Jennifer

Synopsis:

Jennifer's submissive nature is aroused by her cruel boyfriend. This story will have many parts.

Jennifer 1

I have always; I've realized, been submissive by nature. Even as a little girl, I wanted to be tied up when I played cowboys and Indians with my brothers.

My relationships with men have been fine but the sex hasn't been so great. I knew it was my fault so I pretended to come for the sake of my boyfriends. I found I could only reach orgasm while masturbating and thinking of my terrible private fantasies. One day I stopped at a seedy sex shop to buy a vibrator, the older guy behind the counter leered at me as I murmured my request, my face red with humiliation. My panties were soaked and when I got home to use the vibrator for the first time and I had the most intense orgasm in my life as I remembered the humiliation.

I had never come from being fucked, until I met Jared. I was at a party when I saw him enter; he was so confident, so powerful it took my breath away. He looked about ten years older than me but could have been older as he seemed superbly fit. Tall, ruggedly handsome with dark deep eyes, he slumped in an armchair and insolently looked me up and down, his eyes lingering on my breasts and legs, a cold smile on his face.

"Get me a whiskey and soda," he said calmly, even naming the brand of whiskey he wanted. I scurried off to do his bidding and returned with the drink. He took it and didn't ask me to sit down, just watched me as he sipped. I was trembling and I didn't know what to do next so I waited. "What is your first name?" he snapped suddenly.

I cleared my throat. "Jennifer," I said finally.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty six."

"Twenty six?" he laughed. "You look younger. Are you lying to me?"

"No," I said quickly. "I'm always being asked for identification, I just look young."

A dark haired woman about the same age as Jared swept across the room and kissed him. "You snuck in," she laughed.

Jared smiled. "Just got a drink and met Jennifer. Jennifer," he said directly to me, "this is my neighbor, Sylvia."

"Pleased to meet you," I recited and she looked at me carefully and then smiled.

"Of course," she said coldly and turned back to Jared. "I know you have to go soon but there is someone who is dying to meet you." Jealously, I watched her take his hand to pull him to his feet.

They started to walk away, and then Jared said something to Sylvia before returning to me to say coldly, "I drive a black BMW, I will be leaving in exactly fifteen minutes. I expect you waiting at the curb." With those instructions, he strode away into the party.

Swiftly, I gathered my bag and rushed outside, scanning the street for a black BMW and felt a surge of relief when I found it. I stood under a streetlight to fix my makeup, brushed my hair and

wished I had worn something a little better than the denim skirt, sleeveless white top and woolen coat. It was summer but a small chill in the air.

The minutes dragged by and I wondered if they were inside looking at me through the window and laughing at how easily I did what he wanted. Although humiliated, I felt my body tingle and the dull desire in my stomach start to pulse. If this was a cruel joke, I knew I would still masturbate while remembering and come in a huge rush at the humiliation of it all.

The car beeped as he opened it. “Get in,” he said and I hurriedly slipped into the seat next to him, his cologne sweeping over me as the car sped off into the night. Suddenly, he stopped, pulled me to him and kissed me roughly and, at the same time, sweetly. My panties were soaked and I groaned as his hand pushed my legs apart, his finger probing, pushing the wet crotch of my panties aside and slipping deeply inside my pussy. I groaned through the kiss as he finger fucked me, took control of me just like that and I had no choice, just moved on his hand.

That night we fucked in his apartment. Finally, naked, my large breasts lolling to the side, he roughly forced me back on the messed bed and held my hands above my head by one massive hand, his other hand gripping my hair tightly as his cock pounded me, used me, I came with a loud scream that echoed within the room.

We saw a lot of each other after that and I loved it. Jared would order me around and expect me to completely obey him, no matter how humiliating it was. It was inevitable that I would move into his apartment. It was a beautiful apartment and there were only two apartments on our floor. Sylvia who I got to know a little and found she wasn’t as nasty as she first seemed occupied the other apartment on that floor. I still worked as a receptionist but I also did all the housework in the apartment, Jared didn’t even offer.

Then the company I worked for was taken over and I lost my job. Jared said not to worry about finding another job; he would find one for me so I became very dependent on him for everything.

One day, Jared came home, looked at me as I ran from the sofa to kiss him and said, “ I’m horny, get on your knees and suck me.”

My face burning, I sank to my knees and he coldly looked down at me as I reached to undo his zipper. “Don’t,” he snapped, brushing my hands away. “Don’t touch without permission. Ask!”

“Please can I undo your pants?” I whispered and my panties were instantly soaked.

“Why?”
“So I can suck you,” I whispered, my face hot and my hands trembling.
“Suck what?” His voice was low and menacing, his hand gripped my hair as he made me look up at him.
“Your cock,” I whispered in a rush. “Please can I suck your cock?” The humiliation washed through me and I felt as if I was on the edge of coming. “Ask again, this time call me Sir.”
“Please Sir, can I suck your cock?” He nodded and my trembling fingers unzipped him and released his fat cock, which I hungrily took in my mouth. I felt so servile, so used as I sucked him, his hand in my hair and his cock filling my mouth. His hands gripped me as he fucked my mouth and I tried to stop from gagging and I realized, I had no choice, he had complete control and the thought sent my head spinning.
With a grunt, he came, coating my face with his sticky sperm, drops running down my nose and some almost in my eyes until he casually wiped his cock against my cheek. “You’ll have to improve,” he said coldly, doing his pants up and walking away without another word, leaving me kneeling on the floor, my face and my panties a mess.
I was so aroused that I had to stop myself from ripping the vibrator from the bedroom drawer after washing my face. Jared smiled at me when I walked back, my face bright red.

“You enjoyed that, didn’t you?” he said and I nodded shamefully. “You enjoyed me taking control?”
“Yes,” I whispered.
“That makes you a slut,” he smiled and the word rang in my ears. “I guess the slut wants to come now?”
I was trembling; his words seemed to be drifting in and out of my head.
“Please?’ I moaned. “Please Sir,” I added and moaned when I said it.
“Go and get dressed in your slut clothes and wait for me.” I rushed to strip off my clothes and dress in the black bra, panties and stockings that he loved me to wear.
Thirty minutes later, I was on my back, panties in my mouth and my ankles tied to my wrists so my wet pussy was open, hungrily gaping. I was helpless and so exposed, desperate to come.
“You’ve been using this without my permission,” Jared said, taking my vibrator from the drawer, tapping my ass with it. “You don’t use it unless I allow you.” I nodded desperately, tasting myself on my soaked panties and moaning when he slid the vibrator deep into my pussy. Smiling he twisted the end and it started to vibrate inside me. “Enjoy while I get a drink.”
No, I wanted to cry out! Touch my clit, please! It was maddening, the vibrator deep inside me, teasing me but there was no friction on my clit, and it was swollen, red and ignored.
Suddenly I heard the doorbell and I strained my ears to listen as Jared opened the door. “Hi Sylvia.”
“Is Jennifer here? I wanted to borrow something.”
To my horror, I heard Jared say casually, “Yeah, she’s tied up in the bedroom with a vibrator in her cunt. Want to look?”
“Sure,” she laughed.
My face was red with shame when they both walked in, the vibrator so loud in the room. “Are those her panties in her mouth?” Sylvia casually asked, taking Jared’s drink for a quick sip. “She likes the taste of cunt?”
“I guess. Who cares what she likes?” Jared laughed and took his drink back. “She just wants to come. Don’t you, slut?” he suddenly snapped at me and face hot with shame, I nodded. His fingers removed the sodden panties, dropping them on the pillow next to me. “Beg,” he said coldly.
My eyes darted from Sylvia to Jared; both were smiling down at me while calmly sharing the drink.
“Please Sir,” I begged hoarsely, “please let me come.”
“She has a nice little cunt,” Sylvia observed, looking down at my pussy and the vibrator protruding from it. “And she’s a natural blonde. Have you had her ass yet?” she casually asked and Jared shook his head.
“Not yet.” His big fingers removed the vibrator and he wiped it on my hot cheeks, teasing my mouth with it. “Beg to come, slut.”
“Please, Sir,” I almost screamed with desperation and deep in humiliation. My head was spinning, all control gone as I slipped away, degrading myself without thought in my urgent need for relief.
“Please let me come!”
“You’re nothing but a fucking slut, aren’t you?” he demanded as he slipped two fingers inside of me, Sylvia giggling softly.
“Yes, yes,” I desperately agreed, his fingers slowly fucking me. “I’m a slut!”
“She screams when she comes,” Jared said idly to Sylvia.
“I think I’ve heard her,” Sylvia laughed, “the walls are a little thin. Does she always get this wet? Her thighs are coated in it, for fucks sake!”
“She gets wet very easily, it’s like turning a faucet on.”His fingers moved in and out and I tried to buck on his hand, to get my clit in contact with something, anything! “Ask Sylvia if you can come,” Jared snapped and Sylvia laughed.
“Please Sylvia,” I begged, humiliated that she should see me like this but I was desperate, “please can I come?”
“Let me think about it,” Sylvia laughed again and Jared smiled.
“You are a heartless bitch, Sylvia,” he said.

“We are two of a kind. All right, slut,” she snapped, “you can come.”
Jared’s thumb pressed against my clit while his fingers penetrated me, the pressure rocking me and I screwed my eyes shut. “Show us how you come, slut,” Jared whispered in my ear, pushing me over the edge. The waves rolled over me, intense almost painful as I screamed in ecstasy, lost in my pleasure and humiliation.
I finally opened my eyes and Sylvia and Jared were standing by the door, smiling broadly. “Bravo,” Sylvia said mockingly, clapping slowly and my face burned with shame.
Jared untied one hand and I gingerly lowed one leg, the other still tied to my other wrist. “Free yourself and get out to the kitchen. We’d like something to eat.”
I heard Sylvia giggle as they left the room, my stiff fingers fumbling with the rope.
Part 2 soon.
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Jennifer 2

What in the hell was happening, I asked myself as I staggered from the bed, joints stiff, knees creaking. How could Jared do that to me? More importantly, how did he seem to know what was in my head? He seemed to know every dirty little thought I’ve had since I was interested in sex! You should get the fuck out of here, a shrill voice yelled inside my head but I knew I was enjoying this, needed this and even though I had just experience a really intense orgasm, I was aroused at the thought of what may happen next.
I slipped my wet panties on, the sodden material clinging to me and tickling my sensitive pussy and I crept into the main room where Sylvia and Jared were seated, laughing and talking until his eyes saw me. “Did I tell you to put your panties back on?”
“No Sir,” I mumbled, face red with shame, standing there in my black bra, black wet panties, thigh high stockings and high heels.
“Come here,” he ordered and I stood between Jared and Sylvia. “Take them off.” I glanced at Sylvia who was laughing softly and shimmed out of the panties. “Rub your face with them.”
Humiliated, I rubbed the wet panties over my face and Sylvia laughed loudly. “Put them in your mouth,” Jared snapped, “and bend over.”
The panties in my mouth, I bent over, showing them both my bottom as Jared stood, removing his belt as he did so. With a sharp crack, his whipped my bottom with the belt, cutting across my flesh with a burning sensation. I yelped into the panties, snapped up and rubbed my burning bottom.
“Another one for standing up,” he said calmly and my heart sank. Fighting the tears back, I bent over again, no thought of disobeying him entering my head as I had sunk deeply into submission.
The second slash with the belt hurt more than the first but I remained bent, tears in my eyes and my bottom and my pussy on fire, a compelling ache in my belly.
His thick finger slipped easily into my pussy. “The little slut is enjoying this as well,” he laughed and I heard Sylvia also laugh. “Get us something to eat,” he said, “you can take the panties out of your mouth.”
I rushed to the kitchen, throwing the panties into the dirty clothes hamper in the laundry and started to cook, careful not to burn any of my exposed skin. It was humiliating cooking naked except for my bra, stockings and shoes but it also turned me on so much my head was spinning and my pussy was really squishy.
Jared stopped me when I brought the crockery out to set the table. “Two places only,” he said calmly, “you’ll wait on us and I may let you eat later.”
Face red, I placed the food in front of them after they sat at the small table. “You smell of sex ,” Sylvia said scornfully. “You’re rather stinky. You’ll have to let her wash before you let her into bed,” she said to Jared.

“I might decide she has to sleep in the laundry.” My face burned at both comments and was turning to return to the kitchen when Jared stopped me.
“We’ll have a bottle of the special red wine and take your bra off, Sylvia hasn’t seen your tits yet.”
I removed the bra in the kitchen and found myself massaging my skin to try to remove the strap marks as I wanted to look my best for them. My breasts jiggled when I returned and poured the wine into their glasses.
“She’s rather big,” Sylvia observed, sipping the wine, “but the nipples are nice and long.” My hand trembled as I placed more food on the table. “She’s not very well trained though.”
When I returned to clear the table, face red, breasts still jiggling in front of them, nipples erect and my pussy aflame, Jared gestured for me to stand still. “We haven’t been able to find a job for you since you were fired.” Fired, I thought? That’s unfair, I was retrenched, not fired but I didn’t say anything, just stared at the floor. “I’ve decided since you don’t have a job, that during the day you’ll work as Sylvia’s maid. You’ll complete all housework here and then present yourself next door by ten. Do you understand?”
“Yes Sir,” I said. Work as her maid? The words reverberated within my head and I felt humiliated and degraded at the thought that he casually gave me away.
“I suspect you lost you last job through lack of discipline so we have to address that deficiency. Now bring your plate here and I’ll let you eat while we finish our wine.” I hurried to the kitchen and return with my small plate of food. Taking it from me, he placed it on the floor. “On your knees, slut,” he said and I heard Sylvia giggle as I bent down. “Hands behind your back and you can eat.”
Eating the food like an animal was extremely difficult and they laughed at my food smeared face as my pussy throbbed. This was so degrading but it made me more aroused than at any other time in my life.
“I must go,” Sylvia said after I finished. “At ten tomorrow,” she said to me, laughing at my smeared face. “I wouldn’t be late if I were you.”
Jared showed her out and then had me bend over the table so he could fuck me from behind. It felt fantastic, his cock deep inside me, his hand slapping my wobbling bottom and his fingers pulling my hair, riding me like a slut. I managed to get some friction against the table and after he spurted over my bottom, I screamed with pleasure, the relief so intense once again.
After cleaning the kitchen, I was allowed a shower and as I enjoyed the stream of glorious water, I wondered what had happened to me, what has changed? Everything has changed, I realized and there was no going back.
Jared was asleep when I crept in and as I slipped under the cover, I shivered in anticipation of what was in store for me tomorrow.

Jennifer 3

Jared woke me in the morning by grabbing my hair and steering my head down to his hard cock, allowing me eagerly and sleepily suck it. The smooth wrinkled flesh sliding between my lips that male taste filling my mouth as I sucked and used my tongue to tickle the acrid flesh. I gagged but couldn’t move as he relentlessly pressed his cock down my throat until he came, spurting down my throat.

“Swallow,” he hissed and I did, coughing a little and wincing. “Things have changed now, slut,” he said calmly as he moved out of the bed. “You will always obey me, no questions. This is not a game, do you get it, do you fucking get it?” His voice rose, almost a scream.

“Yes Sir,” I whispered, my pussy shivering, all juicy and warm.

He produced a thin metal band and told me to kneel in front of him, naked as he fastened it around my neck. It felt cold and a little tight but not uncomfortable, although I would always know it was there. He locked it shut and fastened a small tag to it, saying, “get my breakfast while I shower.”

Naked, I scrambled to prepare his breakfast, trying to see what the tag on the collar said but couldn't make it out. He appeared dressed, hair slicked back, so powerful in his suit and tie, skin smooth from shaving and his cologne wafting around me. He's so tall and I'm just average height for a woman so, looking up at him, I felt small and weak. Another deep wave of submission controlled me as he dropped a white box on the sofa. "That's your uniform. Wear it to Sylvia's and try to learn something! I don't want you to be useless all the time!"

The door slammed behind him and the thought occurred to me that I should dress and get the hell out of the apartment. Curiosity however won the day and I slid the lid off the large white cardboard box to reveal its contents. It was a maid's uniform, black cloth with white trimming and white flounce petticoats. It buttoned up the front and it looked dangerously short and although I knew I should be leaving a part of me wanted to try it on. There were black stockings and a white lace cap in the box and nothing else. I assumed I should wear high heel shoes, Jared probably hadn't thought of that, as men aren't that good with details.

I showered again, styled my long hair and dressed, feelings of submission rolling through me as I examined myself in the mirror. The uniform was a reasonable fit, a little tight, my large breasts were uncontrollable without a bra and threatened to spill out, the hem a little high and the flounce petticoats pushed the skirt out so I knew if I bent, my bare bottom and pussy would be exposed.

Honestly, I applied my make up so I would look just a little more slutty with heavier mascara, a bright red lipstick and eyeliner and, combined with my natural blonde hair, presented a very cheap whore in the mirror. The sight made me even wetter and I unconsciously squeezed my thighs together as I leaned into the mirror to trace my pouting lips with lip liner.

