

From Posh to Tosh

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

“...And so I said to him: Michael, there’s nooooo way the limousine will fit the entire party! Haha” Michelle and her two friends chuckled in an appropriate volume, while enjoying their afternoon tea at the garden of “Plaza de la Victoria”, a famously exclusive and luxurious café at the heart of London. Soft jazz music was accompanied by the peaceful clinking of tea and coffee cups, as the three friends were seated at a cute round table, surrounded by tall, gorgeous greenery.

Michelle Hansborough, daughter of Hotel tycoon Damian Hansborough and soon to be heir to his colossal fortune, had not known a single day of adversity in her life. The gorgeous brunette woman with long, dark-brown, silky straight hair down to her chest, had a slim, lean body, a supermodel’s frame. Her pretty green eyes, decorated with a *Givenchy* mascara that most housewives could not even pass by across the aisle, were hidden under a pair of black, oval *Bulgari* sunglasses that cost most people’s yearly salaries. Immaculately applied make-up and a classy Dior lipstick in a soft tone, completed her facial beautification. Michelle was an expert in prettifying herself up. She never left the house without making sure she looked stunning in every way.

Large earrings, comprised of multiple diamonds bonded together to form an elaborate geometric shape, adored her ears. The 25-year-old white girl had a gorgeous tan on her naturally light-toned body, from spending the whole August sunbathing in Mykonos. She was wearing a black *Prada* blazer, keeping up with the dark look she had chosen for this “event” and matching the black leather strap of her golden *Rolex*. The blazer was modestly buttoned up, only teasingly exposing the woman’s collarbone with its V-shape. Michelle knew that in sex-appeal, less was always more. Keeping the countless men ogling her to want more was always the right move.

A matching, knee-high pencil skirt adored her slim thighs and exposed her pretty and lotioned calves, thus allowing only but a glimpse into the temple that was the woman’s body. As she sat cross-legged across her two friends and black, 4-inch-heeled *Louboutins* embraced her dainty feet. Finally, a dark *Yves Saint Laurent* handbag made out of (real) gator skin, was perched on an empty chair next to her.

The young woman exuded poshness with that 1% kind of upper class. While her two friends flaunted their wealth with equal shamelessness, Michelle appeared to know just the way to present a step above every woman in the room. Her grace and inside-out knowledge of every little intricacy of high-society

manners, coupled with her being a true fashion savant, made her stand out. If they were looking like a million bucks, she looked like a billion.

A few more anecdotes of exclusive cocktail parties and private cruise mishaps followed. “Oh no, what is SHE doing here?” Michelle said under her breath with a disgusted tone, as she saw her step-sister, Lora Hansborough enter the garden area. Michelle had never accepted the result of her father’s little “adventure” romance with a “common” maid, her 19-year-old step-sister. Taking half of her mother’s dark complexion, Lora was a light-dark beauty, as beautiful as Michelle, though her physique was on the thicker side. While Michelle had model agencies drooling over her, Lora was rocking Instagram with her fuller booty pics. Though the girl was dressed in casual attire, she was still a hot thing. Lora lived a comfortable, though down to earth life, being appreciative of her father’s wealth, her family having lived through much rougher times. She was an approachable gal.

“Hi...sis” Lora said with obvious sarcasm, upon reaching Michelle. “The papers for dad’s company transfer” Lora said, not bothering to take a seat, simply handing her step-sis an envelope. Their father had great love for both his daughters, and with no wife in the picture, wanted to pass his fortune onto them.

“Heh...please, like I will share my father’s fortune with a middle-class trollop like you” Michelle scoffed haughtily. Lora simply chuckled. It wasn’t the first time that Michelle was insulting her to her face like that. The rich girl’s two friends shared her feelings towards this working class “outsider”. “You need to sign them” Lora kept her cool after a long sigh. She had approached Michelle multiple times with these documents, but the end-result was the same.

“I won’t be signing any of this” Michelle replied, not even dignifying to look her step-sister in the eye. Her signature was the only thing left for making this transaction official.

“As far as I’m concerned, you are a social parasite. You are NOT part of my family and will NEVER be” Michelle turned to face the semi-black girl. These words were too harsh. Even for Michelle, these words cut too deep. Lora’s eyelashes flickered to hold back the tears; too hurt to respond, she turned away and left the café.

Michelle sipped her tea with a cold and heartless expression, unfazed.

Michelle Hansborough was strutting around downtown London in a gorgeous *Alessandra Rich*, red and black, plaid mini-dress, with a closed chest, cute puffy sleeves and a leather black waist-belt. A pair of black *Miu-Miu* stilettos was on her feet and her signature sunglasses over her eyes. She was on her way to a fashion gala hosted by a friend of hers, when she was grabbed from behind by two sets of hands. The force with which they pulled her inside the back of a rusty old Fiat caused Michelle's *Bulgari* glasses to fling off her face and fall on the pavement. The old car promptly stepped on the gas.

"MMMMFFFFff! MMMMMNNGG!" the woman's smothered screams were ignored by two feminine, tracksuit and ski-mask wearing figures, who were now sandwiching her from either side in the backseat. "She's a feisty one ain't she!" one female abductor whisper-yelled, while the other kept the chloroform-soaked rag over the beautiful woman's face. Michelle's Miu Miu chaotically kicked against the backs of the car's front seats as the woman struggled, but her skinny, aristocratic arms were way too weak to overpower one, much less two of her female kidnappers, who held her steady. "Hello dear sis, no time no see" Michelle's perfectly "eyelined" eyes widened even more, hearing Lora's voice, then seeing her familiar green eyes, same color as hers, through the balaclava. "MMMnnn...nmmmmmm..." those pretty green eyes soon begun rolling to the back of Michelle's head, as her struggled grew weaker and weaker, before she plopped limp on the car's dusty, strained and worn backseat. "Doc is ready and waiting for us" the male driver informed Lora. "Good..." she said with a mischievous smirk.

