

Hello, everyone.

This story started out as a collaboration with the beloved 'jsmt'. His original unfinished script was named 'Norman'.

I posted my work as 'Norman: From School to Street' before, but both him and I came to agree that transition was a too bit fast.

Therefore, I began rewriting, which has taken ages under my busy schedule, and there is still a long way to go.

Any ideas, feedbacks, or suggestions are welcome. Please enjoy!

CHAPTER 1: AWAKENING

Two seniors, Lynda and Susan, walked down the school aisle. They just finished their history quiz and now were animatedly chatting about it. For two of the brightest students in Norman High School, the test was a smooth sail as usual. But Susan soon realized that her companion had given the correct answer to one puzzling question. In fact, Lynda Grey had always excelled her classmates in any test. Beating her for once was Susan's secret wish, but so far it bore no fruit.

The only reason she enjoyed talking to the potential valedictorian was that it often came quite handy for her studies. As a matter of fact, not one of Norman students could be considered a close friend of Lynda. The brunette would be considered a beauty, with her cute face, hazel eyes and silky white skin. But it was her extreme shyness that had kept her from building a social life. Feeling awkward in any conversation, she rather sought refuge in books and hid her blossoming figure under baggy clothes.

About to walk down the stairs, two girls were interrupted by the scene of the oddest couple of the school: Mark Smith and Katy Summers. At 20 or 21, Mark should have graduated long time ago. Instead, he had been tossed from school to school, only to land in one of the finest in the city. To most of the students, he was the walking definition of 'failure'. Standing 6 foot tall, Mark carried a pot belly which made him look even older. He didn't practice any sports probably because he wasn't allowed to compete being his fifth year in high school. Black serpent tattoos covering his each shoulder and wasted look testified how many drugs he had tried. Everyone thought that he would be lucky to get a minimum wage job. How he had persuaded Katy, a popular school cheerleader, to date him, had become a Norman mystery. While her relationship with Mark had somewhat isolated from her clique, she was still welcomed when alone. They expressed concerns on her descending grades.

On the wall Katy was leaning, whose face was mere inches away from her boyfriend's grasp. Under her skirt, his left hand grabbed her buttocks firmly. With a flushed look, the lightly tanned blonde was faintly trying to pull Mark's hand away. One could only guess, whether she was blushing with shame or something else. In an attempt to keep their conversation private, she kept her voice barely audible. But this was no use as Mark spat out heated arguments. Wanting to catch the conversation, Susan stopped by her locker, located close enough to listen clearly both parties. She started fumbling with the books inside while keeping her eye to the ground.

"What is your problem girl, Are you too high and mighty to greet my friends," said Mark.

"You know things are not like that," uttered Katy, trying to reassure herself. "I agreed to giving them a kiss in the cheek but I won't let them touch my ass like that creepy John tried to."

"He was just trying to be friendly and you embarrassed me in front of my friends" was Mark's loud answer.

Then Katy noticed Susan and Lynda, as well as others approaching behind them. She again tried to retire Mark's hand from her buttock. The faint touch on Mark's hand was enough to anger him.

"What now? Now I can't even touch you or what?" said Mark.

"No... you know it's not that" Katy sounded increasingly ashamed and worried. "But we may get expelled if a teacher see us".

"I don't care, there is plenty of high schools in this town" said Mark.

The whole situation left Lynda uncomfortable. She struggled to keep her sight on Susan playing with her books, but her eyes hoplessly rolled towards the couple. By now Mark's right hand had encroached to Katy's right breast. His other was now over her pussy, raising her skirt and leaving most of her right leg and part of her low cut white panty visible. Katy's brown eyes reflected her fear and arousal, which somehow spilled over to Lynda. She almost jumped when Mark turned to see her and threw a knowing smile. Blushing deep red, he quickly returned her gaze to Susan's fake efforts.

The blonde cheerleader was growing nervous. Part of her wanted to give in to Mark's wants, but her rational mind alarmed her on need to draw a line. Gathering her resolve, with a quick and firm movement repelled Mark's hand from her pussy which only further enraged Mark.

"Are you breaking up with me?"

"No... Mark, please, just don't touch me this way in school, I could make it up for you later... please"

Mark withdrew his hands from Katy's body. His next reply leaned towards coldness, rather than anger

"Well, then I am dumping you, I don't need to be with little girls that do not like to be touched" and turned to walk away.

Katy hesitated for a moment. She wanted more than anything to run behind him and beg his forgiveness, but decided to stay in her place, The relationship was nothing but destructive. For several times she had planned to break up with Mark, but couldn't speak out the words. Mark never even looked back on his now ex-girlfriend, proving her choice right.

"What a jerk." Susan ran to hug Katy. "Right now I am so proud of you, Katy. Finally you got rid of that creep. How brave of you to let him go." Katy accepted the reassurance, smiling bitterly while sobbing. Even in the emptiness, she felt confident to get on her feet again, thanks to the support of Susan and her friends .

Lynda did not dare to hug Katy or to say something. The beloved cheerleader was not someone she found comfortable, and with the other two talking she felt out of place. The awkward brunette turned to see Mark vanishing like if nothing had happened. There was a hot stickiness inside panties, the cause of which she immediately knew. Embarrassed to be seen by another student, she tore to the parking lot. On her short way home, Lynda tried to forget those repugnant images in vain. She repeatedly put herself in the place of Katy, in the skilled yet unloving hands of Mark. The idea of jeopardizing graduation for the fun of toxic man somehow turned her on more than anything.

There was nothing the teenager could do to stop her raging hormones. It was lucky of her not to be caught squirming inside the apartment elevator. As Lynda rushed to enter the room, her crossed thighs kept rubbing against each other, with her left hand dancing in between them. Anyone who saw the brunette in the hallway would have thought she was about to wet herself. Such humiliating thoughts put Lynda's already strained reason to its limits.

To the noise of the door closing, could Lynda finally satisfy her desires. She threw away her stained pants and started rubbing her burning clit furiously. Shameless moans escaped her rouge lips, as fantasies of Mark assaulting her bare pussy in front of everyone filled Lynda's young brain. In her imagination, she could see scornful gazes from her teachers and hear the confused murmurs of students, before they started calling her 'slut'. All of this poured buckets of oil into her raging lust, as her remaining hand gave her stiffened nipples much needed treatment. Norman's principal was about to expel Lynda when she was struck by a powerful orgasm. It finally brought herself to reality.

The beautiful girl found herself half naked, sitting on a shallow pool of her own juices. "Oh no, what is wrong with me...? I need to cool myself..." She walked into the bathroom and turned on the shower. The soothing sensation of cool water falling on her skin seemed to calm Lynda down. 'It was simply a joke of my hormones. No way I would want to be harrassed by a guy like Mark.', Lynda tried to convince herself.that her intelligent, responsible mind now regained control. It turned out to be a mere illusion, when she unintentionally stimulated her pink nipples trying to apply soap. Soon a flashback of failed tests, her body being fondled by anyone passing in the hallway passed through her brain. Afraid of her own imagination, she masturbated to another quick orgasm before it could further progress.

Ashamed of her behavior, Lynda tried to distract herself with homework. But as her reason fell into sleep, all those suppressed images resurfaced to haunt her in a form of the raunchiest dream she had ever had. The busty brunette kept teasing her pussy

CHAPTER 2

The life went on as usual in Norman. Embraced again by her former clique, Katy started focusing on classes again and put additional dedication into her cheerleading practices. Mark aimlessly wandered the school property, burning a full pack of cigarettes each day. Teachers gave stellar marks on Lynda's homework and quizzes, keeping Susan slightly jealous. Nothing had changed. Or so it seemed.

Lynda couldn't help but get off from the memories of that day. Having never been a sexual person, she couldn't figure out what was happening to her body and mind. The intelligent young girl prided herself on not getting distracted by a relationship. Nothing mattered to her, other than enrolling in Ivy League, or an equally prestigious

institution of higher learning. But ever since witnessing the innocent cheerleader molested, the same tingling sensation returned to her pussy every day.

More confusingly, her wet fantasies always revolved around Mark Smith. Lynda had always dreamed of a successful man with a bright future, someone who would respect her as a woman and a capable individual. Mark was the exact opposite. Anyone with a set of working eyes could see he would be lucky to have a roof above his head after finishing the school. From the way he treated Katy, she could also guess that any girl was no different than a piece of meat to him. Only bimbos would go out or sleep with such a guy. And still, the valedictorian apparent rubbed her pussy every night to the thought of being that dumb and easy. In her dreams, the future lawyer gave herself to the raunchiest needs of Mark.

Another week passed before she discovered a small piece of paper in her locker. Reading its clumsy handwriting, the brunette gasped in disbelief. It read "If you want the same fun I tried to give Katy, show yourself in Louise Park by 6pm tonight. I'll be waiting in man's bathroom. No second chance. Mark."

Lynda hastily placed the paper in her pocket. Normally, she would be offended by such a suggestion and would report him immediately. But her shameful desires had ballooned lately that she struggled to keep her hands away from her pussy in school toilet. The shy girl was now afraid to deal with her increasingly frequent horniness on her own. Getting touched by the very man who ignited lustful flames inside her could be a release she needed so much, as ridiculous as it might sound.

Among the locals, Louise Park had gained reputation as a place to avoid after sunset, occupied by all sorts of troublemakers. One frequenter was Mark Smith. Mostly upper and middle residents, including students, made it very clear that he didn't fit. Perhaps, he deserved it. How generous the county had to be to rotate him between various schools? They will give up on him one day, but till then he kept his aging shelter at least.

What he didn't lack though, was experience with women. He was somehow born with a knack for delivering them orgasms. Of course, the women he had fun with were either just dumb bimbos or ladies of the night. A few of the latter even joked that he would make good bucks off banging cougars. Whatever relationship with a decent girl seemed a pipe dream for him.

Even Kathy, the girl whom everyone must have thought of as a bimbo, proved to be quite sensible by cutting him off. But as one door closes, another opens, they say. He

had managed to spot the passion in the quiet brunette's eyes. Judging from his observations over the past week, she appeared to be frustrated with her new desires. It was evident that she kept fantasizing molested and harassed by him, and playing with herself was simply not enough.

Of course, this was all speculation. Would a smart girl like Lynda Grey ever let her future be poisoned for just sexual gratification? He wouldn't have to wait long to figure it out.

A set of careful footsteps were soon followed by a gentle knock on his stall. Mark Smith instantly knew who this was.

"Hey.... I saw the note...Is it you, Mark?"

With a grin, he replied, "Yes, honestly I am surprised you showed up." How brave of her to announce herself in a man's toilet. As a reward for her courage, Mark decided to throw in additional 'thrill'.

"Before we have fun, I want to know how serious you are. Take off your shirt and throw it inside."

The order came as a little shock to her. Lynda had always been hesitant to show off her body. She never even changed clothes in the school locker! But craving for a release, the future valedictorian's brain was working slightly different than usual. Somehow, being dictated by a guy whom any decent girl should be disgusted out by turned her on. So she complied, revealing her waist and chest in man's toilet.

"Good girl. Why don't you also take her pants off."

With her reason paralyzed by a rush of adrenaline, Lynda obeyed again. It didn't take long before she realized her foolishness. At any moment, someone could enter the bathroom and run into a young girl wearing nothing but underwear. What would he think of her? What if that somebody turned out to be her neighbor or schoolmate?

Of course, walking away was not a viable option anymore. Now she was at Mark's mercy. If he didn't let her in, she would soon be discovered and branded an exhibitionist. Yet her pussy seemed to find thrill in such vulnerable situation. As much as the brunette wanted to deny, she could sense wetness spreading in her crotch.

'Oh no. If Mark, or anyone noticed this, he would think I am a bimbo or slut.', she whispered to herself.

“Before you come in, one more thing. Take a selfie in front of that mirror. Better if you take off your panties, or bra, or both.”

With her refuge so near, Lynda rushed towards the gate. Never came across her mind that Mark had no way of finding out whether she followed his orders this time.

Inside the glass was an innocent face, whose embarrassment and excitement were reflected on big hazel eyes and flushed cheeks. Her silky, reddish-brown hair fell right above her grapefruit sized breasts enveloped in simple white bra. They had started ballooning around the time Lynda began her middle school, provoking stares from boys and whispers among girls. Never having found such attention comfortable, she resorted to hiding herself in baggy clothes.

Still, revealing her body in a forbidden place was somewhat intoxicating. The pressure and fervor building inside her both nipples were undeniable. Capturing her moment in heat, Lynda took another step into the danger. On an autopilot, she undid bra and let it fall on the floor. While the cute brunette took photos of her bare breasts in naked glory, thick juices oozed out of her pussy and seeped into the fabric beneath. Lynda’s naughty side was now unleashed, desperate to announce its existence as her prim façade fell apart.

A thin moan escaped Lynda’s pink lips as she pinched her rosy nipples with a passion. Of course this too was added to her new collection of selfies. Mark couldn’t see nor hear his prey, but from the length of the silence could figure out that she had fallen too deep. On top of that, he was struggling to keep his hands off his big rocket.

“You proved yourself very well. Now come in.”

Finally coming to her senses, Lynda’s face burned with shame. She didn’t even bother to pick her bra up and hopped into now wide-open stall.

“Wow.... what were you hiding? I think you should try new clothes, babe.”

Mark was genuinely impressed with how buxom the shy nerd’s body was, but the inexperienced girl took it as nothing more than a tease. Nevertheless, she didn’t want to waste any more time and sat on his lap.

The stench of cigarette, combined with what she could only guess as weed, overwhelmed her drug-free nose. Is this the guy she was allowing herself to? Didn’t Kathy, a girl with average intelligence at best, simply walk away when he crossed the line? It was futile denying that she was acting like a total bimbo, at least for the time

being. Lynda couldn't see her behavior returning to normal before getting the big ecstasy only Mark could provide.

"Alright, now let the fun begin. Relax and spread your legs."

His left hand started fondling her soft cushions while the other slid down her tender belly. As soon as Mark's fingers arrived at forbidden valley, they became drenched in Lynda's syrup. The brunette struggled to contain her moans as the wet, squishy noises filled the tiny stall.

"Look how wet you are." Mark whispered. "Even the worst whore I know wasn't this wet. Tell me, hadn't you been dreaming of this moment all along?"

Too embarrassed to answer, Lynda kept her lips shut. Soon Mark's hand tricks slowed down, but not to a complete halt. He had learned from his various adventures how to keep a woman on the edge, not bringing her any closer to the climax.

Soon, beads of sweat trickled down the young girl's face. A blaze of lust was tormenting her. To extinguish the inferno before it drew her insane, she had no choice other than acknowledging her desires. In less than a minute, Lynda relented.

"Yes...I did. I wanted you to touch me.... ever since that day..."

"Fingering your pussy every night?" Mark giggled.

"I.... I.... touch...my...self....very often...."

Not familiar nor comfortable with the wild and colorful language which would suit the absurdity of the whole situation, the yet innocent brunette mumbled and stuttered. But not to delay the incoming reward, she admitted the truth without much hesitation.

'Kathy didn't know how to masturbate. I had to teach her how to make herself cum. There's no need teaching you that.' Whispered in Mark's well-smoked raspy voice, these words triggered another buzz in her clit while her breasts tremored. The cute and busty brunette was no worried if her face would burst from embarrassment.

"Please...Mark....keep going....faster...."

"Don't give me orders. It's me who decide the pace of our game, and I don't want to take things too fast. Are you that hungry to cum?" Both annoyance and amusement were reflected in Mark's brief lecture.

"... Someone might come in....and hear us..." While whimpering, Lynda couldn't help but think she won't be lying by agreeing with Mark's own conclusion.

"You should have thought that earlier." Mark unzipped his pants and revealed his firm and thick cock. He had been on blue balls too, stimulated by movements of Lynda's hips, the soft texture of her bigger than anticipated breasts, and her constant moans. And one thing he made sure to avoid was ejaculating inside his own fabric.

"... Please.... don't stop...."

"Will you say the same thing if we were in school hallway right now? With everyone watching us?"

Lynda was surprised by a hot pole squeezing into her meaty, sweaty thighs. Regardless of her lack of experience, she knew what it was. She should have been horrified and screamed, but now drowning in her needs for the ultimate release, it didn't matter somehow. 'If I satisfy him quickly, he can't tease my body and make me crazy any longer.' This was how brunette justified squirming herself against her hot intruder and its sticky tip.

"I didn't hear the answer. Do you still want to come when all the students and teachers are watching us?" Mark asked once more, tickling her areolas but not nipples.

A flashback from that day, when all this mess had begun, stroke her brain with passion again. Turned on by seeing Kathy molested, rubbing her clitoris to an imaginary humiliation all kept playing in her mind.

From deep inside her swampy hole, another lava erupted. Why did fantasizing about her reputation falling apart turned her so much? Was Lynda Grey a slut in her nature, only to be covered beneath a persona of an intelligent and modest girl? Her thought process was soon buried beneath a tsunami of heat and arousal. All now she cared about was liberation from her threatening desires.

"YES! I want to come! I want everyone to know everyone how horny I am! Make me come Mark, before I go insane!" Lynda squealed, begging for a climax she had been denied for so long. Her drenched hair flew in all directions, while the maddened girl kicked against the door in desperation.

Having reached his limit himself, Mark thrust a single finger inside her vagina in synchronization with his penis. This finally brought Lynda the biggest orgasm in her

life. Overwhelmed by pleasure, she bent her waist like an arrow, without even letting a moan as every cell of hers was fried.

A few minutes had passed before Lynda finally regained her composure. To say the tiny stall was in a mess would be an understatement. Her virgin pussy had squirted juices in such force, few marks still visible on the door. Covering her thighs was a silverish plaster, which could only be dried remnants of Mark's semen, mixed with her own shameful fluids.

Broken pieces of conversation with him resurfaced to her mind. In post climactic daze, she had agreed to become his 'girlfriend', obey his orders without question and pay for their 'dates'. Under such conditions, he would provide with all the 'fun' she needed. Lynda wished she had been in a sounder state of mind, which would have allowed her to settle on better terms. But who could she blame other than herself?

She proceeded to pick her cellphone, checking any unread messages. There was one from Mark, which probably had been sent right after exchanging their numbers.

'I will take your top as my trophy. If you want your bra, take naked selfies. Send all your today's pics to me. Please hurry.'

Only then Lynda realized she was still naked. Thankfully, her pants were still on the floor, but there was nothing to cover her upper half. With the parking lot a few hundred yards away, she couldn't risk her bare breasts being noticed by anyone. How could she end up so vulnerable, even more than when she entered this little space? The thought of being outsmarted by the least expected one made her feel like a brainless bimbo.

Not even bothering to check the pictures, Lynda took a few selfies in a rush. Wanting to please her new boyfriend, she spread her legs in her last attempt, exposing her bush and petals.

'Alright. It's on the sink. See you later.'

Finally, the young brunette could leave the bathroom. She felt so relieved as her breasts were finally covered. It had been incredibly lucky of her that no one had come to use the toilet so far.

Of course, nothing guaranteed that her luck would last, and the sight of a busty schoolgirl wearing only bra wouldn't leave a good impression on anyone passing. Taking a deep breath, she dashed towards the safety of her car.

Just when Lynda sat on her driver's seat and thought she had made it, a distant whistle caught her nerves. Two boys, one fat and one tall, cat-called and jeered at her.

"Hey, sweetie, did you fuck your boyfriend good? Let me see your tits too!"

Despite their remarks, they didn't bother to move any closer. Still, the frightened young girl shut the door and drove herself out of the place right away. A couple of tears flowed down her flushed cheeks, as she cursed herself for being so stupid and reckless.

'What if they had forced their ways on me? Did they see my face and figure out who I am? Oh, how could you be so stupid, Lynda Grey? When did you become that dumb?'

Fully worn down by the chain of events, she dragged herself into the bath, wishing to wash her filth and shame away. It was then Lynda realized her kaki pants had been ripped in the crotch, and a stain of Mark's cum had dried white near her belly. Could she blame the two jerks if they had mistaken her for a cheap prostitute?

Lynda tried to rebuild her self-esteem by focusing on her studies. While she was able to finish the next week's assignment in no time, her thighs squirmed against each other unconsciously. And in her dreams that night, she let the three men fondle and tease her body as much as they pleased....

CHAPTER 3: HEAVENLY TREATS

Words soon spread that the vacant throne for Norman High School's oddest couple had occupied again. Lynda Gray, an awkward nerd destined for Ivy League, and Mark Smith, a soon-to-be dropout or homeless.

Even those who hadn't spoken a word with Lynda approached her, full of questions about her choice. She tried to sell the story that she saw the good in Mark and knew he had the potential to be a different person and she decided to pull the best out of him. The reality was the other way around, Mark saw potential in her and he knew he could turn her into a different person and pull out the worst of her desires.