I would never have believed I would dress like this in a million years but here I was, dressed like a slut French maid and it made me wetter than I ever would have imagined, coupled with the thought I was being made to dress like this. What was happening to me?

What the hell, I can leave tonight and go to my friends, I thought. I vacuumed the rugs, dusted and tidied up, conscious of my bare bottom peeking from under the dress whenever I forgot to bend my knees when I had to pick something up. I finally got the tag on the metal collar in position against the mirror so I could see the lettering. Humiliation washed over me when I saw it said 'JARED's SLUT'. Uselessly, I tried to undo it but the collar was sealed shut and impossible to remove. What will my friends say when they saw it? My face burned at the thought.

And what was Sylvia going to do? I checked the clock; it was only half-past nine, thirty minutes before my debut as a maid.

Just before ten, I almost ran into the toilet to wipe myself, I had become so wet and I so desperately wanted to get my vibrator but I remembered that Jared had said I wasn't to use it without his permission.

Totally embarrassed, I crept into the hall and, precisely at ten, knocked gently on Sylvia's door. In a moment, she was standing there, dressed in a pink and blue robe and looking me up and down with a slight sneer. "You will curtsey and address me as Ma'am," she said in that cold tone of hers.

Flushing, I curtseyed. "Good morning Ma'am," I said.

"Get inside," she snapped. "I haven't got all day and we expect a big improvement from you." I scurried past her, thinking, what does she mean by 'we'? The door closed and she arranged herself on the sofa. "Make a cup of tea for me, Earl Grey and start running my bath." With a flick, she opened her newspaper and began to read.

The bath was running when I returned with the tea on a tray I had found in the kitchen and I bent down, bending at the knees to place it on the coffee table when she suddenly snapped, "I think

we've established what a slut you are! Sluts don't bend their knees; they bend from the waist to display themselves! Consider that your first lesson!"

Immediately, I straightened my knees and bent over, my bottom completely exposed to pour the tea into the china cup, face red with humiliation and I knew I was wet. I checked the bath and returned to the main room, remembering to curtsey before saying, "You bath is ready, Ma'am."

"Start cleaning," she said and without a word, she walked past me and shut the bathroom door behind her. At least I didn't have to wash her, I thought and was that a twinge of disappointment I felt?

I was pushing the sofa back into position after vacuuming when she appeared, dressed in a charcoal business suit, skirt mid calf and charcoal pantyhose. Sylvia had pulled her dark hair back into a bun and she placed black-framed glasses on as she minutely inspected my work while I stood waiting. "You seem to have a small talent for this," she grudgingly admitted and I felt foolishly proud.

"Thank you Ma'am," I said with a curtsey.

"I suppose you're wet?" she sneered and I flushed. "Answer me!"

"Yes Ma'am," I whispered and she laughed.

"Jared was absolutely correct, you are a deeply submissive slut. Right," Sylvia said in a brisk voice, "your Master will be home for lunch so you have get ready. Take your clothes off." I hesitated and she sneered, "I have seen you naked, if you recall? I've seen you beg to come with your Master's fingers in your cunt! Hurry or you will be punished!"

Face bright red, I stepped out of the clothes and removed the hat, stockings and shoes as well, standing completely naked in her apartment. Suddenly, I realized how vulnerable I was. She led the way into the bathroom and handed me a battery-powered shaver. "Remove your public hair," Sylvia said and I gaped at her. "Use the shaver, girl and then you will use the razor and shaving cream! Jared likes his sluts to be smooth like a little girl.

"But.." I stuttered and that was all I could say before she slapped me, her cold eyes glaring at me.

"Do not ever question us, you miserable little slut! Now get about your business and quickly!" My cheek was stinging and small tears in my eyes as I switched the shaver on. "Sit on the toilet seat," Sylvia instructed and I did, legs apart, peering over my large breasts, as I trimmed my pubic hair down to stubble. Big breasts can be a nuisance and I used my other hand to flatten them so I could see properly. My hair down there is fine and fair so it came off easily. My pussy was on fire and I could see my lips were gleaming with moisture. Sylvia noticed this as well and laughed before saying, "You get wet so easily. You really are a find."

It was embarrassing shaving my crotch right down to my other hole in front of another person but I did, cheeks flaming and I desperately wanted to come, I was filled with an urgent need. I wiped the remnants of the shaving cream away and looked down at myself in astonishment, staring at my smooth groin, my pink wrinkled lips suddenly looking obscenely prominent.

Sylvia handed me a bottle of baby oil and I rubbed it in. "Don't play with yourself!" she snapped and I blushed guiltily. It felt strange when I returned to the other room to dress in my maid's uniform again, knowing I was completely hairless and somehow, it made me feel even more submissive.

I cleaned the bathroom, laundry, bedroom and kitchen while she read or chatted to friends on the telephone. Finally, the door opened, Jared walked in and he tossed his coat to me. "Hang that, slut," he said and sat next to Sylvia. "Has she learned anything?"

“A little, she’s a quick learner and she has a surprise for you. Come here, slut,” Sylvia called and I stood in front of them, Jared smiling at my uniform.

“It’s a good fit. If she undid that button, her tits would fall out.”

“Show your Master your cunt.” Blushing, I lifted my dress and he smiled broadly at my smooth pussy.

“Very thoughtful of you, Sylvia,” he said. “You know I like them hairless. She looks even younger now.”

“I thought you’d approve. I guess you want to take her back to your place?” she said with a wink. “I’ll be over later for our business.”

Jared nodded and walked to the door. “Bring my coat, slut.” I did so and scurried after him. He instructed me to kneel on the bed and he used two pairs of handcuffs to handcuff my right wrist to my right ankle and the same with the left. I was immobilized face down on the bed, my bottom high in the air, my wrists dragging my legs apart so my bottom and pussy was exposed. Swiftly, he gagged me with ball gag and I could only make muffled sounds while saliva dribbled from my mouth.

“You think this is a game, don’t you? He said and I heard him undoing his pants. “It’s not.” His fingers slipped easily into my pussy and I moaned into the gag as he moved his fingers around. Suddenly the fingers were gone and he went into the bathroom and as he returned I heard the familiar sound of latex gloves being put on.

“You are mine to do with as I wish, to be used as I want and right now I want that lovely bottom of yours.” His words hit me and I protested vehemently into the gag but it was completely useless, the sounds were completely unintelligible. Something cold was applied to my bottom and then I felt his finger moving in, greasing me. No, I screamed uselessly but his finger kept moving.

“You should relax,” he laughed and I felt his cock start to push against the entrance to my bottom, “it’ll hurt more if you don’t relax and let it happen. It is going to happen, mark my words.” I couldn’t believe this was happening and tried to struggle but the simple way they manacled me was ingenious, not only did it confine me but, in my struggles, made me open my legs even more. I screamed again into the gag as he pushed deeper and deeper, the burning deep inside me and I felt used and violated.

It was inside me, his cock was inside me! I could feel it and tears started to flow as he cruelly began to fuck me, fuck me in the bottom! His big hand slapped the cheeks of my bottom as he moved faster and faster, the pain was unbearable. “You’ll enjoy this in time,” he muttered and suddenly grunted as he came, spurting deep inside of me and I cried quietly at the humiliation and the violation.

It hurt just as much when he pulled out of me and after he went to the bathroom, he dressed and I heard him pouring a drink in the kitchen. The doorbell rang and Jared and Sylvia returned to the bedroom where I was still face down on the bed, gagged and crying. “You took her arse?” Sylvia asked.

“Yeah, it’s always nice to pop a virgin.”

“You’ve left the other for me to pop?”
“Of course.” Jared sat down on the bed and spoke quietly in my ear. “Listen slut, I guess by now you’ve realized this is not a game but the result of careful planning. I arranged for you to lose your job and now Sylvia and I are going to take all your clothes, credit cards, everything and store them away. We will decide what you will wear, what and when you will eat and you will be very grateful for whatever we provide. Without us, my dear slut, you will not survive. You are our complete slave, our slut. And you have no choice, none at all.”

I sobbed at his words and heard drawers and doors banging as they stuffed all my belongings into big bin bags. With everything that had happened to me, I still desperately wanted to come. After a while, they left, taking the bags with them and I wondered what was next.

Jennifer 4

The pillow my face had been resting on was wet from my saliva and my tears, my bottom was hurting badly, and felt like it was on fire, my legs were beginning to stiffen. The position he had put me in to fuck my arse was ignominious and degrading, anyone could walk in and use, as I now realized, either my pussy or my arse. I was so horny I found myself wishing someone would use my pussy, just so I could come at last.

A door slammed and Jared was perched on the bed beside me, Sylvia leaning against the door and I could smell a cigarette. “I’m going to release you, I expect you to behave or the few smacks you got with the belt will seem like a lover’s kiss. I can hurt you,” he hissed in my ear, “really hurt you if you cause me grief, sweetheart!”

“He is capable,” Sylvia, said idly, “really capable. You wouldn’t sew her cunt up, Jared?” she asked, a teasing tone in her voice.

“I might, I just might.” I screamed into the gag but it was no use and the image of them sewing my pussy together hung in my mind. Jared laughed softly and his fingers played with my sore and painful arse and then to my pussy. Please touch my clit, I pleaded silently but he withdrew his fingers to unbuckle the gag. “Speak when spoken to or I’ll hurt you,” he said warningly as he undid the strap.

The handcuffs came off next. “Stand up and get out of those clothes,” Sylvia commanded. Sullenly, I pulled the maid’s uniform off, wincing when the movement caused my bottom to hurt and threw the clothes on to the bed. Stepping out of my shoes, I peeled the stockings off and stood naked in front of them.

Jared seized me by the throat, his fingers hurting me and I panicked, thinking he was going to strangle me. “You call me Sir and her Ma’am. Got it?” he said coldly, his fingers around my throat.

“Yes Sir, “I croaked and he suddenly let me go. My heart was pounding, my neck now hurt as well as my bottom and I could feel something dribbling from my backside, I still couldn’t believe what he had done to me.

“You want to get her ready, Sylvia? I’ll set the camera up.”

Camera? What was happening I wondered? “On the bed, slut,” Sylvia said and I sat on the bed while she placed a thick towel on it. “Lay down on that.” I did and she handcuffed my hands above me head and fastened them to the headboard. She took two pieces of rope and bound each ankle to the corresponding thing so my legs were wide open, my shaven pussy wide open, my large breasts rolling to the sides.

Jared returned with two drinks and the video camera. Putting one drink down, he sipped the other while turning the camera towards me, the red light winking and I realized he was filming me, I was totally exposed and on film! The way she had tied me meant my legs were pulled up and apart, my pussy and bottom on display. Sylvia appeared from the bathroom and sat down on the bed, slipping latex gloves on. “This is our new slut,” she said to the camera. “Pretty face, big tits and if you zoom in here, a pretty little bald cunt.” I opened my mouth, face burning but a warning look from Sylvia made me shut it again. “She looks about seventeen but she’s actually twenty six and truly submissive. Look,” she said, her latex fingers slipping easily into my pussy, “how wet her cunt is. You like this don’t you slut?” Sylvia suddenly asked, picking her drink up and taking a sip while coldly watching me.

“Yes Ma’am,” I answered, saying what they wanted to hear and knowing that part of me did enjoy it.

“What do you call this?” she said, fingers probing, my juices glistening on the white latex.

“Pussy, Ma’am,” I stuttered, breathing deeply as her fingers probed knowingly.

Suddenly she slapped me, slapped me hard and I yelped in surprise. “Cunt, it’s a cunt. Say it!”

“My cunt, Ma’am,” I cried, “it’s my cunt!”
“I’m glad we understand each other. Now tell the camera what your Master did to you.”
“He used me in the bottom,” I muttered, tears welling and this time I saw the slap coming and tried to move but she still hit me hard.
“He fucked your arse!”
“He fucked my arse, Ma’am!” Tears were running down my cheeks and my body was trembling, my large breasts moving.
“And now another cherry to pop.” Sylvia’s eyes glinted and she raised her hand and started to squeeze lubricant from a tube onto the latex glove. “I’m going to fist you, slut.” My eyes widened, she couldn’t be serious! “And we’re going to capture it on film to watch later. You haven’t had a hand in your cunt before?” Wordlessly, shocked, I just numbly shook my head. “I didn’t think so.” She turned her head to the camera as she slipped two fingers into my wet pussy. “This slut screams like a banshee when she comes, this time it will be very intense for her as this is the ultimate penetration. Bring the camera in closer and you’ll see I have two fingers in her and about to slip the third in.”
I grunted when she slipped the third finger t in, I felt full and so wet. It was humiliating but so arousing and I hoped she would just flick my clit. “I’m avoiding her clitoris,” Sylvia said, reading my mind, “but if you zoom in you can see how red it is, I could send her over the edge very easily but we want her to come from the fisting, don’t we?” Sylvia laughed and kept working her fingers in and around.
Moaning, I closed my eyes and turned my head to the side, only to be slapped by Jared. “Keep your eyes open, slut.”
“I know you don’t think I’ll get my whole hand in there but cunts are very flexible, very flexible indeed,” Sylvia laughed. “Now, four fingers. Can you feel them, slut?”
“Yes Ma’am,” I moaned, the sound of her fingers squishing in and out of my wet pussy loud in the room.
“And now the thumb. This is the difficult part,” she said to the camera as if she was lecturing, “the knuckles form a natural barrier so we just have to wait until her cunt relaxes a little more and them my hand will slide right in.”
I moaned again, I felt full, so completely full I could not imagine what the whole hand would feel like. “Please,” I moaned.
“Please what, slut?” Sylvia laughed. “You want my whole hand? Look at the camera, tell them you like what your owners are doing to you.”
I looked up at the camera and Jared’s smiling cold face, filming me naked on the bed, legs spread with a women slipping her hand into my wet pussy. I was nothing but entertainment; people would watch this and laugh. “I am being fist fucked by my owners,” I moaned into the camera, “I like it.” I felt humiliated, degraded and used, a plaything to be used and abused, just like in my private fantasies but this time it was real.
“Here we go,” Sylvia said with delight and I felt her hand slip in, pushing air out with it. “A little pussy fart,” she laughed, “how cute. Look slut,” she commanded and I looked down, her hand had disappeared into my cunt, her arm protruding and it looked like the arm was growing from me. It was incredible, my whole body was shaking and I could feel every part of her hand inside of my pussy.
“That’s fucking incredible,” Jared breathed.

“Put your hand here,” Sylvia said, placing Jared’s hand on my lower belly,” and I’ll make a fist inside her.” I screamed with the intense feeling as she did it, pleasure rocking within me.
“I felt it,” Jared said. “Unbelievable.”
“Film her, quickly, she’s about to come.”
“Oh my God,” I moaned, head tossing from side to side as she opened her hand and closed it again. Suddenly her other hand stroked my pussy lips, moving up to my clit.
“Here she goes,” Sylvia said, fingers tickling my clit while she opened and closed the hand inside me. It was intense, so intense it was pain mixed with sheer pleasure, my whole body erupted and I screamed and screamed with the ecstasy.
I was a shuddering shivering mess, gasping for air and so weak, so very weak after the incredible orgasm. “Like a volcano, isn’t she?” Sylvia laughed at the camera. “It’s nice to have such vocal submissive.” I felt her tug her hand. “Looks like I’m stuck,” she laughed and I opened my eyes in panic, looking down at the arm growing from my pussy.
“Stuck?” Jared asked.
“You have to let the air in,” Sylvia explained, using her other fingers to peel my pussy away from her wrist. With a sudden whoosh, a gulping noise, her hand emerged and I suddenly felt empty.
“Film her gaping cunt,” Sylvia said. “I’m afraid you won’t be fucking that for a little while.
“That’s ok,” Jared said from behind the camera as he pointed it down at my gaping pussy, “I’ll use her arse or her mouth.”
“After me, of course,” Sylvia said, “I haven’t used her yet.”
“Of course.”
“Better yet, why not use her now and then I’ll take her next door for the night?” They were discussing me as if I wasn’t even there, an object!
“Sounds great to me, want to film it? The gang will love it.” Sylvia nodded and took the camera as Jared unbuckled his pants, dropping them to the floor. His cock, hard immediately, bobbed in front of my face; thankfully he had washed after using my bottom. “Say it,” he said softly, his dark eyes gleaming down at me.
“Please Sir, can I suck your cock?” I whispered, looking up.
He smiled and Sylvia giggled as he slid his cock into my mouth, holding my head with both hands as he fucked my face, fingers tugging the hair. “That looks so sexy,” Sylvia said. “Look at the camera, slut!” His cock was deep in my throat and gagging and spluttering I looked at the camera. She was filming me sucking cock! He was relentless, sawing it in and out of my mouth with no concern for me, just using me to come; it was almost masturbation.
“Here’s the money shot,” Jared grunted, pulling out and spurting over my face, his sticky mess landing on my cheeks and almost in my eyes..
Sylvia zoomed in and then turned the camera off. “Let’s have a drink and discuss a few things before I take her,” she said and they left me alone in the room.