Michelle awoke from her enforced slumber to discover she was bound spread-eagle from two vertical and one horizontal metal bars, the later connecting them overhead. She was half-dangling from her wrists by two fuzzy pink handcuffs attached to the corner of this hollow frame, her heels draped on the floor with her knees suspended a few inches from it. Another pair of fuzzy handcuffs closed over her dainty, slim ankles, tethering them to the base of the two vertical bars and causing her legs to spread obscenely and her expensive mini-dress to ride up her waist, revealing her lace, silk panties

A matching, thick, pink ball-gag was stuffed in her mouth, wedged behind her toothpaste-commercial-white teeth. "Hello my beloved sister...sorry for the ball-thingy and the cuffs, I thought it'd drive you mad if your bonds were as tacky as you'll soon be" Lora said as she entered the dimly lit basement alone. "Hhnnngmmmmfff!" a furious, ball-gagged Michelle threw muffled Oxford-dictionary curses at the female chavs, only managing to get drool from her bottom lip onto her pristine little mini-dress. She already seemed much less dignified than during their first meet-up, months ago, even though her posh accent was discernable even over the large ball stuffed in her mouth. "Ooooh, don't fret so much, you look rather...cheeky!" Lora smiled, infuriating the white girl more.

Just then, a man around 30, with messy, ginger-red hair, entered the room, dressed in a white lab coat. "All is in order!" he exclaimed energetically, carrying a small box with the necessary tools.

“Hello Missy, your step-sister here has requested some changes to be made to you” the young scientist addressed Michelle, speaking in a more Cockney, street-raised manner, classing with his scientific genius. “Hmmmff!” the young heiress whimpered behind her ball-gag, letting her fear show for the first time. What did these lunatics have in store for her?

“I could have just killed you, but then I thought of something you’d hate much, much more” Lora spoke. If her step-sister would not sign off on their shared wealth, she would keep it all to herself. “And what does a posh, snooty little bitch like you despises more than anything?...” Lora let her words lingered. Words that Michelle was now hanging from.

“Once I’m done with you, you are gonna be unrecognizable” Lora faked-out her sister, moving her face right in front of Michelle’s. The bound rich girl simply eyed her with pure hatred. Lora then produced a pair of big scissors and started tearing away at their pretty captive’s 2000\$ dress.

“MMNNnnnn...ngggGGGGGG!” Michelle groaned like an untamed (albeit incredibly delicate) beast, pulling at her bonds, but unable to stop her step-sister from running the scissors blades through her beautiful dress, turning it to shreds. Her black, *Victoria’s Secret* lace bra and panties were now fully exposed, only to join the shredded plaid pile with a few more “snips”.

Michelle was mortified. She was completely nude in front of this group of demented nut-jobs! She had only shared her precious nudity with her three ex-boyfriends, a top-20 tennis-player, a media-savvy lawyer and an entrepreneur who owned a large shipping company. All famous in their own rights, so their romance with the young, breath-taking socialite intrigued the paparazzi magazines from time to time.

Now, her step-sister and that loony scientist were added to this exclusive group. As much as she tried closing her thighs, her bonds did not let her and her perfectly shaven pussy was displayed in front of them. Her perky titties were also exposed; Michelle’s overhead/spread bound hands far from covering them.

“MMmf!” Michelle groaned in pain as Lora roughly grabbed her ears and removed the priceless earrings. Her Miu-Miu stiletto heels followed, bidding farewell to her dainty feet. “Perfect, we can begin!” the man standing next to Lora uttered, grabbing a hold of a device with a thin metal pipe at its end. It was a hand-operated tanning spray.

“I know you love your perfectly sun-tanned skin, but I think this one will suit you better” Lora said while her partner-in-crime got into a plastic protective bodysuit. The stuff inside the canister was non-removable by any kind of soap. “MMMNN...NNNnnuuh!” Michelle twisted and turned away from her sister, or rather tried to. She wasn’t going anywhere.

“Ok, all set” Lora uttered, and Michelle started panting worried for what was next. “Close your eyes!” the Doc said, aiming the spray-tanner at the bound girl.

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An ugly, brown spray exited the barrel, coating the naked woman’s body with an intensely fake tan, the kind Snooki from Jersey Shore has. Once the color made contact with the woman’s tender skin, it fused with her epidermis, creating her new, irremovable complexion.

“MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!” Michelle screamed and writhed in her bonds with tightly shut eyes. Her tanning “session” did not stop for her bickering, though.

The wide, round ray of the tanning spray slowly covered her from literal head to toe. The naked woman felt like she was getting sandblasted by the sheer pressure of this thing. Her slim, naked form changed from the delicate summer tan to a shiny bronze color that was hard to look at. This tanning skin-dye was of really bad quality.

“Let’s just let this set...” Lora said to her new-toned sis. Terrified of the implications of this spray, Michelle frantically rubbed her ball-gagged face against her naked shoulder, but to her shock, the tanning paint was not rubbing off her skin in the slightest. This horrible, cheap tan would be her complexion from now on! “Wt thh ffffk uh u dddnn tmmm!?!“ (*What the fuck are you doing to me?*) Michelle dropped the whole royal act, cursing at her step-sister. “My my, what rude language” Lora acted shocked and placed her palm on her chest. “Pace yourself step-sis, we have much more planned for you” she said with a narrowed, smiling look.

“Speaking of...” Lora wheeled a small tattoo workstation and tattoo gun over to her naked half-sister. “I think some new tattoos would really suit your new look, don’t you think, sis?” Lora said as a redhead girl, the second hooded kidnapper from earlier, popped inside the room. “My friend here is a tattoo artist, though I told her we didn’t have much time, so she’ll rush each tattoo. But it will still look...ok, probably” Lora explained as her friend had already put on latex gloves and was dipping the tip of the tattoo gun in ink.

“MMMffffm, NNNggg! Ddnnt yuh DDuuughh!” (*No! don’t you dare!*) Michelle chewed on her thick red gag, groaning on it with anger, if she was drawing the line on this lunacy. “Hehe, you don’t have any say in this little sis” Lora said, the tattoo artists bringing the needle closer to the woman’s skin. “Nnnngggff, NNggh!” Michelle groaned, unable to shift her abdomen away from the buzzing instrument. “Let’s do one above her pussy, something classy...hm...how about “All aboard”?” Lora fake-asked her sister, having already made up her mind, “MMMMMMMMMM...NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!” Michelle shook her head frantically, trying to twist her hips away from the inching needle.

"If you move, it'll come out even worse...beats me..." Lora warned the shaky nude damsel, as the tattoo artist was having a tough time "working" on a shaky canvas, staining the woman's pristine skin with scattered ink. Michelle whimpered, realizing her helplessness and stood as still as her panicking nerves allowed, as the woman started writing the words "*All Aboard!*" (All Aboard!) right above her delicate sex and her cute, perfectly groomed pubic hair. Michelle was starting to lose it, crying into her ball-gag while her sister worked meticulously on her pubis.

