but the ropes in her tights didn't allow her enough movement.

"No, no no," said Paola amused by Elizabeth's failed attempts. "You must first decide if you want to be 'Princess' or 'Elizabeth', because having an orgasm in front of your classmate is not what Elizabeth would do."

Paola continued teasing Elizabeth's sensitive skin touching even lower, almost an inch above her longing clit.

"So, who do you want to be?"

"princess" she said in an almost inaudible voice.

"I thought so, you are much more like princess if you ask me."

Elizabeth slowly nodded. She wanted her fix, and she wanted it right then.

"So, do you want me to have the pawnshop redeem ticket?"

Elizabeth blushed bright red and slowly nodded.

"That is what I thought, but I need to hear it from your mouth."

Elizabeth fidgeted nervously and seemed to blush even more when she said.

"I'll give you the pawnshop ticket Paola."

"Why?" she said with a Cheshire cat smile.

"Because I wana be princess for two more weeks."

She said completely ashamed but in a loud enough voice.

"Great choice," Paola laughed while storing the ticket in her purse.

Elizabeth watched the scene with apprehension. She had just made a very stupid decision, and she was aware of it, but for now her mind was overwhelmed by just one thought: She needed to orgasm.

"So princess. What would you give me in exchange for an orgasm?"

Elizabeth was so stunned that her voice escaped her.

"What about the clothes bags that remain in the basement?"

Those were the only decent clothes that she still possessed. She didn't know how she could replace them before her parents return, but she was too horny to reject Paola's request, and she was pretty aroused by the idea that, at least for a few days, she not only would lose access to her decent clothes but wouldn't even possess any.

"You may have them." And then in a second thought, she added, "and all my shoes too"

Paola was elated. She approached Elizabeth with a big smile and pushed her tennis under Elizabeth's crotch. Then she said, "You can hump my shoe until you come, princess"

Elizabeth hesitated just for a split second and then started doing just that, rubbing her most intimate body part against the dirty tennis shoe of her classmate. She closed her eyes trying to abstract herself from the situation while trying to achieve a very long-time wanted release. But Paola would have none of that.

"Open your eyes slut, and look me in the eyes."

Reluctantly Elizabeth opened her eyes and turned to see the smirking, despising face of Paola. She couldn't be more humiliated. Here she was, all naked and tied, behaving like a wild animal in heat rubbing her precious pussy against the coarse and dirty shoelaces of Paola's tennis, while her fully dressed classmate looked at her with undisguised contempt.

As her climax approached she started emitting some high pitch noises, and barely concealed moans. She was quite the spectacle, and finally, she came with an explosion. Her body arched back as much as her restraints permitted her and she could not contain a little scream of uncontrolled lust.