After one or two weeks, the new couple stopped being a novelty and people moved on to other gossip. Few of her classmates bought Lynda's story. They thought that she had fallen for the "bad guy appeal", but were sure it would be a short-lived phase, just as Katy's infatuation with Mark had been. Susan, however, enjoyed the possibility that this distraction could last enough to give her the edge to gain the valedictorian race, a race that she had thought lost beyond hope just a few weeks ago.

Meanwhile, the adventures Mark laid for Lynda were rather low-key. He brought her to McDonald's near his place, where they would enjoy basic meals and small talk before mauling her body in the toilet. With their business slow in a shady neighborhood, the employees didn't care.

While Mark didn't ask his girlfriend for an actual sex or even a blowjob, he taught her how to please his cock with just her hands and swallow his cum thereafter. Lynda put her new learned skill to its best use while watching a trashy old movie in a run-down theater. In exchange, she had left her tits and pussy exposed to his hands, earning countless orgasms.

When they were not dating, he sent links of pornographic videos. This was said to make their first sex more enjoyable. Lynda's task was to describe the clips in a few sentences and pick her favorite. She wrote back sentences like, "This blonde is masturbating in a classroom, while stripping her clothes away. I secretly dreamed of playing with my pussy like that, wondering if anyone would find me." Or "Three ugly, plain men are taking turns in having sex with this slim red-haired girl. She seems embarrassed to be in front of camera and yet keeps coming and coming."

The lewd imagery and the act of illustrating it never failed to turn the inexperienced girl on. As she typed her new daily 'assignments' with one hand, the other one kept running through her pussy. It was more convenient simply not to wear any fabric below the waist when watching the videos. And while she wore her panties back doing her chores or studies, thinking about porn made her drip again. Soon it became a new habit of Lynda to leave her ass and crotch bare in her apartment.

Furthermore, paying for not only their dates but also Mark's booze and drugs was causing a dent in her budget. Of course, she got more than comfortable figures of allowance from her trust fund, left by her parents before they passed in an untimely accident. But Lynda had lost some of her normal outfits on her adventures, and the cost of replacing them altogether looked rather big for her hallowed wallet. Eventually, having few friends and staying half of her day naked, Lynda chose not to buy any new clothes.

On the third Friday of their relationship, Lynda received a message from Mark. She had expected it to be another date or pic request but turned out to be something quite different.

“I want my gf to know how to suck my cock. Then we can have real sex. Go to this shop named ‘Heavenly Treats’. Alma will teach you.”

The shy girl quickly shoved her phone back in her pocket, afraid of anyone noticing. Her “boyfriend” was now ordering to learn tricks from supposedly a prostitute, stripper, or someone similar. Any normal girl, even the easiest one in the girl should be appalled at such treatment. So why could she feel moisture oozing out of her pussy once again? Women like her right now, who get turned on by being forced to act slutty, don’t people call them whores?

With a small, barely noticeable wet spot on her crotch, Lynda rushed back to her class.

“Heavenly Treats” was in a seedy part of the town called Carletonville. Once a thriving shopping and commercial center, it had degenerated into a red-light district, where the only viable businesses were drugs and prostitution.

Lynda drove herself into the neighborhood beneath the dusk. Approaching her destination, she could notice a dozen women in outlandish outfits. Several of them even came near her, to offer themselves, only to turn away with curious gazes. One brunette, in microskirt and ragged yellow top, called herself Sara and said she didn’t mind sucking girls if she could earn extra bucks. Lynda declined the offer but couldn’t deny how wet her panties had become. It wasn’t clear though if she fantasized dressing and acting like them, or if she was secretly attracted to them.

Finally, she arrived at an antiquated building that almost looked like a mansion. The giant pink neon-sign attached to it was telling everyone what kind of place this was. In the parking lot, Lynda made a brief call to the number given by Mark.

Soon a young woman wearing black corset, cut out around her lower chest and garter belt stockings came out of the entrance to greet her. A 23-year-old Latina with bronze skin, thin athletic waist and wide round hips. While Lynda’s breasts were far bigger than average, Alma’s were hideously huge. An inch shorter than the newcomer, her face featured the ferocious eyes of a tiger and wide, pouty lips.

“How long have you been seeing Mark?” the Latina asked, as she led the white girl down the stairs to her private locker.

“Three.... weeks.” Lynda meekly replied, a little bit frightened by the foreign atmosphere.

“So you must have fucked a lot with him, didn’t you?”

“No.... not really.... I am still.... a virgin...”

The barely audible answer left Alma surprised. She knew Mark didn’t have a lot of patience with girls or his needs. Furthermore, Lynda looked somewhat different from bimbos or hookers he usually hung around with. “Wonder what kind of new game he’s playing.”, the sexy Latina thought to herself.

Entering her room, Alma let the shy brunette sit on one of her small couches, then presented her with a long, purple dildo. Lynda blushed, her mind streaming the videos of girls pleasing themselves with similar items.

“So you know what this is. Now think of it as a penis and suck with a passion.”

Lynda tried her best to emulate the porn actresses she had watched so far, but the lack of experience of painfully evident. Her efforts resulted in nothing beyond clumsy licks.

“I must help you. Imagine you are a student who just failed a big test, and now sucking his cock to change his mind.”

Mark had informed Alma which videos turned his ‘girlfriend’ on the most. This was one of them. And she would be surprised how immediate the effects kicked in. While Lynda had never failed tests in her life, she had come to fantasize being a bimbo, who could use only her body to get out of her troubles. The brunette started slurping as if the dildo inside her mouth was a delicious candy bar.

“That’s what you are into. Okay.... What about blowing your two classmates in toilet at the same time?”

Again, mentioning what Lynda would never dare to do in her daily life worked. Her cheeks now bulged left and right. Anyone could now mistake her for someone who had been working here for a while.

She didn't realize she had been rubbing her clit until a powerful orgasm hit her. Then Lynda came to her senses and burned with shame. How could she call herself 'normal' or 'modest' after masturbating in front of a sex worker, when all she had to do was a fake blowjob.

Nevertheless, her new instructor was satisfied. "Well done, Lynda! You got carried away, but our customers will love that kind of show. Don't be embarrassed, I bet Mark will rip your pussy whenever he sees you like that. Now, let's practice with a real man, shall we?"

The brunette blushed, unsure if she should be glad for passing the first test or be ashamed of herself for acting like a slut once again. 'Relax, Lynda, it's all to make me normal again. I will soon be over this behavior.' she managed to whisper herself.

Another floor down was the odd bathroom stall, which Lynda could guess to be the gloryhole. Before beginning her job, she was asked to strip all her clothes.

"Is there a reason behind this....?"

"Well, you don't want to soil your clothes, do you?"

"No, no...I don't...."

The blushing schoolgirl stripped her clothes and handed them away to Alma. It was awkward, embarrassing, yet somewhat arousing to stand naked beside this experienced sex worker. Obeying her orders and exposing herself, just like when she submitted herself to Mark, triggered that warm, sticky sensation in her crotch which she had now become familiar with.

'It's like I am beneath this school loser and a stripper. Why are you behaving like a worthless bimbo? And why the hell are you getting turned on by it?'

Lynda was allowed to keep her bra and panties on, but it meant little in the face of absurdity she dragged herself into. Before a long wait, a medium-sized prick poked through the hole, waiting to be served. This was it. She was going to suck men off.

'I've never even kissed yet, and I am letting a guy use my mouth without seeing his face. What will Susan call me seeing this? Or other girls?' Such thoughts raced through the minds of this busty brunette, who knew very well that even the easiest girls would think for a moment before giving head to their dates. 'Slut' was the word she unconsciously whispered to herself.

'Relax, Lynda. Think he is a future client of mine whom I must please for an important deal. This is just another assignment, and I will pull it off.' With no other choice, she again justified her deeds and began rubbing her palm against the stalk. Once it rose to a certain sturdiness, Lynda wrapped the spearhead in her lips, licking it with passion.

Any technique from countless porn she had watched so far was mimicked. Lynda also tried to remember how she was praised for performing oral sex on a dildo like a semi-professional. Clumsy as her efforts were, they worked. In less than a couple of minutes, her first customer reached his limits and spewed warm gunk into a young virgin mouth.

With foreign stench of muskiness filling up to her nose, Lynda almost wretched but managed to stop herself at awkward coughs. She tried to swallow all the cum like the women in her laptop screen, but a trickle escaped down her jaw.

Out with the penis came a 10-dollar bill. Lynda didn't know what to make out of it. Born under affluent parents, she didn't work for a single day in her life, not even a part time job. This was the first time she was paid for her labor, the prostitution of all professions. A humiliating and degrading realization for a future lawyer and entrepreneur, yet somewhat arousing at the same time. Lacking courage to reject her customer's gratitude, Lynda kept the money.

More and more cocks filled the hole. Unknown to Lynda, Alma advertised to her regular customers, and random Johns that an actual schoolgirl, barely legal was giving blowjobs tonight. Some of them chose to pay their tips in drinks, which the awkward girl accepted without a word.

By the time she served a dozen cocks, Lynda was intoxicated and hornier than ever before. To betray everyday expectations brought so Lynda was no longer sure if she. With her reason paralyzed under the spell of alcohol, the brunette's mind fueled whatever stimulation into the flames of lust burning inside her. She had already thrown her underwear away to diddle her engorged clit. Frustrated that she couldn't play with her tits and pussy at the same time while serving her customers, Lynda began scratching her giant nipples with their penises, bringing in generous tips.

The schoolgirl came for an umpteenth time, but masturbation wasn't enough tonight. In fact, each climax only magnified her desires. A torturous heat arose from her swampy vagina, rising through the tips of twin white mounds, to her flushed cheeks and again circled down the teen girl's thin waist and tender belly. She would do anything to extinguish the heat that drove her to the verge of insanity. Only the very thing stuck between her lips would do.

Lynda couldn't wait to be fucked by Mark.

Just past 2AM, Mark showed up at Heavenly Treats. He was led down the stairs by Alma to the scene.

"Alright, Lynda, fantastic job so far. This is your last customer for the night." With that, the sexy Latina opened the door.

Behind it was the girl the tall junkie could barely recognize, one that barely resembled the nerdy A-student Lynda Grey. Her face and upper torso were covered in her own sweat and filth of God knows how many men, along with her usually silky hair that stuck anywhere it flew. From her flushed cheeks and blubbery mess that flowed out of her mouth Mark could guess how drunk she was. With no customers left to satisfy, the young voluptuous girl was now busy scratching her own itch.

"This... is out of what I...had imagined...or dreamed. How much should I pay you?" said the mesmerized Mark to his old friend, meaning every word of it.

"Well, she did the most of her job herself. All I did was a light, gentle push. Have a fun night." With a humble reply, Alma left again.

The moment Lynda recognized the man stepping in, she begged in tears. "Please.... make ...love... with me.... Mark. I did everything.... you told me...to do..."

"How about using more dirty word, Lynda? Like, 'fuck' for example?" Mark grinned, still marveling at his own creation beneath him.

"F... Fu...Fuck...! Yes, fuck me! Please fuck my dirty pussy! I can't stand it anymore!" Barely visible was the trace of an innocent nerd inside this naked girl, screaming hysterically as she assaulted her own pussy.

“Well, let’s see how much of a progress you’ve made. Suck me off.”

Before Mark could finish the sentence, Lynda unzipped his pants and swallowed the hard cock that sprang out. She slurped and circled her tongue around it like a dog with her favorite treat. Mark found it hard to believe this eager cocksucker was still technically a virgin. Had he pulled it a little later, he would have been ejaculated before he could present her with the ultimate award.

“Okay, now the prize. Turn around and stand over there, arms on the wall.”

With Lynda’s body already overheated, there was no need for foreplay. Mark took his deep breath and led his big tool into the slippery awaiting hole. The moment it pierced the brunette’s hymen, she let out a long, big moan.

At first, Lynda groaned from the inevitable pain. However, as Mark thrust his penis inside, the ex-virgin’s discomfort was quickly replaced by another sensation. An ecstasy, incomparable to anything she had felt so far, reached every corner of her young body. She didn’t even beg or say a word. All she could do was to give herself to her lover’s skilled hands. Her hips were now moving on their own, up and down in circles, to capture Mark’s thrusts.

Beads of sweat arose on Lynda’s creamy skin, as thick male fingers dug into her two big chest mounds. A buzz of electricity swept her nerves when Mark started licking her neck, just like he did in that old toilet. It didn’t take long or much before set of bigger climaxes wrecked Lynda’s young body. She nearly collapsed onto the floor, setting off an unintelligible squeal.

CHAPTER 4: OUTFIT

The rays of bright morning sun woke the brunette up. For the first time in her life, she was dealing with a hangover, in the form of severe headache. How lucky she didn't have to throw up.

Lynda had been sleeping in the back seat of her car, without any clothing. Her hair was disheveled as if she rolled herself on dirt. The streaks of semen were everywhere, from her cheeks to inner thighs. She reeked of sweat and sex, not just of her own but numerous men.

Anyone who had dared to look inside would have guessed a drunk whore had gone through a night of hard work. And the truth was not so different. Lynda Grey indeed sucked off more cocks on one night than her easiest classmates combined. She burned with shame and guilt, trying to remember what she had done after losing her virginity.

Thanks to alcohol, her usually photographic memory was rather fragmented. Throughout the scenes, she had begged for more and let Mark use her however he wanted to. The most striking and degrading moment was displaying her new skill by sucking all the fluid off his dick. Performing oral sex was one thing, but cleaning man with tongue felt like something only the worthless bimbos would do for a cheap buck.

"How could you fall so low Lynda? Even he must be shocked at how easy I am! Hell, next time, I would be selling myself on the streets for just a can of a beer!" Lynda was angry at herself, but now wasn't sure if such humiliation would serve her wisdom. Her pussy was getting moist, once again, from the idea of turning herself into a street whore.

'I need to go home right now.' The brunette whispered to herself, watching her surroundings. Thankfully, Mark had parked her car at Louise Park, not a random seedy alley she would never know the way out of. Not knowing Lynda's address, he probably did her the biggest favor he can.

Beneath the driver's seat was another gift from Mark. Inside the paper bag were two pairs of cheap, skimpy outfits. While neither of both suited her tastes, she had no choice other than risking the chances of being caught driving naked, by her neighbors, or even teachers or schoolmates.

After a short drive she was back in her apartment. Under the shower, Lynda allowed herself another climax, reliving the last night. She tried to distract herself from her hormone-induced needs by studying as much as she could, and it seemed to work, at least for a day.

By Sunday, however, her arousal returned. She tried to watch a decent movie, but soon her laptop was browsing clips of porn. Lynda was about to get an umpteenth orgasm when her phone buzzed.

The message from Mark said: "If you want to have some fun at school, show up with those clothes I gave you. Of course, if you want to be a good student, show up as usual and I won't bother you."

At first, not wanting her adventures to get in the way of her schoolwork, Lynda tried to ignore this offer. But she had forgotten to do her laundry, and her collection of baggy clothes had been shrinking ever since she started hanging around with Mark.

'There is no choice. Just once, right? Having fun with my 'boyfriend' during breaks is not a serious crime.' Lynda tried to justify her choice, turning a blind eye to her changing behavior.

CHAPTER 05: UNRAVEL

"What's gotten into you, Lynda? Where did you buy these?"

"Didn't know you could dress that way. Absolutely suits you."

"That's what getting boyfriend does. I should probably look for a date again..."

Lynda was in the limelight again, the first time since she started 'dating' Mark. This time, the focus was on her unusual choice of her outfit. The brunette showed up in a nearly sleeveless yellow t-shirt, which slightly showed her navel, and tight jeans that ended just below her crotch.

It was quite a surprise to anyone who had only seen Lynda hiding herself in baggy clothes, but not so different from what Norman's popular clique wore everyday. The boys seemed impressed with her so-far hidden curves, but nothing more. Compliments from her female classmates sounded also genuine. They encouraged Linda to embrace this new style. One of the cheerleaders even suggested a shopping trip, which the straight-A nerd politely declined.

But Lynda could not shake off the feeling that the others knew how far she had changed, what she had been doing under the influence of Mark. She suspected if they saw through her and found a bimbo who would suck strangers off for \$5 each. What if one of them had visited 'Heavenly Treats' that night? Such thoughts made her anxious, but also horny.

'It's just clothes, Lynda, nothing more. Don't be irrational!' The brunette tried to calm herself down, but a part of her was convinced that her new outfit, offered by Mark, symbolized a transformation deep inside her mind. Feeling now familiar wetness between her thighs, she blushed and hoped others wouldn't notice.

Today's first class was economics, one of her favorite subjects. Lynda had studied for today's class, so on a normal day, everything should go smoothly.

"Who should solve the No. 14....Lynda Grey?" The teacher asked the top student to stand up.

It was a simple question about how much the unemployment rate will increase after the raise in the interest rates. But Lynda was distracted by her new shirt. It was so tight that when she tried to cover her belly, the fabric revealed the shape of her breasts. After a longer than usual pause, she gave her answer.

"It's 5%, Mr. Hopkins."

"Can I get a different answer? Yes, Susan Banks?"

"I think it's 4%."

"That is correct. Good job."

The intelligent brunette shrank to her chair, embarrassed and belittled. How could she get such a basic calculation wrong for such a stupid reason? She couldn't forget the look of confusion, or maybe a slight disappointed in her teacher's eyes. 'He must think I am becoming a big titted bimbo. Who am I fooling?'

For the first time, Lynda felt small in the classroom, where she had always shone. This foreign feeling was a major blow to self-esteem, but also fueled her arousal. The images of porn, where the dumb girl tried to change her grades, flashed through her mind. Back then it was supposed to be only a fantasy, but now Lynda could put herself in the bimbo's place. A small damp spot formed on her crotch as the brunette rubbed her meaty thighs unconsciously.

In her daydreams, she was now letting Mr. Hopkins ram her from the back. He would spank her ass as a punishment for her naughtiness. Lynda felt disgusted with herself, but couldn't stop her pussy from controlling her usually rational brain.

Of course, there was a much healthier way to deal with such a small mistake. Raise her hand, give an accurate answer, then her self-respect would immediately rebound. But having rarely made mistakes in classroom, Lynda didn't know what to do. And thanks to her horniness, she was just afraid of making a bigger fool out of herself.

The rest of the class passed like a blur, as the brunette struggled to contain her own desires.

After the class ended, Susan came to Lynda's seat.

"Hey, you look a little... nervous today. Are you okay?"

"I...I am okay... Thank you for asking..."

"You know, there is an extra shirt in my locker. It will be comfy than what you are wearing right now. Should I lend it to you?"

"No thanks....but...thank you...." The brunette blushed, wondering if the slim blonde was reading her mind.

"No problem. By the way, did you buy those yourself? Or is it a gift."

"A gift....from Mark."

"Got it. See you later." Susan left with a knowing smile.

In the bathroom stall, Lynda felt embarrassed about how much of her juices had seeped into her panties. She also felt heaviness in her chest while peeing. To relieve her buxom breasts of pressure, she removed her white bra and put it in her pocket. The brunette only realized how sensitive her body had become when wiping her pussy triggered a buzz. Had not the bells rang, she would have brought herself to an orgasm.

As anyone could guess, without a bra, her hard nipples now could be seen piercing into the yellow fabric. Another dumb decision made under the spell of arousal. Instead of focusing on her classwork, Lynda tried her best to make her unnoticeable.

Finally, at lunchtime, Mark sent a long awaited message. 'See me under the spreading chestnut tree, behind the gym.'

It was a rarely visited corner of the school complex. Mark was immediately enthralled by his girlfriend's new look. He also didn't fail to notice the absence of her bra, something not included in his instructions.

"You are in heat right now, aren't you? Shame to all the guys who can only jerk off tonight."

The vulgar words made the shy girl blush, but there was little she can say.

"We don't have much time, so let's make it quick."

"Wa...Wait... Are we going to...do it...right here...?!" Of all the Lynda's adventures so far, not one had taken place where anyone could see. She wasn't prepared for a public sex yet, espcailly on the sacred shool grounds, where she might lose everything for a single orgasm.

Mark thought her fears were justified. Even he didn't enjoy the risk of being discovered. But he could also sense Lynda's vulnerability, and wanted to exploit it. So he decided to push her further.

"Well, If you don't want to fuck right now, then forget it. See you tomorrow."

"No...I will do it...here... please...."

"On all fours over there."

The doggystyle was now becoming an automatic position for Lynda, an extra degradation for the brunette. In her eyes, it only suited easy lays, but maybe she was one. The yet inexperienced girl also worried if she would find missionary with a more serious boyfriend or partner boring.

Soon Mark pulled down her jeans. The penetration took little effort thanks to overflowing juices. He didn't make much love to her body this time, not just because he wanted to finish his task before anyone could notice. It was also a punishment to his girlfriend for talking back to him.

From their previous dates, he also discovered that Lynda was also turned on when her sensitive tits and clit weren't being fondled while she sucked his cock. Perhaps the unfairness of the situation made the normally sharp girl feel like a plaything for men, triggering her arousal switch.