The woman was far from done after that tattoo, though. Following Lora's commands, she proceeded to go around the spread-eagle bound woman and create a tasteless tramp stamp of a crown on her lower back, resting on an awful tribal base. She then wrote the phrase "*Slay Every Day*" on a ribbon underneath the crown. A very standard, boring statement of a gal that considers herself a queen, but is anything but one.

The quick work came out rather sloppy. It was unlikely that anyone would pay for a tattoo of that quality, let alone Michelle that consider her body to be a sacred temple that no needle would ever touch. She continued with a Chinese Hanzi tattoo on the woman's right shoulder blade. It looked similar to the word "Inner Beauty" in Hanzi, but purposely drawn incorrectly on the girl's back, so that it translated to nothing. Another dumb-bitch tattoo.

Mora tattoos followed, Lora's friend rolling them out. She made a cheesy red heart with a cupid's arrow through it on Michelle's tight, right asscheek (to signal the dumb bimbo's "romantic" side) and finally, the key of G on her right outer calf ("cause she looooves music").

With the girl's handiwork concluding, Michelle was in the middle of a mental breakdown, devolved into pathetic, gagged sobbing. The body she had worked so hard, so lovingly to "sculpt" and maintain in her own standards of exemplary beauty, had just been tarnished like the public restroom of a shady neighborhood, ruined with shitty high-school graffiti tags and juvenile sharpie phrases.

"That little bush is not appropriate for a real whore like you know. You know guys like it baby-smooth down there, right?" Lora teased her helpless half-sister, lathering her armpits and vaginal area with a special lotion. It quickly caused Michelle's cute pubic bush to fall instantly on the floor, but left an unflattering, shallow, but visible stubble, like the girl had shaved her whole pussy, only two days ago. Similar stubble decorated the woman's previously smooth armpits, like she hadn't bothered after her 'hot date' of two days ago. That would be the girl's permanent look in these areas. Michelle whimpered into her gag. She looked awful and she knew it more than anyone.

“You need some cool piercings to go with your tattoos” Lora said giddy with how greatly her little “project” was proceeding, standing right behind her tattoo-artist friend. Without much hush-hush, she took a piercing gun and pierced Michelle’s navel, putting a little one-inch chain piercing through it, with an obviously fake ruby dangling from its end. She then moved north to the woman’s nipples, piercing each with a basic, steel, bar piercing. The teary-eyed tanned girl shook her head, pleading to her sister to not do this, but only thing she got in response were two nipple-piercings which added to her trashy look.

Lora caressed the woman’s cheek, split on half by the pressure of the ball-gag’s leather strap. “What do basic bitches have on their face..?” she pondered, standing face to face with her vilified step-sister. “I know! A dot nose-piercing!” she uttered, and promptly pierced the screaming woman’s left nostril, putting a cheap, sparkling dot-piercing through it. “Oh wait, this is a must, too” she left Michelle for a second and came back with a shaver. “We GOTTA do a couple of slits on one brow” she said with mock-enthusiasm, making Michelle hate her even more, if that was even possible. “Stay stiiiiill” Lora cooed as she steadied the spread-eagle woman’s face, making two slits across her previously perfectly “tidy” and slick eyebrow. “GGGMMMMMMFFF!” the girl cried once more in her huge gag. She looked SOOOOOO tasteless.

Michelle already had holes on her earlobes, the only body part she had deemed “appropriate” to have piercings on. But Lora decided she needed a couple of more holes on the top of her right ear for some more spikey bar rings. “You look so cool... little sis” Lora mocked her. “But a try-hard bimbo like yourself is never complete without her large hoop-rings” she said producing some 3-inch wide, fake-gold hoops and clipping them onto both Michelle’s ears. She finally placed a similarly NOT golden, cross necklace around the woman’s neck, along with a couple of more necklaces, their ugliness clashing with the religious one. “Wouldn’t want you to not be a god-fearing woman, right?” Lora teased some more. Michelle was never a person of faith, but that little indignity strangely hurt. But it was far from the worse Lora had in store.

Lora left one last tattoo, the best one, for last. This particular tattoo was meant to be mistaken for something else. “What would a horny slag like yourself be if you weren’t sleeping around like crazy, having unprotected sex left and right?” Lora explained, though her bound half-sister did not get the insinuation. “Given that, it’s safe to assume she’d have her fair share of abortions. It’s not like she’d become a responsible mother, haha” Lora commented, as the tattoo artist approached the woman’s heavily tanned midriff, under her pierced belly button. “So we’re gonna make some, yes, plural, C-section scars on your tummy, you know, to show the world what an irresponsible young lady you are” Lora said, causing more chain-rattling from Michelle’s pulling of her bonds. The tears had dried for now.

Unlike with the other tattoos, this time the girl worked meticulously to create a very convincing replica of a C-section, forming all across the girl’s lower belly. She then added a few more lines, to give the impression that this scar had been reopened for multiple abortions. Michelle was being painted, in more than one sense, like true white-trash scum. Michelle could not believe the indecency. She was in no way

a filthy slut with numerous abortions under her “belt”. She was an aristocratic sociality. A diva. Someone that men only dreamed of seeing a tantalizing glimpse of her body on the gossip papers, never mind fucking it.

“Since we have a dirty slut in front of us, we need to smell that on her” Lora moved on, even though Michelle was still trying to cope with all her changes. The doctor handed her a spray can from his toolbox, containing a special perfume. It was the concentrated smell of sex, mixed in with a cheap-ass perfume, overly sweet and strong in odor. It was something a teen-girl who had no idea what a woman is supposed to smell like would put on. Meshed with the strong odor of a recent sexual encounter, it would give the impression of a real hoe-bag.

Lora sprayed the hopelessly writhing woman with her new, chemically unwashable perfume, all over her body, and especially her cunt, armpits, neckline and tits. She made a step forward, taking a whiff of Michelle’s *Chanel* replacement. A faint fishy smell of female genitals, the mustiness someone that had just fucked 5 minutes ago and hadn’t showered yet would emanate and a strong hit of a cherry-flavored chaser reached her nose all together. The fruity, overly alcoholic perfume mixed unflatteringly with the girl’s “natural” stank. It was not intolerable, but you would definitely hate the person sitting next to you if they smelled like that.

The young woman could NOT be feeling more appalled at herself, able of course to smell her new, permanent scent. Her body was always washed with the most expensive of soaps, and adored with her favorite *Chanel* perfume. Her sex had gone from smelling like every man’s paradise, to a shameless, cringey 30-year-old, whore, trying to play it off like she’s 16 to hit on a 19-year-old at the club.