Jennifer 5

Sylvia was very businesslike when she returned, quickly untying my legs and releasing the handcuffs and I had a brief thought of running but dismissed it immediately. I had no clothes and no identification, credit cards, nothing! I was their prisoner.

“Get dressed,” she snapped, almost a little distracted and I winced as I slipped the maids uniform back on, complete with stockings, shoes and the stupid little hat. Head down, sullen, wincing with the pain in my bottom and my pussy, I followed her out the door, Jared watching football replays on the sofa ignored us as we left.

Dressed in the ridiculous maid’s uniform and still embarrassingly naked under it I followed Sylvia to her apartment. So much had happened in the past day, my life had changed and I worried I was

in real danger with these two. I knew that this wasn't a consensual game any more, I was their object to play with and I had no choice.

Sylvia ordered me to strip and rubbed her hand gently over my pussy. There was no doubt I was getting squishy again and I wondered how that could happen? I just had been fisted and had the best orgasm of my life, shouldn't I be satisfied? Was I really as submissive as they said?

"Don't forget to shave tomorrow morning. If my brother finds any hint of stubble, he'll pull it out with tweezers. Quite uncomfortable, I can assure you." I must have gaped at her in shock as she laughed at my expression. "You didn't twig we are brother and sister? My dear little slut, you aren't very observant, we share many physical characteristics and many psychological ones as well."

My hands were handcuffed behind me and nervously I watched as she poured a drink from a decanter. "We experimented together, of course, but we are both terribly strong minded so we just weren't compatible. Now we share our subs, keep them in the family as it were." Brother and sister! My mind raced, I could see the similarities now she had told me and fear bubbled in my head.

Sylvia cupped her drink in her hands and watched me, those cold eyes inspecting me. "Jarred tells me you've managed to avoid bisexual encounters, you are terribly heterosexual but I can change that. I'm going to enjoy teaching you to taste my cunt." I shuddered at her words. Put my mouth against her down there? I couldn't do it.

"I had a male sub that I rather enjoyed using and he did enjoy being used by me as well but he drew the line at sucking Jared's cock. Let's just say he didn't approach it with the same enthusiasm you seem to have for it." I blushed at her words, remembering she had me on video doing exactly that. "Jarred knocked the sub's teeth out and it was amazing how his enthusiasm increased. He became rather adept at it so I'm told before we sold him off." Sylvia put the drink down on the table with a sharp noise. "You will use your tongue on me, slut, you will be enthusiastic and after watching you beg my brother to suck him, I'm rather looking forward to hearing you beg to lick me. And you will beg, slut, one way or the other, you will beg!"

Humiliation washed over me at her words and the realisation that I had completely lost control of the entire situation. These two could really hurt me and I understood I had no choices any more. Lost in these thoughts, head swimming, I stood naked with my head bowed and waited.

Sylvia tilted my chin up so her cold eyes could lock on mine. "And you will beg, won't you?" she demanded and I trembled at the harshness and the menace in her words. "

"Yes Ma'am," I whispered, trembling in her grasp.

"I thought you just might," she smiled and started to walk to the bedroom.

"Follow me, slut," she said over her shoulder as she unbuttoned her suit jacket.

Sylvia kicked off her shoes and led me to her large bed, forcing me to sit on the edge of it. Nervously I watched her as she slipped her skirt off, tossed it away and sat next to me in her black slip. "A little lesson is in need, I think," she smiled. "Open your legs," she suddenly snapped and I did, exposing my pussy to her, feeling my arousal, my wetness in spite of myself. "I expect you to approach my cunt with a certain grace," she murmured, her fingers tracing circles on my inner thighs, sending little jolts to my stomach. "Imagine this finger is a tongue, watch and learn."

That finger was teasing me, lightly touching me, tracing my lips and just caressing my clit so I was panting with need. Put it in, I silently begged, push your finger in! "Nice, isn't it?" she suddenly snapped. "On your knees," Sylvia said, peeling her slip off and I looked up from my new position on the floor, my wrists contained behind me by the handcuffs, to find my eyes level with her bushy pussy. She has hair, I jealously thought, she has hair while I'm not allowed!

I looked up past her breasts in a black lace bra to her cold eyes and humiliation surged through me. I couldn't do it, I mean, put my mouth down there? Sylvia sat on the bed, legs apart and laid bag, her head on a large pillow. "Well?" she demanded and, face red, I slowly leaned forward, my tongue inching from my mouth. I felt her fingers in my hair before I saw her move; her hand pulling my face up and she viciously slapped my face with the other. My ears were ringing; my face stinging and tears fell from my eyes as I yelped in surprise. "Typical bimbo slut!" she spat. "You can't hold an instruction in that stupid little brain! Beg!" Sylvia screamed at me and I flinched in terror.

"Please Ma'am," I said frantically in case she slapped me again, "please can I lick you?"

She slapped me again. "Lick me where, slut?"

"Please Ma'am," I begged, crying, "Can I like your cunt? Please."

She smiled and slapped me again. "Beautiful cunt, get it?"

I was a mess, sobbing and my entire face hurt. "Please Ma'am," I sobbed, gulping, "can I lick your beautiful cunt?"

"At last," Sylvia said, leaning back, spreading her legs and I quickly leaned forward, my tongue licking her thighs. I could smell her and I closed my eyes to avoid looking at her pussy, all wet and gaping. "Open your eyes, bitch!" I quickly opened them and realising I had no choice, began to lick another woman's pussy. It was so degrading, so humiliating but I was so terrified of this woman and her brother, I would do anything. Embarrassingly, I found myself becoming even more aroused by the intense humiliation.

My jaws and tongue was aching with the strain, she seemed to take ages and ages until, and finally she came, pulling my face right into her wet cunt, rubbing her clit against my nose as she came with loud moans and sighs.

Sylvia laughed at the sight of my face, which was wet from my tears and her juices. Stripping her bra off, she walked naked to the bathroom. "Come along slut," she called and I struggled to my feet to follow her. The shower was running and I stood there uncertainly, hands still handcuffed behind me, waiting, looking longingly at the toilet. "Want to go?" she said and I nodded slowly.

Sylvia flicked the toilet seat up and, suddenly, I realised she expected me to go in front of her. I had no choice, I need to go and, flushing with shame, I sat and began to pee while Sylvia laughed softly.

When I had finished, I managed to flush and stood there while Sylvia soaped herself in the shower. A crooked finger beckoned me and I joined her and she began to wash me, her fingers rubbing over me, soaping my breasts and my pussy. Her expert fingers teased and played with me and soon I was begging to come but she coldly denied me.

After the shower, she made a show of clicking another tag to my collar. Now, I had two, 'Jared's Slut' and the new one, 'Sylvia's Pet'.

I licked her again that night after begging her frantically and then she allowed me to crawl into bed with her but cruelly denied any relief for me. That night, for the first time, I slept with my hands still handcuffed behind me.

Jennifer 6

I heard the door to the apartment open in the early hours as I moved uncomfortably in my sleep. Hands roughly pulled my head out and Jared's cock forced it's way against my lips. I looked up at him in the half light, Sylvia stirring in the bed. "Please Sir," I whispered quickly, the image of him knocking teeth out vivid in my head, "please can I suck your beautiful cock?"

He laughed at my use of ‘beautiful’ and forced his hard cock into my mouth. It was humiliating to be used this way, my hands still handcuffed behind my back, still naked and half awake, but it was also very arousing. His big hands cupped my breasts and squeezed them hard.

“Are you going to the office this early?” Sylvia asked sleepily, obviously not at all surprised to wake up to see her brother using their mutual slave. Slave, that’s what I now am, I realized and I had no choice but to submit to these two.

“It’s a busy day,” he grunted, fucking my willing mouth with his hard cock.

Fingers probed my pussy and Sylvia said, “Christ! She’s wet, she loves sucking you,” she added and my face burned with shame.

“I told you she was a natural,” he grunted as I sucked and licked. His fingers seized my hair more tightly and I felt he was close. “Swallow, slut,” he warned. “Swallow it all!” He groaned and his salty warm come spurted into my mouth and I swallowed frantically, almost gagging. Sylvia laughed as Jared removed his cock and wiped it over my cheeks. “A natural cocking sucking slut,” he laughed. “Aren’t you, slut?”

I hung my head, face red. “Yes Sir,” I answered, wondering if they would let me rinse my mouth.

“Say it!”
“I am a natural cock sucking slut, Sir,” I said, humiliated and ashamed.
They both laughed, Jared zipped his pants up and said, “I see you tagged her,” he said fingering my collar.
“Why not? She is mine as well.”
“I didn’t say she wasn’t. Did you teach her anything last night?”
“She’s learned a few skills,” Sylvia laughed. Jared kissed his sister on the cheek and walked out. Sylvia went to the bathroom, leaving me curled up on the bed and when she returned, dressed, she unlocked my hands. She laughed when I examined the red raw marks around my wrists caused by a night in the handcuffs.
“Get me some breakfast.”
“Please Ma’am, can I use the bathroom?” For a moment I thought she was going to say no and then she nodded. Quickly, I moved to the bathroom but she stopped me from closing the door. Embarrassed, I used the toilet as she watched, her nose wrinkling at the smell. I washed my hands and was about to rinse my mouth when she said, “No, slut, you keep his taste in your mouth for a while longer. Now, get my breakfast.”
Naked except for the collar with the tags jingling, I hurriedly prepared her breakfast, my own stomach rumbling and I realized just how hungry I was. Sylvia made me kneel next to her while she ate and she occasionally gave me a piece of toast or a spoonful of egg, each time I thanked her profusely. When she moved or uncrossed her legs, I saw up her skirt for an instant and ashamed, I remembered what she made me do last night.
I cleaned the apartment and then hurried next door, still naked and cleaned Jared’s while Sylvia watched me. When we returned, I was ordered to shower, to shave my pussy and to scrub myself clean. Sylvia watched me so I had no chance to play with myself, I desperately needed to come but she showed no signs of relenting.
I was surprised when she ordered me to be seated and started to plait my hair into two pigtails.
“We’ve been planning taking ownership of you for sometime, slut,” she said as she worked. “When you first moved in with Jared, I went through your clothes to get your sizes and we now have an interesting wardrobe of clothes for you, for us to choose.” She laughed softly. “One of the advantages of being rather wealthy. Mother would be rather dismayed at how Jared and I use our inheritance. There, I think that’s appropriate.”
I gasped when I looked in the mirror. With no make up and my blonde hair in those silly pigtails, I looked about sixteen! Except no sixteen year old girl would allow her hair to be put into pigtails! I always looked much younger than I am but this made me look so very young indeed.

She led the way to another room with a large locked wardrobe and a small iron bed. Unlocking the wardrobe, she went through the drawers, talking softly to herself as she selected items. “There,” she said throwing me a pink bra. Gratefully I slipped it on, followed by the pink knickers she also gave me. Both were of the sheerest of materials and even though it was pink, my nipples were plainly visible. There was no double lining in the crotch of the knickers so my lips could also be seen and when I turned around to look in the mirror, my bottom was framed in pink sheer material. It was very cheap and slutty but a perfect fit.
The next item was a white long sleeved schoolgirls blouse and a gray school uniform tunic, complete with box pleats. A striped school tie was loosely placed around my neck and tucked into the tunic. At least my collar was hidden.
Sylvia rolled the tunic up under the cloth belt, just like we used to do in school to make our dresses shorter and the hem was thigh high. White socks and plain black school shoes completed the outfit.
I gaped at my reflection and a stunned schoolgirl looked back as Sylvia laughed loudly. “You can see why you were an obvious selection apart from your natural desire to be a submissive slut. You look so young and now even younger still.” I gaped at the image, she was right! I looked like a schoolgirl, albeit one who has developed large breasts but that added to my slutty appearance. The stupid pigtails gave me an air of innocence while my dress and breasts made me appear a little cheap, a slut.
“Please Ma’am, why?” I whispered. I looked like a slutty teenage schoolgirl.
“I find it amusing,” she said, putting the straw school hat with striped band on my head, titling it back just like the many girls did that you saw on the underground. Suddenly, she seized my throat and her eyes blazed at mine. “You do everything I say! You follow my orders! Don’t try anything today or you’ll be very sorry!”
“Yes Ma’am,” I said in shock, trembling.
Sylvia smiled and released me “Lift your tunic. Quickly!” she snapped and I slid the hem up until those awful knickers were exposed. “Very nice indeed,” she laughed. “Little schoolgirl on the surface but hot little bitch slut underneath, correct?”
“Yes Ma’am,” I said meekly, face red.
“Go and get my handbag. You’re going shopping with Aunty Sylvia.”

Would you like Part 7?

Jennifer 7

We walked to the tube station and I felt incredibly humiliated, a grown woman dressed like a schoolgirl, I thought it would be obvious what I was but no one gave me a second glance. To all intents and purposes I was a young schoolgirl shopping with her mother or aunt.
And she treated me exactly like that, snapping at me and even holding my hand once as we crossed the street. She even insisted I cal her ‘Aunt Sylvia’. It was windy and I held my tunic down until she hissed, “Don’t! I don’t think we should deprive the men of a glimpse of your slutty knickers, do you?”
“No Aunt Sylvia,” I said meekly, feeling another gust and the eyes of a young man in white overalls popped when he caught a quick glimpse of those sheer knickers and I blushed, lowering my eyes.
I sat next to her on the train, keeping my legs together as tightly as I could in case the man opposite could see up my tunic. Squeezing my legs, I felt my stickiness, I was aroused by the humiliation and I worried that I was becoming so wet, the all ready sheer knickers would be transparent!
Sylvia wouldn’t let me hold my tunic around me when we walked up the stairs and I knew that people behind me were getting a good look at my bottom in the sheer knickers.

She led the way into the lobby of a tall office building, nodding to the doorman as we walked to the lifts. We rode right to the top and I stood in the crowded lift head down as I felt eyes on me.
We walked into a large office and Sylvia spoke to the receptionist. “Good morning, Wendy, is he free?” Wendy nodded and Sylvia opened the door of a large office with views of London. Jared was seated behind a desk and he smiled when he spun around to see us.
“She’s perfect,” he said to Sylvia. “I told you she would be.”
“Yes, yes,” Sylvia said, checking her watch. “I’ll be back in a few hours. Enjoy your little fantasy.” The door closed behind her and I stood nervously in the centre of the room.
“Show me the knickers,” he said and I quickly obeyed, lifting the tunic to show him. “Turn around and bend over.” I did, tunic up to show off my bottom. “Beautiful,” he said softly. “Come here, slut.”
I moved closer to him and I kept the tunic up, as I wasn’t sure what he wanted me to do. His fingers probed my pussy through the knickers. “Wet as usual,” he laughed and tickled my clit in such a way I was gasping. “If you’re good little girl,” he laughed, withdrawing his fingers, “you might just come later. Then again, you might not. Do you want to come, slut?”
“Please Sir,” I moaned, hungry for it, desperate.
“Under the desk,” he ordered, taking my straw hat off and I crawled under the desk, my back against the modesty panel as I turned to face his crotch. “Undo me,” he said and I quickly unzipped him, his cock emerging, hard and red.
“Please Sir, can I suck your cock?” I said quickly
Jared laughed. “You are a quick learner. Go ahead.” I scrunched up close, on my knees and popped his cock into my mouth. As I sucked, I heard him dial the telephone. “Hello, Margaret, this is Jared. Jennifer introduced us.” I almost stopped sucking in shock, he was calling a friend of mine, a girl I used to share a flat with before Jared! His hand moved under the desk and yanked on a pigtail so I returned to licking and sucking.
“I was wondering if you would like to have dinner sometime?” There was silence as he listened to the other end and I kept sucking, my head bobbing up and down as I listened to every word of that awful conversation! “Jennifer won’t mind, not at all. We have an interesting arrangement, I can explain it to you or I could show you?” The horror and humiliation washed over me, he was going to tell her I was his slave, his slut?
He rang off. “I wonder what she’s like to fuck?” He laughed. “I might make you watch.” He dragged me from under the desk, his hard cock wet from my saliva, poking my stomach. “You are nothing but my slut,” he said coldly, “my slave.” His big hands gripped my shoulders and he spun me around so I was leaning over the desk. Tunic around my waist, Jared’s fingers probed the wet crotch of my knickers, pulling it to one side. In one thrust he was inside me, pushing and pounding me as I was forced down on the desk. The windows were open so anyone could see me being fucked by my Master.
I felt the tension building and moaned, wondering if I could press against the desk to tickle my clit. Suddenly, he grunted and I felt him spurt deep inside me. Nooo, I wanted to scream, no, I want to come! He pulled out with a little pop and spun me around again. “Clean it.” On my knees, I licked his cock clean of my juices, my pussy throbbing with need.
He zipped up and I slowly stood, adjusting my knickers and the crotch was now soaked, it would be even wetter soon when his sperm began to dribble out of me. I adjusted my tunic and stood waiting. He picked the telephone up and spoke a few words. A moment later, a side door opened and a young man in a dark suit entered, his eyes bulging when he saw me.
“Michael, this is slut,” Jared said with a sneer. “Say hello and tell him your name!”
My face was red. “Hello Sir, I am slut,” I said in a tiny voice, my knickers now very sticky with the combination of juices.
“Michael, consider this an extra bonus. Slut would like to suck your cock, wouldn’t you?” he barked and I flinched.
“Please Sir, can I suck your cock?” I quickly and shamefully begged and Jared laughed.