And he was proven right. Lynda held her moans, but begged for more by swinging herself back and forth. She reached the climax just before her lover's ejaculation. Another wicked idea crossed his mind.

Mark withdrew himself and spewed the white junk all over the brunette's round buttocks. It should have been disgusting for any self-respecting woman, but her lust still unsatisfied, she came to savor the hot sensation. When the young man rubbed his cock into her hips, Lynda secretly wished he would scratch her aching clit with it.

"Good girl. See you tomorrow." With an unceremonious farewell, Mark left his girlfriend touching herself furiously to another quick orgasm.

The lunchtime was soon coming to an end. Lynda felt dizzy. Her mind was foggy as if she had fever. 'My lower body is sticky mess. I don't like it.' The brunette stumbled inside the gymnasium. Luckily, there weren't many people, and the few remaining

seemed to mind their own business. On autopilot, she opened her locker and wiped her pussy and ass with wet tissues, before changing into gym uniform.

Throughout her afternoon classes, the straight-A student remained silent. It was a big deal to no one except Susan. Seeing her rival's clothes and blank eyes, she could easily guess what had happened. Ever since Lynda started hanging out with Mark, Susan secretly wished she would be distracted.

'Took much longer than I had thought, but it's finally coming true. Maybe I can take the top spot away from her.'

Instead of heading home, Lynda placed herself in a nearby cafe. She was still horny, and probably would waste her evening away watching porn once given her laptop. While the model student managed to finish her schoolwork before the closing time, she lacked confidence in herself. While reading and solving the questions, brunette's left hand had kept circling around her crotch. It didn't take long before her pants turned moist.

'There must be a ton of grammar mistakes or miscalculations. If only there was someone to correct me,' The brunette thought in despair.

After a late dinner at McDonalds, it was around 10PM when the teenager got home. It was then Lynda realized her biggest mistake of the day. She had neglected her laundries again!

"Oh no, there is nothing I can wear for tomorrow! Have you really become that stupid, Lynda Grey? Perhaps you should wear one of those rags to show everyone what a worthless slut you are!" The pretty brunette cried out in tears, worn down by piled up shame and embarrassment.

Although she finally put all of her dirty clothes into the washing machine, there was no way they would dry until the next morning. Her only option was in the paper bag, one much worse than what she had stuck in her gym locker. The pink spaghetti strap top would reveal both her cleavage and midriff, while the red skirt could only cover two-thirds of her buttocks.

Lynda stood in front of her mirror, wearing the new pair. There was no excuse. Not even the most promiscuous girls would ever dare to show up to a class like that. Her reflection resembled more of a whore than a student. With a thick makeup, the brunette could easily sell herself on the street, just like the ladies she had seen last Friday.

She wasn't sure if she should punish or comfort herself, before deciding to do the both. Inside that dreadful bag was another gift from Alma, a black suction cup dildo. After watching several videos, Lynda already knew how to use it. The busty schoolgirl began riding the object with a fury, while cursing the horny slut inside the mirror.

"Everyone, watch me. I am a Lynda Grey. An orphan, student, and a future cocksucker." Lynda shouted caressing her white tits, which jiggled as she swayed her hips above the floor. "I don't have brains to become a lawyer, or any other professional. It's becoming easier to think with my pussy." Tears of anger and frustration welled up in her hazel eyes as she fingered her swollen clit.

"Please slap me so I don't become a stripper to pay my rent. Tie my hands, otherwise I may masturbate in front of the whole class." Both her flushed cheeks and cleavage were now drenched in sweat, turning the pink fabric almost dark purple. Her disheveled hair was flying everywhere. "If you don't whip me, I will spread my legs to anyone with \$10."

"Just stick my cock inside this lousy mouth, so this slut can't say anything more stupid!" Moans coming out of Lynda's lush lips turned into squeal as electrifying sensations of pleasure ran along her flesh. Of course, one orgasm was not enough for her. She continued mounting the dildo, while calling herself all the names. Hardly a trace of an innocent virgin she had been just a month ago could be found.

Part of Lynda's brain wanted someone to stop her awoken sexuality from turning self-destructive. But the much bigger part yearned for more climaxes so she could forget her guilt and insecurities.

The schoolgirl finally collapsed after 10 cycles of hateful self-fucking. Even asleep, her fingers kept playing with her clit, inducing another series of raunchy dreams.

Ch. 06: Sharing is Caring

Lynda woke up much later than usual. There was no time for breakfast or shower. It was lucky of her to make it just before the first class started.

She definitely caught stares. Her skimpy outfit was less of a deal. Everyone couldn't ignore how the brunette smelled of sex and sweat, or how unkempt her hair was. The

influence of her new boyfriend was obvious. They just didn't want to mention it and hurt the shy girl's feelings, yet.

Mrs. Long came to teach history this morning. Unlike her students, she wasn't afraid to express her disappointment at the supposedly best student of her grade.

"Expressing your style is one thing, Miss Gray, disrespecting the school is another."

The teacher's cold words came to bite Lynda's already fragile ego, but made her pussy tingle again.

"Alright. Which president played a key role in establishing Environmental Protection Agency?"

"Reagan...? I don't know...ma'am..."

"It's Richard Nixon. Another chance. Name of the scandal that led to his resignation, the first and only for an American President."

"I can't.... Sorry...."

"Watergate. You can sit down now."

The brunette's misery ended, at least for now. It was difficult to think clearly while being anxious and horny at the same time. Even worse, this had quickly become the normal state of her mind. Her academic performance and future career, something she had put so much effort into, could be at risk.

But contemplating on her situation only made her lose further confidence in herself. 'Now everyone will think I am a bimbo, and they are probably right.'

As a nerd and straight-A student, she lived to satisfy teachers and adults. Her intelligence couldn't provide an answer on what to do when their expectations went

sour. Lynda didn't think she had strength to turn things around. Such bitter thoughts were triggering the wet heat inside the humiliated girl, much to her dismay.

One of the boys in front took a glimpse at Lynda, just out of boredom. He appeared caught off guard by something, before turning his head again.

'What the hell surprised him so much?' Lynda looked down to see her legs spread a bit. Then she realized she had forgotten to wear her panties today, and he would probably see her bare pussy! Knowing this was the first time a man other than Mark saw her most private parts, the brunette gasped in horror. Thankfully, Mrs. Long couldn't hear her.

'He must think I am an exhibitionist, a freak. Will he spread words about me, that Lynda Grey in senior year is actually a big slut?' Frightening thoughts didn't last long. 'When he goes home today, will he masturbate thinking about my bush? I hope he does. That's all I am good for. Oh, please look at me again, see my hard nipples!'

Unconsciously, the pretty brunette was rubbing her thighs together, stimulating her clit and smearing her juices all over them. She couldn't wait the class to end.

As soon as the bell rang, Lynda tailed off to the toilet. While the horny schoolgirl wanted to touch herself right away inside the stall, other girls came chattering. 'I have to wait,' she let out a sigh.

Instead, Lynda picked up her cellphone. There were no new messages from Mark. 'Is he bored with me already?' thinking with her pussy, she found this possibility more dreadful than failing quizzes. 'Maybe I should send him some pics again.'

While taking naughty selfies, the busty brunette realized she had neglected to shave her armpits. Thick stubs and short strands of hair were visible. Anyone would have seen them whenever her arms moved. 'I am not only dumb, clumsy but also dirty.' Ashamed of her own body, Lynda couldn't wait to punish it again.

By the time the intruders left, the second class was due to start soon. It didn't matter anyway. What was the point of earning the teacher's contempt and making stupid mistakes, while stuck in a doom cycle of shame and lust? Having already stripped her clothes, Lynda inserted a pen inside and scratched the itch inside her tight walls. Needless to say, her clit was not spared from the assault.

In the heat of the moment, the brunette decided to make a masturbation clip. While recording herself in her full naked glory, Lynda wished her tits were even bigger so she could suck and lick them without a helping hand. Her moans being heard was none of her concerns right now. She should have picked her dirty top and bitten it to stay silent, but the brunette was too lazy and horny to do so.

Lynda kept fingering herself while sending all the pics and clips she made, with the message, "This is your dirty, disgusting girlfriend who forgot to shower and shave. Hope I can still make you hard." A powerful orgasm soon struck her.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the town, Mark had been drinking and smoking weed with his friends. He had bragged to them how submissive and easy his new girlfriend was. In a drunken stupor, they urged him to call her, ignoring her classes were far from over.

"No way, Lynda is still an A student. She must be studying hard right now."

"Not an A-tier slut?" One of the gangs laughed out.

"You should wait until the afternoon. Then I will call her, I promise."

"Dude, we can't wait that longer. Call her now, or everything you said is just bullshit." Said another.

Mark left the spot to take piss, when suddenly his phone kept ringing. It was a pleasant surprise to see all the tributes from Lynda. Maybe her character had already changed far beyond he had thought, or even intended. Was she ready to follow even riskier orders? He decided to take a chance.

"Honey, you made me more than hard. I am having fun with my pals now. Do you want to join."

For a minute, Lynda was concerned about the presence of his friends. She remembered what Katy had said, that they tried to grope her breasts and ass. It was almost certain Ryan, John and others would do the same to her.

But then again, hadn't she acted like a bitch in heat in front of others for last two days? Since none of his friends were in Norman, it maybe difficult for them to spread words about her. And above all, masturbation hadn't been enough for her.

"Tell me where I should go", she sent.

"Okay. You should come to this place. And tell me your address. I will drop you off after our party."

Without much thought, Lynda gave her address away.

Not before long, Lynda arrived at a dilapidated flat complex. It was on the opposite side of the suburb from her cozy apartment. Having never set a foot in such a place, the brunette doubted her judgment, but only for seconds. "I skipped school for this. At least I should get something out."

Turned out she didn't even have to set a foot inside the building. Mark and his gang were sitting in an empty space. Beer cans and plastic bags lied around them. Before she could properly greet them, a fat teenager with acne spotted her first.

"Are you Mark's girlfriend?"

"Y...Yes...." mumbled the still shy brunette.

"Come drink with us." He said with a bottle of vodka in his hand.

Lynda was awarded a can of beer. She didn't have much experience with alcohol, especially in the presence of others. One of her teachers also had mentioned accepting drinks from a stranger is risky since you don't know if it's tampered with something.

But too much hesitation would certainly ruin the mood. After two days of failures at school, Lynda wanted to prove that she was good at something, even if it's frowned upon by the majority. Plus, she knew what the boys wanted, and the spell of alcohol could assist her.

After she emptied the half of the bottle, another boy, a short and skinny one, commented on her looks. "Man, you look even sexier than Katy or whoever that bitch." Already feeling tipsy, Lynda blushed at his 'compliments' and whispered 'thank you'.

"Don't even talk about Katy. That dumb blonde thought she was too good for losers like us."

"Yeah, that innocent princess shakes her ass and opens her legs for everyone."

"Should have taken a pic of her. Then we could jerk off to her every night."

The vulgarity of their words and their lack of respect for women made Lynda shiver. They still seemed to harbor resentment for Katy because she denied them her body and sex. Mark, meanwhile, remained silent about his ex girlfriend and kept smoking. Lynda couldn't figure out what it was, but his eyes had turned already red.

"Well, look at her. At least she is not hiding herself."

"Yeah, do you really good grades at school, Lynda? You look like the biggest bimbo I've ever seen."

'Maybe it's going to become 'no' soon,' the pretty brunette thought bitterly to herself. She was having her second can, and could feel the alcohol kicking in. How odd that

the last sentence made her giggle and blush. Any normal girl, under usual circumstances, should be insulted. But it was becoming more and more difficult to deny she was a bimbo, after her sexual adventures and repeated mistakes.

'If I am no longer the smartest, then I should be the best of bimbos.' A crazy thought ran through Lynda's drunk brain.

"Lynda, would you mind showing us your breasts?"

"My...breasts...?"

"Yeah, they look pretty big even under your top. We've been dying to see them naked!"

Unable to think reasonably, Lynda was aroused by their burning desire for her body. Her pussy was already swampy and steamy as if it had not been touched for a full week. A part of the brunette's mind was even feeling an unexplainable, bizarre jealousy for Katy, who could stand for herself and get it together. As her life spiraled out of control, she felt the need to prove herself better, by doing something Katy had never dared to.

No more encouragement needed, the young brunette threw her top away to reveal her grapefruit-sized breasts. She felt self-conscious for a minute, wondering if they had grown even bigger lately, or her hard brown nipples and wide aureoles were unattractive. Her worries turned out to be futile as the gang simply gasped in disbelief and marveled at how sexy they were.

It was a validation she had needed so much after her disastrous classes. Feeling accepted, Lynda wanted to please the boys, as much as she pleased the teachers before meeting Mark.

"Guys...Do you want to see my pussy too?"

"Yes!" "Hell yeah!" They cheered in unison.

The brunette took off her short skirt, exposing the curves of her hips and the brown bush that covered her most private cave. Drops of transparent juice rolled down her flesh as Lynda spread her pussy lips wide.

"You don't like shaving?" One of them asked, amused by how long and tangled her pubic hair had grown.

"Well...I am just a lazy, clumsy girl. See how I even forgot to shave my armpits? I had time to play with...myself...but didn't have time for a shower...Should I go wash myself, if I am...too...smelly...?"

Lynda couldn't believe the words coming out of her mouth, but she knew they were an honest reflection of her embarrassment and shame about her own body.

"No, we don't want to waste any time."

"Yeah, we like you a little dirty."

The brunette's soft cheeks glowed in pleasant red, as her malfunctioning brain again took it as a compliment.

"Try this. Saved it only for good girls."

The best looking of the pack gave her a joint of marijuana. Up to this point, the nerdy student had never even smoked a cigarette. But excited and horny, she wanted to indulge in anything new, what many adults would consider a taboo.

As the weed overwhelmed her remnants of reason and senses, Lynda wondered why she had been so afraid of drugs. Being high was nothing comparable to the happiest moments of her short life, such as her family vacation to Hawaii, or Norman's principle suggesting he would write a letter of recommendation himself for her Ivy League enrollment. It also reduced her pain and misery to nothing. Why should she have recurring nightmares of her parents' sudden passing, or worry about her derailing studies?

The only thing meaningful was the intoxicating, mind-blowing pleasure that Mark and his boys could present her. She was not going to refuse any of it.

“I don’t know...how to...thank you guys....”

“Well, now you know.” He said, unzipping his pants to show her his long sword.

Of course, Lynda had come too far to keep her dignity. She invited his boiling masculinity through her lips. Others followed suit, and soon the busty girl was rubbing fresh pulsing cocks with both of her palms. She groaned, not from disgust or pain, but the frustration of her pussy being neglected. So she couldn’t be more pleased when someone placed an empty bottle beneath her. A quick, powerful orgasm hit her when the object was replaced with a live penis, which she rode more enthusiastically.

Over the next couple of hours, Lynda alternated between sitting on her laps and lying on all fours. The boys called their friends to join, so the teen’s lovers expanded to a dozen. She almost choked from being fed dicks, cum and booze endlessly, but even her desperation for fresh air was fueling her lust. “I am hungry and thirsty guys, please give me more.” Her encouragement was of course rewarded with more musky milk.

The drunkards had invaded, plundered and marked every part of the young girl. This included her long brown hair, snowy twin peaks on her chest, her sweaty armpits and even her feet. The only part spared was her anus, as Mark had warned penetrating her yet virgin hole may cause not only pain but also injury.

Mark was proud of his creation, but couldn’t believe how far and quickly she had fallen. No trace of an awkward, innocent nerd, who probably suffered from unnecessary guilt about her masturbation each night could be found. The girl in front of him was more aroused than any nympho or whore he ever encountered, and didn’t shy away from displaying flames inside herself with both her words and body.

“Make me your bitch. Your cum or piss can’t be dirtier than a slut like me.” Even he wondered where that came from. Perhaps she was learning to enjoy degradation and humiliation, he thought.

The train of thoughts were not enough to distract Mark from his growing blue balls, and he decided to take care of it, after many of his friends were slowly becoming exhausted. Even drowning under lust and alcohol, Lynda still recognized him. His touch and moves made her come more times than all the others combined.

“Oh, Mark, please play with my clit more. I can’t touch it myself while sucking and fucking others.” Lynda begged, as her boyfriend’s fingers took care of her pent up frustration. He silently grinned, knowing that she would always be his.

It was well past noon when the boys started leaving. They thanked the couple and wished to see the furious young slut again. Lynda dozed off from wild sex and booze, expecting to be at her cozy room when she woke up. Never did she guess her boyfriend had other plans....

Ch. 07: Keys

Lynda woke up with headache again. Two or three hours of nap was not enough for the amount of alcohol she had consumed. She was also feeling dreary from the lingering effects of weed.

‘I have to pee,’ The brunette mumbled, feeling the pressure inside her bladder. She didn’t know where the toilet was, and her legs felt too tired to move. Not spotting anyone else, she simply let herself loose and soaked the ground below.

Only a week ago, she would have been disgusted with her behavior right now. But giving in to her primitive demands, covered in nothing but male filth, was turning her on again for some reason. So Lynda quickly rubbed her pussy, letting out satisfied moans.

It took another minute or two to realize that she was still outside that half-a-century old looking flat. Where was Mark right now? Didn't he say he was going to bring her home? She quickly grabbed her cellphone to see another message from him.

"Now you became a big slut. Everyone should know that. I threw away all your baggy clothes. If you want your two keys, then come to me tomorrow in another slutty clothes. Alma can help you."

The absurdity of Mark's sentences pushed the pretty girl out of her drunken stupor. What did Mark do with her outfits? Had he stolen her car? And was she now trapped outside her own apartment?

At first, Lynda refused to believe his words. "He must be kidding, right?" But nowhere on the ground her keys were to be spotted. Only thing she could pick up was her slutty pair of a skirt and top, covered in dust.

'Oh my god, anyone passing could have seen my naked body. What a bimbo I had turned myself into.' The brunette quickly dressed, blushing from embarrassment. A part of her wondered if anyone had touched or played with her body while she lay asleep. Needless to say, her pussy found such thoughts amusing.

What most infuriated Lynda was not Mark invading her privacy, nor him discarding her possessions without a word. It was her own naivety and lack of self-control. Without either of them, Mark had no chance of putting his little scheme into action.

She sobbed and cursed herself in anger. How could she be outsmarted by soon-to-dropout Mark? It seemed natural that her school performance was deteriorating. Lynda believed, or wanted to believe it was solely due to her arousal. But now she couldn't help but doubt her intelligence. To her dismay, this newfound insecurity was turning her body hot again.

Of course, there was a sensible, rational way out. She could take a 40-minute work back to her apartment and ask the property manager for a spare key. But covered in sperm and reeking of sweat, Lynda didn't want to be seen by anyone that knew her. It would spread and cement her reputation as an irredeemable slut. Imagining scornful, curious gaze of the apartment manager made the brunette shiver.

So she chose the solution offered by Mark. He had sent her the route to Heavenly Treats, which included a bus ride that stayed away from her zip code. "Well, everyone would think I am a whore, but they won't know my name. You can do this, you can do this." Lynda whispered, trying to calm herself down.

Luckily, there was a small fountain on the way to the bus station. The pretty brunette took couple of sips before washing the filth off her face as much as she could. Sure, washed looks can give a clue, but less obvious than a cum-dotted face.

The afternoon ride to Carletonville was rather uneventful. A vacant seat even allowed her some relaxation. Some threw glances, but they didn't seem to think too much about the brunette. The bus ran through a lot of working-class or underprivileged areas. On one occasion, a punk looking girl, whose short hair dyed pink and green, stood next to Lynda. She put on a tight black T-shirt that cut above her navel, and fishnet stockings that revealed her thin legs beneath khaki pants.

Her repugnant odor of cigarettes made Lynda uncomfortable. But soon, Lynda remembered she had consumed both alcohol and weed, only to open her legs wide for everyone. How could she be so judgmental after skipping school to suck more cocks at once than some women would during their entire lifetime? She was probably much closer to a street whore than this punk.

Such a sense of guilt and self-hatred made the brunette's hairy pussy drip again. Then she realized, there was nothing to conceal the sticky passion dancing between her legs, if she spread them a little bit.

Even after the punk girl had left the bus, Lynda kept her crotch open, secretly wanting someone to figure out what a nasty slut she was. Remaining alcohol in her systems fueled her lust and fogged her judgment, as it ran through the young girl's veins. She could no longer wait to get off.

When Lynda finally arrived at Heavenly Treats, there was no need to explain her situation. Alma had already been told that "an ex-virgin with fire inside" would come to pick up new attire.

"You've come to the right place. Where else could you find so many sexy clothes?"

The younger brunette nodded with a blush.

"Sorry that I couldn't ask for your taste. But I heard this is an urgent matter. So I packed a dozen of what's in our hands right now." Alma grinned, showing off three big paper bags.

"Thank...thank you... I don't...know...how to pay back...."

“Don’t say that. How can I accept money from a little girl? There are other ways you can pay.”

“Oh...thanks again... Such as...?”