“Alright, moving on!” Lora clapped her hands. While Lora’s friend squeezed the tube of a strange, bitch blonde-colored hair dye inside a plastic hair net, the half-black girl grabbed a seemingly innocent, cheap make-up kit and approached Michelle. She also had a strapless steel spreader gag in her hand. “MMffhgg! NNN!” the girl had learned her lesson from “innocent-looking” things and was energetically shaking her head and tilting her face away from Lora. She wanted this makeover to stop ASAP.

“How can I pretty you up when you are acting like a baby?” Lora sighed, unstrapping the girl’s ball-gag from behind her head. “Stop this madness, we can work something ouGGAaaaahhhh!” Michelle’s freedom of speech was too short-lived, as Lora shoved the dental gag in her yapper and quickly turned the screws so that it wedged itself between the woman’s teeth.

“We need to do something about your shifty head.” Lora said and found a rope lying around the basement and fashioned it into a noose, which she placed around a helpless Michelle’s neck. She then

hurled the rope over the horizontal metal bar above the girl's head and finally tied it off on the wall behind her, leaving no slack for the girl to move her head anywhere. Muffled coughs escaped the jaw-spread girl, as the noose restricted her breathing it help her head stiff.

"Don't whine, you're alright" Lora dismissed, now free to put on Michelle's new makeup. She started with a thick layer of make-up, way too much than advised, then added lots and lots of rouge on her step-sister's cheeks, making them incredibly rosy. "Gnmmhh! GNnnnnN!" Michelle whined in her new gag, but the noose did not let her move or turn her head away. She was standing on her toes to avoid asphyxiating. "Now a nice shade of lipstick..." Lora mumbled, tracing the girl's gaping lips with a magenta, glittery lipstick, the kind teenage girls use when they are going out for the first time. Equal parts slutty and basic.

As Lora was taking care of Michelle's ever-present make-up, her friend had placed the plastic hairnet over the girl's head, encasing all over her majestic, silky hair and was now massaging a lotion into her hair, coating every strand with it. The doctor's special hair-gel not only dyed Michelle's hair a tacky, platinum-blond color, which she could never alter, since the dye could not be washed off and any other dye would simply drip off of it, but it also destroyed their natural moisture and all the minerals and vitamins that the girl had spent a lifetime grooming her hair with. It would soon turn her hair irreversibly brittle and greasy at the same time. Though Michelle's hair would remain straight, they would now lack their silky texture and brightness, breaking easily.

The hairnet was left on the helpless girl's hair for the dye to act, as Lora was finishing creating an oversized, cat-eye eyeliner, having already colored her sis' eyelids with an intense, cyan-colored eye shadow. Michelle's face looked like a doll, but not so much the compliment, as an actual sex doll. For the finale, Lora glued some long eyelashes over the girl's pretty, natural ones.

When the hairnet was removed, Michelle's was quickly blow-dried, cementing her new hairstyle. A pair of very apparent hair extensions was placed on the lower back of her head, adding unnatural volume and length to her hair. Not even insecure teens did such pathetic things. Her hair overall appeared plastic, like a Barbie doll's. One-inch-long, bright pink, fake nails were placed over the woman's dainty, manicured ones, much to Michelle's dismay.

Lora stood back for a moment, to take in her progress. Michelle was not even half-way through her humiliating transformation, but already, where a spread-bound posh little white-girl was standing an hour ago, was now an extremely tanned, cringely tattooed, tastelessly made-up, platinum-blond skank. Michelle was unquestionably objecting to all of these modifications, though all she had to show for it were the nervous pulls of her furry cuffs and an array of unintelligible moans through her pried open mouth. She was already feeling the oiliness of her tan permeate her entire naked body, and a slight itchiness from her new hair, which along with the oiliness, would never really leave her.

She was feeling...filthy in many, many levels.

“Oh I forgot, now that I have your mouth...available” Lora reminded herself. Michelle’s terrified eyes traced her half-sister, who searched the room for a pair of pliers and one last-minute piercing. “A kinky slut like yourself oughta have a tongue stud-piercing!” Lora said as if this was stating the obvious. “NNNnaaaauuughhh, hllllleeeaaahhh!” (*Nooo, please!*) the wide-jawed lass begged for mercy, simultaneously choking on her noose as she tried to turn away from Lora’s pliers. “Begging will get you nowhere, young missy” Lora said firmly clutching the girl’s tongue with the pliers and pulling it out. Ignoring Michelle’s pleading wet eyes, she punched the stud through her soft tongue with the piercing gun. “Now every chav in the neighborhood would want a spunky bj from you” the pretty girl winked at her captive.

“Now doctor, we need your hands-on approach” Lora offered the young man the “stage” and the white-coated man approached the immobilized damsel with his case of tools. She was “kind” enough to cut the noose from pulling on Michelle’s neck. “Huuuuh...huhhhh” Michelle’s deep breathing through the dental gag were very audible in the room, her drool falling from her shiny pink lips onto her body and the floor, as she the man produced a huge syringe in front of her.

“What this will achieve...” the bloke explained the medical procedure “...is the result of a badly performed boob-job” his more eloquent words classed with the word “boob-job”. Lora had come up with the most sadistic way to ruin her heartless sister’s beautiful, elegant B-cup chest. She’d replace it with a pair of D-size, overly round, slightly uneven, unnatural-looking tits. The kind only brainless dunces wanna grope and squeeze, but any self-respecting man would reject over something natural.

‘NNNAaaaaaaghgg...” Michelle was having a fully-fledged fit, practically hanging her whole body by her wrists, and shaking left and right, in utter disbelief.

None of this affected the latex-gloved man, who clinically grabbed the young woman’s left breast and plunged the thick needle through it. Michelle squealed in pain, but the doc steadily emptied the syringe’s clear contents. In second, Michelle’s modestly-sized, classically beautiful tit gradually grew in size, though not in the shape a woman undergoing plastic surgery would probably like. Her breast was too round, obviously fake, bulging sharply out of the woman’s chest. The curvature of the boob was sudden and largely anesthetic. The procedure was performed similarly on the right breast, until Michelle had two swollen little melons in the place of her naturel breasts. She looked like a lousy pornstar.

The doctor grabbed a hold of a second syringe, aiming this one towards the woman’s tight, smooth buns. Michelle turned her head to see what was happening behind her, moaning pitifully. She probably would have wished she wasn’t seeing. The second serum contained chemically manufactured cellulite.