“Well,” Michael cleared his throat, “of course.”
“Take her into your office. Strip her down to her underwear and you can come on her tits,” Jared said crudely. “Slut, I want you to rub it into your tits, get your bra wet.” Head down, I nodded as I followed Michael into the other office where I slipped my tunic and blouse off.
Just in the sheer pink bra and knickers, I kneeled as Michael fumbled with his pants. Jared leaned against the door, laughing softly as I sucked Michael’s cock into my mouth. A different taste, a slightly different texture and he looked down at me with glazed eyes as I worked.
I was desperate to come and I was jealous when he came so quickly, milking him onto my breasts. I saw the cold look in Jared’s eyes so I quickly smeared the sticky goo into my breasts and bra like the little slut I had become.
“Well,” Michael stuttered, “thanks.”
“Get dressed slut,” Jared commanded and I scrambled to do so. I was a sticky mess under the tunic and I was sure I smelled as well but he wouldn’t allow me to clean up.
Humiliated, hot and sticky under that stupid school tunic, I waited in the reception area for Sylvia, receiving angry glares from Wendy and amazed looks from passer-bys.
Sylvia arrived after forty minutes of shame, thrust a few parcels at me and turned to leave, leaving me to run after her. “You look and smell well used, slut,” she said with a hint of anger as we waited for the lift. “Did he enjoy you?”
I shifted slightly, my knickers were now completely soaked as his come ran into them. “Yes Aunt Sylvia, I think they did.”
“They?” she raised an eyebrow. “I see. Did you get to suck more cock?”
“Yes, Aunt Sylvia,” I said red faced as the lift arrived.
Thankfully the lift was empty and Sylvia appeared angry. “I assume he wouldn’t let you clean up?”
“No Aunt Sylvia,” I said.
“And I suppose his did his little trick of coating you in it? Is that why you smell?”
“Yes, Aunt Sylvia.”
“Bastard!” She was angry with him! “I don’t care how much he humiliates you but to leave you like this when he knows you’re with me is intolerable! And stop calling me Aunt!”
“Yes Ma’am.”

Jennifer 8

I had to walk behind her, trying to keep up as she stormed down the street, speaking quickly into her phone. People looked at me, some women wrinkled their noses in disgust and I felt my face burn, my panties a squishy sodden mess. As I was carrying her parcels, I couldn’t keep my short tunic down in the gusts of wind, providing many laughing men with a good look at my bottom in the wet sheer knickers.

Sylvia jammed her phone back into her handbag, turned down a lane and opened a door, pushing me inside. It was a large room with a chair that looked like a dentists chair and the memory of what Sylvia said about Jared removing teeth made me panic. Sylvia must have seen the fear as she slapped me so hard across the face, I crashed backwards and fell against that horrible chair.

“Don’t even think of running!” Sylvia hissed, advancing on me and ripping that straw hat off, throwing it to one corner. I dropped the parcels and cowered from her and she slapped me again. Tears ran down my burning face.

A door opened and a large black woman in a hairdressers smock smiled at the scene in front of her. I caught a glimpse of a busy hair salon behind her. “What the fuck is this?” she asked casually. “Is this the new slut you told me about on the phone?”

“Yes,” Sylvia said, anger in her eyes. “As you can see Joan, she’s Jared’s little fantasy girl. He got her because she looks so young for his schoolgirl games.”

Joan inspected me; her big fingers poked my breasts. “Big, isn’t she? Bet these get in the way, darling’” she laughed. “So he used her and left her dirty?”

“As you can plainly see. He knew I had plans for her this afternoon so he left her in this condition to embarrass me!”

Joan shook her head. “When will you two stop trying to control each other? It is never going to work. Brothers and sisters!” Joan sighed. “Let’s get started.” Her big hand gripped my arm and without ceremony, dragged me to a door and into a bathroom.

“Please,” I whimpered and she calmly slapped me hard, my head rang and tears filled my eyes.

“Shut up, darlin’, you do everything I say. I don’t have time to fuck around. Get your gear off. Now!” Trembling I stripped and she kicked the dirty clothes to a corner then expertly freed my hair from the plaits.

Calmly, she picked me up with a big hand under my armpits and placed me in the shower, twirling the taps so water gushed over me. It was cold and I screamed in shock and she spanked me hard on my bottom. “Keep fucking quiet! I got customers out there!”

I was scrubbed clean her big hands turning and rubbing with a brush until my skin was raw. Humiliated, I bent over as she washed me. “You’re a wet slut, aren’t ya, darlin’? she laughed and I winced as she dragged the brush over my bottom.

Sylvia returned with a tube and a bag that looked like a water bottle. No, I screamed silently, not an enema! Again, Joan bent me over as Sylvia greased the tube and I winced as Joan slipped it into my bottom. Both women laughed as Joan hooked the bottle over the shower rail, turned a small handle and I felt warm water rush into me.

It was humiliating and painful as my stomach filled. “Please,” I whimpered but both women ignored me. Bent over, my tits hanging down, wet hair against my face as my belly grew, I tried to hold back the urge to let go.

Finally, Joan turned it off, removed the tube and both women stood by the doorway. “Way you go,” Joan laughed and, face burning in shame, painfully climbed out and squatted over the toilet.

“Bombs away!” Sylvia called out and I let it go, face red, humiliation spreading over me, tears running as the terribly smelling mess jetted from me into the toilet.

Bundled back into the shower after flushing the toilet, Joan washed me down again and led me wet and shaking to the room with the chair. They buckled my arms to the arm rests and my lets to the sides, my legs spread so my bald pussy was open and displayed.

Joan started cutting my hair and I cried silently as the locks of my loved hair showered down on me. She was cutting it short and punky, even used an electric shaver on the sides. “She won’t look like a schoolgirl again,” Sylvia said with glee.

I was sobbing when she rubbed mousse into it to make my hair spikey, struggling against the straps that held my wrists and legs in place. To my shame, I knew my pussy was dripping, a fact that did not escape Sylvia. “She’s a natural slut,” she laughed, rubbing her finger against my pussy. “I could make you come with my little finger, couldn’t I?” Sylvia demanded and I turned my head away but she gripped my chin to pull me back. “Couldn’t I?”

“Yes Ma’am,” I whispered, ashamed because I knew she was right, I so desperately wanted to come. I wanted to so much it was a painful throb.

“You should hear here when she comes, Joan,” Sylvia laughed. “She’s like a fucking fire engine.”

“Just gag her. What do you think?” Joan asked and I cried even more when I saw what she had down. My hair had been shaved at the sides and what remained had been arranged into spikes. There was no way I looked like a schoolgirl.

Suddenly, Joan slipped a strange instrument into my mouth and seized my tongue, pulling it out so I couldn’t talk and drooled. I tried to scream as she moved a needle towards it but only animal noises emerged. Without a seconds thought, she pierced my tongue and I gurgled in shock, horror and pain. A stud was twisted into it and she released my newly pierced tongue and it was stinging like mad when I gingerly moved it around.

“A little ornament for me, slut,” Sylvia said. “I suspect it will enhance your performance.” I was still crying when she hefted my breasts in her hands. “Should we pierce these?” She asked and my eyes widened in horror.

“Please no Ma’am,” I whimpered. “Please, I’ll be good, I promise,” I sobbed as she squeezed my breasts.

“Nice gold rings? Very slutty and very pretty. Perhaps a permanent ring in your nose so I can lead you about like a slut?”

“Please, no, Ma’am,” I cried in terror, lisping a little with the stud in my thick tongue. “I’ll do anything.”

“I know you will.” She let go of my breasts. “Perhaps another time.”

They released me, pulled me to my feet and Joan produced a leather strap with two dildos attached to it. Sylvia made me spread my legs and the strap was passed between them. “Squat down on them, slut,” Sylvia commanded and I inserted the dildos, one in my bottom and that was terribly hard to get in while the other, to my shame, slid easily into my wet pussy. As they buckled it closed around my waist, I felt so full, so completely penetrated and helpless. My stinging tongue reminded me who had complete control over me.

Sylvia laughed loudly when Joan locked the belt shut with a gold padlock.

Handing Sylvia a key, “He won’t get access to that cunt unless you decide.”

Joan produced a support bra with half-cups and I put it on, easing my breasts into it so they sat in the half-cups, the hard nipples exposed. A pink tight low cut tube top and a very short black mini skirt. Shamed, I looked at the reflection of a slut in the mirror, the nipples clearly visible in the tube top and the leather of the belt peeked above the waist of the skirt. My collar and tags proclaimed to the world what I was, a slut. They made me walk and the dildos deep inside me moved as I did and I walked almost bowlegged to make it easier but I was constantly reminded how penetrated I was. God, I was aroused, desperate to come!

“She walks like an old pro,” Joan said scornfully. “She’s not a schoolgirl anymore.”

Carrying her parcels, I struggled after Sylvia who led me back into the office building. I kept my head down as I heard whispered in the lift and at the reception. Sylvia marched right in and pushed me at an astonished Jared. “Fuck, Sylvia!” he exclaimed. “What have you done?”

“You tried to embarrass me, little brother!” Sylvia hissed. “That wasn’t a good idea. Your little school girl fantasy is no more!”

She made me turned around and she pulled the skirt up to show him the wide leather strap between my legs and then pushed me forward. “See the belt, little brother?’ Sylvia sneered. “It’s locked shut and you get access to her holes when I say! I know, you’re thinking her mouth is still available? Show him slut!” I stuck my tongue out and Sylvia laughed. “That little stud might get in the way for you but I suspect I’ll thoroughly enjoy it!”

“Sylvia, this is going too far. I was just having fun, that’s all!”

“And so am I! Find yourself another little slut for a while.”
Jared calmly leaned back. “I have. Her name is Margaret and I’ll fuck her tonight. I don’t care if this one’s locked up. I could use an electric saw to get the belt off, might mess her up a bit but what do I care. Now, fuck off, both of you!”
Seated on the train, I felt the dildos moving in me. I wanted to come so badly, I needed to and I knew I would beg Sylvia to let me come, I would do anything for her, anything at all!

Please review my story, I am a feedback slut! :}

Jennifer 9

She pushed me into her apartment and slapped me across the face, her eyes burning with anger. At her command I stripped my clothes off and fell to my knees to use my tongue on her as she hiked up her skirt, pulling her panties to one side. I was petrified of her, I would do anything as I knew she was capable of anything. Overcoming my reluctance I pushed my tongue against her wet pussy and even though my tongue still sore, licked her in a way she liked.

The leather belt around my waist and crotch bit into me and I felt so full, so penetrated and violated but I also knew I was very wet. Sylvia came with a rush and I was envious of her, the pleasure she received while I was constantly denied.

“Please Ma’am,” I whimpered when she finished adjusting her dress and she laughed down at me.

“Slut want to come?” she taunted.

“Please Ma’am,” I pleaded desperately, the dildos deep inside of me, the humiliation of it all driving me to a fever pitch.

“Haven’t got enough cock in both your holes?” She took a cigarette from her bag and laughed again.

“Please Ma’am, I’m in pain, I need it badly.”

“You’re a slut! What are you?”
“A slut, Ma’am,” I said desperately and she laughed, pushed her foot against my face. “Lick it, slut, beg!”
“Please Ma’am,” I cried as I licked and she laughed even more, then stood up, pulling me up. Her hands roamed over my breasts and I squirmed, the dildos deep inside me. “Please,” I whimpered with the intense need.
The door to the apartment opened and Jared filled the doorway. Sylvia stopped and stood there glaring at her brother as she squeezed my breasts. “Truce?” Jared said as he walked over, his hand rubbing the leather belt between my legs. “She’s going to soak the leather. Truce?” he said again and Sylvia finally smiled.
“Truce, why waste time on each other when we’ve got her? She’s desperate to come,” Sylvia added, squeezing my breasts again.
“Let’s see how desperate,” Jared said and moved to the telephone where he called someone. I couldn’t hear what he said but I didn’t care, so great was my need to come, the constant teasing, and the degradation of the day had driven me mad with the need to come. I wanted to so badly, I ached!
There was a knock on the door and Jared strode over to pull it open. I lowered my head with shame when some men from the lower flats trooped in, eyes frankly looking at my naked tits.
“This is our slut,” Jared said calmly and Sylvia laughed. “A desperate slut who wants to come. She’s desperate even though her cunt and her arse are filled with fat dildos. Isn’t that right slut?”
“Yes Sir,” I whispered, head down.
“Tell them you have a fat dildo in your cunt!”

“I have a fat dildo in my cunt, Sir,” I bleated as his fingers savagely twisted my nipple.
“Tell them about your arse!”
“I have a fat dildo in my arse, Sir,” I said, face burning and I knew I was so wet the moisture was running from under the wide leather and down my thighs.
“Slut wants to flick that little clit of hers so badly, Sylvia had to lock her up. Show them, slut!”
There were now four men in the room and I paraded myself in front of them, showing them the locked leather belt. “Go ahead, feel her tits!” Jared and Sylvia laughed as the men eagerly squeezed my large breasts, leaving red finger marks on my skin. God, I wanted to come!
“Look here, slut,” Sylvia called and I turned to see her holding a small gold key. “Do you want to unlock it so you can put on a show? Do you?”
“Please Ma’am,” I begged, beyond caring.
She threw me the key, I eagerly caught it and unlocked the belt. The men’s eyes were glued to me as I eased the dildos out. Red-faced, I squirmed off the dildos, the one in my pussy coming free with a large wet plop. “On your hands and knees,” Sylvia barked and I did. “Go ahead.”
I didn’t care how I looked, I desperately put my fingers between my legs and started to tease my clit as the men watched me, my legs and bottom open before them. It didn’t take long and I came with a huge scream, it was painful but pleasurable at the same time and with sweat covering me, I slumped to the floor.
Jared squatted down and savagely pulled me up by my remaining hair to my knees, his cock rammed into my throat. Fiercely, he fucked my face, his fingers in my hair as everyone watched. When he came, he spurted over my face, running down my cheeks and nose. Following his instructions, I crawled over to the other men and begged to suck their cocks. Of course, they wanted me to and I sucked them one by one until they came, washing my face with sperm although one held my face on his cock so I had to swallow.
Covered in cum, I lay on the floor as the men sheepishly left. Jared pulled me to my feet and pulled me over the arm of the sofa, holding my wrists.
Sylvia showed me the thin leather belt she had and then I heard it whistle through the air. The slash across my bottom was intolerable and I screamed, bucking and trying to move but Jared held me firmly. Sylvia showed no mercy, slashing across my bottom, my thighs and my bottom again with a savage fury.
I lost all track of time and how many strokes I received, sobbing and crying, screaming, I slumped down, a broken mess of pain.
“You’re right,” Sylvia said, breathing quickly as she rolled the belt up, “it’s much better when we work together.”
“No more fights?” Jared asked and Sylvia kissed him on the cheek.
“No more, a team again.”
“I’m going, I have a hot date tonight with the sluts friend. Have fun.”
I saw Sylvia smiled down at me through my teary eyes. “O I will, believe me.” My body burning and I started crying again.

I’m going to stop for a while

Jennifer 10

The door closed behind him and Sylvia cuffed one of my hands, threaded the chain through my collar and cuffed the other hand so my hands were bent and fastened to my throat. I was helpless. Another chain was attached to the collar, the tags rattling on the metal, and she led me to the mirror where she made me look at my reflection. Still sobbing I saw the many angry red welts over my bottom, thighs and back. They were still burning and I was trembling from the pain, my face dirty from drying cum. Her cruel fingers twisted my nipples again and I yelped.

“That caning was a taste, a warning. Don’t disobey me or I’ll get Jared to cane you, he’s much stronger and he’ll open you up. I’ll then rub some special cream on the cuts so you’ll be in pain for a week. Understand, slut?”

“Yes Ma’am,” I whimpered.

She shoved me under the shower and the cool water felt strangely soothing. My new haircut looked even spikeier when wet and she left me shivering until she pulled me from the bathroom by the chain.

On my knees I pleased her with my mouth, desperate to keep her happy, I did what ever she wanted. I licked her feet, sucked her toes and licked her wet pussy until she came. It went on all night until she grew tired of it and of me, led me to Jared’s apartment, pushed me into the laundry and chained my chain to the plumbing under the basin.

I had to crouch on the cold tiled floor and I looked up as she tossed me a small threadbare blanket. “Goodnight slut,” she sneered, switching the light off, closing the laundry door and I heard the apartment door close.