“Let’s go downstairs first. I’ve prepared another little surprise for you. By the way, should I drive to your place so I can drop off your new clothes?”

“Yes... I’d appreciate that...” Lynda felt uncomfortable about others encroaching her little sanctuary, but wanted to get her clothes as soon as possible, so she could leave this whole mess behind.

The little surprise by Alma was makeup. The beautiful Latina and her black friend, named Felicity, transformed the white teenager into someone new. Her pigtails were sprayed pink and orange. The bright red eye shadow offered a stark contrast to her big gray eyes, but appeared somewhat synchronized with dark red lipstick.

Looking into the mirror, Lynda was mesmerized. It barely resembled her old image of nerdy, academic-driven good girl. Anyone from Norman would be put off by such a wild, cheap and provocative look. But she was also excited by her new looks, feeling like a proper adult rather than a student. It also felt like a more blunt and sincere representation of her new changes.

“How do you like it?”

“I...love it...”

“Glad to hear that. So, the help I talked about... I want you to take a photoshoot for this place. It will be used for our ads.”

Lynda was surprised by the suggestion. Of course, she felt grateful for her new friend, and couldn’t think of a better way to pay off her debts. But photos for advertisements? Doesn’t it mean that anyone could see her face? What if those images come to haunt her professional career years later?

“Well, you don’t need to worry too much. There’s a reason we put such thick makeup on your face. You won’t be recognized so easily. And taking photos doesn’t mean you have to work here.”

After hesitating for a minute or two, Lynda agreed. She decided to treat it as a novel entertainment, one that comes rarely for a girl from a wealthy family like hers.

Over the next hour, she followed the instructions of a cameraman in his mid-thirties. Her first outfit was an outrageous parody of maid costumes, including a black bikini top with white frills and a short black skirt. From beneath, white garter-belt stockings highlighted curves of young brunette's thighs and calves.

She remembered the illustrations of young Victorian maids sweeping library floors and cooking meals from an old history book. What wrapped her body now seemed more suitable for sinful pleasures of male employers rather than household chores. And wasn't she offering herself as a visual treat for lustful men, to be back under her roof? The fact that a rich girl like her, found servant girls somewhat relatable was frightening, yet arousing at the same time.

Her next one, a schoolgirl costume, seemed better at a glance. It wasn't going to reveal too much of her skin, at least. But white shirt turned out a bit small, so she undid two of her upper buttons. Revealing her cleavage in front of a camera, and invisible audience, triggered a now familiar tingle in her pussy. On autopilot, her hands moved down to expose her white belly too.

While posing, she also discovered the fabric was half transparent, leaving the shape of her breasts visible. The arousal building inside her also turned her nipples into hard bullets once again. Lynda tried to calm herself down, but it was impossible to deny she was a brainless bimbo who let a gang of losers use her body, only to be robbed of her house and car keys. Even the worst public school in the state would suspend her, once they found out her adventures of the day.

Adding to her embarrassment and self-loathing was a bulge in the cameraman's pants. "He too must have found out what a horny slut I am. Everyone now knows." She thought in despair, but also started to fantasize sucking his cock, just like did she had done countless times. The thought of him jerking off to her photos added to the intensity of lustful blaze inside the young girl's body.

Lynda couldn't wait to go back to her room, or at least a toilet, so she could caress her pussy as many times as she wanted.

After the shoot was done, Alma brought a piece of document and asked Lynda to sign, "Lynsey Green". She said the change of the name was to prevent anyone from figuring out a respectable schoolgirl took risky photos. Drained and horny from what she had been through, the brunette signed the paper without much thought. All she wanted was to retreat to somewhere private, wherever that may be.

"Mark told me you won't have a place to sleep tonight. I can drive you to a motel, if you want." Alma said with a car key in her hands.

“Oh, that’s kind of you...thanks....”

“There are two motels I know, one very close to your school, the other not far away from here. Which one do you like?”

Lynda was going to choose the former. But before she could say something, the possibility of being seen by anyone that knew her popped up in her mind. It would spread unwanted gossips around the school, or even the whole town. ‘If I go to bed early, I can still make it to school tomorrow,’ she thought.

“I...would go to the latter...”

“Okay, wait a second.” The busty Latina grinned to the younger girl’s answer, and then made a brief phone call while Lynda packed up her stuff.

A few minutes into the ride, Alma stopped the car at a somewhat deserted point. Three men appeared smiling, then were introduced to the bewildered schoolgirl.

“Easy, baby, easy. They are not dangerous.”

Her friend’s giggles were not enough to put Lynda at ease. What were they here for?

“What’s your name again?” Said the tall, skinny guy named Brian.

“She is Lynsey.” Alma answered instead.

“You look...a bit young. Do you go to school? Or work?” Bob, a bit shorter than Brian, seemed curious.

“I...I dropped out of highschool... a year ago....”

“Why did you drop out?”

“Studies... Weren’t for me....” Lynda’s made-up words unfortunately contained some truth.

“Alma told us you two wanted to make a quick buck, shall we help?”

Lynda wasn’t stupid enough to believe their hope would come free. The cost would be only one thing. In disbelief, the schoolgirl turned to Alma throwing a silent,

knowing smile. Was she setting her up as a street prostitute? Did three men also saw her as nothing more than that?

She desperately wanted to say something, that she didn't deserved such treatment. But shameful, yet exciting memories of last several weeks came back. How could she argue she wasn't a sure lay after throwing herself to so many, and getting off each and every time? Plus, being judged as a slut triggered her horniness switch once again. It had become easier for Lynda to think by her pussy, instead of her brain.

And it wasn't a lie that she needed money. Hanging out with Mark depleted her cash savings. Lynda wasn't sure if she couldn't survive until the next Monday's weekly allowance. Embarrassing as it was, offering sexual favors seemed to be her most lucrative talent.

"Just follow what I am doing, although I am sure you know the drill by now." Alma stepped out of her driver's seat to unzip Bob's pants. Unable to resist the two longing gazes any longer, Lynda followed Alma's steps.

As horny and weak as she was, Lynda wanted to finish her 'services' as quick as possible. So she decided to please both men at the same time. While teasing Brian's dick with her fingers, the brunette raised her hips to let the other guy's hard cock inside. Even with her mouth stuffed, she couldn't stop moans escaping with each thrust from her behind.

It didn't take long before her overheated pussy was struck with a climax, but this only made her clients more excited. Lynda wasn't satisfied either. In fact, her body's thirst only grew. So she put more enthusiasm into her lips, as her hips bucked to help the guy's efforts. Both men were surprised with how much passion this young girl displayed, wondering why she hesitated in the first place.

Lynda smiled, sensing the men's satisfaction. Then it clicked to her, that to them, she wasn't Lynda Grey but Lynsey Green, a dumb dropout good for nothing but cocksucking and fucking. In a state of lust-induced-frenzy, she felt liberated, as there was no need to fight her degrading urges anymore. How futile and stupid it was to pretend like a goody-two shoes, even for a second, after setting a foot in a red-light district?

Brian came first, and the other followed by shooting his seed deep inside the young pussy. Lynda, or Lynsey wasn't going to stop. She craved for more pleasure, and was eager to show how far she could go.

“Switch places...I am still horny...”

Two men complied without a word. The brunette even threw her skimpy clothes away to show them her sweaty yet well-developed body. She almost came again when one of them took photos of her cum-stained face, whose thick makeup had been ruined by sweat. Her dignity wasn't worth keeping anyway. With a sip of alcohol, she would have let them spread her true identity across the internet.

Alma encouraged Bob to join the little party, and watched the whole scene from distance. For a moment, she had thought it was wrong to let such a young girl, with a promising future ahead, fall down the road of depravity so fast. So she offered her a chance to put all the madness behind, by suggesting a motel near her school.

But from what she had observed, the little girl also seemed to enjoy humiliation, and could make an excellent sex worker. 'It's such a waste of talent,' she thought. When Lynda chose not to leave this sleazy neighborhood, she knew her second judgment turned out correct.

In the end, Alma earned \$50, Lynda \$180. The young brunette was in trance, only able to think about the shameful pleasures and the profits that came along. Alma brought her to the motel before she could come to the senses.

The receptionist didn't care how dirty Lynda was, given the abundance of sex workers in the area. She collapsed into her bed, without washing her filth away. The odor of sweat and sex kept reminding her of the fun night, steering her thoughts away from troubles to come. Still horny, she rubbed her clit and nipples, well into her unconsciousness.

Ch. 08 Rockview

Well past noon, Lynda set her feet in Rockview Highschool. It was where Mark told her to show up if she wanted her keys back. The schoolgirl woke up much later than usual, so attending classes wasn't an option anyway. Rockview was adjacent to Mark's decaying flat, far away from Norman, which meant that Lynda didn't come across anyone that could recognize her.

The problem was, Mark wanted to show up with all the evidence of her adventures last night, so she wasn't allowed to wash herself. "Alma must have told him everything." Lynda, or Lynsey sighed. This meant that anyone on the bus leaving Carletonville could rightly guess that she had sold herself, from dried cum streaks on her lime-colored camisole and grey sweat shorts. Her thick makeup and hair spray, which had been smeared all over the brunette's facial features, certainly didn't help.

Just when she thought her humiliating ride was coming to an end, a boy who looked the same age with Lynda took a chance. Judging her as a tramp who had no dignity to defend, he started caressing her buttocks. When the startled girl didn't dare to resist, his hand slid down to her crotch. Not wanting to cause a scene, she managed to flee the bus on its next stop.

But her pussy, excited by an unexpected stimulation, had already leaked juices into the fabric beneath. Lynda was more furious with herself than the pervert, for being aroused by an obvious molestation, and secretly pondering whether she should get off with him and offer herself for extra bucks. Why was it so easy to be Lynsey, so natural to think like a dropout bimbo?

"No, no, I am just too stressed. This is an unnatural condition.... Everything will fine once I get my keys back." Lynda tried to convince herself, in vain.

Receiving his girlfriend's message informing her arrival, Mark told her to sneak into the men's locker room in the gym. With access to her apartment and car on the stake, Lynda had no choice but to follow his orders. Luckily, the disastrously managed school didn't have money to hire a security guard during daytime, so a stranger like Lynda Grey wasn't noticed. With absenteeism and suspension so rampant, both students and teachers had trouble remembering who was or wasn't one of them. Therefore, even if someone encountered Lynda, she would be more likely seen as another poor student.

Once inside the locker room, the young invader came across one very familiar face and two foreign ones. The latter were Miles and Nathan, Mark's closest hangouts before Rockview gave up on him. The only reason the two boys weren't expelled was they kept their drug habits a little more discreet.

"Nice to meet you, Lynda. I've heard a lot about you."

"Th...thanks....Nice to meet...you...too..." The brunette's face reddened, knowing all too well what all the stories must have been about.

"You know what to do, right? Strip."

The sight of Lynda's jiggly white tits immediately caught the attention of two horny men. Without even asking a permission, they grabbed and fondled her chest mounds.

Lynda wasn't even surprised. With almost every interaction with men ending up sexual, the once innocent, self-respecting woman had been conditioned to gladly offer herself to any male. It sounded too hypocritical to deny them after whoring herself for weed and money. And as the nerd's confidence in her brain, the more she depended on her body and sex to impress and please others.

Already turned on from the incident on the bus, Lynda started moaning.
"Y...Yes...touch me more....down there too..."

Nathan moved down to savor the nectar oozing out of hairy pussy, while his friend wasn't done with tickling and sucking hardened nipples. It didn't take long before

each of them delivered a climax to the hormone-driven, sensuous body. And somehow, Lynda was craving for more.

Mark re-entered the scene with a bulb-like syringe in the hand. It reminded his girlfriend of some videos involving anal sex. Was she really going to get an enema, then lose her anal virginity, in a men's locker room?

"It's exactly what you think it is. Turn around. All fours. Relax."

The sensation of cold water flooding into her intestines was degrading enough, especially in the presence of others. But what humiliated, even horrified Lynda above all was letting others turn her everyday life into pornographic scenes. The actors and actresses, no matter how much depraved they are in front of camera, at least had lives other than acting. Unlike herself, whose life outside sex was being taken away, and absorbed into what slowly became her only solace and pleasure. Yet her pussy started to drip again upon this contemplation.

Several minutes later, discomfort in her stomach began and Lynda asked if she could go to the toilet. To her horror, the answer was no.

"My dear, you have to complete one small mission if you want to let it out. Make three of us cum, only with your feet. If you can't hold it till then, just use the bucket over there."

The brunette cursed her naivety, but what other choice did she have? While one of Mark's friends, whose name she can't even remember, used her feet for his own good, Lynda herself had never done a footjob to anyone. It took much longer than she wished to make Miles ejaculate, and by then, the dirty liquid inside her bowels was traveling back and forth, ready to be launched anytime she relaxed her asshole.

Lynda broke out in cold sweat, enduring discomfort while trying to make Mark ejaculate. He seemed to be further excited by his girlfriend's suffering, but toilet was all the tormented brunette could think about. "Please, please, you can hold it. You have to. I will die if I ever shit myself in front of those three," She kept whispering herself.

As Mark's penis shot cum all over Lynda's feet, she let out a sigh of relief. It turned out to be a mistake though, as a jet of frothy water managed to escape. Thankfully, she managed to keep the rest inside her ass, but felt like a naughty kid wetting herself in bed.

After bringing Nathan to ejaculation, the busty nerd was almost whimpering, her hands trying to comfort cramps inside her soft tummy. "I can't...hold it anymore...Please let me go...please...."

"Alright, you can go. Make sure to wash your ass."

Lynda wanted to run away, but she couldn't, afraid of letting herself loose on the hallway. As agonizing as it was, she had to take each step carefully, not to stimulate her strained bowels anymore. When she almost tripped on a particularly slippery tile, another stream of filthy water ran down her thighs. The brunette cried hysterically, no longer able to take pain and degradation. But she had to move on, if she didn't want to make a mess after going so far.

By the time Lynda sat on the toilet, she was almost leaking. Not even bothering to lock the stall, she shot out all the dirty liquid that had been torturing her for so long. The brunette almost climaxed from the cathartic sensation, and ended up quickly rubbing herself to an actual orgasm. On the way out, Lynda finally noticed her footprints. Those were left by her semen-covered soles. Her cheeks reddened again, knowing anyone might wonder what shameless whore had been wandering the gym.

As exhausted and drained as she was, Lynda was hungry for sexual rapture, eager to bury the day's humiliation beneath it. Three boys, who had viewed and treated her as nothing more than a tramp and an easy plaything, were also the trigger of her lust that ran from her toenails to cheeks.

To get the pleasure she deserved, Lynda once again gave away to feisty hands of three starving males. Each of them made sure to applicate as much lube as possible on their cocks, and while anal penetration still caused pain, it was once again translated into pleasure within her malfunctioning nerves. With one penis stuffing her lips and the other thrusting into her pussy or ass, she felt like a piece of meat, slowly roasted by sexual heat. This thought alone made her come at least twice.

Obsessed with Lynda's breasts, Morgan made Lynda lie on the ground and plunged his still hard penis into the valley between her twin peaks, which glistened with sweat. The brunette giggled at tickling sensations, and the depths of passion she could trigger inside him. Soon he ejaculated once more, his cum landing all over her face and neck.

Lynda was a filthy mess, covered with her own sweat and fluids, christened with semen of three now satisfied boys. She needed a shower, but it was a different matter whether they were going to allow her.

"Well, you came here for the keys right?"

Mark produced a small bag full of papers. "Your first mission. Put these inside each and every unlocked locker. Text me when you are done, then we will let you know what your second mission is. But, if there is even a single piece, on the floor, or inside the trash can, then you can say goodbye. Understand?"

"See you around, Lynda. Have fun."

Left alone, the sweaty brunette finally got to take a look at those papers. They were pamphlets of Heavenly Treats! Thankfully, they didn't include photos of herself, or, "Lynsey". It wasn't surprising, as there wouldn't have been enough time to select and edit her photos for advertisements.

But Alma would ask for her "help" at Heavenly Treats, when it's needed. This came to the schoolgirl's mind as she put first of the pamphlets inside the lockers. What if one, or some of the students show up when she is actually working there? Is there a chance of sucking them off, or letting them play with her body?

As fearful as those thoughts were, they were turning her on again. Now she was selling herself as whore everywhere. One day, Mark and Alma actually make her distribute pamphlets with her images in Norman, or even around her apartment. What if someone notices her and actually demands any kind of sexual favor right there? She wouldn't be able to say no, after tarnishing her dignity countless times over such a short period.

Then Lynda realized she was indeed at risk of being caught right, if she didn't speed up right now. The stakes were higher than in her daydreams. She was a stranger, naked and covered in cum, now putting pamphlets of a seedy place in everyone's lockers! But the musky smell of clothes were fueling her already blazing lust. Part of her brain actually craved Rockview boys putting the invader to her place with their stamina and cocks, one of lowly street whore.

Her thighs rubbed against each other, as they were soaked by her leaking pussy.

Thankfully, or disappointingly, no one entered the locker room until Lynda finished her task. Like a slug, she had left traces of semen and her fluids everywhere. "Anyone will wonder what kind of freak had been messing around here." She whispered to herself, her cheeks blushing.

Mark noted her that she would be able to find her apartment keys in toilets. "I won't tell you if it's in men's or women's. You have to figure it out." He also suggested it might be easier to search while posing as a janitor, and items needed can be found in the designated locker.

Inside were a basic white t-shirt, a pink cotton shorts, a purple apron, a rag and detergent. With her previous attire being taken away by either Nathan or Miles, she had no other choice. 'At least it's better than wandering around naked in someone else's school.' she thought.

Her search throughout the first floor was unevenful. Still, a thought that she was cleaning school toilets to get a roof back over her head crept in. Lynda Grey, a valedictorian and a future professional would have never found herself in such a situation. But here she was. And what if she kept messing up at school? Or uni? or a job interview? Now this humiliating path seemed plausible, especially after proving herself to be a bimbo who loved degradation.

"This is getting out of hand. I really need to go back to my apartment...so I can...touch myself as much as I want...no...study...!" She whispered to herself on the stairs, feeling her hard nipples poking the shirt.

Once again, no one was inside the men's toilets on the second floor. Relieved, she placed a "Cleaning" sign, before entering women's toilet.

To her surprise, a pale-skinned girl was smoking her cigarette, obviously having skipped her classes. Her black hair was partially dyed red, which told a lot about her personality or grades. Before guessing further, Lynda realized she too skipped her classes, in fact for a two days in a row, and therefore should be ashamed of herself for trying to judge someone else.

Lynda tried to ignore, but then the girl said hi. "Hey, my name is Nancy. Yours?"

"Lyn...Lynsey...."

"It's strange...because I thought all the janitors here were men."

"I...I am new here...." Lynda whispered, the truth wasn't far away in fact.

"I also never saw a janitor wearing shorts. Won't your legs get all dirty?"

"I forgot...."

"Wait. Is that cum on your face? Crazy! Did you actually suck off someone to get a job here?" Again, the truth was quite close.

While Lynda struggled to find a reply, Nancy picked up her phone to snap a picture.

"Don't run away now. You have to prove me that you are really a janitor here. Otherwise....I would tell everyone a whore was running around our school and show this picture around."

The brunette was horrified. But she also thought, how much did she have to prove to her? Cleaning toilets can't be a tricky job right?

But Nancy had plans, which were revealed with a handcuff. "I won't let you get away so easy, slut. You have a minute to clean each toilet while handcuffed. There will be punishment each time, if I find just a single speck of dirt. Understand?"

"Please, Nancy...I...." Lynda begged, which were ignored by her new captor.

"The game has already started. No time for nagging. Quick!"

With her hands strained, the poor brunette kept making awkward movements. A minute was never going to be enough. Nancy announced "Time's up!" when Lynda was only half done.

"What a lousy job you've done here. As a punishment... take your top off. You don't deserve to use the rag."

Lynda's white t-shirt was smeared with dirt by the time Nancy was satisfied. The same fate awaited her pink shorts in the next stall. The purple apron was the only thing that covered the brunette's tits and pussy. She could only wish that this cruel girl won't take her last piece of dignity away from her.

She let out a sigh of relief when Nancy freed her hands out of sudden. It was to be followed by a moan of pain and terror, when her mistress yanked her hands to her back, then cuffed them again.

"You were rubbing your thighs, I saw. Are you getting horny while cleaning toilets? Am I wrong, slut?"

The nerd's cheeks turned red, realizing it was true. How could this punk, supposed to be dull and dumb, read her mind so well? Or was she really putting up a show, albeit unintentionally?

"I will change my question. Do you want to come right now? To touch yourself?"

"Y...yes...." Barely audible whispers, closer to moans, leaked out of Lynda's mouth. It was embarrassing, yet oddly pleasing to admit she was a humiliation-loving bimbo.

"I won't allow you to touch yourself, but will let you have fun. You, instead, will have to clean the remaining toilets with your own hair. Am I clear?"