“NMMMNNNG! NNGGG!” she cried out, but the doctor pricked the woman 5-6 times along the lower side of her asscheeks and on her non-existent love-handles in the side of her waist, all of which ten seconds later started to swell with little pockets of fat and get this characteristic uneven skin surface associated with cellulite. No matter how well Michelle might diet or exercise, this chemical was not ever leaving her booty. Though her ass still looked spankable, it had lost that unique care and model-like beauty that the rich woman had worked so hard for. Even though she had never set foot in one, Michelle appeared like she was hitting the McDonalds every second day.

Lora had one last “cosmetic” interference with her back-stabbing sibling’s body. Namely, her holes. “A proper skank should have used holes right. And what do holes get from being used regularly?” “Huuuuk uuuh!” (*Fuck you!*) Was the enraged, though mentally exhausted response from Michelle. “They get loose, that’s right!” Lora replied to her half-sister’s curse, even though the dental-gagged girl had not answered correctly, or at all. Not acknowledging her made Michelle even madder in her distress.

“I’ll take this from here Doc, thank you” Lora put on some latex gloves, holding an ominous cream in hands. “NNNnuughh, NNnoo’ ehrr” (*Noo, not there*) Michelle moaned in an adorably defiant tone. She appeared to be putting a line in the sand, though Lora had kicked all the lines Michelle had put so far.

“You don’t get a say, sorry” Lora replied, generously lathering up her step-sister’s tight pussy with the transparent cream, getting plenty not only on but also inside the woman. “NNNNNNGGGh” Michelle yelped from this half-incestual violation. Lora stood to the bound girl’s side so she could reach easier all over her crotch, coating not only the girl’s pussy, but also her asshole, sticking her finger inside that vice-tight hole, too. The cream was very lube-like, which helped her cause.

Much to Michelle’s ever-increasing shock and misery, her middle-class family member produced a thick dildo and a huge butt plug next. “This extreme muscle relaxant will help your skin stretch to a new default state. These toys here will help cement this slutty, loose state” she explained, before unromantically shoving the dildo up her step-sister’s cunt, twisting it and pulling it and out a few times, to get the cream well coating the inner walls of the poor woman’s ‘posh’ vagina.

Michelle writhed like a banshee, but wasn’t going anywhere from her captor’s close embrace. “Let’s take care of your backdoor, too. Since you’ll no doubt be using it, maybe to avoid having to kill any more babies?” Lora hypothesized, before turning the butt-plug until Michelle’s lubed sphincter swallowed it whole. “Thank you” Lora said to her tattooing friend, who handed her four metal clamps with a 300gr weight hanging from each one. “A good whore like you ought to have some loose pussylips” Lora explained, painfully clipping each clamp onto Michelle’s labia, causing a gagged yelp each time. The cream would give the damsel’s crotch an appearance of debauched overuse, well beyond her young age. Her asshole would be penetrated easily like a hot knife through butter, and her once dainty little flower was in a few moments turned into a real cum-dumpster, smelling of sex and cheap perfume and “inviting” by any stretch of the word.

Lora used some practical duct tape along the woman's crotch, to keep the thick dildo from sliding off Michelle's pussy, sticking one end on her scarred belly and the other on her lower back. "NAaaaagh!" Michelle shifted her hips like a bucking wild beast, with closed eyes and fluttering fake eyelashes, but the two hole-plugs were securely sealed inside her, stretching her pussy and anus more and more with every passing minute. Her enlarged, fake boobies jiggled in a silly way as she struggled. A pressing, filling sensation lingered in the woman's crotch, largely unpleasant. A faint burning one, too, as the cream acted on her holes' muscle strength.

Lora let her bimbo-looking half-sibling exhaust herself from her struggles, until she stopped, resigned to yet another degrading treatment. Michelle hoped this was all a nightmare and that she would soon wake up on her King-sized silky bed, ready for her morning beautification routine, with none of these horrific changes to her body.

Then the doctor approached the distressed, transformed girl once more. He held a long cotton swab, soaked with something. "Shhhh, it's ok" Lora cooed in a fake caring tone and steadied her "anxious", heavy-breathing step-sister's head, so that the man could insert the Q-tip past the girl's wide-open lips. Michelle felt the cotton tip reached past her tongue, swabbing the back of her throat. She reflexively gagged. "This is the last time you'll be doing that" Lora assured her. Her larynx had been coated with a permanently adhering numbing agent, completely removing her gag reflex. Even though Michelle had never degraded herself to such acts, always being rather coy when giving oral, she'd now be able to deep-throat any length of chad-cock like a seasoned veteran cocksucker. Like a cock-hungry slut.

The doctor then carefully targeted Michelle's sparkling white teeth, spraying them with a yellowing dye, giving her 'cigarette teeth'. The small discoloration would never come off no matter how many times the girl brushed her teeth. Lora came right next to him and sprayed Michelle's vulnerably spread mouth with a breath spray. Only this one would not give Michelle fresher breath, but one smelling of 2 packs of ciggies and a bottle's worth of booze. Though Michelle had never smoked and only drunk alcohol socially, people would never be able to guess it from standing next to her.

"Hold her once more" the doctor asked of Lora, who happily obliged, so that the man could inject poor Michelle's throat with a weird drug. "Ok, you can remove the gag now" he let Lora now. While she wasn't in the mood for annoying noise, she did want to chat with her transformed sis a bit. Get some feedback.

"You monstrous...sick..." even Michelle's Cambridge-educated vocabulary seemed at a loss to describe her feelings. "I will make sure every last one of you is dead and...what, what's happened to my voice! Why is it so coarse ...and rusty!" another unwanted surprise awaited the spread-bound, naked girl. The drug shot through her neck had already targeted her vocal chords, corroding their honey-smooth surface and texture and rendering the woman's voice much less charming. She sounded like her teeth looked and her breath smelled. Like she had a serious nicotine addiction problem. Michelle's alluring,

sweet voice had been replaced with one sounding far from a delicate socialite's and more like trailer-trash.

"Haha, now your voice matches your yellow teeth and stinky' breath!" Lora chuckled, amused by the sight. "Reverse all this ...CRAP you've done to me RIGHT NOW LORA!" Michelle spoke in her new raspier voice, the anger still very present. "Or I swear I'll make sure you end up on the deepest, darkest cell for THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!" her trashy, debased state kind of undercut her scary speech.