I slept fitfully on the hard floor with my hands chained in that uncomfortable position. Suddenly, I heard the apartment door open and voices. Margaret, I thought, he’s brought her back here! Please, don’t let her see me like this! There were giggles just outside the laundry door and then I heard Jared’s deep voice followed by Margaret’s giggle. They were kissing right outside the laundry door! I felt humiliated and degraded and a small fire of jealously burned within me. She was there kissing him while I was chain naked like an animal in the laundry.

A little later I heard the voices again. “I really must go,” Margaret said. “Thanks so much for the coffee. The taxi will be here. Thank you for a wonderful night.”

“It’s my pleasure,” Jared’s deep voice boomed. “Next time I’ll make sure Jennifer is here.”

Margaret laughed. “Yes, from what you’ve told me, I would like to see it.”

My face burned in shame and the door closed. I then heard Jared stumble into bed so I lay back down on my rough bed on the tiled floor to sleep. Later I was awakened by Jared kicking me in my side, forcing me to roll over on my front, face on the floor, bottom high in the air. With no preparation, his cock pushed deep into my pussy, his fingers seizing my thrashed bottom to savagely use me, fucking me hard. I whimpered with the need and the pain of the caning as he ruthlessly used me until he came over my wounded back. “Clean it,” he said, waving his cock in front of my face and I quickly licked it, cleaning it off my juices.

“Nighty night,” he said, switching the light off as he left. I lay down; sobbing at being so callously used with no thought of my own needs and trying to ease my wounded body into a comfortable position, fell into a light sleep.

I heard noises in the flat when I woke, stiff from sleeping on the hard floor and my arms and hands sore from being cuffed to my collar all night. The welts across my bottom, thighs and back stung badly and I desperately needed to pee.

The door opened, the light flicked on and blinking I looked up and saw Jared sneering down at me, a bowl in his hand that he put on the floor and I saw it was filled with pieces of cold toast and fried eggs. It looked awful but despite it’s appearance, I wa starving but I needed to pee.

“Please Sir,” I whimpered, my bottom stinging as I crouched on the tiled floor, my chain tightly connected to the pipes under the basin.

“What slut?” Jared asked, laughing as he had guessed.

“Sir, I need to go to the toilet.”

Without a second thought he slapped me across my face and I crashed against the basin, my face throbbing, tears rolling down it. “Slut needs to piss, Sir,” he recited calmly. “That’s what you say.”

“Sir,” I whimpered, “slut needs to piss.”

“Go ahead,” he laughed, pointing at the drainage hole in the middle of the tiled floor. “Squat there like an animal.” I looked at him startled and saw his eyes coldly staring at me, no expression on his face.

I had no choice, a face burning, the chain taut and my hands fastened at my collar, I managed to squat over the drainage hole, my big breasts moving as I manoeuvred into position. “Go ahead, slut,” he said with a cold smile and, face crimson, humiliated and degraded, I shamefully let go. The urine splashed against the drainage hole, so loud in the room and the smell coming to my nose as I peed in front of my master.

As I was peeing, he suddenly slipped his hard cock into my mouth and I immediately began licking and sucking it. I was still licking it, his acrid taste in my mouth when I finished peeing. Suddenly, he pulled out and disdainfully zipped his pants up. “I can’t get interested,” he snapped, “smells like piss in here, you’re like some fucking animal so eat like one!” His foot pushed the bowl towards me and I knelt down and ate the horrible mess by pushing my face into the bowl. As I ate, I felt his foot move between my legs, the toe of his boot pushing into my pussy. “You’re so fucking wet,” he laughed. “You’re the perfect slut slave.”

He removed his foot and I whimpered at its loss, my face in my food, fried egg on my cheeks.

“Phew!!” I heard Sylvia say, “it smells in here.”

“The slut had to piss,” Jared said and he suddenly squatted down next to me, so civilised and calm in his dark suit and coloured tie. “Look,” he said fingers pulling my pussy lips apart,” look how wet she is.” His fingers grazed my clit and I moaned but he dragged his hand over my groin. “Stubble, I don’t like stubble,” he snapped and I cringed. “Get it removed, slut,” he ordered, “or I’ll shave it off with a knife!”

He marched away and I looked up to see Sylvia smiling down at me. “Eat up slut, you’ll need your energy.”

Please review and vote for my story.

Jennifer 11

I felt humiliated, degraded from being treated as an animal as well as sore from the caning Sylvia had given me. My face was a mess and every muscle in my body was stiff and painful from being made to sleep in a really uncomfortable position.

I was on a rollercoaster and any control at all had slipped away from me and I was now totally owned by Sylvia and Jared. The word sent a tingling thrill through me and I was really very squishy in my pussy.

An hour later she returned and unlocked my hands from my collar as well as the chain from the plumbing. Sylvia led me to the bathroom in her apartment where under her watchful eyes I shaved my pussy. How I longed to make myself come, I would do it for her and she smiled when I looked at her hopefully as I shaved. “No coming yet, slut. You depend on me for everything, I decide and I’ve decided you don’t get to come for a while.”

A quick shower, again no touching and then I applied my make up as she instructed. The result? A punky slut with thick red lips stared back from the mirror; I didn't even look like me anymore.

Sylvia gave me a little pot and told me to paint my nipples and aureoles. The cream darkened my nipples, made them redder and more prominent and she smiled in satisfaction while I blushed when I saw what the cream had done.

"Legs apart," Sylvia ordered, taking the cream from me and delicately rubbed it into my pussy lips. She laughed when she saw the result, my bald pussy with red lips really stood out now. "All nips and cunt," she laughed. "A real slut."

The maids uniform was given to me, complete with hat and high heel shoes and I knew that when I bent over my pussy would be even more visible with its red lips. Sylvia removed the top button with a sharp pull and with shame I realised that not only would my pussy be visible when I had to bend over, but my breasts would almost hang out, red nipples exposed.

She then clicked leather bracelets around my wrists, locked in place with small padlocks and attached the chain to my collar, adjusting it so I could only get my hands to the hem of my skirt. Sylvia had restricted my movements, that is, stopped me from touching my pussy but I could still do the work.

"Start cleaning, slut."

"Yes Ma'am," I said, filled with the aching desire to come. Even the shameful memory of displaying myself to those men yesterday while I came made me even more aroused at the thought of it.

"Wait," she snapped. "I think it's rather appropriate that you curtsey when I give you instructions. Show me." I tried to remember, put one leg in front of the other and dipped. "Stupid slut!" Sylvia said angrily and I flinched, waiting for the slap. "Hold the hem of your skirt." I did so; feeling humiliated and performed a curtsey again, this time to her satisfaction.

I cleaned all morning, only stopping when I need to use the toilet. Face red, I went in front of her and then she made sure the red cream on my pussy had not been removed.

The doorbell rang and, humiliated, Sylvia made me answer the door. A delivery man stood in the doorway with parcels, looking quite confused when he saw me and his eyes strayed to my breasts. "Bring them in and place them on the table," Sylvia instructed and he did so, standing awkwardly waiting, his eyes running over me.

"Thank you, the maid will give you a token of my appreciation," Sylvia said smoothly. "Would you prefer a blowjob or a quick hand job? Sylvia said smoothly, a sly smile on her face as the young man's eyes bulged and he stuttered, not knowing what to say. I stood with my red face lowered, humiliated but so wet.

"I think a quick handjob," Sylvia said finally. "I suppose you have other deliveries to attend to. Sit on the sofa and, slut, sit next to him. Get on with it slut!" I quickly undid his belt, slid the zipper down and he shimmied up a little so I pulled his trousers and underpants down, his hard cock waving in the air.

My hand slipped around his cock but stopped when Sylvia snapped, "No, make it wet first. Don't you know anything?" I bent down and took his cock in my mouth, licking and sucking it while he moaned above me. It wasn't a large cock, Jared's was huge by comparison but this was a sweet average one.

When it was slippery, I moved up against him, my hand circling his cock and gently sliding it up and down as he moaned. "Show him your tits!" With the other hand I popped open the button and my large breasts with the red nipples fell out and his eyes grew wide when he saw them. My hand moved faster and faster around his cock, the chain rattling slightly, his breathing was jagged and I

felt him tense then call out as he shot his come over his stomach. I pumped him dry, still holding it when it started to shrink back to a cute little tired snake. “Clean him with your mouth, slut!” I licked the come up and cleaned his cock, tucked it away and zipped him up.

Embarrassed and humiliated, I showed him to the door. “Put your tits back into your uniform, slut! You’re a rather disgraceful whore. I suppose doing that made you even wetter?”

Ashamed, I nodded my head. “Yes, Ma’am.”

“I thought so,” she laughed. “I quite enjoyed seeing a nice young cock so you can get on your knees and use that stud.”

Sylvia slid her skirt up and pulled her panties down, leaving me to work on her hairy pussy. I desperately wanted to come but everyone was coming except me. I had learned a few tricks yesterday with the stud and now that my tongue wasn’t as sore, I found I could use the stud to tease her clit so it wasn’t long until she came, leaving me frustrated with her juices on my face.

Sylvia ignored me and I went back to the cleaning her flat and then Jared’s. It while I was cleaning it, he walked in and pushed me over the table without a word. His cock slid easily into me, his hands holding me down as he used me, slamming in and out. Let me rub against the table, I wanted to scream but he held me immobile, I was frozen as he sawed in and out of me. It was little more than masturbation for him, a quick fuck at lunchtime, I thought bitterly as he pulled out and spurted onto the back of my short dress. Without a word, he zipped up and walked out, leaving me on the table, dress up, come dripping from the short maid’s uniform.

I used tissues to clean up my skirt and returned to the cleaning. Sylvia returned and inspected the apartment and then sat on the sofa, smiling cruelly. “Poor little slut, I guess you would like some excitement?” I nodded furiously and she produced a pink vibrator. “Here,” she said, handing it to me and I took it, confused. “Fuck yourself,” she instructed and I tried to move the vibrator down but couldn’t because of the short length of chain to each wrist. The sight of me trying desperately to get the vibrator down made Sylvia laugh loudly, she thought it was hilarious.

„Give it to me,“ she snapped, snatching it from me and she rested it on her knee. „You can fuck yourself on the vibrator if you want, slut, but be quick!“ Quickly, I squatted over her knee, face red with shame but I needed to come, I couldn’t deny it anymore.

I slid down on top the vibrator, eyes down as she was openly laughing at me. „Would you like me to touch your clit, slut?“ she asked softly and I nodded furiously.

„Please Ma’am,“ I panted, the vibrator sliding easily into my wet pussy. It felt so good, to be penetrated again, the fucking from Jared had just started me going, this had filled me.

„Forget it,“ she said suddenly, standing up and I fell to the floor, vibrator still in my pussy. „Stay there!“ Red faced, I watched her lift my skirt and turn the base of the vibrator so it suddenly hummed into action. God, I wanted to touch my clit but the chains stopped me.

„Enjoy yourself,“ Sylvia said with glee. „I guess you won’t come but it should feel nice, getting you hotter and hotter.“ She was still laughing loudly when she went back to her apartment.

I wriggled trying to get my hand to my prissy but it was no use and suddenly the vibrator slipped out and fell to the floor with a clunk.

I had never been so frustrated in my entire life.

Please vote for the story. Thank you, Jennifer

Jennifer 12

Sylvia found it incredibly funny and told me so and then, just to rub it in, ordered me to crouch between her legs again. A few days ago, the thought of me licking another woman's pussy would have made me sick. Now I eagerly did it in the hope that, if I pleased her, she would take pity on me and let me come.

But she didn't. She teased me even more after she came by pointing out she could come whenever she wanted to while I was completely depended on her and Jared. I was their slave and their needs came before mine.

Jared also found it funny when he came home and then they had a long discussion about that night. I tried to listen but they ordered me to clean the oven so I was on my hands and knees in the kitchen while they planned something.

Then, I was called into the main room where I was ordered to strip the uniform off. I had to kick the shoes off as I could get my hands down and there was no hope of me removing the nylons.

„Leave them on," Jared said. „Makes her legs look good and draws your eye to her cunt. Like the red dye, by the way."

„Yes, a rather nice touch on her nips and cunt, don't you think? It's rather permanent by the way so her nipples and cunt lips will always be red, like a baboon in heat." They laughed and I gasped with horror but realised there was absolutely nothing I could do about it. „But I don't like the stockings, I have a better idea."

Sylvia handed the key to Jared who unlocked the chains from my collar and I was free. „Take the stockings off," Sylvia said rummaging in the parcels the delivery boy had brought. „Go and wash and put your slutty face on. Quickly."

I turned away but Jared's steely voice turned me back. „Slut," he said coldly, „if you touch your cunt I will pierce your new red lips with a fork!"

Shocked, I almost ran to the bathroom to clean myself and to apply my makeup like Sylvia wanted, dark eyeliner, heavily applied, bright red lipstick, a lot of gel into my spikey hair. When I returned, they were sipping drinks on the sofa and there were clothes laid out for me. I slipped the black tights on first, grateful to get something to cover me and then the short black skirt. It was tight and made from a stretchy material but was so short, mid thigh only. The bra was pink lace and half cups so my large breasts were supported, push up and out but the red nipples were exposed. The blouse was white with pink flowers on it, almost see through and I blushed when I saw the red nipples were visible.

„Pull the skirt up," Sylvia said, a pair of scissors in her had. She cut the crotch out of the tights, leaving a large expanse of skin almost to my navel and to the top of my bottom. The black nylon and my white skin highlighted the red wrinkly lips of my pussy. When she finished, I pulled the skirt down and realized any movement would expose my pussy.

Jared finished his drink and pulled out his phone. „We're ready," he said into it and I nervously waited, watching both of them. „Don't try any tricks," he warned me. „You do everything I say or I'll smash your face in. Try to run or to get help and I'll smash your knees. You'll be a cripple for life! Got it, slut?"

„Yes Sir," I said quickly, eyes lowered in case his temper exploded.

He pushed his hand roughly between my legs and laughed. „Wet,' he said scornfully. „Her fucking cunt is dripping. She loves this!" He was still laughing when he led me downstairs and into a waiting car. He pushed me into the back seat and snapped at the driver to get going.

I could feel the driver's eyes on me in the rear-view mirror as I tried to keep my legs together. „David," Jared said, „This is my new secretary." The driver, David, nodded eyes on me. „She's a horny little slut, look," he said, pulling my legs apart, showing my pussy to him. I saw his eyes in the mirror widen when he saw the red lips and I blushed. „Keep your legs apart, slut," Jared snapped. „We don't want David to get bored." Laughing softly, Jared turned to watch the streets roll by and I sat on the leather seat, legs spread, my pussy with newly red lips framed by the crotchless black tights and I felt so humiliated and so aroused my pussy was leaking.

The car was rolling through the countryside when Jared suddenly pulled me to my knees in front of him so I could suck his cock. As I slipped his large cock into my mouth, his big hands reach down and pulled my skirt up so David could see my bottom as I licked and sucked. I licked his hairy balls and sucked the head of his cock. He moaned slightly and I was strangely pleased I was having this effect on him. „You have become a passable cocksucker, slut," he muttered. „A cock hungry slut. Say it!"

His cock popped from my lips and, holding it against my face, I looked up at him and said, „I'm a cock hungry slut, Sir." He laughed and I returned to my task, my head bobbing up and down until he groaned and spurted into my mouth. Frightened that he would hit me, I made sure I swallowed and licked his cock clean before zipping him up. I stayed down on my knees, waiting, face red as I knew David had seen it all.

„I need some cigarettes," Jared said. „Stop there, David," he said pointing at a shop and David turned the big car into the carpark. „I'll get them," Jared said. „Get in the back David and she'll suck your cock but don't let her come. And don't spoil your make-up, slut!" He laughed and walked off.

David quickly got into the back seat and I soon had his cock in my mouth. He was urgently pushing his cock in and out and he soon spurted, obviously very turned on by looking at me.

He got back into the driver's seat and I struggled up onto the leather of the back seat, the taste of both men's come in my mouth. I was so aroused, humiliated and degraded. Jared returned, cigarettes in hand and I thought for a moment to ask him if I could get a drink to wash the taste away but I knew he would explode so kept my head down as the car sped off.

Please vote and review, I looooooooove your comments. J

Jennifer 13

We drove in silence until the car turned into the gravel driveway of a large hotel, many cars in the carpark and it was obviously a ritzy place.

„Go around the back and go up the stairs to room 405. It's on the fourth floor."

Suddenly, his big hand circled my throat. „Don't try anything fucking stupid!"

„No Sir," I croaked, his hand squeezing my neck.

His other hand savagely slipped between my legs and his big finger slipped straight inside my pussy. Laughing, he wiped his finger on my cheek. „Fucking wet! You're a cock hungry slut!"

„Yes Sir," I whispered, face burning with shame.