Lynda wanted to stand up for herself, but she couldn't. She had already sunk too low, her free will and self-respect shattered by depths of her submission to a stranger, another young girl. Besides, what punishments would be in store for her if she disobeyed Nancy?

It was an odd relief that her body was already dirty. The mix of piss, shit and filth that fell into hair would be washed away when she finally gave herself a much needed shower. What overwhelmed the busty brunette though, was a ballooning urge to get

her release. Nancy's crafty fingers kept her on the edge, slowing down before Lynda's climax, only to regain pace when she started to cool down. It was a well-known trick, yet so effective. She cursed herself for being outsmarted by a delinquent punk.

"Please....I've done so much...for you...Just let me...." Lynda was now whimpering in tears. She wouldn't mind the presence of another girl and just start masturbating if Nancy took her cuffs away.

"You have to earn it, honey. Make me come." Nancy giggled as she sat on the toilet, taking her skirt off to uncover her neatly shaved pussy.

Lynda had never considered herself a gay. Sucking and licking a low-class punk's pussy, in the worst of the places, was the last thing she wanted to do. But her burning horniness was triggering a forbidden curiosity inside her mind, replaying odd scenes of beautiful women making love to each other.

So she bore the humiliation, wishing she could have assaulted her needy clit. Fortunately, it didn't take long before Nancy reached her climax. The black haired punk had been high from dominating another girl, slutty yet somewhat naive. When bursts of Nancy's juices landed on her tongue, Lynda wondered if her juices would taste different.

"Thanks. You were looking for this right?" Satisfied Nancy picked a familiar set of keys out of a small pocket on her chest.

"How...How did you..."

"Well, Nathan told me I can find a sexy 'plaything' inside the school toilets....so I only need to wait on the second floor. Didn't expect you to be so obedient, frankly." The last sentence deeply embarrassed Lynda.

"This is yours, so I will give it to you anyway.....But you have to choose. Between your clothes....and your, 'fun'."

Before Lynda could think properly, her tongue made the decision. "Just...let me come...."

"Alright. Sit here. Let me take your apron off."

Nancy marveled at the sight of Lynda's ample breasts, just like Nathans and Miles did. She kneeled slightly, to suckle the brunette's stiff nipples while finger her hairy pussy.

Lynda found it hard to contain her moans. It was such an odd sensation to get pleased by someone of same sex, someone who knew too well about her own body. She eventually decided to give her last remaining pieces of reason away to the pleasure the punk's tongue and hand provided.

After a minute or two, the brunette arched her back, spraying water as she reached her climax she had craved so much.

"Well, it was too fun to meet you today. I am leaving you with this apron. Good luck!"

Lynda picked up her phone, which had received messages from Mark and Nathan. Her car keys were left somewhere in Norman, and to get hints, she would once again have to follow their instructions.

The brunette departed Rockview, trying to convince herself that she was not a bisexual or lesbian

Ch. 09 Norman

As instructed by the boys, Lynda now headed to Norman, partly relieved that the school would be mostly vacated by now, and partly horrified how skipping school for such degradation had now become normal to her. Fears of being discovered overwhelmed the attractive nerd more than concerns about her grades. Such a realization that made her feel like a worthless bimbo.

The route itself between Rockview and Norman usually took less than half an hour. But whenever someone showed up, the half-naked brunette had to lie low for a minute or two, adding to her journey time. Halfway through her walk, Lynda decided her filthy apron was a nuisance, and threw it away like a rag. While she was able to speed up afterwards, it also meant that her nipples or pubic hair was now visible even from a distance.

Hiding herself behind a car or a bush triggered a buzz inside the brunette's crotch. It jolted through her body as Lynda kept thinking about encountering a stranger, or even a neighbor. She even daydreamed about sucking them off, or even offering her pussy just like those girls from those videos. Ruined as it was, there was still enough of makeup and hair spray to pose as "Lynsey the slut", not "Lynda the schoolgirl".

It became harder and harder to control her fingers as she approached her next destination. "No...Lynda...you can't do this...Wait....Ughh...!" They kept harrasing her swollen clit, even as she was walking without a cover. The thrill of wantonly masturbating in public, seemed to overwhelm any remaining fragments of reason inside the once disciplined girl. Thankfully, both of her orgasms were hidden from the street.

With her school in sight, Lynda's arousal only grew out of control. Fantasies of her classmates or teachers finding out what a horny slut she was became too tempting. Her pussy couldn't wait to reach the toilet or more discreet place. The brunette reached her third climax behind the gym building, transparent juices rolling down all over her wide open, sweaty thighs.

Disgusted with her actions once again, Lynda sneaked into the school changing room. Few would be using gym at this time, as far as she knew. She would finally be able to take shower, and dress into clothes that had been stuck inside her locker since Monday.

Just as she was about to open her locker, though, a gleefully chattering crowd entered the scene. It was the cheerleaders, who for some reason finished their practices much earlier than usual. While none of them were her friends, they would certainly recognize her. Once again, Lynda had to hide, this time behind the lockers.

"Katy, you seem to be doing much better these days! Why didn't you cut him off earlier?"

"Thanks, I was thinking the same. Have no idea what I saw in him in the first place....."

"Heard you are seeing a nerdy guy this time. What was his name again? Ray?"
Another voice said.

"Yes. He is the complete opposite of my ex...Smart, kind, totally respectful. Never thought a guy wearing glasses could be...handsome..."

"Did you sleep with him already?" One of the girls asked teasingly, followed by numerous "Corie!".

"Oh....well....not yet....but I can't stop thinking...about it....I even had funny dreams last night."

Katy's response triggered roars and cheers. Several of the voices suggested that she shouldn't push things too quickly, but wished good luck for her new relationship.

"By the way. Wasn't Mark dating someone too? Lynda?"

"Yeah, senior I believe. Heard she is a straight-A. Even weirder combo than Katy and Mark."

"Well, she is, or was. I take a same science class with her, and she's been weird lately. Dressing like a bimbo out of sudden, and then....she just vanished."

"Probably sleeping around with her boyfriend and other losers. Didn't you say, Katy, that one of his boyfriends tried to touch your ass?"

"Yes, but please, girls, stop talking about Lynda and Mark, okay? It's stressful to be a senior, and maybe she just wanted to have fun...like me... She is much smarter person than me, so she can control herself."

Katy's innocent words only humiliated Lynda. She had proven far easier to manipulate and be corrupted than the blonde cheerleader others considered too ditzy. Perhaps Katy wasn't as dumb as she looked. "Or I am just not smart as...." the brunette thought bitterly.

The cheerleading team finally walked away, returning Lynda her private space. She crawled out of her hiding spot into the shower. It felt so refreshing to let the water wash all the filth away. Yet, the brunette sensed there was something wicked beneath her skin, that could not be washed or scrubbed. Formed by numerous adventures she had been through so far, it was now dominating her mind, driving the young girl to wallow in ever more destructive pleasures.

As she soaped her breasts, armpits, and pussy, she had realized how sensitive her flesh had become. It had become a habit of hers to play with her sensitive parts while washing herself each night. Now she was bringing herself to another climax in the school locker room.

"I can't wash with anyone else after PE from now...Otherwise they will see how naughty my fingers are...what a slut I am....Oh...why can't I control myself....?"

All the orgasms she'd had so far failed to subdue her cravings. Rather, they had only been fanning the flames inside her body. Lynda now couldn't deny the incoming one wouldn't be different, and she would be more than horny enough to carry out whatever crazy ideas Mark had in store for her.

Soon her back arched, as the water silenced her moans and washed her juices away.

Lynda left the girls' locker room in her yellow t-shirt and jean shorts, the pair she had locked away a couple of days ago. They signaled the beginning of her troubled week, but even then, little could she guess how far she would fall.

"You're almost there, Lynda, almost there. Get the car keys back, drive back home, and everything would be back to normal again." The future valedictorian wanted to reassure herself, but couldn't ignore memories of losing control. A part of her started questioning what 'normal' was, and whether 'Lynsey' was a better reflection of her true nature.

Mark's first order was rather simple. Taking a picture of her breasts inside a classroom. Aside from the location, it was something she had done countless times by now.

But Lynda wanted to get kick out of it. Just pulling up her shirt was no longer enough. So she stripped herself, and sent an image of her full upper body, face included. Hard nipples displayed the depths of her desires, as the brunette daydreamed about being exposed during a class.

"I didn't ask for this much....You must be still horny. Am I wrong?" Lynda blushed to her lover's text.

"Then I will give you more fun. Leave your shirt right there, go to another classroom, and send me a pic of your pussy."

In a state of trance, she threw away her pants to reveal her bush. Only when she got her next instructions, did Lynda realize what a vulnerable position she had put herself into.

"Now, film yourself walking the hallway. Nude, of course."

'Is he crazy?' Lynda almost shouted out. This was far riskier than any of her previous tasks. Anyone, for any reason, walking into the school could notice her, and identify this young, shameless exhibitionist as Lynda Grey.

Still, the brunette couldn't dare to reply 'no'. Mark could simply not tell where he kept her car keys, and all her embarrassment and efforts would be pointless. And exposing her flesh, and true nature as a submissive bimbo sounded too tempting for her dripping pussy. Her horniness, brushed up from revealing her femalehood in the very place she demonstrated her intelligence and diligence until a few weeks ago, clouded her judgement and gave her a false bravado enough to take another step into degradation.

Opening the door, she felt a light breeze gently touching her bosoms. Such a soothing sensation only added to the absurdity of her situation. Lynda giggled turning on the camera of her smartphone. It was so liberating to be a mischievous kid she had never dared to be, when her world was cocooned away from ones like Mark. Now she could not consider them her beneath, of course, after behaving as a perfect toy for everyone. And whenever the opportunity arose, her desires and cravings proved themselves to be far beyond the wickedness of anyone's imagination. Was working at Heavenly Treats, jiggling her tits and hips and pleasing hard cocks a ill-suited career choice, compared to a lawyer or whatever professional everyone would recommend, based on her grades so far?

Her train of thought came to a halt, upon noticing her own purple sandals. She had been wearing them since taking a shower in the school locker. They reminded her of how dirty her feet must have been, after walking or running barefoot all the way from Rockview. Were her mind slightly clearer, she would have guessed and feared if any of cheerleaders had spotted her presence, or precisely, her dirty footsteps. But under the thrill of walking in a birthday suit, all she could think of was orgasms that had rocked her body, as her fingers shamelessly assaulted her clit just behind the streets.

Another sick idea arose to her mind. 'How wonderful it would be to walk with a finger up my pussy, another up my clit?' Hungry for extra stimulation, Lynda saw no reason to turn it down. She also took her sandals off. A slut like her didn't deserve to keep her feet clean. Instead, she should bear whatever filth others had left behind.

The brunette let out a moan the moment her left index finger started tickling her swollen clit. It was surreal to see her eyes roll and cheeks flush from the pleasure as if she was a cheap cam girl. When her middle finger started scratching the itch inside her now well-used tunnel, her thighs began wobbling. As she reached the end of the hallway, she almost collapsed at least three times. But all the crazy sensations kept driving her forward. The only thing she wished right now was something thicker than her fingers, perhaps a dildo.

When she was reaching the end of her task, and another release, a distant sound of footsteps brought the dreamy girl back to her senses. With nothing to cover her body,

there was nothing she could do but escape. She just ran up the nearest stairs to the second floor, unable to think about whether her sandals would be noticed.

Taking a refugee in a random classroom, Lynda cursed her own foolishness and recklessness. How could she lose all of her clothes within minutes, in her own school of all places? "Maybe I have really become stupid. Now anyone can call me a bimbo," she whispered. But what else she can do, other than follow the Mark's tasks to the end? She sent the footage, that was somehow miraculously salvaged, and waited for his next words.

"My, you seem ready for even more. That poor bastard should have seen your tits."

"I left something to wear in Room 2104. I thought you might need it. Another gift from Alma."

The second text was somehow more infuriating than the first. Now it was a dropout who prepared a backup plan for the stupidity of 'aspiring valedictorian'. Being constantly outsmarted, especially by ones with poorer academic performances than hers, had become a blow to her self-confidence. Lynda couldn't help wondering if she could emerge undamaged, once her adventures with Mark came to an end.

"I don't know if you are in that Room. But this is your mission in 2nd Floor. Write two or three sentences that begin with 'Lynda', or 'Lynsey', in each room. In the first room, on desks. In the second room, on the cabinet. And the third time, the whiteboard. There will be at least one pen in each room, on the teacher's desk. Send me a pic each time you are done."

Unfortunately, Lynda was in Room 2103. At least for now, she wanted to play things a little safer, especially after being almost exposed in the floor beneath. So she started off with two sentences: "Lynsey Green is a big titted bimbo-slut. Lynsey Green likes showing her pussy." No one in Norman would have ever heard of such a name, so no matter how ludicrous the sentences were, they couldn't harm her.

With a stamp of approval from her master, she moved on to the next room, 2104. There, inside a paper bag, was a pink sports bra and a very short, almost band-like pink skirt. While the pair looked trashy, it was a much better option than staying naked.

Weirdly enough, the presence of fabric on her skin alone gave Lynda a false sense of security. And boredom. Once again, her pussy was craving more stimulation. Now her reason playing less than a minor role in her decision making, she decided to write

something a little riskier. "Lynsey Green works in Heavenly Treats, Carltonville. Lynda is a secret exhibitionist. Lynda, in senior, likes to play with herself."

For a brief minute, she wondered if her imagination wasn't enough, but Mark didn't seem to give much thought. After all, the climax would be in the third room. Where she would have to debase herself for everyone to see, and spread wild rumors that were not so far off the truth.

"Easy, Lynda, Easy. Everyone writes stupid, naughty things on those whiteboards. And no one gets punished. Everyone will just ignore this." The brunette had to keep convince herself that it was just a little game, even though a smarter part of her knew better. She was playing with fire, that could get out of her hands at any moment.

Ultimately, it was tingling in her pussy that encouraged her to grab the marker. A pen wouldn't do a job on the whiteboard anyway. She ended up with: "Lynda Grey likes showing her boobs off." "Lynda Grey has to play with herself every day and night." "Lynda Grey is a sure lay."

The graffiti wasn't too big, and there were already several doodles and slurs on the whiteboard. It was more likely anyone wouldn't take the words too seriously and just wipe the words off. While a part of her wished she could have taken it further to the edge, by now Lynda was tired and just wanted to go home.

"Now let's move to third floor. There is a razor in Room 3101. You need to film yourself shaving your pussy with it. Of course, you can do it in toilets, but classroom may be more fun."

She thought it was a fairly normal, rather tame one, until the last six words. Was Mark encouraging her to shave herself in none other than a classroom? Of course, Lynda could have made a more rational choice of doing a job in a bathroom stall. But the forbidden idea of removing dirty hair off one's private part, in a sacred space for brains, sounded too alluring. After all, when would she get another chance to do something like this?

After taking a deep breath, Lynda walked to the bathroom and applied soap all over pussy. Wearing her pink skirt back was unnecessary. A chill sensation of air between her legs only made the task more thrilling. She sat in a middle of the room and with camera on, started moving laser up and down above her crotch.

Images of shock and disgust upon teachers and classmates rolled into her mind. Would they show a little more respect if she was just playing with herself? In her

imagination, Lynda was labeled a whore and a walking shame, then getting spanked by everyone, men and women, both on her fat tits and round ass. Then she would be thrown out of Norman, either to a shitty highschool where everyone could lay their fingers on her young body, or a whorehouse to make a living.

By the time her pussy was shaven clean, Lynda felt weak, her breath coarse as if she had just completed a short sprint. And at the same time, she was undeniably horny, having leaked juices all over her chair. While the brunette scrubbed any strands of her pubic hair off, the funky, naughty smell lingered. "I just hope the stench goes away. Otherwise they may find out there is a slut in this school." She thought.

"Damn, I didn't think you would really do it. Now, the final one. Move to another room, and rub your pussy over every desk and chair. I don't care how many times you come."

There was no reason Lynda would protest, after making it this far. She needed an orgasm again, more than anything, after all.

A few rubs on the first chair was enough for her overstimulated pussy to reach a quick climax. But just like drinking seawater, it only exacerbated her thirst. The brunette threw away her bra away, so her left hand could squish her jiggly white breasts. She also started degrading herself, just like she had done after a laundry incident.

"I am a dumb bimbo, who just keeps losing her clothes. Maybe I don't deserve clothes at all. I should be forced to walk naked, so everyone can know what a slut I am. So everyone can...grab me...touch me...and fuck me...!"

"Sorry to you John on that stupid bus...Only if I had more time....! Next time, you should fuck me in the ass too...! I would soon be banned from taking a bus, or have to pay the driver with my body....!"

All of her ramblings were being recorded for Mark, or every friend of his he might share this clip with. In a desperate search for an elusive release, Lynda could only wish more would find out her nature, so they would see and treat her as nothing more than a pussy with a pair of legs.

By the time she served the last desk and chair, Lynda had probably came no less than 5 times. She was a sweaty mess, her lower abdomen smeared with juices all over. All she could care about now was a ride back home. Chances of anyone walking in, or rather she can view classroom the same ever again was beyond her thinking capabilities.

"That was wild! Well, I won't keep torturing you any longer. Your car is in the school parking lot, and your keys are right below there. Good luck looking for it."

Exhausted, she gathered her skimpy clothes back and walked down to her car. Everything in the last two days seemed like a blur.

Once back home, she came across bags containing Alma's gifts. Did she enter her apartment too, with keys borrowed from Mark? Lynda could only guess.

The brunette took a shower again, finally shaving her armpits clean, and ordered Chinese delivery for a dinner. She tried taking a look at her studies, but her focus seemed absent.

Would everything back to be normal now? She wanted to say yes, but without much certainty. Something inside her had snapped, and taken hold of her, only satisfied by the destruction of old Lynda Grey. It was now more threatening than anything Mark, Alma or others could come up with.

Late into night, she drifted into sleep, not sure what tomorrow have in stored for her.

Chapter 10: Wrong Turn

Lynda wanted to believe regaining access to her apartment also meant regaining control of her life. It shouldn't be too difficult to get her studies back on track, for a straight student like her. But the following days, and weeks, shattered her illusion. She now couldn't help but wonder, if her escapades, supposed to be a deviation, had become the new norm, a part of her transformed nature.

Each morning, the brunette had to face gazes filled with contempt, lust, or both. Her new colorful tops, which resembled more of bras, cut so deep into her cleavage that a few careless steps could release her nipples. She didn't do herself a favor with her pants either, as they did a mediocre job at best of covering her buttocks. To anyone that remembered the prim nerd wrapped in dull, long clothes, new Lynda Grey was a shock. They could only wonder how far Mark would take things, and marvel at how

easy it had been to turn this bookworm into a bimbo, when he hadn't been able to do the same to a blonde cheerleader.

Since Norman didn't have strict dress rules that matched its reputation, there wasn't much the teachers could do or say. What disappointed, and frustrated them the most was the drastic change in her classroom behavior. Lynda had become silent and passive, and gave wildly inaccurate answers to the most basic questions. This was soon followed by failed quizzes and missed assignments. The more passionate ones scolded her. Others started giving up.

In fact, Lynda wanted to recover. She needed to prove her brain and heart was still there, otherwise her previous excellence could amount to nothing. But whenever she sat down for a class, desire for another escape started clouding her mind. Memories of her latest adventures had a particularly strong effect. After behaving like a wanton, shameless slut in her own school, putting any effort into her studies sounded like a joke. The schoolgirl soon started fantasizing about anyone finding out a bitch in heat had shaved her pussy in the classroom. Daydreams about stripping and touching herself in front of everyone made her pussy drip again.

The brunette still felt her face redden from shame whenever she faced humiliation from her teachers. But being labeled a bimbo somehow sharpened her nipples, and she soon found herself rubbing her thighs against each other. Wearing skimpy pieces of fabric everyday made Lynda increasingly aware of her own body. She actually had more curves than many of mean or popular girls, and therefore felt more presentable as a bimbo or slut. This realization, in turn solidified her ditzy behavior, activating a vicious cycle of eroding her self-respect.

Each lunchtime, Mark texted her from the gym's toilet, where she would have to perform blowjobs. As her reputation and grades declined, Lynda's psychological dependence on him only grew. He was the only person who wouldn't judge or punish her for her slutty behavior, but rather praise and reward her for it. She licked and sucked his cock with much more enthusiasm, like a dog given her favorite treat. The

brunette didn't shy away from her face and hair getting covered in white, gooey sperm. If Mark wanted his girlfriend to be a submissive whore, she would be one.

Deep inside, Mark let out a laughter, feeling proud of himself in a long time. Holding a total control over someone, especially an innocent and properly raised girl, felt foreign to him. He had broken her, and now having lost respect of others, she was hungry for his approval. He wasn't sure if he loved Lynda, but he certainly didn't want to lose her like Katy. So he rewarded his passionate girlfriend by fondling her tits and clit to several delicious orgasms.