"Bitch, you won't even remember who I am once I'm done with you" Lora informed Michelle. The naked woman did not reply, even though what she had been told was truly crazy. There was a glimmer of fear that, with everything she had gone through, this could also be true.

"Ok, this must be ready" Lora said, removing the large dildo and the girthy butt-plug from Michelle's holes, along with the heavy clamps from the girl's labia. The toys slid out rather easily, revealing a (in Michelle's eyes) mangled, hideous vagina, a meaty thing with dangly pussy-lips, pairing her pubic stubble. It looked like it had taken quite the pounding and was only begging for more. A "stretchable", puckering asshole between the girl's cellulite asscheeks, was winking to (probably) anyone who would buy the girl a few of the "top shelf" drinks.

Michelle sobbed again, utterly defeated this time, not even struggling. "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME YOU PSYCHO!?" she screamed in desperation. The girl rattled the chains of all four of her limbs again. Her fake, very round titties jiggled with bad physics.

All of these physical alterations were impossible to reverse. Michelle would be essentially trapped in this trashy, 5\$ bimbo façade for the rest of her life. She would never be able to accept this new reality.

Or would she?

"We are ready doc" Lora turned to the young lad, who approached the hot garbage that was now Michelle. This last portion of her transformation was the more revolutionary, as it concerned with the alteration of the woman's mind. The doc opened a matchbox with three pills inside, each responsible for a different effect on the girl's mind. He let the three pills fall on Lora's open palm.

The first, the "addiction pill" was designed to attack the brain's pleasure centers, creating a high addiction to nicotine and alcohol, as well as intensely heightening the woman's libido. She would NEED to smoke around 2 packs a day, and down at least three, full-glassed vodkas before sunset. Her pussy (and asshole and mouth and any other place someone fancied) would crave a cock, with little regard for social standards.

But that last one would be altered more specifically by the second pill, aptly called the “preference pill”. This would mess with the woman’s memory center and her front lobe, the decision-making part of the brain. The newly “formed” ratchet would only go for tacky and slutty clothing, trashy beauty trends and completely alter the woman’s personality and hence, her aesthetic. No more modest pants and classy blazers or beautiful dresses. No more high-status name brands.

Michelle’s attire would consist primarily of skin-tight, cheap clothing and lots of “fancy” jewellery. Lots of promiscuous mini-skirts, tacky bodycon minidresses with both short skirts AND wide cleavages, to show off ALL of the girl’s ‘10/10 goods’ (which were now really 7/10, 8 if you were very drunk). Lots of torn jean shorts, or jeans that are torn to the point of resembling taters. Plenty of low cut tops and tank tops (after all, she has to show off her ‘AMAZING’ navel piercing and tramp stamp), all of them in obnoxiously intense colors like lemon-yellow, orange, slutty red and (of course) girly pink and magenta. Most of them would have logos in glitter like ‘Daddy’s Girl’ or ‘Bitch Alert!’ or ‘Can’t Handle Me’. The kind of obnoxious, airheaded fashion that only girls of a lower...intelligence would find ‘cool’.

Her only coats would be the tiny, crop kind. Either cheap-ass puffer jackets or the fluffy, fake-fur ones that naïve, poor bitches try to appear rich in.

No heels in the woman’s wardrobe would be shorter than 4 inches, with all the colorful ‘fuck-me-pumps’ you can imagine. Nothing but tall stilettos and platform heels.

In general, Michelle’s personality would be bimbofied and lacking all class, from her choice of liquor (going from her exquisite Cabernet Sauvignons to whatever glass of dollar-store juice had the most Vodka in it) to her favorite place or kind of entertainment and her hobbies. No more opera visits for this gal. Only the most simpleton-friendly pop and dance beats would excite her. No more horse-riding on the weekends. These would be mainly comprised of stumbling buzzed from trashy bar to trashy club, either with her arm around a stranger (usually), or more rarely, her girl-buddies. The only ride she’d be searching for would be a cock one. Instead of relaxing with an award winning film at the movies, she’d go for whatever brain-rotting reality show was on the ‘telly’.

The third pill was the “brain capacity” pill, which would also play its role in altering Michelle’s personality, since it would completely erase her high-class (and smug) upbringing and comprehensive education. The pill lowered a person’s IQ to a sub-par 90; giving them a 2nd grader’s reading ability. It would definitely erase the girl’s piano lessons and her knowledge of German and French. She’d be barely able to speak English and that with a rough accent. 200 words max. Most of them ‘fuck’, ‘cunt’ and ‘wan’a blowie?’.

Without expositing any of this to her miserable step-sister, Lora suddenly shoved all three pills at once in the girl's mouth, then clamped her hand over the woman's lips and nose. "Down the hatch, lassie" she cooed, as Michelle moaned and choked, trying to shift her face away from Lora's smothering grip. But Lora's other hand was pressed on the back of the white-blonde girl's head, keeping her from turning away.

"MMmmmn...nnnngh!" mute moans of failed defiance left Michelle, but her air was quickly running out. The mean eyes she was giving her "beloved" step-sister had broken into suffocating fear. "Come on, I don't have all day!" Lora was getting tired, but seconds later, she heard a gulp, as the spread-bound girl finally downed her 'medicine' like a good bitch.

"Good giiiiir!" Lora mocked the coughing woman. The pills would not take full effect for a few hours. "What were these?" a defeated Michelle blurted out. "Oh, nothing" Lora shrugged. "Just a little switcheroo of your unlikeable, pompous personality with a more...fun one" Lora said and went in great detail to explain all the effects that the pills would soon have on Michelle's mind.

The captive woman was left speechless, unable to process the horror. This was the last time Miss Hansborough would possess the elegance, grace and privileged outlook of her wealthy ways. Though her appearance had already nothing in common with that.

"Ok, let's get you dressed up!" Lora said, bringing forth the entirety of Michelle's new outfit on a hanger. First, a set of underwear, a basic, ugly, cheap red bra with a matching thong, purchased from the pound store. "God, these are horrible!" Michelle scoffed, but Lora and her friend placed the bra on her, temporarily freeing one arm at a time, then slipped the tiny red G-string over her whorish-looking crotch. Michelle winced at the sensation of the low-quality nylon against her meaty sex (barely containing it) and the wedgie the string between her bum-cheeks gave her.

Then, a plain, grey, low cut, cotton top was tossed over her torso. Michelle could distinctly smell another person's scent on it, since it was taken right out of a huge pile of used clothes, from a shitty 2nd-hand store. It was not a pleasant feeling to her nostrils, but it sure fit her white-trash persona. Her top was so low-cut that the top of her red bra peeked above it. Michelle cringed at the obvious fashion faux pas, but the worst was yet to come.