I had to go through the kitchen, struggling to keep the short skirt down and I felt every cook's eyes on me as I tried to slip through. A few whistles followed me and I scurried up the stairs, head down as people stared at me. The women glared at me and I heard one of them say to her friend, „Fancy letting prostitutes in here. I thought this was a hotel of class."

As I scampered up the stairs, I struggled to keep my skirt down but I was sure anybody could look up my skirt and see my pussy, framed by the hole Jared had cut in the black tights. I also knew the red dye on my pussy lips would make my bald pussy even more obvious to anybody who could see up my skirt. Eyes were drawn to my chest, the red dyed nipples visible through the filmy blouse and I felt so humiliated and cheap, especially as my collar and its tags seemed to rattle with every step.

„Where do you think you're going?" A large man in a dark suit grabbed my arm and pulled me into a small alcove.

„Room 405," I whispered, eyes down, wincing as his hand bit into my arm.

„We don't have tarts in here," he snapped. „I'm throwing you out."

I was petrified. If he threw me out I would have nowhere to go until Jared found me and who knows what Jared would do to me when he did find me. „Please, please let me go. I have to go to that room." I whimpered, afraid and his eyes bored into me and his hand squeezed my arm tighter.

His hand fingered the collar and his eyes narrowed as he read the tags. „Let's see what's in that room," he said and strode down the corridor, dragging me with him. His big fist pounded on the door of Room 405. „Hotel Security," he barked.

The door opened and Jared stood in the doorway, smiling. „Yes? Can I help you?"
„This tart says she's coming here," the security man said, dragging me to stand in front. „We don't have pros here."
„She's not a prostitute," Jared said mildly, „not yet anyway. I own her. Come in and I'll prove it."
I was dragged in after them and he suddenly released me and I stood in the centre of the room, rubbing the red marks on my arm where his hand had held me.
„She's a slave, a slut who will do anything I say. Lift you skirt, slut and show him your cunt!" Red faced, I shimmed the skirt up and his eyes grew wide at the sight of my bald pussy and red pussy lips. Jared slid his finger inside me and I moaned, wanting to rub myself so I could finally come.
„See how fucking wet she is, she loves this. Don't you slut?" he said in a cold voice.
„Yes Sir," I whispered, wanting to move on his finger but I didn't dare.
„Some sick little game, is it?" The security man said scornfully but his eyes didn't leave my pussy.
„Keep your games inside this room. I don't want to see anything in the hotel or I'll have you both out of here so quick!" He turned to leave.
„Would you like a quick blowjob? The slut is getting better at it?"
„You're sick!" The door slammed behind him and I felt ashamed and humiliated.
Suddenly, Jared slapped me across the face and I fell against the sofa, legs spread. „Stupid slut! You should have bought him off with a blow job or a hand job. You shouldn't have brought him here!"
He grabbed what was left of my hair and pulled me up then ripped the blouse off me. His hand grabbed my throat while the other hand savagely ripped the half-bra off as well, my breasts swinging free. His grabbed my left breast and squeezed and twisted it, making me cry out with the sharp pain.
The zipper in my skirt split when he yanked it off me and I wondered what I was going to wear. Naked except for the crotchless black tights and my shoes, he threw me on the bed. Dazed and hurting, I lay there as he searched in his bag, returning with two pairs of handcuffs.
He clicked one cuff around my left ankle and the other part of it around my left wrist. He did the same with the other cuffs on my right ankle and right wrist. „Get up!"
I struggled to my feet and I had to stand bent over, my bottom exposed and my breasts hanging down. He laughed as he circled me. „Perfect, all holes available." I felt him wipe something on my bottom and I jumped with the coldness of it. Suddenly, he undid his pants, his fingers seized my thighs and I squealed as his cock started to push into my bottom. „Stand still," he hissed as he pushed further and further in, my eyes running from the pain. „Stand still so I can use your arse,

slut.“ I cried as he fucked my bottom again, the humiliation and the abuse hitting home as he sawed in and out. The pain was terrible but I was also aroused and wanted him to reach under and play with my clit but I didn’t dare ask.
I couldn’t move my hands and handcuffed as I was, I had to remain bent over. Finally, he pulled out and spurted onto my bottom and the pain of his sudden removal was too much and I sobbed brokenly. „Tight, probably too fucking tight,“ he muttered and I cried out again when I felt something push into my bottom. I felt full, like I need to go to the toilet and he patted my bottom. „We’ll leave that plug in for a while, stretch you a little. Some of my guests will want to use your arse.“
He made me walk around, laughing at my position, bent at the waist, hands connected to ankles. It was humiliating and degrading but he kept me at it until he suddenly pushed me onto the bed. The only comfortable position was on my back, knees bent and legs wide, my bottom full from the plug. Jared showered and I wondered what was in store for me when there was a knock on the door. Jared opened it and I blushed as he led a man with a small bag. „There she is,“ Jared said. „And I want it here.“ His finger jabbed my groin, close to my pussy and I felt the eyes of the weaselly man on me. What was going on?
The man pulled some device from the bag, plugged it in and began work. He was tattooing me and I silently cried when after he finished, I figured out what he had tattooed next to my pussy. It was the word ‚SLUT’ in red letter. I was marked for life.
„She’s got a nice cunt,“ the tattooist said, packing his tools away after taking money from Jared. „The red lips show it off nicely.“ He displayed the money Jared had given him. „How much for a fuck?“
„No fucking, I don’t want her to come but she’ll suck you off for nothing.“
The weaselly man stood at the side of the bed and jammed his cock into my mouth. I sucked and licked but he just pushed his cock in and out until he came, his come running down my face. „Thanks,“ he said to Jared as he left, ignoring me as if I was a fixture.
„Like your new decoration?“ Jared laughed. I started to silently cry again. How was I going to explain that to the doctor when I had my smear taken? How could I explain the word ‚SLUT’ tattooed next to my pussy to anyone?

Should I continue? Please vote.

Jennifer 14

Jared bundled me up, my wrists still handcuffed to my ankles and the plug deep in my bottom and he pushed me into the wardrobe.

I couldn’t sit down so I was forced to crouch in the darkness. I heard a knock on the door and then noise like people were moving something into the room. After a while, Jared opened the door and pulled me out.

A large round table with six chairs was in the centre of the room and it had playing cards and poker chips on it. A trolley with drinks had also been wheeled in.

Jared made me stand in the room, still bent over and still with my crotchless black tights and high heels. My groin was stinging from where the tattooist had marked me for life with the word ‚SLUT’.

Moments later, there was a tap on the door and I flushed in embarrassment as five men, all Asian walked in. They stopped and gaped at me and Jared smiled. „She’s the slut I’ve brought to entertain us while we play.“ He bowed and shook hands with all the men.

One of them circled me, his eyes wide as he inspected me and then his hand played with my bottom. „I’ll take that out,“ Jared said and twisted the plug in my bottom and removed it with a stinging

sensation and a plop. He tossed it into the bathroom and I knew all the men were standing behind me, looking at my bottom and my pussy with its red dyed lips.

„Look how wet she is," Jared said, his finger sliding into me and I groaned. I wanted to come, no, needed to and any touch aroused me, brought me tantalisingly close. „She's amazing when she comes, like a supersonic jet." All the men laughed softly and there was silence in the room except for the squishy noise of Jared's fingers moving in and out of my pussy.

„She is a slave?" One of the men asked.

„Yes, lock stock and barrel."

„She do everything?"

„Everything. Just tell her and she'll do it."

„Fuck?"

„Anywhere and anytime. Let's play cards." They left me there, bent over as they poured drinks and settled around the table. I felt humiliated as their eyes never left me. After a few hands, Jared stood and unzipped his pants. „I'll show you how she comes." He stood behind me and his big cock slid into my pussy easily. I gasped at the feel of it as it penetrated me deeply, moaning, filled with the need to come as he moved savagely in and out. All eyes were on us and he moved his hand between my legs as he fucked me, his fingers twanging my clit.

I groaned and he laughed. „Come for us bitch, show us what a slut you are!" It didn't take long, the need had been building up in me for so long and now bent over and ruthlessly sued in front of strangers sent me over the edge. I screamed as it hit me, a huge wave and some of the Asian men applauded. My head was spinning, I was panting and Jared pulled out to spray his come over my bottom and I moaned at the emptiness, the loss of his cock.

„Told you, like a supersonic jet," Jared laughed as he zipped his pants. „Anyone else?"

A short man unzipped his pants and savagely shoved his cock into my enlarged arse. It still hurt but he didn't care, used me and came over my bottom as well. Jared unlocked the cuffs around my ankles and attached them to my collar so I could move but my hands were useless.

I squatted and sucked another one, tasting another cock and he sprayed over my face. I couldn't wipe it off so it ran down my cheeks and someone laughed. I sucked another and then he fucked my breasts, pulling at them, pushing them together so he could use my body for his enjoyment until he came and his come mingled with the other mans on my face.

The others fucked me, used my pussy and sprayed my breasts and then with a few laughs, left me on the floor and they returned to their cards. Jared pushed me into the wardrobe after a while and room service came with snacks. I crawled out and begged like a dog for food at their instructions and they laughed as they fed me.

Jared drank from a bottle of beer and held my mouth so he could pour beer in, causing me to splutter. „Drink it bitch!"

Later, I crawled under the table to suck one of them off at a snap of a finger. Degraded and used, a toy for them to play with, I sucked him to orgasm and swallowed on his grunted commands.

Jared poured more beer into me and after a while, I understood his plan when he said, „I hear you guys like to see a woman piss?" A few grunted, others smiled. „Come on, slut," Jared said, dragging me to the bathroom. „Squat over the toilet and go!"

Red with shame, I squatted over the bowl, hands cuffed to my collar as the men crowded in to watch. The noise of my urine seemed loud in the room and they laughed. One of the men stood

over me and pulled out his cock, sending a stream of urine between my legs and over my pussy. Loud laughter and comments in some Asian language.

Two of the Asian men shoved me into the shower and turned the cold water on me while the others laughed. Jared calmly watched as I shivered and yelped. They didn't even take my tights and shoes off and they were soon soaked.

Shivering, they pulled hotel room, peeled the tights off and threw me face up on the bed. They all laughed again when they saw the tattoo. They left me there and returned to the cards. After a while, one of them came over, turned me over and fucked my bottom while the others watched, returning to the cards without a word after using me.

I cried into the pillow and didn't move when I felt another slide into my pussy. My back was covered in come. All the while, they played cards and it seemed Jared was winning but the others didn't seem to mind.

Jared unlocked my hands so I could move around to fetch food and drink for them when they wanted. They used me many times during the night, used my bottom, my pussy and my mouth. I begged for food when they demanded it and crawled over to suck beer from a bottle. They loved to play with my dyed nipples and pussy lips and examined the tattoo many times.

To their enjoyment, I lay on the floor and masturbated while they watched, laughing and drinking and cheering when I screamed in orgasm. I was so humiliated.

Finally, they left, leaving me sore and used, covered in dried come. Jared chained me to the table leg, told me to sleep on the floor while he collapsed in the bed. The carpet was rough but I was so exhausted, I readily fell asleep.

Please review and vote for my story, I'm such a feedback slut!

Jennifer 15

I was woken by Jared beginning to fuck me. I winced as I was sore and dry but he pushed in savagely, filling my pussy and using me. It hurt badly, I gritted my teeth and hoped he would finish quickly, just lying there while he used me like a masturbating machine.

„You're too fucking dry, you dumb slut!" he said angrily, pulling his cock savagely out. „Suck it, slut! His cock pushed into my mouth and I automatically began to suck him, running my tongue around his cockhead. His fingers gripped the side of my head, holding me still as he fucked my face, using my mouth and suddenly he came, spurting down my throat.

Without a word, he left me on the floor and went to the bathroom. Groggily, I remembered everything that had happened to me yesterday and quickly looked down at my pussy. There was light stubble appearing and the slut tattoo stood out like a beacon.

He returned after a while, showered and dressed, the smell of his aftershave hung in the room. As I looked up at him, I realised I must smell and look terrible from the constant fucking and sucking yesterday. I was indeed a slut now.

There was a knock on the door and Jared let David in who was wheeling a large trunk. David smiled when he saw me curled up naked on the floor, chained to the table leg. „The boys seemed happy when I dropped them at the airport, didn't mind losing at all."

„No, told you they wouldn't notice I was cheating. How could they with a naked slut available, all holes ready to be used." He laughed coldly. „Get her ready, if you want some action, I suggest she sucks you, her holes are a bit over used." He laughed again and went back into the bathroom.

David unlocked the chain, pulled me into a kneeling position and guided his cock into my mouth. Again, I knew what to do; I was nothing but a used slut now so I quickly sucked him, even licking his balls in an effort to get him to come quickly. My pussy as well as my bottom were terribly sore, painful, the new tattoo stung and my breasts were tender from the many hands that had squeezed them.

„Over your tits," he grunted and I pushed my arms under my breasts to push them up so he could spurt over them, his come thickly lying on my breasts. I saw the red nipples, red from the dye they had applied and flushed in shame. I knew my pussy lips stood out because of the same dye. They had marked me for life with my dyed nipples and pussy along with the tattoo.

David handcuffed my wrists to my collar so my hands were kept near my throat and opened the trunk. I looked in horror as I suddenly realised they were going to put me in it. Jared returned, laughed when he saw my face and said, „This time you're travelling a little differently. Open wide," he said as he produced a ball gag, his fingers roughly squeezing my jaw. I wanted to scream my protest but I was so afraid of him, I knew he would hurt me badly if I made a noise so I kept still as the gag was pushed in.

Jared lifted me with my hands, which hurt as they were attached to the collar and David lifted me by my feet to put me into the trunk. I had to double up on my side, my hands helpless at my throat, lead down and gagged. „Any noise from you slut and I'll break all your fingers!" Jared warned and I shivered. The lid closed and I was in darkness.

I heard them locking it and their muffled voices as they moved away. I thought I hear Jared's laugh and then there was silence. I could breath at least, I had been worried but I could breathe easily, it was just very uncomfortable.

Lying there, I felt a familiar feeling. Oh no, I though, is my period starting? It wasn't due to today, was it? Time had merged and maybe it started earlier because of the continual fucking I had experienced. As my hands were fastened to my throat, I couldn't reach down and check.

The trunk didn't move for sometime and I drifted off to sleep, to be woken suddenly when the trunk began to move, two muffled voices talking as it was rolled along. The voices didn't sound like Jared and David, they were deeper and different and I had no sense of direction, no idea where the trunk was going.

With sudden force and a bang, the trunk stopped and I felt the entire thing shake. I guessed it was being loaded onto a truck and when a deep engine turned over, the trunk vibrated with it and I knew my guess had been correct.

We moved off and the vibrations lulled me back to sleep. I had no idea how long I had been asleep but I now knew for sure my period had started, I could feel the blood stickily between my legs.

I slept some more; time had disappeared for me, I felt I had been in the trunk for days but guessed it had, at the most, been one day. I woke when the truck stopped. The deep voices reappeared and I felt the trunk start to move. My whole body was stiff and sore, I had been bent in this awkward position for what seemed like ever and I was sure my crotch was now covered in menstrual blood. I had also been drooling constantly with the gag and salvia had pooled on my breasts.

I also had to pee and with no way to hold it, I relaxed and the urine pooled around me, warm, sticky and very smelly.

The trunk bumped up some stairs and I shook with every movement. More voices, a laugh, which I thought, was Jared's and then a woman's voice. Was that Sylvia? The trunk opened and I blinked and grimaced in the sudden light.

„Fuck!" Jared said. „What the fuck is that blood?" I squinted around and saw I was back in Sylvia's apartment.

„I'd say her period has started," Sylvia said calmly and laughed when Jared wrinkled his nose in disgust. „You men," she laughed, „its just blood, that's all. Help her out."

„I'm not touching her," Jared said, backing off. „I'll get that muck over my suit. She can get out herself."

Sylvia sighed, bent down and removed the gag. I worked my jaw to relive the stiffness. „Get out," she said and I started to work my way clumsily out of the trunk. As I did and looked down, my crotch was covered in dark blood and I also knew I must have smelt of sweat and urine.

„Fuck, I can't stand the smell," Jared said. „I'm going out." The door slammed after him and Sylvia smiled.

„Men," she said quietly, „they can be such babies sometimes." She unlocked my hands and I groaned gratefully when I lowered them „Into the shower, clean yourself thoroughly and don't forget to shave." She looked at the blood. „I assume you have a heavy flow on the first couple of days?"

„Yes Ma'am."

„I'll get something. Into the shower, quickly, you really are quite disgusting."

The water was wonderful and I soaped myself twice, shaved my pussy and soaped again and shampooed my short hair. Sylvia handed me a towel and I dried myself and she handed me a tampon when I had finished. „It's a Super," she explained and blushing, I unwrapped it and inserted it in front of her.

Her eyes fell on the tattoo. „Very nice," she smiled, „and the red dye hasn't faded. You are quite the slut now, aren't you?"