Still, pleasures from just caressing fueled the young girl's cravings for proper sex. The afternoon lectures were the hardest, as she struggled not to touch her pussy in classroom. As soon as the bell rang, she dashed to the toilet, not to pee, but dry her pussy up with paper. Not surprisingly, the busty brunette couldn't resist reaching another quick climax and ending up even hornier. By the end of her last class, wet spots on her skirts or pants often grew into a very visible circle.

Thankfully, Mark would text her again, this time for a proper mating. Louise Park was often the place, but Lynda couldn't care less about the location, as long as she could have Mark's cock inside her hungry pussy, until it shot his creamy seed inside twice. A part of the schoolgirl even wanted some of her neighbors to witness her behaving like a worthless, wanton whore she really was.

Each fuck was followed by Mark asking for money, usually \$20. This was now a huge burden to Lynda, whose allowances from her trust fund had been halved after failing a few quizzes and not submitting several assignments. Of course, she tried to study and keep up with her schoolwork each evening. But with her pajamas and underwear thrown out, there was nothing she could wear in her apartment. And being naked only made her sensitive flesh more vulnerable to any stimulation. It didn't take more than few minutes before the brunette would start playing with her nipples and clit. By the time Lynda finally came to her senses, she had already came for an umpteenth time, and it was too late for anything else but shower. Once she kept wearing the

clothes, but the smell of sweat and sex drove her even crazier. She had the raunchiest dreams ever that night.

Then, out of the blue, a light seemed to emerge at the end of the tunnel. Katy Summers, the beloved blonde cheerleader and Mark's ex-girlfriend, approached her. "I can understand what you are going through. So please let me help you. Let's go shopping together to buy pretty clothes. You can pay me later. There is a vacancy at a nearby dancing class, so you can apply there if you need money."

At first, Lynda declined the offer, embarrassed and afraid of how Katy would react once she got to know the sheer extent of her depravity. But Katy kept sending messages, asking how she was, and if she had changed her mind. This was enough for the brunette to realize that maybe things weren't too late, yet. At least there seemed to be someone who still respected and believed in her. While she was still hesitant about coming clean and accepting help, old Lynda Grey, the future valedictorian and lawyer, started making a gradual comeback.

While her mind still drifted to naughty daydreams from time to time, she could now understand and remember what the lessons were about. The brunette still had an extremely high libido, that she had to masturbate in both school bathroom and her apartment. But she finished her assignments and even find time to review them. On Thursday, she even got A on one of her quizzes. This was a long needed boost to her self-respect. Lynda wanted to thank Katy, and despite the fear of judgment and shame still lingering, she now seriously considered accepting her help.

Then, Friday. After spending her time with Mark as usual, Lynda was walking out of the gym bathroom. Awaiting her was an unexpected figure. Susan, her only friend, at least until recently, was leaning on the wall with a knowing smirk. The frightened brunette could only wonder how long she had been there. Did Susan hear everything? Or was her washed look telling everything? What if she was actually planning to tell on her?

"Don't need to worry, Lynda. It's common in our age to seek a little fun. I am no prude, at least as not as everyone think I am." The tall blonde giggled, amused by the fear welling up her friend's eyes. "So tell me, it was Mark, right?"

"Y....yes...."

"Your love life, is not my business. What concerns me though, is that nasty rumors about you are spreading. It's not too late. From next week, I suggest you wear your previous clothes. I will help you with whatever bullshit of that loser."

"B....but....I threw them away...."

"What? Your old baggy clothes? All of them? Did that piece of shit told you to do so?"

"I....I did it....Don't....don't blame him...." Lynda murmured, not wanting Susan to dig into her shameless history, which had piled up so quickly.

The sheer stupidity of the situation astounded Susan. Sure, she had seen Lynda losing respect of everyone with her deteriorating behavior. But never could she imagine the future valedictorian becoming so manipulable. While the blonde wondered if Mark did turn his "girlfriend" into a true bimbo, a wicked idea ran across her mind. "Maybe I could use this to my benefit."

Ever since enrolling in Norman, Susan had dreamed of taking the top spot away from Lynda. That fantasy, which was a mere fantasy, had gotten closer and closer to becoming a reality. All of the teachers now appeared to consider Susan the best student of the year. Then Lynda's surprise recovery, while not fast, made the blonde anxious again. If she didn't do something right now and let the brunette become the valedictorian, she would regret it for the rest of her life.

"You know, I came to talk about our midterms. Only two weeks away, right?"

"Yes....Do you want to review with me....?" Lynda asked.

"No, I can do it on my own, this time. As a friend, I am telling you, don't get stressed about it too much. Just enjoy life."

"What....?" Susan's answer left the brunette astonished.

"Aren't you going to law school one day? Things are only going to be more hectic. If you want to have fun, have it now. Living your fantasies would destroy you, once you become an adult. Most people would forgive highschoolers being a little naughty."

"But...finals matter the most."

"Yes, they do. But with a brain like yours, trust me, you could wrap up the whole thing in a week. Consider next week a spare."

Before Lynda could come up with a reply, Susan departed with "see you." As the brunette had mentioned, the midterms, along with the finals would make or break one's grade. Quizzes and assignments so far, were rather insignificant, especially given Lynda's excellent previous records. The thin blonde hoped her rival would follow her advice to the fullest, so she could end up screwing the big exam. Fantasies of Lynda failing the midterms, then doing even worse on finals, therefore failing the whole semester, brought a grin on her face. While her conscience warned she should not wish misery upon others, her jealousy justified her elation by arguing, "It's her choice, after all. I didn't force her to ruin her studies. This could teach her a lesson."

The afternoon flew away. Just as she sat inside her car, ready to go home, Lynda received a message. It was from Alma. 'Hi, sweetheart. Remember those clothes I gave you? Here is your chance to pay off. Come to Heavenly Treats by 5PM. Of course, I can't force you. It's up to you."

While Lynda knew Alma would look for her one day, the timing was not the best. Katy had reminded her that she should let her know if her mind changed until today, so they could go on a weekend shopping. In fact, the brunette was leaning to saying 'yes', given how much her mood had improved thanks to the cheerleader's support. But Susan's words were ringing inside her ears. What if this was the last chance to live out her risky, submissive fantasies without serious repercussions? Wouldn't it be difficult to control her suppressed urges as a university student, under extra pressure?

The brunette chose Alma. Had it not been for her, who knows what she would be wearing right now, and at what cost? She may be a stripper, but was kind enough not to force the younger girl like her to return the favor. And it made her more obliged to pay off her debts. "She doesn't seem to wish me the worst.", the teenager thought. And at least for now, she could use a fake identity of "Lynsey Green", and do all the slutty, humiliating stunts under her name. The chances of being discovered by a future employer, seemed low, at least to her aroused brain. Soon, she was driving herself to Carltonville.

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In the locker room, Alma tied Lynda's hair into pigtails, then sprayed it red, purple and orange. The teenager's facial features were buried under thick, cheap-looking makeup. Sure, she looked punk and trashy, but this way, few could recognize her as a Norman schoolgirl.

Then she was led to Peter, the manager of Heavenly Treats. After a brief interview, she was handed the uniform. It was a pair of short-sleeved white cotton shirt that cut right above the twin mounds of her chest, and purple bloomer shorts which resembled what she had seen in Japanese videos. While nervous about revealing herself in front of so many strangers, there was little Lynda could say. She had both done and wore much worse stuff, and Alma knew it better than anyone.

Looking around, Lynda realized she was probably the cheapest looking among all the waitresses. Others' makeup seemed to express their individuality, albeit in a sexual way. Hell, even the pole dancer looked more dignified than her. Such thoughts, as usual, made her ashamed, yet, triggered her horniness switch. She felt a wet spot forming in her shorts, until a customer brought her back to reality.

"Hey, new girl, what was your name again?" He was a man in his early thirties, sitting with his friend.

"Ly....Lynsey...sir..."

"We ordered two glasses of beers five minutes ago, and you've been just wandering around."

"So...sorry sir...I...I will bring...them...right away..." Feeling stupid and embarrassed, all Lynda could do was mumble.

"Before you go...Why don't you let us touch your tits? Then we won't complain, and give you an extra tip."

Desperate for cash, Lynda found no reason to refuse the offer. The first guy only gently touched her left breast, while the second used the opportunity to tease her right nipple, forcing a short moan out of her. In the end, she was rewarded \$20, well above the price of beer.

This was only the beginning of the long list of mistakes Lynda would make throughout her shift. Lacking experience and unfamiliar with names of various boozes and cocktails, she often messed orders up. But this didn't matter. The pretty, busty girl could make up for by letting her clients lay hands on her body. In fact, that's what all the other waitresses did for tips. No one cared much about the drinks, as long as they could get drunk while viewing some hot flesh. There were hundreds of other excuses for the game.

As the night went on, Lynda's body was pretty worked up by all the caresses. An aging Mexican had fondled with her round buttocks. There was an Asian college student who dared to roll her shirts up to reveal the nipples. No one cared, as long as he paid enough. Some clients, with plenty of cash to spare, bought waitresses drinks, and Lynda was among those. While she may not be of legal age, Lynsey Green was, and the corrupt local police would turn a blind eye with some bribery.

The alcohol, combined with horniness, made it difficult to refuse more raunchy requests. One black man would eventually lead her to the parking lot, where he made her suck his cock. Not wanting to pollute her uniform, Lynsey stripped herself, which only allowed him to fondle her white breasts as much as he wanted. She further amused him by playing with her clit until reaching a powerful orgasm. Satisfied, he left her with \$60 and streak of cum running down her lips. Unable to redo her makeup while drunk, the young brunette didn't wash it away. Some of the girls giggled, while others displayed disgust and contempt. But they all enjoyed the new girl being treated like a toy.

By the end of the shift, it would be an understatement to say Lynda was in a messy state. Her shirt, rolled up through her job, did nothing to cover her breasts, shoulders and armpits. Her bloomers were soaked with her own pussyjuice, and she reeked of alcohol and sweat. All she could think of was retreating to her bedroom. Thank god it was Friday night.

"Well, you've done a good job for a beginner. Customers surely seemed happy. I am sad to say, that until the costs of your clothes are paid off, you can only take your tips with you." Alma said, trying to hide her amusement at how easy it was to corrupt Lynda. Barely visible was the trace of once shy, innocent girl in this punky bimbo.

In her normal state, Lynda would have easily calculated the costs of her outfits, and how short it would take to pay off her debts. She could have also argued that she owed Alma personally, but not Heavenly Treats, and therefore wages for her work

should still be paid. But in her drunken stupor, all she could do was nod and say thank you.

"Plus, there would be fees for cleaning your uniform, since you have made mess of it. Give me \$100 off your tips." Again, the brunette couldn't figure out the numbers didn't add up, and simply handed the money the sexy Latina requested. After all, she would still be left loaded.

Only after leaving Heavenly Treats back in her skimpy outfit, Lynda finally realized she couldn't drive back her home being drunk. She cursed her stupidity, but it was too late. Riding a cap all the way to her apartment sounded pretty expensive. While staying in a motel for the night sounded cheaper, she didn't want to spend any of her hard earned money.

Walking aimlessly for a minute or two, she encountered two men, slightly drunk. They asked if she was one of the hooker, and how much would please. Such words should have been infuriating. But degrading as they were, Lynda found herself turned on. She had been quite aroused for a while, and a single orgasm from masturbating left her unsatisfied. And with alcohol clouding her judgment, she considered this the opportunity to earn the cap money.

So she let each man take turns with her from behind in a dirty alleyway. Both the location and the posture were humiliating, but they only fueled her desires. It didn't take long before she begged them to play with her tits and pay attention to her clit. They both seemed impressed with her curves and passion, convincing the drunk girl that sex is all she was good for.

While her first John simply ordered to lick his penis clean, his companion came up with a wicked idea. He wanted to wipe his dirty shaft with her hair. As Lynsey's pussy craved more degradation, she accepted it with extra cash. Her untied hair, usually silky, was plastered musky white.

Before Lynsey, or Lynda, could compose herself, a policecar approached her. Two officers came out, and arrested her on the charges of prostitution. Not fully aware of what was going on, the brunette couldn't put up a protest, and was simply carried away to the nearby station.

Norman Ch. 12: Blonde

Lynda woke up, well after her sunrise. A serious headache immediately struck her. The hangover was least of her issues though. Her disheveled hair was matted all over her face, held in its place by dried gunks of cum. She reeked of sweat, sex and whatever remnants of alcohol. "God, I'm so filthy. Everyone would know I am a whore. I need a shower." The brunette mumbled to herself, as memories of yesterday's shameful acts rolled through her clouded brain. And then they came to a conclusion, where two men put cuffs on her wrists, before taking her away in a police car.

Brought to the crushing reality, Lynda finally realized her location. Squeals of horror echoed through the walls.

"Oh my god, I am locked up in a cell! What's going to happen to me now? Am I going to be jailed? Will teachers find out? Oh, how can I pay the fine? When will they release me?" So many questions were racing through Lynda's panicking mind, but none of them could be answered. Never in her entire life had she felt so powerless. The only thing the young brunette could do was crying, cursing her stupidity and recklessness.

Before long, one of the policemen approached her. "Hey, relax, relax. There are hundreds of girls like you in this area. Life ain't over. Your name is Lynsey Green, right?"

Lynda nodded in silence. It was a relief that she gave them her fake name even in her drunken stupor. But an apprehension crept in, as she couldn't help but wonder if her fake identity, one of a slut and a bimbo, had become more comfortable, especially to

her subconsciousness. Such thoughts were making her pussy wet again, even as the policeman was standing in front of her.

"As we've already informed you, you were arrested on charges of prostitution. You may have not known this, but ones who can sell themselves here legally, are those whose identities are provided by their registered employers. Thankfully, there seems to be one guardian angel for you. Heavenly Treats. Aren't you familiar with this place?"

"Yes, I am, sir."

"Well, just sign these papers then. They have already paid the fine, so you will be immediately be released. In return, you will probably have to work them without getting paid for a while, perhaps a couple or three months. While your criminal record wouldn't be deleted, you won't be arrested on the same charge ever again. Understood?"

Nodding in silence, Lynda signed the papers without reading much of it. The only thing in her mind was leaving this dreadful place, and she wasn't in shape to understand the details of a labor contract anyway.

What she didn't understand was, that all this was a set-up. Carletonville was an impoverished, neglected neighborhood, which couldn't provide budget for even the basic services, including police. Therefore, officers had to come up with creative ideas to make up for the shortfall in their income. One of their schemes was allowing strip clubs, bars and pimps to enslave the "ladies of the night". Under the name of fine, they would bribe the police, and then recoup the money from their "employees". Lynsey Green was just another addition to the list of their victims.

Before Lynsey was let go, they made her take a look at her mugshot. She could barely remember following their instructions in front of the camera the night before. Needless to say, it was disgusting and humiliating. The only silverlining was that few

could recognize the normal schoolgirl "Lynda Grey" beneath all the filth. "Hope no one recognizes that's actually me." she thought.

Outside the station was Alma, in rather familiar clothes. It took a minute to finally click in, that it was actually one of Lynda's old baggy pairs! Unfortunately, they were already resized for the curvaceous Latina, so even if she wanted to return it to its former owner, it was already too late.

While Alma looked still incredibly sexy in those nerdy clothes, they provided such a stark contrast to the young street whore next to her. If men were asked to figure out a professional stripper and sex worker among them, they would pick Lynsey, unless they doubted her intellectual capabilities to learn stripdancing. Such humiliation was only turning the filthy brunette on. She couldn't be angry to someone who had just bailed her out, again.

"So, welcome to Heavenly Treats, again. You are now one of us! But before you become our, family, there are a few things we need to sort out. First, take a shower."

Lynda thoroughly soaped and washed herself. As embarrassing it was, she couldn't keep her fingers from teasing her hard nipples or clit for so long. Even in school, after PE classes, the busty brunette had to wait until other girls left, so no one could see her masturbating. Her body had become so sensitive, that sometimes just being hosed with water was enough to make her come. While she was certain that some girls were getting suspicious, she still needed an orgasm or two before going back to her class.

After drying up, Lynda was given another pair of ridiculous outfits. The camisole was more transparent than white, so anyone with functioning eyes could see the outline of her breasts and nipples. The jeans was also cut out to resemble more of underwear, revealing the lower half of her white asscheeks. There was nothing she could say though, as the streets were already filled with hookers in skimpy clothing, and hadn't she been arrested for being one of them?

Alma escorted her younger friend to a beauty parlor nearby. "In order to become a Treats girl, you need to be free of body hair. So you will get your armpit and pubic hair,, plus those on your legs, permanently removed by laser. Don't worry about the money. You can just work here a few weeks longer."

The brunette was left alone with the laser technician named Sandra, a beautiful woman apparently in her 30s. While Lynda had been too lightheaded to grasp what was going on, it came in as Sandra started working on her legs first. What excuse should she come up with when her future partner asks about why her pussy is hairless like a porn star? Would he believe if she says she wanted to look good enough for a bikini forever? She sweated more and more as Sandra moved on to her armpits, then finally her soaking pussy. "Hope she thinks it's all sweat, I don't want her to be disgusted and think I am a hopeless slut." Lynda thought to herself, before concluding there would be no other opinion Sandra could come up with, regards to a girl now working for a strip club.

After three hours of process, Lynda was then led to a hair salon, where she got her hair slightly cut, then dyed light blonde, like a proper bimbo. "Hairspray and makeup can only get you so far. As long as you stay brunette, someone will get suspicious. If you don't want your real identity discovered, you should change your hair color, above all. A pretty girl like you would look great in blonde too." This was Alma's justification, which didn't mean much anyway for Lynda, given her psychological and physical exhaustion.

Her day ended up with a small tattoo on her upper right arm. From a distance, it looked like a picture or symbol, but was actually two lines of letters: "I love to strip" "Fuck for pennies". To keep her dirty secret on display, Alma banned Lynda from wearing any clothing with sleeves from now on. "Cut sleeves out of your T-shirts. This was Mark's idea, by the way, so he will soon pay a visit to your apartment one day."

Other than permanent hair removal, the changes Alma made to her new colleague were unnecessary. Sure, the fear of being discovered, or seen by one of her

acquaintances would keep Lynda on her toes. But the strip club, with its dark atmosphere and colorful lighting, wasn't the best place to figure out one's face, especially when covered by a thick makeup. But the Latina saw a wicked, self-destructive talent inside Lynda, or Lynsey, and wanted to push her to the limits so it could bloom. So she set an additional rule, under the guise of an encouragement: You can't say no whenever man, or woman touches your body. It will make your work easier.

Before leaving, Lynda realized her car keys were missing. Without much thought, she asked Alma if she had seen them.

"Oh, they are with Peter now. But you can't drive your car back, until your contract here is done."

"Wh...what...? Is that even legal?"

"It's for your good, young lady." said Peter, walking from the desk. "The police had been keen to get your car plates, but I told them you didn't own a car. Alma told me that you could be in trouble once they find out your real name, and car plates can be traced back to the car's true owner. You wouldn't risk it, right?"

"No...no...I won't..."

"Also, we need a collateral from you. We can't let you run away without a word when we paid off your fines, which weren't that cheap. Go home, and take rest. You won't be needed this weekend. See you next Friday. The bus station is near."

On the ride back home, Lynda got a lot of lustful stares. Her outfit seemed to tell a lot about what she had been up to. Nervous, she broke out in sweat, some which was absorbed into her camisole and made the fabric even more transparent. Feeling half naked, Lynda couldn't wait to get back to her apartment to deal with her horniness. Some of the boys around her age, as if they had read her mind, got bold and started

groping her ass. With Alma's words in mind, she couldn't dare protest, only yelping and squirming in anxiety and pleasure. Their hands would move on to touch her white, soft breasts, which almost brought her to a public orgasm. It was a shame that she wasn't ready to enjoy it yet. "Glad they can't read my greca," she thought.

By the time Lynda arrived at her destination, she was once again a horny, sweaty mess. The walk to her apartment took around 20 minutes, during which the busty schoolgirl earned her fair share of stares. Some of them couldn't even recognize that this young, cheap tramp was actually their neighbor. Without her car, there was no place for Lynda to hide. She kept crossing her thighs, rubbing one against the other, as she continued her walk of shame.

Finally back in apartment, Lynda could see the full scope of her transformation. While she didn't pay attention in hair salon, dyeing her hair fake blonde made her look incredibly cheap. She could imagine losing whatever respect her classmates and teachers still held for her vanishing the second she entered the school next week. What she couldn't imagine was a bimbo like herself getting A, or even B on any subject in the coming finals.

"Alma is right. Now no one will think of me as a smart student, or a respectable woman to begin with. Maybe opening my legs really is the best career for me." Tears welled up in Lynda's eyes as humiliating thoughts once again filled her mind. To her disgust, though, she could feel extra moisture oozing out of her now well-used pussy.