A tiny, long-sleeved, brightly pink, faux-fur coat, not even long enough to cover the girl's waist, was placed on her. It could not really be buttoned down over her D-cap, fake titties. The fluff on the coat was of the lowest quality, shedding with the lightest pull. Michelle was accustomed to wearing actual fur, not this laughable cheap shit.

Next, a skin-tight, pink leopard-print pair of leggings was pulled over the woman's hideously tanned legs. It looked utterly loud in its fashion statement, also smelling faintly of the previous wearer's legs and naphthalene. "Ughhh" Michelle audible cringed at its touch. The bad nylon fabric was thin enough that

the woman's red, pound-store thong could be seen through them. Finally, a pair of ugly, chunky platform heels was placed on the woman's feet, completing her trashy look. A pink, fake-leather, mock-designer handbag was waiting for her once she was out of her bonds.

"You can't make me act like this gross person!" Michelle said with as little courage was left in her. "I still know who I am, whatever these stupid pills do to me. I'll go to the police!" she threatened, still in her trashy, fluffy pink cuffs.

"I don't think so step-sis...I have a feeling you won't tell anyone about our little meeting today" Lora said with a knowing smirk. "In fact, you won't even remember it" she widened her smile, seeing Michelle's puzzled fear, whilst the ginger doctor wheeled in a device that appeared like an old-timey camera, a big antenna pointing towards her with a big flash-bulb over it. "Noo, pl...please Lora, I'll, I'll sign whatever you want, just don't turn me into a freak!" Michelle begged, with no ammunition left.

"Smile!" Lora said with a raised palm and four wiggling fingers gesturing farewell.

As the doc activated this "camera" the awesomely bright flash that momentarily filled the entire room with light, froze the bound woman in her tracks, her face stuck in a wide-eyed, hypnotized trance. Lora took a couple of steps closer. The trance effect would only last for about a minute, during which the subject's memory would be wiped clean, with symptoms akin to total amnesia. The subject's mind was "open" for that one minute to any information, registering it as fact.

With the flash gone, but the bound woman remaining frozen, eye-wide, and looking braindead, Lora spoke with a calm, expositing tone:

"Your name is Charity Roth. You've just found a one-room apartment in Essex and you want to start a new life since your ex broke up with you, with what little money you've scraped from home. You don't talk to your asshole ma and pap, you have no siblings or close relatives. You want to ask for a job as a helper at the hair salon under your apartment building..." Lora said having already arranged her sister's new living quarters. A large black trash bag, full of similarly tasteless clothes to the ones she was wearing, was waiting for ...Charity in her new tiny studio apartment, along with a small wad of cash to last her 3-4 days.

Throughout this brainwashing, Michelle looked blankly in front of her, unresponsive, as her life story was being rewritten by her rival sister. "...you have no clue who the fuck Michelle Hansborough is and you LOVE being a trashy little hoe" Lora concluded with the most important aspect of Michelle's new life.

The catatonic white-trash was released from her bonds, her new mantra burned irreversibly in her mind. Still dazed and unresponsive, she was “escorted” towards the same car she was abducted in, to be driven into her new rat-hole of a home, located in the bad part of town, nothing like her huge manor.

Lora would inherit that, along with the rest of her half-sister’s wealth.

Michelle's, or should we say, Charity's days were drastically different to her past life. If all had gone well, the bitch-blonde, brown-tanned slut would wake up either at her own bed, with her nameless nightly fuck gone way earlier, or she'd wake up in said nameless chad's bed, at which point she'd first put a ciggie in her mouth, put on her slutty pumps and do the walk of shame towards the hair salon, only bothering to wash her cunt and pits with some thrown water for a 'whore's shower'.

She'd spent the next 8-9 hours on the small, shitty hair salon, her only job to sweep the floor of hair and hair-wash customers. The males especially liked getting hair-washes from her, only to have their faces in close proximity to those 'big knockers'. And she knew that, being a proper cocktease with her wide cleavages, in order to earn some tips. Her daily chats were as devoid of interest or insight as you could imagine. Checking her zodiac sign or gossiping about celebrities and the neighborhood folk was a standard affair. Despite having the easiest job in the world, Charity barely held on to it, her sex-reeking and whorish outfits often getting her scolded.

Her meager daily wage was barely enough to supplement her rent, bills, her chain-smoking and shitty, fast food meals. A bag of chips if she was 'feelin' fancy'.

To supplement a bit of income, the shameless 25-year-old had become your run-of-the-mill, cheap cam girl, flaunting her female parts on the internet for a few chips (this time meaning the digital currency, not that she hadn't sucked of a guy for an actual bag of 'brand' chips before). Nothing like the relative glamour of an only-fans account either. It was this shady, malware-ridden site, where the girl would dildo-fuck her asshole while eyeing the camera and saying 'thank you daddy'. She'd debase herself publicly for an hour straight, only for about 10 pounds worth of horny strangers' cash.

After a bit of mindless afternoon telly with a cereal bowl on her lap, (as if the girl was mindful in other endeavors of her life), Charity would call her other two trashy girlfriends and they'd arrange to set the evening off, hitting the pubs and then the clubs, with two goals in mind.

Getting wasted and getting fuuuucked.

Both of which were relatively easy for Charity, since her (relatively) slim body and (relatively) attractive features like her big, fake (and above all significantly exposed) titties and her bubbly (and also rather exposed) ass, would attract the most average of horny dogs. The kind of buzzcut, pitiful airheads. The part-of-a-male-pack kind of guys with nothing to show for themselves.

It went without saying that Michelle would not give any of these men the light of day, but Charity had much, much lower standards. If he had a bit of muscle on him, or a stupid pick-up line, or just bought her enough drinks, the shameless slut would 'give her pussy up' happily.

And she was a good sport in the 'sack'. Every one of the hundreds of chads that passed by her room (or the nearest alleyway, parking lot, you name it) had a story about the nympho's dick-gobbling skills and eagerness to please her 'date'. Michelle/Charity swallowed cock like a trained whore. Practice makes perfect, and the girl LOOOVED sucking dick, so she 'practiced' a lot. The guys liked Charity. She always swallowed their cum, never asked them to wear condoms and was the definition of an easy fuck.