„Yes Ma'am," I murmured.

In the bedroom, I pulled on pink panties; complete with a panty liner she had given me and a matching pink lace under wire bra. Meekly, I pulled white stay up stockings on, white lace around the top and then a short white uniform that buttoned up the front. Following her instructions, I left two buttons undone at the top and two at the hem so my stocking tops would flash. The dres s was short enough that I knew when I bent over my pink panties would be displayed but I remembered her early instructions that sluts don't bend at the knees.

In the mirror I saw that the pink bra could be seen peeking out at the top and I looked like some slutty medial t or chemist assistant. „I've grown tired of the maid's uniform," Sylvia said, from her position on the bed. „Now," she said calmly, „you've had lot's of fun and I've had none while you've been away. Get on your knees, slut and use that tongue with its stud."

Sylvia hiked her skirt up, pulled her panties and pantyhose down and then laid back so I could crawl between her legs to begin licking.

I didn't mind so much anymore and she had been nice to me when I got out of that trunk. My tongue worked it's new magic and Sylvia moaned as I flicked her clit with the tongue stud. No, I really didn't mind that much, it was better than being caned and I felt so clean and comfortable I would rather lick her than be locked in the trunk.

I am such a slut.

Sylvia came in a rush, legs squeezing my ears off and she even stroked my punky hair when she had calmed down. I stiffened when there was a knock on the door.

„That will be the handyman to take the trunk away. Open the door.“ The guys eyes nearly fell out of his head and I felt embarrassed and humiliated as I still had Sylvia’s juices on my face.

„Here to get a trunk or something?“ He mumbled while his eyes ran over me and I felt a little tingle as I realised I was turning him on. I pointed back into the flat and I knew he was staring at my bottom as I led the way. I bent over as I had been shown to flash my pink panties at him while I quickly closed the lid on the mess inside the trunk.

„Good,“ he said, „it’s got wheels. Guess I’ll take it downstairs,“ I mumbled, eyes still fastened at my breasts. I smiled at him and leaned over a little so he could see down the uniform.

„Give the man a tip, slut,“ Sylvia called from the bedroom and I squeezed up to him, feeling his lean body through his jeans, the roughness of his work shirt prickling my face.

„Yes Ma’am,“ I called back, my fingers stroking his cock through the pants. I smiled up at him as I unzipped him, fingers digging inside to circle around his hard cock. I gasped when I pulled his black cock out of his fly, he was huge!

„I’m Barnaby,“ he murmured as my hand started to stroke him, „what’s your name?“
„Slut, Sir,“ I said dreamily as I started to pump him harder, „just Slut.“ He leaned back against the door, head tilted back as I jerked him off. I was just going to get down on my knees to suck him when he groaned, stiffened and spurted huge dollops of cum into the air. It was an explosion. Sheepishly, Barnaby said, „it’s been a while so I came pretty quickly. Thanks,“ he added zipping up. He couldn’t wait to leave and he was gone quickly, rolling the trunk with him. I got a washcloth and got down on my knees to wipe up the sticky puddle on the tiles near the front door. It looked like a gallon!
„When you’ve finished that,“ Sylvia said, standing in the doorway in her robe, „you can clean the entire flat from top to bottom but first run my bath.“
„Yes Ma’am.“

I’m spending Christmas with my Mum, don’t think I can write porn there! :) I’ll have a little break but there is more to come if you pardon the really awful pun! Merry Christmas.
Jennifer.
PS Thanks for your emails and reviews. More please, I’m insatiable.

Jennifer 16

The days drifted by with me cleaning for Sylvia, licking her whenever she wanted and sucking Jared whenever he gestured towards his fly. My willpower had gone, I instantly did what they wanted, when they wanted and for the next few days I used my mouth whenever they wanted.

Towards the end of my period, Jared fucked me brutally in the bottom, didn’t even grease me, just bent me over, flipped my maid’s skirt up and fucked me in the bottom while Sylvia watched.

Then, a few days after, Sylvia announced she was going into the country with friends and left me with Jared.

He didn’t waste anytime, ordering me to strip and squat on the floor of the laundry. He cuffed my hands to my collar and tied a cord from the collar to my ankles so it was impossible for me to rise up; I was locked into that embarrassing squatting position.

It was humiliating as my red coloured nipples and pussy lips as well as my tattoo were openly displayed and I blushed as he slid a fat black cock on a base under me so it's round head touched my cunt.

„You'll grow tired and start to slide down that cock, slut." He laughed and put his hand down to my pussy. „Let's see if I need to grease you. No," he laughed when his fingers came away wet, „the slut's wet all ready! Aren't you, slut?"

„Yes Sir," I admitted.

„After an hour or so, you'll slid down on that big black cock, fucking it like a slut and you'll look especially nice for your friend Margaret." I looked up at him in horror. Not Margaret, please, I almost begged out loud but knew he would beat me if I did. My face burned at the thought of my friend seeing me like this.

He laughed at the sight of my face. „She'll see what a slut you've become, when you're fucking that dildo and pissed all over the floor. We'll have a laugh!"

He left and returned with a long mirror, which he leaned against the washing machine so I could see myself. Shame and humiliation swept through me when I saw what I looked like.

Jared grabbed my short hair. „Don't get any ideas, slut. You perform as expected or I'll smash your fucking face! No matter where you go to, I'll find you and cripple you! Understand, slut!"

„Yes, Sir," I said quickly.

The door closed and he left, in a few moments I heard the shower start and knew he was getting dressed to go out. A little later, I heard the flat door slam and I knew I was destined to squat like this for ages.

My knees were hurting and I found myself slipping further onto the cock. The image in the mirror haunted me. A naked slut, cuffed and squatting over a fat black cock, half of it still visible and the rest embedded in her pussy. The red nipples and red pussy lips made me look even more obscene and the tattoo ‚SLUT' confirmed the image.

Hours later, I was well down on the cock when I peed. I had to, it had been building up for so long and I felt relief as I released it. It splashed warmly over my feet, my thighs and, of course, the black cock. I felt so ashamed but I also knew I was terribly wet, aroused at the thought of the humiliation that awaited me.

A little while later, the flat door opened and I heard Jared laughing and a woman giggling, both of them sounding a little tipsy. It must be Margaret and I wanted to shrink into a hole but the image in the mirror reminded me of what and where I was.

„Do you want to see my pet slut?" I heard him say through the door.

„Are you serious?" Another voice which I instantly recognised as Margaret's asked and I flushed in shame. The mirror showed a slut sliding down a black cock, nipples and pussy lips red like an animals.

„I'm always serious."

No, I wanted to scream, don't come in but in horror I saw the door handle turn and suddenly the door opened. „There she is," Jared said, almost proudly.

„I don't believe it," Margaret breathed and then suddenly laughed. „I don't believe it!"

„Believe it and she enjoys it and wants it. Don't you, slut?" Jared asked with a soft menace in his voice.

„Yes Sir," I whispered, head hung in shame as my face burned in embarrassment and humiliation as my former best friend saw me in utter degradation.

„She enjoys it?" Margaret asked, astonishment in her voice.

„Look how wet she is and she's been sitting on that dildo for hours. She can't get enough of it, can you slut?"

„No Sir," I said, fighting back the tears.

„Phew, it smells in here," Margaret said, wrinkling her nose.

„She's pissed on the floor, she's like an animal, and you have to tell her what to do all the time. Tell Margaret you're a slut, an animal."

„I am a slut," I whispered and he slapped me quickly and I heard a gasp from Margaret.

„Address her properly."

„I'm a slut, Ma'am," I said, my face stinging from his hand.

„Show her how you fuck the black cock, slide up and down, slut." Face burning I pushed down on the cock, filling my pussy with it even more, fully penetrated and I grunted as I moved up it.

Margaret clapped her hands in delight. „Look at her nipples and her labia, so red, like a baboon I saw at the zoo. And that tattoo!"

„She begged for the tattoo, didn't you slut?" The undertone of menace was in his voice and I knew I had no choice, I had no willpower left.

„Yes Sir, I begged for the tattoo."

„Keep fucking the dildo!" Jared snapped and I kept moving up and down, little squelchy noises loud in the small room.

Margaret moved closer to Jared, the whisper of her cocktail dress and nylons loud, reinforcing that they were dressed while I was naked. „Let's get out of here, darling,' she said with a cruel look at me, „it does rather smell."

They kissed and I tried to remember when was the last time I was kissed and I couldn't. „Ok, let's go to bed," Jared smiled, squeezing her bottom through her dress. „When I return, I want you as far down on that dildo as you can get, slut! I want your pussy stretched and full. Got it?"

„Yes Sir," I said in shame, grunting as I pushed down again.

„Enjoy yourself," Margaret said with a cruel smile. „I know I will."

The door closed and I was left alone, just my reflection in the mirror, and a reflection of a squatting naked slut, fucking a black plastic cock while tears trickled from her eyes.

Jennifer 17

My arms and legs were sore as I sat on that fat cock, sliding it deep inside me while Jared fucked my former best friend in the bed. Forced to stare at my own image on the mirror, I knew I had sunk as low as I could, I was no longer human in their eyes, something to play with, to use and abuse, their slut.

They were wrapped in white sheets when they opened the door, laughing and Margaret had that just fucked look about her as Jared untied my legs so I could stand painfully, leaving the dildo with a loud plop.

Jared dragged me into the bedroom and placed the dildo on the carpet. „Squat over it again and fuck yourself while we watch, slut," he ordered and I slowly slid down on it, looking forward to the feeling of full penetration while they climbed back into the bed.

They were kissing and I tried to remember when I had last been kissed. I slowly slid up and down, wanting to be able to touch my clit but I couldn't, my wrists still connected to my collar.

Jared was fucking Margaret and I lowered my eyes to avoid seeing it. „Watch, slut," he called and I lifted my eyes to see Margaret smiling at me as Jared banged into her. They came and I wished I could and both of them smirked at me as I grunted, fucking the fake cock.

„I'd rather have a real cock any day," Margaret giggled reaching under the sheet and I imagined she was holding Jared's cock.

„She loves it, she's so fucking wet it's running down her leg. Want to come, slut?" he taunted.

„Yes Sir, please?" I begged and both of them laughed.

„Want to see her come?" Jared asked Margaret and her eyes glittered.

„Is it up to me?"

„Yes, you can decide. You'd better beg her, slut."

„Please Ma'am," I begged desperately; sliding on the cock, „Please let me come."

„How long has she been fucking that thing?"

„About four hours."

„You must want to come sooo badly," she teased. „I just had a perfectly delicious orgasm, in fact I've had two."

„Please Ma'am," I begged Margaret. How things had changed. Just a few months ago were shared a flat and were best friends. Now I was fucking myself with a cock and begging her to let me come.

„"I'll think about it," she said maliciously, snuggling up to Jared who laughed."You are a bitch."

„Please Ma'am," I wailed, „I'll do anything."

Margaret sat up. „Anything?"

„Anything Ma'am," I wailed, desperate.

„She'll do anything you say," Jared said with menace.

„Ok," she said with a broad smile and running to the bathroom to return with electric clippers, shaving cream and a razor. „I want to shave your hair off. You don't have much left anyway, you always were so proud of it. You can come if I shave it off."

Margaret sat on the bed and laughed at the expression of horror on my face, so horrified I stopped fucking the dildo.

„Keep fucking, slut," Jared yelled and I quickly resumed. I was desperate to come, really desperate but I didn't want to lose my hair, Margaret knew what it meant to me.

„I think it's a great idea," Jared laughed. „Beg her to shave you head, slut." I opened my mouth but no words would come. „Beg her, slut," Jared screamed , „don't make me get out of this bed!"

„Please, Ma'am," I croaked through my tears, „please shave my head."

The whirr of the clipper seemed so loud and I sobbed as she callously removed my hair until it was just stubble. Cheerfully, with much giggling, she applied shaving cream and shaved my head bald.

I was still sobbing when Jared unlocked my hands. „You can come now," Maraget said with a smile.

„She comes like a steam train, she really screams," Jared said.

„I know, I used to hear her in the flat when she used to play with herself at night or in the bath. „

Humiliated and degraded, I used my fingers to tweak my clit, rubbing it softly in the circular motion I love while I grunted up and down on the fake black cock. When I came, it was glorious and I felt my whole body trembled and shake, quivering with the release of the pent up frustration.

As I lay panting on the floor, I felt Margaret walk past me to the bathroom and the shower start. „A new look, slut," Jared said, smiling, laying back on the bed as I cried.

Margaret finally emerged from the bathroom, dressed in her black dress and Jared slipped into the bathroom while she applied her face. Holding a compact mirror, she squatted next to me. „Want to see?" she taunted and even though I didn't want to, my eyes were drawn to the reflection. I look inhuman, completely bald, head smooth and I gasped in shock.

„Charming, isn't it?" Margaret smiled. „I'm going and you won't see me again. Jared is a loony and I don't want to be around that. Look what happened to you," she laughed, stood up and stuffed her things into her bag. „I never liked you, you know," she said conversationally. „You always pulled all the blokes, made it easy and always looked young and cute. Well," she laughed, „not anymore. Goodbye billiard ball." Margaret was still laughing when she left.

Jared emerged wet and dripping from the shower, naked. „She's gone?" He looked down at me and smiled. „On your knees, slut." I quickly scrambled to my knees and took his stiffening cock in my mouth, his fingers lightly tracing my bald head. „I like this, you should keep it like this maybe, I'll think about it." His cock sawed callously in and out of my mouth. „I'm going to come on that bald head of yours, slut and you're going to rub it in."

He pulled out and spurted over my head and, tears rolling from my eyes, rubbed his come into my newly shaven head.

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Sylvia was amused by my loss of hair, in fact she laughed loudly at it, rubbing my bald head with her fingers. „She looks like something from ‚Star Trek'" she laughed and Jared grinned.

„Yes, an alien slut."

„Did her friend enjoy her?"
„Only to watch her, I made slut show her friend what a slut she's become. She also watched while I fucked her friend." Jared smiled down at me as I kneeled waiting patiently. „She's a real bitch, that friend of yours, my little slut. She's suggested some things that I must admit interested me."
„What things?" Sylvia asked and I began to get worried.
„I'll tell you later. Slut is smooth all over, now, quite sleek," he laughed and I blushed. I avoided mirrors now and they knew it and took delight in making me look at myself. He was still laughing as he went back to his flat.
„Come on, slut," Sylvia laughed, „I have something for you." She hiked her dress up, pulled her panties to one side and thrust her hairy pussy in my face. I knew what to do and began to lick. „So smooth," she murmured as her hands ran over the skin of my shaven head, „like a billiard ball." That was what Margaret had called me, I remembered, as I thrust my tongue deeper into her musky pussy. „Come on, slut," Sylvia said, pulling my face tighter into her as she rode it, pushing my neck back just a little. „Fuck my cunt with your tongue!" she demanded urgently, rubbing her pussy against me until she came.

That night, they dressed me in a short black skirt, a white blouse and high heels. I had no underwear on and they had made me shave my pussy again to make sure it was smooth. The final humiliation was when they made me shave my own head to keep it smooth. Sylvia had slipped large hoop earrings through my ears and I looked more like an alien than before.
I sat in the back of the car, legs apart as instructed as they drove to the seedy part of town to a small nightclub. I kept my head lowered as Sylvia and Jared led me through the back way.
„is this her?“ the fat unshaven man with a cigar looked me over.
„Yes, how much?“ Jared asked.
„Not so fast, let’s see her.“
„Strip, slut,“ Sylvia said and I quickly took the blouse and skirt off, standing in the small office naked except for my heels and collar.
„She pierced?“
„Only her tongue. Show him, slut,“ Jared said and I obediently poked my tongue out.
„Pity, but it’ll do. Let’s talk.“ Jared and the man walked over into a corner and they were deep in conversation for a few minutes.
„Listen slut,“ Jared said, „you will do everything Reggie says, got it?“
„Yes Sir,“ I said quickly.
„You wait on the tables, sit in their laps, they put money in your tray. Reggie takes all the money and you wait here until we pick you up. Listen,“ he said in a whispered, „don’t even think about running, understand?“
„Yes Sir,“ I whispered.
„Pay close attention,“ Sylvia said, moving alongside me, „he’ll hurt you if you do.“
„Ok,“ Jared said to Reggie, „she’s ready.“
„Wait a minute, she can’t go out there naked, I’ll lose my licence. She has to have panties.“
„We know,“ Sylvia said with a smile as she pulled a pair of knickers from her bag. „Put these on, slut!“ I pulled them on, it was a struggle as I saw they were one size two small and were white, almost sheer. I looked in the mirror and saw the tattoo was vaguely visible through the panties and the crotch of the tight panties were pulled tightly into my pussy. I looked more of a slut with those knickers on then naked.
„Nice,“ Reggie said, „I’m sure she’ll get a lot of tips,“ he said with a loud laugh and the others joined in. „Georgie,“ he called and a black woman in a leather skirt and a halter top appeared at the door. She and Sylvia smiled at each other.
„Hi,“ she said, her eyes running over me.
„New girl, show her the ropes.“
She led me into another room. „What planet did you come from, love?“ she asked with a smile, looking me up and down. „The knickers are a nice touch. Some of the girls wear French knickers so the punters can get a quick feel, they get more tips that way. You look just about naked in those and the back shows off your bottom. I think you’ll do really well, dearie. Let’s go.“
She gave me a tray with a small bowl on it. „That’s for the tips. No taking any of it,“ she warned, „although, where would you hide it in those knickers? No stealing, ok?“
„Yes Ma’am,“ I said quickly.
„No need to call me that, love. I’m just one of the girls. Are your pussy lips always red and why are your nipples?“
„They dyed them, Ma’am,“ I said quickly.
„Permanent?“ I nodded, feeling sick, remembering again I was marked for life. „It’s not so bad, kinky but nice.“ She smiled and I felt grateful. „Ok, love, out you go, swing those tits, lean over so they can see your arse and the tits, sit in their laps and get the tips. One thing, though. Are you listening?“
„Yes Ma’am.“
„Always keep a smile on that pretty face. The punters want to think you’re enjoying it.“ She stopped and her eyes narrowed. „Maybe you do enjoy it, let’s find out, shall we?“

Shall I keep going? jennifer_nylon
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The bar was crowded with men, seated at tables with girls in knickers serving drinks. „You look after that side," Georgie said, gesturing at a group of tables.