Raising her right arm revealed the white, stubless skin of her armpit, glistening with sweat. It reminded Lynda of her more private body part, which Alma and Sandra had also taken good care of. As if in trance, Lynda stripped herself, throwing her both top and pants away to the opposite corner of the room. Seeing her pussy, completely shaven and dripping juices, made the busty girl shiver in shame, and odd excitement. She couldn't avoid thinking about porn stars with permanent hairless pussies, and how her future boyfriends will liken her to them. In some ways, she was even worse, as continuous masturbation, blowjobs and fucking dominated her everyday routine.

Who knows if Mark had already released some of her clips or images on the internet?

The black letters of her greca, ingrained onto her right shoulder, completed her new slutty look. Sure, they were too small to be read from the distance. But those wanton messages were something she would have to carry on, at least for a considerable amount of time. While she had made countless stupid decisions since her encounter with Mark, the latest ones displayed in her full-sized body mirror couldn't be undone. The realization that she had passed the point of no return fueled the blazing self-hatred in Lynda, which her degradation loving pussy interpreted as an extra stimulation.

The unbearable heat of lust melted Lynda's intellect away. Drunk on her own horniness, the young girl could no longer think clearly. She was now convinced the big-titted trashy whore in front of her should be punished by being completely robbed of decency, and doing so would bring herself the ultimate catharsis. She brought all her clothes out of the closet, to follow Alma's task but take an extra step, or maybe two. With a small scissor, Lynda cut out not only the sleeves, but also the lower halves of her tops, up to where her two silky mounds started to rise. She giggled insanely, daydreaming the boys, and some girls, jerking off to the used-to-be-nerd's fat breasts. The job could never be done properly with her shaking hands, turning her already skimpy tops into rags that could barely be accepted as bras. Her pants were also not spared, their lower ends cut off so her asscheeks could be shown.

"Will Mark and Alma punish me again for wearing underwear? They can't, no piece of fabric can better suit a slut like me." Lynda's meaty thighs rubbed themselves each other, soaked in sweat and forbidden syrup, as the insane idea of her marching through the streets and school hall naked for daring to cover her body filled her mind.

Both of her hands, whenever free of clothing, kept rubbing her stretched clit and nipples, driving her almost insane. With horniness added each break, she cut deeper and deeper into her outfit. She ended up wearing the last pair,, which almost showed her nipples and outline of her pussylips. Unable to contain her horniness anymore,

she started fingering her pussy with fury. Soiling her clothes didn't seem to matter, as sluts like her didn't deserve to wear clean, proper clothes anyway. In fact, she should walk around in them one day, stinking of sweat and sex, so everyone could know what kind of a young hooker they had been living with.

A marker rolling on the ground caught her attention, awakening another wicked idea for her self-degradation. Lynda picked it up and wrote "SLUT" right beneath her boobs. Then, across her abdomen, "FUCK ME" was written. Satisfied with the words, she started thrusting the marker into her well-oiled hole, allowing her fingers to focus on her needy clit. Within merely seconds, Lynda arched her back, pushing her chest high into the air, as her pussy whole sprayed the sinful water onto the floor. A single orgasm, however powerful, could never be enough, so she kept fucking herself until the sixth or seventh climax finally brought her down. Even unconscious, her horniness didn't seem to completely go away though, as her fingers kept circling above her clit...

Chapter 13: No Sanctuary for Whores

Lynda Grey found herself naked in an empty classroom. There was no one else, the vast space all hers. She was incredibly horny and started touching herself. Despite her body being hypersensitive and aroused as hell, the busty girl couldn't reach an orgasm.

On her table were dozens of pens. Desperate to come, she pushed one, then two, finally three of those long objects inside her dripping pussyhole, while furiously assaulting clit and nipples with her fingers. But she still couldn't come. 'Oh, no, what is wrong with my body? I should have come at least three times but now.'

Waves of heat, rising from her sex, circulated through her chest, cheeks and even toes. All those sexual tension needed to be released. Now a dildo appeared on her desk, out of nowhere. Without hesitation, she thrust it upwards her vagina. Small buzz of electricity started buzzing, making the young girl sweat and moan. And yet, she still couldn't reach a climax. Her body was ready to burst with an immense pleasure, one so powerful that Lynda knew not only she would squirt but also pee on the floor. But by each passing second, only pressure was added.

This was almost becoming a torture. Overwhelmed with desire for an orgasm, a release, she started begging.

"Just....let...me...come...! Please....! I will suck...and fuck...anything....This worthless slut...needs to come....I am about....to die...! Please....!"

Then her eyes wide opened. She was inside an apartment. It was all a dream. But even for a sexually awakened girl, used to all kinds of raunchy dreams, this one stood out. Looking down at herself, she instantly recognized what triggered her strange dream.

A chastity belt was locked onto her abdomen. Inside the cold metal, a mechanic humming kept reverberating. It was strong enough to stimulate her clit and turn her on, but never powerful enough to make her reach an actual orgasm. Lynda had no memory of buying the belt, let alone wearing it. So who could have done this?

"Good morning, Lynsey. Or, Lynda? Like your new present?"

The familiar voice belonged to none other than Mark. In his hand, shined her apartment keys.

"Remember when you were locked outside? I got those copied. So I can come and go whenever I like."

No place could be refuge from Mark, all because of her stupidity and recklessness. The realization made Lynda shiver in horror, mixed with slight excitement. What else can you call a woman who gives away her privacy, to lose herself in an orgy, than a slut? Maybe she did deserve to get fucked and used anytime, anywhere his boyfriend wanted.

"I just came here to see if you did your job well....And you did so good. Now, you do believe you are a slut, a whore, a bimbo, and a fucktoy, right? So I decided to treat you exactly like that. Feeling that vibration? I put a little vibrator inside the belt, so my little girlfriend can have some fun. It's remote controlled, by the way."

Only then Lynda realized her hands had been cuffed all along. Had her brain been functioning properly, she would have argued that this was a violation of her freedom and sexuality, unacceptable even between lovers, just like a bookworm she had once been. But with horniness paralyzing her intelligence, all Lynda could do was to beg.

"Please...turn it on...stronger...I need to come...."

"Is that what you are gonna say? You must be one little horny bitch." Mark smirked at his girlfriend's reddened cheeks. "Don't worry, you will come. Not just now. First, you know what a good girlfriend should do, right?"

The frustrated beauty crawled to unzip Mark's pants with her teeth, then started licking his cock. Already an expert at oral sex, she found her task rather easy. His compliments made her oddly happy, which would have been infuriating and disgusting to the old Lynda Grey. But these days, sexually pleasing others, and herself, seemed to be the only thing she was good at.

Within several minutes, Mark shoot his white seed inside her throat. Again, it had become incredibly easy for Lynda to swallow all the semen down. A part of her wanted to believe that everything was over, and she would be allowed an orgasm. Her other part, however, suspected that Mark had arrived with bigger plans, which would bring humiliation and degradation she was too powerless to resist.

"Good job. As you wished, the vibration will be...a little up..."

Lynda immediately let out moans, once stronger buzzing started rocking her hardened clit. While not satisfying, a soft orgasm at least now seemed to be within reach. Before the fake blonde could thank Mark, however, he said something straight out of her lurid dreams.

"Have been a while since you saw my friends. They wanted to see you again, so they are waiting outside this building. You will only be free once they are satisfied. Of course, they will pay for your service."

"B...b....but...."

"Look at your writing. Isn't that what you want everyone to do? "FUCK ME"?"

Her murmurs, almost inaudible, came to a halt. What could she say? The more she let her urges take over, the deeper she dug herself into an abyss. It had become a vicious cycle, as Lynda found herself addicted to ecstasy brought by the pursuit of her self-destructive fantasies.

She wasn't even sure if any piece of a disciplined, goal-oriented person remained inside her. How could a bimbo like her, so dumb, weak and horny, could resist her fate?

"I will leave this door open. See you later."

Lynda thought about staying hidden in her apartment, until the vibrator inside her pussy brought her to a climax. Then she realized Mark could do anything to her at this moment, the punishment likely more sadistic and cruel than she could imagine. And at any given chance, her neighbors could see a schoolgirl naked and filthy. Without much choice, the blonde-dyed-girl marched forward.

With her hands cuffed behind her back, riding an elevator was out of option. Like a penguin or duck, she took careful yet awkward steps down the stairs. With vibrations in her pussy, it was a struggle not to fall. Controlling her moans also became an issue, but the idea of being discovered was too much for the already horny girl. Before reaching the first floor, her back arched in response to a brief climax. Miraculously, she didn't trip. But before long, Lynda found out that the small orgasm had only fed her cravings. To extinguish the flames inside her, the young girl's holes needed to be stuffed.

By the time Lynda managed to get to the hungry boys, she was a sweating mess, strands of her hair matted to her cheeks. To her relief, they seemed to care little about how filthy she appeared. What mattered to them was fucking a pretty girl, willing to do everything they dreamed about. The company of those brash, low-life men didn't seem bad any longer. Unlike her classmates and teachers, they were going to accept her as who she really was, including her boundless libido.

After flashing a smile at everyone, Lynda immediately got herself to work. The gang could hardly wait, which meant that the busty girl had to satisfy several cocks at once. Of course, it didn't bother her at all, as she couldn't wait to get this dreadful belt off her either. Right now, her worst nightmare was her vibrator running out of battery, while she couldn't touch her needy pussy herself.

While Lynda tried to gulp down all the sperm that landed on her tongue, the boys sprayed cum all over her face and hair. Some even fell on her cleavage. "Glad that I don't have any clothes on." She thought. By the time she was sucking her last boy off, even opening her eyes became a chore, as a piece of drying gunk almost glued her eyelids.

Without warning, Mark turned the vibration to the maximum. The pale, busty girl started trembling, which only added to the licking and sucking. She was struck with a long-awaited, electrifying orgasm, almost simultaneously with the eruption of the cock inside her mouth. The second orgasm hit Lynda when the boy withdrew his shaft. Collapsing to the ground, she grunted like a pig, her pussy gushing juices down her thighs and soaking the dirt beneath.

Still, the big-breasted slut was hungry for more. Usually powerful enough, the two orgasms felt just like a teasing to her overstimulated flesh and mind. By the third climax, she was yelling and howling, begging all the boys to use her.

"Arggggh....! This dirty, filthy...slut...isn't....done...YET! I still....need more...Fill me...Feed me...Fuck me...all your cocks....!"

Mark finally unlocked the chastity belt off the maddened girl. This was a signal. All of her holes were well-oiled, wide open for invading cock. Soon Lynda was riding a cock as fat as its owner, her jiggly breasts squeezing a thin yet long one. Impatient boys were pushing themselves into her stabless armpits, too. Painted filthy silver, she was on all fours, penetrated from mouth to ass. Since her lovers didn't pay enough attention to her clit, Lynda tried to her best to make their pubic hair scratch her itch. She came over a dozen times, with each climax making her crave the next one more.

An hour later, including Mark, was exhausted from the communal lovemaking. Their goddess was lying on her back, covered in sweat and other nasty fluids of both herself and the boys. To show their gratitude, everyone opened their wallet, and dropped whatever crass bills inside.

"Seems like whoring really is your path. So, a new rule. From now on, you will have to strip yourself, before entering your building. Anyone can pick up those clothes and have fun with her. If there are no clothes on the gate, I will put this belt on you again. For a day. No Dildo. No Vibrator. Got it?"

Lynda nodded, though Mark's words seemed to be fleeting. All she could understand, was that she was finally being put to her place and getting treated the way she deserved.

"How much should we pay?" A short boy asked.

"Good question. For now, \$1 for sucking, \$2 for handjob, footjob, titjob, or everything else. \$5 for pussy, \$8 for anal. \$4 extra for stripshow."

"Hope she can do the math." Everyone giggled, except Lynda, whose cheeks once again turned hot from the embarrassment. Still, she couldn't argue against the price. A loose pussy like hers shouldn't be pricey.

"So if none of us can show up here, she will stay naked for the day?"

"Yes, of course. She likes being naked now" The dyed girl's silence only seemed to confirm Mark's words, which weren't far from the truth, after all.

A few minutes later, everyone left. Lynda was so tired that she could almost have fall asleep here, letting one or two of her neighbors stick their cock up her lips. Still, she walked up the stairs back to her place.

In the mirror was a filthy whore, or a porn star who just wrapped up a hardcore gangbang film. Lynda was struggling to find a reason she should care about her grades, her future in the university anymore. Wouldn't she just end up letting all the college boys use her, only to end up expelled and working as a stripper? After letting her pussy control her brain for too long, the latter seemed to have melted away.

Such sickening thoughts only started itch between her legs. Almost subconsciously, Lynda's fingers moved down her belly. On a normal day, she couldn't go on without masturbating at least ten times. While still rubbing her pussy, the busty, pale-skinned fake blonde picked up her phone and started taking selfies. This filthy, raunchy side of her needed to be kept, so that anyone who wanted to respect or love her could see.

Another wicked, yet stupid idea came to her mind. This time, she sat in front of the laptop, then spread her legs wide open, so the laptop could record her pussy in its wet, naked glory. Mauling her tits and teasing her clit, Lynda kept whimpering, almost in trance.

"My name is... Lynda Grey...but you can call me...Lynsey too....I am a filthy whore....I can't stop touching myself...between classes....even in shower....I am such a dumb...horny girl....I let all the dropouts...the losers....fuck and cum all over me...I am below...all of them.....if everyone wants...to hire me....please watch this.... Watch this dumb slut, bimbo, touching herself....Just stick your cock inside my mouth...before I could say more dumb things...."

The recording only stopped after the schoolgirl reached three tearful, cursed orgasms. She finally cleansed herself, just before going to bed. Stench of semen and pussy juice seemed to linger, but that's what a whorehouse should smell like. Lynda fell asleep, without a thought about her class, her mind only filled with anticipation for the dangerous fun the next week would bring upon her.

Chapter 14: False Dawn

The midterm results came out. As usual, Susan got A on all the subjects. The difference, informed to her by the teachers in private, was that no student performed better than her. If she did just as fine on the finals, then the long-desired position of the valedictorian would be hers.

But Susan wasn't the primary focus for most teachers. It was Lynda, and for all the wrong reasons. She got C on one subject, D on two others, and failed every other subjects.

Shocking for anyone who remembered the old Lynda Grey, but not so much for anyone who know what she had become lately. Now her hair dyed blonde, the once demure nerd showed up in the most ridiculous, skimpy outfits, that functioned more as underwear. She was barely showed up to the classes, and whenever present, her focus couldn't last 5 minutes. It was becoming harder and harder for everyone to remember when Lynda didn't come up with wildly inaccurate answers to any question.

The subconscious manner in which she presented herself also helped to cement her reputation as a helpless bimbo. Wherever she sat, Lynda spread her legs wide so everyone could take a glimpse of her permanently hairless and damp pussy. She also swayed her hips in circles while walking, which almost allowed her tit flesh to bounce out of the cheap tops. Mostly unknown to others, Alma was encouraging her to behave like an uneducated tramp, so no one could ever guess she attended a respectable highschool. The problem was, of course, Lynda's body found it easier to act the same even she shouldn't.

Rumors of a girl constantly pleasuring herself in school toilets were spreading. It took little effort for everyone to guess whom the moans belonged to.

When she got her results back, Lynda was deeply humiliated, but not surprised. No way could she focus on her studies, while waiting for her clients to pay a visit, naked. Being treated like a cheap whore never failed to kindle a blaze inside her young body. By the time Mark's friends arrived at her apartment, the blonde-dyed girl was already running her hands over her firm boobs and leaking pussy. She appreciated the fact that they never came alone. One reason was that her services cost so cheap, so she needed to work her ass off to make up for her reduced allowances. The other, more obvious, was because sex with a single guy could no longer satisfy the once innocent girl's lust.

An hour or two of selling herself would leave the busty nerd covered with sweat, sperm and her own pussy juices. She would again masturbate to the stench of sex, the shameful memories of letting the boys do whatever they want to do with their cocks, the evidence of her debauchery. Only after several orgasms, Lynda dragged

herself into the shower, where she couldn't resist playing with herself again under the hot water and steam.

There was simply no room for studying. Any intellectual pursuits sounded boring, compared to the pleasure her constant degradation could bring. Her recent failures at school also left her wondering, why should a dumb bimbo like her even bother trying? Wasn't the state of her nudity the consequence of being outsmarted by none other than Mark?

Within 5 minutes of reading the book, Lynda was already rubbing her crotch again. Soon she would be recording videos of her masturbation on her laptop, for the amusement of all her lovers. Thoughts of these explicit material surfacing on the internet one day only made her climaxes powerful. Inside the screen, Lynda's facial features remained as same as the day before Mark came into her life. One big difference, even more striking than her dyed hair, was the absence of the curious, aspiring sparkle in her eyes, replaced by blazes of her primal desire.

Teachers at Norman didn't have a clue about how far the once most promising student of her year had fallen. But they knew something had to be done. So they tasked Susan with bringing Lynda back on track. You see, Susan had been running a volunteer study group to help the community's struggling students. For the rest of the semester, Lynda would join them.

Susan accepted her new mission with a wide, honest smile. After years of quiet rivalry, she finally defeated Lynda Grey. There was no need for sabotage, given Lynda's abysmal performance on the midterms. Even if she managed to get all A's on the finals, the seat for the year's valedictorian would surely belong to Susan Banks. While she may have been jealous of Lynda, she never really hated her, let alone wanted her to blow her future away just because of stupid teenage hormones. And helping her rival rebuild herself would make Susan look good, not only in the eyes of teacher, but anyone who could take a look at her school records in the future.

Three days after the announcement of the midterm results, Susan informed Lynda of their teachers' decision. If Lynda refused to join the study group, it would be considered a sign of disobedience, costing her a semester. The slim blonde finished her words with "It's okay, Lynda. I won't judge you for...your private life. All I want is you to get better grades on your finals, and I would do anything and everything to achieve that." All the blonde-dyed girl could do, was to nod, and whisper, 'Thank you.'

Before Lynda formally became the newest member of her study group, Susan cut a deal with Mark. He would keep his hands off his girlfriend during the weekdays, while Susan couldn't interfere with whatever she was doing on the weekends. While unknownst to Susan, this meant that Lynda would keep working at Heavenly Treats, not relaxing or hanging out with Mark as she had imagined.

She also had to deal with Lynda's money issues, as her allowances would be completely suspended until she could redeem herself at the finals. Thankfully, one of her students, Beth, a goth girl from Rockview, told Susan that she wanted to quit her part-time job at her burger joint to focus on her studies. But her boss wouldn't let her resign until her replacement could be found. That replacement would come in the form of none other than Lynda Grey. From now on, Lynda would work at the burger joint every Tuesday and Thursday, before joining her study group later in the evening. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday, she would show up right after the school.

When introducing Lynda to other students, Susan omitted the fact that she had been a straight-A student. This wasn't out of malice, but because it could garner unnecessary attention. Still, Lynda felt embarrassed, years of her shining accomplishments overshadowed by weeks of her recklessness.

Nevertheless, by the second week of her joining the study group, she was showing signs of improvement, both in her confidence and actual performance. While Lynda may have been distracted from her schoolwork for a while, she was much smarter than the rest, and therefore could impress them even with basic math skills and history knowledge. Her skimpy outfits meant nothing here, as other girls wore equally revealing clothes, often worse. For the first time in a while, Lynda felt like a normal student, not a manipulable bimbo. Having slowly regained her self-esteem, she was now able to focus on classes again. Sure, she wasn't getting A on her quizzes right away, but at least could get B's again. Teachers praised her in private for submitting assignments on time, and urged her to keep going.

But everything wasn't perfect. Lynda's body and mind had become used to life full of ecstasy and stimulation. With Mark and his friends no longer present during the week, she now had to endure withdrawal. Her cravings for humiliating yet mind-blowing orgasms returned out of nowhere, in classrooms or cafeteria. She struggled to contain her desires, as masturbating in school bathroom could damage her reputation, which she had been trying to rebuild so hard. Rubbing her pussy dry with paper towels was the most difficult, as it always left her an inch away from a climax.

Only after studies with Susan and other girls, could she finally give in. Pleasuring herself in privacy was no longer enough, when her desires had been pent up for hours. Now she was touching her naked body in the hidden corners of her apartment complex. As she twisted her hard nipples and teased her clit, Lynda dwelled on knowing stares and whispers of neighbors. At least a few of them must have figured that she was whoring herself for delinquents. Even as her behavior at school turned for the better, she would still be a worthless harlot to them, as long as she kept her hair dyed and walked around in cheap, scanty fabric. The young girl would fantasize being discovered as powerful orgasms burned through her flesh.

After calming herself, Katy's proposals came back to Lynda's mind. While she hadn't been messaging her a lot lately, she remained friendly, always saying hello, no matter how slutty her behavior was. And as Lynda finally showed signs of redemption, Katy again mentioned going on a shopping together. This bubbly cheerleader was still the only person that could provide Lynda tips on dealing with her often destructive urges. But she wasn't yet brave enough to come clean, still worried that Katy would be disgusted.