Around these parts of the town's nightlife, the term 'Charity case' quickly came to mean a bloke who had 'stricken off' so many times and was so desperate to fuck that he would go looking for the aptly-named gal, knowing that his 'needs' would probably be taken care of without much 'courtship'

Besides being an avid cocksucker, the cheap skank loved getting rimmed doggy-style, both in her sopping, loose cunt as well as her needy asshole. In contrast to the sexually reserved Michelle, Charity loved being used and treated like a fuck-doll. Calling her names, pulling at her platinum-blond hair or spanking her tanned ass made the young hussy come every time.

All in all, Charity was the kind of woman that was attractive to a certain population of men, applying to their most basic instincts. She was a hot piece of garbage, drawing men moreso because of her availability, than her actual beauty.

Her life lacked any ambition or depth.

6 months into a brainwashed Michelle's new life, Lora Hansborough paid her dear sister, who was officially declared dead after never being discovered, a brief visit. The Hansborough estate's dark stretch-limo stopped on the rained-on, cracked and pothole-covered asphalt and the furthest door was opened by the Schaffer for a dark-skinned, gorgeous woman to walk out. Lora was dressed in a luxurious, burgundy pantsuit that delicately showed off her curves, a matching wide hat and black, fashionable heels. She was oozing style and status. Behind her square designer sunglasses, her stern lips softened into the faintest smirk, when she saw the unimpressive hair salon across the street, and the woman working behind the backwash unit.

"Excuse me, could I possibly 'steal' your assistant for a minute?" the rich half-black woman said, with the bell above the door still ringing to announce her entrance. A bubblegum pop song was coming out rough and grainy from an old speaker, playing a radio station. "Sure thing, love" the middle-aged, skinny hairdresser said, eyeing the woman from head to toe. She was certainly the richest person to ever set foot in her shop. "Charity! A posh lady wants to talk to ya!" she yelled across the room.

"Wot?" the woman came in from the storage room, with an annoyed expression in her gum-chewing lips. She had these shiny spandex leggings on and an open crop hoodie to show what was clearly just her bra underneath. Her rigid, light-blond hair was styled towards one side of her face, with too much hairspray.

“Make it quick, lassie, don’t got all day” the woman said with poor grammar and her hands on her hips, as the two women stood on the sidewalk outside the shop. “You don’t recognize me, do you?” Lora asked with a satisfied smile. “What you blobbin on abou’? You mental or som’in?” the girl asked, not following.

“Never mind. You’re really pretty, you know that?” the younger woman mocked Michelle, placing her palm on her step-sister’s tanned cheek, right next to her brightly pink lips. Despite having a ‘wrong make-up’, Michelle still have the same beautiful face, even though that beauty was undercut by Charity’s stylistic ‘choices’, bad breath and smoker’s teeth.

“If you wanna lez out you best pay som’in, lass” Charity slapped the stranger’s hand off, making a prostitute’s proposition at the same time. “Heh” Lora let out a smug chuckle, getting 50 pounds out of her wallet and handing it to the confused hussy. “Get yourself something...fancy” Lora smiled and turned away.

“Suck your titty for another 50!” Charity/Michelle genuinely offered, as the rich stranger, not even dignifying a look back at her, got in her limo, which promptly drove away. Charity shrugged and, chewing on her gum, popped the bill inside her bra, before returning to her day job.

A YEAR LATER

“Pfff, I don’t believe we have to walk over to the corner. These Uber drivers are getting more and more lazy” Dahlia and Annett, two airheaded, rich London birds said, walking in their heels and silky dresses along the sidewalk, which was still wet from the recent rain. Their night out had somehow brought them to the ‘low-life’ parts of town; their words. They were not staying here any minute longer.

As they made their way towards the vehicle, the two women walked past a narrow, dark alley, half-blocked by a dumpster. “For the love of!...” they were appalled and shocked at the sight. Half-illuminated by the street lights was a kneeling, platinum-blond woman, who was currently sucking off a young, ugly-faced bloke with a buzz cut. The dumpster could only partially conceal their act of public fornication.

“Oh, jog on you daft slag!” the young girl popped the cock out of her mouth, appearing irritated at having her “romantic” get-together disturbed. She also appeared drunk, dressed in one of these drappy, super low-cut, slutty tops, silver and sparkling in their texture. No bra could be hidden anywhere behind this top, since only the woman’s areola and the bottom side of her breasts were covered. Some shredded, jean mini-shorts and 5-inch glittery pink, fuck me pumps completed her ‘hot look’, which left little to the imagination. She didn’t appear bothered by the fact that her knees were being bruised and fully wet against the filthy alleyway. She had a cock to suck.

“Wait... Michelle?? Is that you!?!” Annett uttered, recognizing the girl’s facial features as her former friend who mysteriously disappeared a while back. “It can’t be...” Dahlia added, but upon closer inspection, she also found some resemblance, behind all the brown tan and the trashy clothing, hair and make-up. This WAS Michelle standing (or rather, kneeling) in front of them!

“Have you lost the plot? Piss off before I beat ya’ senseless!” the gal threatened the pair of posh passersby with a chain-smoking, cockney voice. “I mean...” the two girls shared a puzzled look “there’s no way that this woman is Michelle” they both shared the same thought. The classy socialite would never be anything close to this person. If anything, this blonde hoe-bag appeared to be the polar opposite of their long-missing friend. It must just be a coincidence.

With their eyes still glued to the annoyed low-class slut, finding it difficult to shake off the striking resemblance, they both slowly turned away, towards their ride.

“Now, where were we?” the bitch-blonde lass turned her attention back to the not-so-handsome guy, who had just witnessed the encounter rather speechless, with his back to the brick wall and his dick hanging out of his pants. It had gotten a little softer due to the sudden foreign eyes on it, but Charity was happy to “reinvigorate” it with her pouty, glossy pink lips, not that she’d ever use such a long, ‘brainy’ word.

She got back to slurping the member till it was again fully erect, stroking it with one hand at the same time. She had just met the person less than an hour ago inside the nightclub, whose outside wall they were “getting it on”. It only took buying her a couple rounds of shots for the morally loose slut to “dumb” her two girlfriends and pull him outside for a more “intimate” one-on-one.

The lucky chad ejaculated seconds later, Charity downing every last droplet of cum from his cock. Three months ago, she had never swallowed semen, but now this was an almost daily occurrence, with little care of which dirty, STD-infected cock it splurged out of.

Without as much as saying a ‘goodbye’, she then popped her already used piece of gum, which she had stuck on her jeans’ belt “for later”, back in her mouth, and drunkenly stumbled back inside the nightclub, needing another drink.