„Yes Ma'am," I said and walked over, holding the tray in front, my breasts moving as I walked.

„Well, looky here," a fat man with a beard sneered. „A baldie. Come here, baby," he said and, making sure I had a smile on my face, walked over.

He reached up and squeezed my left breast. „Are these real? Shit," he laughed, „they are, no implants here."

„Look at her cunt," another man said, sipping beer from a tankard. „You can see it's red through her knickers."

„She's on heat," the fat man laughed. He grabbed my hand and pulled me onto his lap, his belly pushing against my back. „Move around, bitch," he ordered and I rubbed my bottom against his crotch while the other men leered at my swinging breasts.

My earrings wobbled and the tags around my collar rattled as I tried to grind my bottom against his crotch, feeling his hard cock through his pants.

„I don't see any money in the bowl," George snapped, standing over us and the fat man suddenly looked worried.

„Here," he said dropping a note into the bowl. „She's pretty useless"
„She's new, she's learning," George said as I stood up, smiling gratefully at Georgie.
„It's not hard," one of the men sneered. „She just rubs against us, what's the difficulty?"
„She'll pick it up," Georgie said, moving away.
The fat man grabbed my bottom and squeezed. „You'll keep bitch," he said, „I'll show you some new tricks later."
I waited on the tables, bringing watery beer to the customers, sitting on their laps and letting them squeeze and touch me as I bent over the table. I felt like a piece of meat, an object and felt humiliated as I realised I was close to selling my body for money. To my horror, I felt myself getting wet and knew my knickers would show it clearly. Desperately, I tried to think of other things but every time a customer slapped my bottom, touched my breasts or my legs, I felt my knickers get wetter.
I was at the bar, loading my tray when George sneered, „Looks like you are enjoying this." Her eyes dropped to my wet crotch. „You get off on being shown off, displaying yourself to men? You're sick," she said, walking away.
The fat man grabbed my arm when I bent over, breasts hanging and swinging in front of him, unloading the tray. „You're a hot slut, aren't you?" he hissed and he suddenly kissed me, his beard tickling my face. It was the first time I had been kissed for a long time.
His fingers jabbed into my knickers, probing my pussy through the sheer material. „Wet," he announced as he pulled back from the kiss, „she's fucking wet," and the men around the table laughed. Fingering my collar, he read the tags, „Jared's Slut, Sylvia's Pet. Guess we know what you are now, don't we?"

The men crowded around, shielding me from the bar and one of them pulled my knickers aside to show my pussy and the tattoo. „Slut," he read and he looked into my face with a cruel smile. „Guess that confirms it. Look, her cunt lips are red and she's bald there as well."
„I need a piss," the fat man said and winked at his friends. He stood up, seized my wrist and dragged me after him. Humiliated, he dragged me into the men's toilets, the smell of urine sweeping over me and I wrinkled my nose. The other men from the table crowded in and surrounded me. „On your knees," the fat man said and as soon as I was kneeling on the tiles, he unzipped his pants, pushing his cock into my mouth. He crooked a finger through the earrings Sylvia had made me wear and pulled my head close. „Suck and I don't want to feel any teeth."
The men laughed and made comments as I sucked him, using the stud in my tongue to tickle his cock. „I'm gonna come on those tits," he puffed, „hold them up!" I pushed my arms under my breasts to lift them up just as he gasped and with the other men cheering, spurted over my breasts.
„I'm next," another said and in quick succession I sucked all the cocks, some spurting on my face, others on my bald head and breasts.
„You're a fucking mess," the fat man laughed and he pushed me down on the floor with his foot. „Time to clean you off," and, to my horror and to the delight of the men, he pissed on me, the stream of urine splashing on my breasts, stomach and knickers.
The other men joined in and soon I was saturated in urine, piss running down my face, my head and every where. Laughing, they left me on the floor and shakily, I got to my feet. My knickers were soaked and now completely transparent and I didn't know what to do.
I crept out of the men's toilets and into the backroom where reggie sat behind his desk. He looked up in shock. „What the fuck happened to you? Georgie!" he screamed and Georgie ran in. „Look at this, she stinks for fucks sake!"
George looked me up and down. „Looks like she got what she deserved," she smiled. „Go sit outside the back door, you can wait there."
Dejectedly, I sat in the laneway gutter, next to the garbage cans naked except for the piss soaked knickers and wondered what Jared would do to me. I was shivering when his black car pulled up and he leapt out of the car, leaving his door open while Sylvia sat glaring at me from the passenger seat.
„Can't you do anything fucking right?" Jared yelled and slapped me hard across the face. „You were supposed to earn money, slut! Not enjoy yourself!" That's not fair, I wanted to scream, I didn't enjoy it, did I? Did I?
Another slap and he bundled me into the boot, slammed the lid shut and the car roared off. After a short drive, the car stopped, the boot opened and Jared pulled me out. „You smell like a fucking urinal," he spat, dragging me across gravel. I looked around and saw we were in a park and he was dragging me to a large fountain. Without a word, he picked me up and dropped me into the icy water.
I shrieked as the cold water hit me and Jared and Sylvia laughed. „Get the knickers off," Sylvia yelled, „throw them away." I did as she said and sat shivering and naked in the fountain; water running over me from the angel in the centre.
Finally, as clean as I could get, the let me out, dragged me to the car and threw me, wet and shivering into the boot. When we got home, they dragged me into Sylvia's flat, stretched me face down across the table and while Sylvia tightly held my wrists, Jared thrashed my bottom with his belt. He was merciless and I was soon sobbing as the thin leather cut into my bottom and when they finally let me go, I saw in the mirror my bottom was crisscrossed with red angry stripes.
Sylvia went to the bathroom and Jared bent me over the chair and fucked me, fucked me hard, pounding out of my pussy and I was so aroused from the night and the belting, I almost came but he came quickly, spurting on my bottom.
He left and I was soon crawling between Sylvia's open legs, licking her like she liked to be licked and soon she was grinding my face into pussy, smearing her juices over me.

Breathing hard, she pushed me to the floor and I looked up at her cruel face, „Please Ma'am," I pleaded, no dignity left, „Please can I come? Please, Ma'am," I begged.
She squatted down next to me, her pussy staring me I the face. „Does my little pet want to come?" she teased.
„Please ma'am," I whined. „Please."
„You're a sex toy, a sex machine," she laughed as her finger teased my clit. „Do you want to come on my hand, slut?"
„Please, Ma'am," I whimpered and she tickled my clit with her finger, rolling it around and she did it so gently, so expertly I was panting with need. Smiling she lifted her finger, wet with my juices, „lick it," she said and eagerly I did. „You can come if you tell me what a slut you are."
„I'm a slut, Ma'am," I said quickly, „Your slut," I added and I could see she liked that as she dropped her hand to my pussy. Within minutes, I came, crying out and moving against her hand while she laughed.
„Thank you Ma'am," I said quickly, kissing her offered hand, the hand that had brought me off.

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I was sore next morning; my bottom was really sore from the belt that Jared had used on me. Sylvia forced me down on her first thing, wouldn't even let me go to the bathroom before I licked and teased her pussy with my studded tongue until she came with a ferocious moan.

She was very turned on and I thought it was because what had happened to me, the fact I had been pissed on and she had seen the result. My life had changed. Once, I thought I was in love with Jared and now I was owned by both of them, a toy to amuse them and I had no escape, no where to go.

Sylvia kicked me out after she came and I almost ran to the bathroom to pee and then run her bath as ordered. I watched in envy as she lolled back in the sudsy water and she smiled evilly at me.

„When I've finished, you can use the same water, slut."

„Yes Ma'am," I whispered, scrubbing her back.

„Don't forget to shave your cunt and your head. I don't want any stubble."

„Yes Ma'am." I washed her hair and I could tell she enjoyed the way I massaged her skull. I would have loved it if I had hair left, I would love any sign of affection.

Sylvia stood up, smiled at me and I watched as she squatted in the bath to pee, her urine mixing with the bathwater. „There you go, slut. Have a good bath." Wrapping the towel around her, she watched as I lowered myself into the tepid bathwater, now mixed with her piss.

I washed in the horrible water and as I began to shave my skull, Sylvia began to blow-dry her long hair, as if to emphasis what she had and what I didn't. „Hurry up," she barked as I began to shave my pussy. Sylvia inspected me and gave me the pot of cream, the red dye to put on my nipples and pussy. Again, I had red nipples and lips and to my shame, I was wet when she slid a long finger into me.

„Shave your legs and under your arms, slut. Do I have to tell you everything! If you don't hurry I'll make you shave your eyebrows off as well!"

Sylvia left me as she went to dress and when she returned I was hairless except for my eyebrows and the fine downy hair on my arms. I felt awful when she laughed and then ordered to wear bright red lipstick and dark eye shadow, evening make up but as it was morning, I knew I looked like a cheap bizarre slut. She only allowed me very cheap perfume and Sylvia made me douse myself in it. Now, I not only looked like a cheap slut, I smelt like one too.

She dressed me in a short skirt, so short if I moved too quickly my pussy was exposed and a white sleeveless top, almost sheer so my red nipples poked through and my collar and tags were clearly visible. After making her breakfast, I hurriedly ate some toast as I cleaned the kitchen, wondering what she had in store for me.

„You are obviously useless in the working environment," she said cruelly, „you can't hold a job anywhere not even in a lap dance bar. All you had to do was make the punters happy but you couldn't even get that right. I bet your bottoms sore from the thrashing Jared gave you last night?"

„Yes, Ma'am," I said, reaching behind me to rub my bottom at her reminder.

„I have some friends coming for morning tea, get busy preparing it and don't make any mistakes."

There was a knock on the door some hours later and Sylvia motioned for me to open it. Blushing, I stood in the open doorway as two older and plump women examined me, both grinning broadly. „Well, she's a little tramp, isn't she?" one of them said walking past me and the other snickered as she followed her in.

They greet Sylvia and I learned their names were Beth and Mandy. „Do you like her?" Sylvia said with a smile, gesturing at me. Beth who I would kindly say was plump but in reality quite fat, leered at me.

„Is she bald everywhere," Beth snickered and I flushed.

„Lift your skirt, slut and show them." I did and they all laughed at the sight of the red lips.

„Whatever have you done to her?" Mandy laughed.

„A little dye, I've made her do her nips as well."

„I can see them through her top. She's rather big, must be annoying having tits that big."

„Turn around and show them your arse." Meekly, I did so and Mandy whistled softly.

„Wow, she's got some stripes there. Was that Jared?"
„Yes but she deserved it. Show them your tongue!" I poked it out to show the stud and Beth smiled.
„Now, that could be useful," she said.
„It is, believe me," Sylvia laughed. „A cup of tea, slut. Hurry up." I scurried to the kitchen to make the tea, leaving them to settle on the sofa, talking in low voices.
„What do you think of her?" Sylvia asked Beth and Mandy as I placed the tray with the teapot, cups and saucers on the coffee table.
„She is certainly a conversation piece," Mandy said pouring the tea.
„Needs a few things, though," Beth said.
„That's what I thought. Did you bring it?" Beth nodded and I felt a shiver of fear. What were they going to do to me?
„When will Jared be here?" Mandy asked and Sylvia looked at her watch.
„In about an hour. We've got time."
„Can I try her out?" Beth asked casually and I kept my head down. „I'd like to feel what that stud is like. If you don't mind, of course?"
„Mind, why would I mind? Use the bedroom."
Head down, I followed Beth to the bedroom, knowing full well what I had to perform. Beth seemed to take delight in the fact I had no choice and she ordered me to take the clothes off and to service her naked. She shimmied her tights and panties down so she could spread her plump thighs for me, so I could service her. Service was the right word because that's exactly what it was, a service, a job as I bent down to lick her furry pussy. Beth did not believe in shaving or even trimming as she had a dark thatch of hair that covered her groin so profusely I had to use my fingers to find her lips and her clit. The dense hairs became saturated with her juices and my saliva as I worked away until she moaned, groaned and called out in ecstasy.

„Well?“ Sylvia asked as we returned. Beth had struggled into her panties and led the way out, stopping me from dressing so I had to follow her out naked.
„Not bad, not bad at all,“ Beth said. „I don’t think I could sit on her though, I’d crush her,“ she laughed and the other women laughed with her.
„Get her organised,“ Sylvia said and Mandy came up behind me, whipped my hands behind my back and my heart sank when I felt handcuffs and then that click which said I was confined.
„Sit here,“ Sylvia said, pushing me onto a chair. „We’re going to give you some jewellery, so the punters pay a little more.“
I saw Mandy started to lie out a piercing needle and some rings. „Please Ma’am,“ I spluttered, „Please no!“
Sylvia laughed and nodded to the other women. „We have to wait, Jared wanted to watch.“
„He likes the pain,“ Mandy chortled, „He is a one, isn’t he?“
„Please no Ma’am,“ I whined, my eyes focused on the piercing needle. The door opened and Jared strode in, dressed in a dark business suit, white shirt and tie.
„I haven’t got a lot of time. Glad you called me though, I would hate to miss this.“
„Please Sir,“ I whined, „please don’t do this to me.“
Jared laughed and spoke directly to Mandy. „What do you suggest?“
„A ring in each nipple, two in each lip,’ she said, tugging at my pussy lips, „and one in the clit hood. She’ll be sensitive for a while.“
„Please Sir,“ I whimpered and he slapped me hard across the face. Looking up at him through my tears, I remembered when I thought I loved him, now I was afraid of him and deep inside, hated him.
„Shut the fuck up!“ He turned back to the watching women. „What about her nose?“
A shiver ran through me.
Thankfully, Beth shook her head. „It would make her to unattractive, the bald look is strange enough, she looks a little kinky but a ring in the nose would make her look like an animal.“
„We’ll keep that for later, then,“ Jared said with a cruel smile. „Get to it.“
I cried through it all, firstly as Mandy carefully pierced each nipple and threaded the rings through. It hurt and the rings dangling from them looked awful. My pussy lips were next but the ring through my clit hood stung like crazy. „There, what do you think?“ Mandy asked.
„Looks good,“ Sylvia said, „she looks like exactly what she is, a kinky little slut.“
Jared undid my wrists and I sat whimpering in the chair until he barked, „Into the bedroom, slut!“
As I rose, Beth snickered and said, „I thought you’d do her in front of us?
You’re not going shy on us, are you?“
„It’s not as if we haven’t seen your cock before?“ Many said, putting the needles away in her handbag.
Without a word, Jared bent me over the dining table, unbuckled his belt and I felt him push straight into my pussy. The women were giggling and teasing Jared as he pumped in and out. My nipples stung badly as the new rings rubbed against the tabletop as he slammed into me and I couldn’t even get close to coming. I was a receptacle for his come and within minutes he was spurting over my bottom, still striped from the thrashing he had given me yesterday.
Mandy and Beth applauded and cheered sarcastically as Jared spun me around to clean his cock with my mouth. „You can see why I prefer girls, darling,“ Beth said, „They last a little longer.“
„Shut up you bitch!“ Jared snarled as he walked to the door.
„I don’t think you could make me, darling,“ Beth teased. „I think I’m bigger than you.“ The door slammed after Jared and Beth and Mandy giggled.
„Be careful,“ Sylvia warned them, „if he loses his temper, look out.“
„I’ll remember that,“ Mandy said in a tone of voice that indicated she didn’t care. „Now,“ she said, standing to casually pull her knickers down from under her large skirt, „it’s my turn. Come here, pet, and show me how good that stud is in your tongue. It better be good,“ she warned, „or I’ll put another couple in to make sure.“