Had Lynda not been working at Heavenly Treats during weekends, she could have eventually made it out of her withdrawal. But the depravity of Carltonville gave Lynda what she had exactly desired, right before her addiction cycle could break. By now, Lynda didn't have to pretend like a bimbo. She blended in with other waitresses at the seedy bar so well. The customers also knew that this dropout named Lynsey was easier than other girls, always eager to suck a cock or let them fondle her tits just for a few bucks. Her constant horniness resulted in increasing mistakes, but nobody didn't give a damn, as long as she brought extra revenue in. Once her long Saturday night shift ended, Lynda didn't bother to go home. She would be another street hooker till the dawn. Here, no one would punish her for pleasing two cocks at the same time in public. Since motels were expensive for her reduced budget, she would simply return to Heavenly Treats, wash herself, then take a nap before someone, usually Alma, would wake her up for another shift. While most of the money Lynda made would be eaten by her debt to Heavenly Treats, she kept thinking about how much money her sex could bring. Her minimum wage job at the burger place looked like a joke.

From distance, Mark had always kept his spell on Lynda. Now he would come with a plan to derail Lynda once again, this time for good.....

Chapter 15: Junkie

It took several weeks for Lynda to get used to her new job at "Stewart Burger". While her initial mistakes had earned her a lot of scolding, both the manager and fellow employees started appreciating Lynda's effort.

Still, it was difficult to accept that she had to earn minimum wage job to make up for her suspended allowances. Until a few months ago, if she ever had to work part-time, the most suitable options would have been tutoring or helping a librarian. But right now, she felt like her intelligence wasn't enough for those options.

She was also humiliated upon realizing this menial job was the only occasion in which she could wear normal clothes. While none of her co-workers said a word, Lynda's outfits before changing into her uniform certainly caught their gazes. Such an unwanted attention, along with her own degrading thoughts, never failed to make her pussy drip. And because she had to go Susan's study group right after her work, it left her no time to release her desires.

Then something happened. One Thursday, one of Mark's friends, Jeffrey, a former client of Lynda, showed up to her work. To her surprise, he acted like a normal customer, and left right after finishing his meal. It was like they had never met each other before.

On next week, he showed up with his two other friends, but again didn't say much to Lynda. They soon became regulars, and since they never bothered the blonde-dyed girl, this seemed like a non-issue. After all, the blonde-dyed girl was just afraid that speaking up to them would only reveal her shameful adventures to other workers. What bothered her, however, was that mere presence of the guys brought regrettable, yet intoxicating memories back. The thrill of being a cheap toy for lousy men was something she couldn't get of since Susan took control of her weekdays. Being fondled in Heavenly Treats, and whoring out on Saturday nights were simply not enough.

Her mind was no different from that of an addict fighting his demons, while the very drug he craved so much lay all around him. As much as Lynda tried to remain calm, her thighs unconsciously rubbed against each other, leaving damp spots on her yellow skirt.

The only way Lynda could deal with her sexual frustration was to start masturbating the second she set a foot back in her apartment. Whether in the elevator, or on the stairs, she would leave a wet trail like a slug. The fake blonde would open the door half naked, her fingers already busy teasing her clit. It was becoming harder and harder to keep her hands off her tits and pussy, whether she was eating, taking a shower, or doing her homework. Lynda cursed her submissive, humiliation-loving nature each time her young body was struck with another powerful orgasm.

"I don't want to be a whore anymore. Why can't I be a normal girl, a good girl?" She cried and whispered until she fell asleep.

Then something happened. Susan couldn't host her study group one Tuesday due to a family issue, and informed the participants, including Lynda. This meant she would be free after finishing her job. Stewart Burger was located in the working class neighborhood, and the shortest route back to Lynda's apartment ran through Louise Park.

As she walked beneath the trees, the schoolgirl's mind kept wandering back to Jeffrey and his gang. She couldn't wonder if they had already read her mind. Were they smiling and giggling because they knew how thoroughly addicted she was to the self-destructive sex? Did they know just being present in her sight was enough to turn her own so much that she had to rub her pussy dry in the toilets?

All those questions were again fueling her horniness. Lynda could hear her respiration getting shorter and shorter while heat of embarrassment surfaced to her both cheeks. All she could think of was dashing off to her apartment and caressing her hormone driven body like crazy.

The blonde-dyed girl soon came across the very toilet where she let Mark make her come. It was the start of once respected student's unraveling, her descent into depravity. Just looking at that building made her clit tingle and buzz. So much juice was leaking that Lynda thought for a second she was peeing herself outside.

'Touch yourself here right now, Lynda Grey. If you don't, you will spread your legs to a stranger on the way out. Don't act like you are better than a bitch in heat.' Her drenched pussy whispered, to which she succumbed. What was the point of fighting anyway?

Standing in front of the toilet mirror, the schoolgirl searched for the awkward, nerd brunette inside. But that girl was nowhere to be seen. The glass only showed a ditzzy bimbo in a cleavage-revealing vermilion tanktop, and an orange skirt that failed to cover one-third of her asscheeks. It was amazing how the same facial features could look so different, the curious sparkle in her eyes long replaced with the blaze of animal lust. Her blonde had already slightly faded, which only made her look even cheaper. The final proof of her sluttiness was her nipples poking through the thin fabric.

In a trance, Lynda thought it could be a great idea to liberate them, let her breast spikes breathe for a second. So she threw her top away. Beads of sweat were glistening everywhere, on her cheeks and neck, her stubless ampits and juicy cleavage. A high-pitched moan escaped the second she twisted her bullet-like nipples. With her brain long paralyzed, the horny schoolgirl saw no reason to cover her pussy alone. So her skirt was also let go, revealing her damp pussy that reeked of sex.

Before Lynda could even realize, she was already taking photos of her naked body with her right hand, while her left hand was assaulting her poor clit. Soon the blonde-dyed girl's smartphone was soon recording her masturbating. Inside the screen, she whispered and whimpered. "This is Lynda Grey. She is a slut who blew her future away just because touching herself was never enough. No man should ever love me. I can only get off..... when dirty losers are making me suck their cock for a dollar, and.... fuck them for another dollar. How could I.... ever thought... I was smart? I should have known....I am a bimbo....once my tits grew fat....enough for...a titjob....!"

It didn't take more than 20 seconds before Lynda reached her first climax. Another orgasm hit her in less than a minute. But this was not even close to enough. Her body was still burning, hungry for more. She had to cool herself down, otherwise there was no way she wouldn't pull off another crazy stunt before entering her apartment.

So Lynda walked out of the toilet, not giving a damn about whether anyone would see her. Squatting and fingering herself with a fury, she started daydreaming. Everyone that knew her, once respected her for her intelligence and hard work, was either spitting and cursing her, or jerking themselves off to her. The busty girl's body had become sensitive that squeezing her breasts alone was enough to make her come. Soon she reached five climaxes in a row, each one powerful than the last.

It took much longer for the sweat-drenched bimbo to finally get a grip and pick her clothes up. Only in the safety of her apartment, did she realize how much of a risk she had put herself into. But despite her remorse, it soon developed into another destructive habit of hers.

After each study session, Lynda would take a long detour to Louise Park. Initially, she was discreet enough at least to masturbate behind deserted bushes. But before long, the young girl became so reckless that she would play with herself under lampposts, whose light allowed her to record her own stupidity. It was a shame Lynda couldn't send this to her boyfriend and master, as she was still afraid of Susan finding out what she had been up to. All she could do was to daydream again, selling herself ridiculously cheap to all the notorious troublemakers.

Since she could no longer drive, her little adventure each night took much more time than it was supposed to. Lynda would arrive at her apartment late in the night, leaving her not enough time to sleep and recharge, let alone review her studies. Like drinking saltwater, her body's thirst for an elusive release only grew desperate. Not as bad as before the weeks before the midterm, but once again, she found herself distracted in her classroom. Stupid mistakes at work made a comeback. If the reprimanding by the manager wasn't enough, Susan also started warned Lynda about her shortening attention span.

The only place where her insatiable lust became a useful asset was Heavenly Treats. She became even more eager to let customers do whatever they wanted. Most of her tips were still eaten up by her debts and interests to the place, which somehow kept growing due to stupid reasons such as 'costume fees'. But how money and praise came so easy, especially when her life was spiraling out of control everywhere else, made Lynda doubt if trying to become a normal person, who would make a living with one's brain was really worth it.

One night, Lynda once again walked into the quiet park of the night. Consumed by her horniness, she couldn't notice her three regulars had been keeping track of her after her shifts. They had decided this would be the night to strike. While the busty girl was lost in her another quest for ultimate ecstasy, they slowly approached, then took some photos. As much as she fantasized being watched, Lynda had no idea it was actually happening, even as her crowds were now only meters away.

"Hey, lady, do you need a helping hand?" One of Jeffrey's friends, Ryker, finally made their presence known. About to reach her umpteenth orgasm of the night, Lynda

froze at the unexpected voice. She turned her widened pupils to see her three observers, wearing grins so mischievous yet wicked.

Before the startled girl could say a word, the last member of the gang, Joseph, continued. "Mark agreed to giving you a chance. A chance to become a good girl again. To forget us all."

"But he knew you would come back. We all knew. Life of a whore is the best for you."

"...P...Please....just....leave me....alone....I....I....I am....trying hard....just...." The fake blonde struggled to find words, her confidence diminishing each syllable.

"Yeah, hard. Trying hard. So hard that you are here, fucking yourself in a park."

"Why make your life hard? There's an easy way. Be our bimbo, our precious slut once again. Isn't that what you want?"

There was not much she could argue against their condescending words. Had she been able to put herself together, she wouldn't have been caught in the most humiliating situation. And they didn't force her into masturbating in a public place. It was all brought upon by herself.

Without further protests, she started sucking a cock while jerking other two. She was now beyond shame. Her only regrets were not bringing her dildo, which she can ride while using her both hands to please men. The sensation of male seed painting her palms and face dirty silver made Lynda's pussy tingle once again, soaking the dirt beneath.

Fortunately for Lynda, the three teenagers were still boiling with testosterone. They dragged her to the bathroom, where they would take turns shoving their hard cocks up her pussy and ass. Kneeling on the cold, filthy floor, the young busty girl thrust her hips back and forth to lead pillaging poles deep inside her. She came everytime her overstimulated clit was scratched by the boys' pubic hair. It was much more powerful sensation than her fingers, or her dildo could trigger.

When her lovers were finally done, they wiped their filthy cocks with Lynda's hair and face. As if they were trying to brand her a public whore. Lynda didn't resist for a

moment, of course. She even took photos of her filthy face and chest, covered with grayish cum, for a moment, before leaving the toilet. It never occurred to her mind that she should cleanse herself. Few people were outside this late, and those few deserved to know how slutishly she had behaved.

Back in her apartment, she carried herself straight onto the bed, not bothering to take a shower. Turned on again by her own stench, mixed with that of male, she fingered herself twice before dozing off.

Only in the morning she realized how filthy she was, and finally came to her senses. As usual, like she had done after each and every foolish choice she had made in the last few months, Lynda cursed herself. She should have stood ground, should have told them she had not given up on battling her addiction to sex and degradation.

But regrets didn't last. Deep inside, she knew she was weak and lost. No longer could she endure days with ticklish flames dancing between her thighs, or nights where she couldn't fall asleep before masturbating dozens of times. So she succumbed. Jeffrey and his friends, once again, transformed her back to their plaything. At first, they fucked her in that filthy toilet. But once noticing the depths of her cravings for humiliation, they made her suck their cocks and spread her legs in public. The risk of being exposed only fueled the young girl's passion, making her ride two men at the same time.

More and more joined their nightly games. Jeffrey invited friends, then strangers, usually from Louise Park. At some point, Lynda saw two faces she could recognize. They had seen her in the parking lot, running topless, after she allowed Mark to make her cum for the first time. Now they got to see how far and low she had fallen. She thanked one of them with her tits, for spending their precious time with a worthless whore, while the other rubbed his spear into her smooth armpits. They erupted within minutes, shooting cum all over her white torso.

The most powerful orgasm so far struck Lynda, upon her realizing that out of so many men she had fucked, none of them ever made love to her in a bed like a normal couple. Now everything made sense. Why resist her fate when she was born to be a

cheap hussy, open for anyone? How could she graduate from a university after being reprimanded everyday in a burger stand? Slim the possibility of her becoming a respected professional seemed, as no man or woman saw and treated her as anything above a piece of meat to be exploited for pleasure.

As Lynda grew to care less and less about her job, the toilet of the burger stand became another place where Jeffrey's gang could have fun with her. Initially, they called in only after her shift finished, but soon she was brought in to offer quickies during the work. Countless photos and clips in their hands were enough to keep her obedient.

Some of her male co-workers caught on, and soon Lynda was sucking their cocks too. One obese loser, who had not even stepped a foot inside highschool, finally lost his virginity and was given the first titjob of his short life. It was so degrading, but Lynda came hard anyway.

Finally, one of the managers of Stewart Burger, finally discovered why this sloppy girl was taking so many breaks, once seeing traces of male cum on her chin. She fired Lynda on spot, saying she was no longer needed, and should consider herself lucky that police wouldn't arrest her for a sexual misconduct.

Being let go from her job was not a pleasant experience, but Lynda could see it coming a long way. Mark must be laughing from far away, demonstrating his full control over her. Now the only problem was, how should she explain everything to Susan?

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CHAPTER 16

Surprisingly, Susan took Lynda's words much calmer than she had anticipated. While Lynda left out the most important, embarrassing parts out, the whole thing didn't seem to matter at all.

"Well, that's part of a growing pain. Now your next layoff will be less painful. I once lost my job at a cafe for a stupid reason, sucked it back then, not so much now."

"Th...thank you..." The fake blonde smiled faintly. She wanted to be more grateful for the natural blonde's kindness, but couldn't help but feel smaller, as if she was the younger one.

The truth was, Mark had already told Susan everything the night his 'girlfriend' lost her job. It left her both disgusted and infuriated. Not only because of Lynda's depravity, but because it could also pose threats to Susan's future plans. She still hadn't received the letter of recommendation for the top university, one originally destined for Lynda, from her teachers. This volunteer study group was supposed to prove herself by demonstrating her intelligence and leadership. Bringing once the brightest student back on track should have been the easiest. And now, she was betrayed by the one she had trusted the most.

Now she had to look for an alternative. Two members of her study looked most promising. A skinny red haired girl named Betty had everything except the motivation. She once told her that she was used to being looked down upon by her older siblings, who were already successful. Another girl called Melissa, came from a poor family, and desperately wanted to turn things around. But she was caught up in the reality of having to support herself from early age, by working two or three jobs, leaving too little time for improving her grades.

"By the way, we are thinking about a new game to encourage our study group. From tomorrow, anyone who gets a question wrong will have to strip and show her body to others. We are all girls, and I will make sure everyone turn off the phone during the study. No big deal, right?" Susan ended with a smirk.

For a second or two, Lynda wondered whether it would really make everyone more productive, if not distracted. But after her countless sexual adventures, displaying skin didn't sound so outrageous. Above all, she did usually get more questions right than others. Refusing the idea would make her look stupid, at least she thought.

"No, not a big deal....Great idea, I think..."

"Glad that you agree. See you tomorrow."

To not further humiliate herself, Lynda did try to focus on math equations and history books. But her attention span had become shortened again lately, especially after surrendering to Jeffrey and his friends. Soon her mind wandered off to making basic mistakes for the amusement of girls who were supposed to be dumber than her. Or

were they? Could any girl or woman be as dumb as someone who had developed addiction to sex, and reduced herself to a toy for despicable losers?

Before realizing, the fake blonde had already given herself two orgasms. But this wasn't enough. Knowing Susan wouldn't interfere with her personal life anymore, she called Mark. What was supposed to be a simple quickie turned into a full night of sucking, jerking off, and riding dozens of boys. They were hungry after being denied her for weeks, and she was more than eager to satisfy all of them.

Lynda woke up just in time to wash herself before going to class. No class seemed interesting after such an euphoric night. Whatever her teachers said never seemed to remain inside her brain. The vacuum was filled with filthy, humiliating, yet accurate words of the boys last night. All of them agreed that she had already found her true calling, and it would only be a matter of time before she fully accepted it.

A still huge chunk of her mind wanted to avoid ending up a lowly street whore. But such a fate appeared so alluring. The more she thought about it, the further her focus drifted away from the lecture. Juices were once again oozing from her hairless pussy. Some of the students could sense Lynda's arousal from her rough breathing.

The fake blonde dashed off to the bathroom as soon as the bells rang. Once locking the stall, she started rubbing her pussy furiously before she could properly undress. Lynda came for ten times at least during the break, but didn't leave the stall for the next class, or the one after. Sitting in a classroom was meaningless when she knew too well that her desires would soon resurface. Lynda spent two or three hours either masturbating with a fury or sitting numb on the toilet seat.

Her scampy clothes were thrown outside the stall. Anyone with eyes could see the cheap, colorful pieces of fabric lying on the floor. That made Lynda even hornier, her orgasms more powerful. Fantasizing about confirming the rumors and gossips, being exposed as a freak and a whore who play with herself naked in school bathroom was so intoxicating and addictive. She knew there was something very messed up with her brain, and it was driving her to the ground. But her mental strengths had been too worn down to resist the now sole source of pleasure in her life.

Her whispers alternated between "I don't.... want...to be a whore....Please...help me....Make me....a normal girl again...." and "I am a slut, and bimbo, and anything worse than that. Please....let me show you how good I am....!"

Afternoon lectures flew away. Soon she was attending Susan's study sessions again. The slim blonde girl quickly discussed the aforementioned game, and ordered

everyone to solve a simple math question. Normally, this should have been nothing more than a piece of cake for Lynda. But her brain wasn't functioning normally, and before she could write down her answer, time ran out.

"Okay, everyone answered correctly, except two. Lynda, and Olivia. Take your tops off."

Olivia giggled and took her shirt off, revealing her pair of breasts cupped in a plain white bra. Everyone was impressed with how thin her waistlines were. Lynda also removed her top, and of course, she had nothing to cover her jiggle, white breasts. One girl whispered "That's bigger than I thought," but the others seemed only mildly amused. None of them were prude, and there was nothing wrong with going braless.

About 20 minutes later, Susan picked two girls, Betty and Lynda, to answer her Macroeconomics questions.

"Tell me what liquidity trap is."

"Oh...Liquidity trap is....when the interest rates are already at near zero, but no one is spending cash, so monetary policy can't work any longer."

"Perfect answer. Now, Lynda. What's the name of the phenomenon, where the government spending actually hinders the private investment or consumption?"

"C....Stag....inflation...Sorry...."

"That's an incorrect one. The correct one is, crowding out. Now, as a punishment, take your pants off."

As Lynda followed Susan's instructions, other girls were perplexed by Lynda's terrible performance. She was the last person they expected to go naked, and now she completed stripping herself. While the desk was still hiding her lower body, there was no margin of error left.

Another 20 minutes passed. Susan was now asking Literature questions to two girls, Melissa, and again, Lynda.

"Melissa, when and where does <The Grapes of Wrath> take place? Why did main characters had to leave their homeland?"

"It takes place...in....1930s Oklahoma. During the great depression. They had no choice, because of the drought, not sure of the exact name, was it Dust Bowl? Anyways, the crops were ruined, so the banks took their land and homes away. So they went to California, to look for jobs."

"Yes, it was Dust Bowl. Great answer. Now, Lynda, what kind of jobs were they looking for in California? What was the reality like?"

"I....Factory....don't know....maybe better.....not worse...." Lynda was mumbling like a dumb bimbo. She tried to find the answer inside her head, but couldn't.

"That's far from the correct one. They were looking for jobs in the farm, and discovered that the situation is much worse than advertised. Now, stand up so we can all see your body."

"Wa....wait...! That's unfair....!"

"Why unfair, may I ask? Rules are rules, and you agreed upon this, am I wrong?"

"Y...Yes....But...you kept....asking me....only....Why don't you...ask....Brittany...or Cora..?"

"First, she is Colette, not Cora. Second, you could answer all of the questions today if you studied last night, and you couldn't, not even once. It's your fault, not mine. Now, please, stand up."

Lynda couldn't fight Susan back anymore. With a sigh, she stood up from the chair. Of course, she was not wearing panties, so her smooth pussy was on full display. To her horror, she could sense it turning moist again.

"Damn, you really weren't wearing panties? A free spirit?"

"And when did you removed pussy hair? Wasn't it painful?"

"Like...a month ago...Because...of...my boyfriend....."

"That's one nasty boyfriend, Lynda. Do you like those kind of guys?"

"I....I think so...."

"But you would have turned down, if you weren't naughty yourself." Said Olivia.

"Yeah, you are one big slut, Lynda!" Although Betty was only jokingly calling her a slut, it stung for Lynda.

For the remainder of the session, Lynda had to study naked. Unable to concentrate, she was subconsciously rubbing her thighs against each other. Susan denied her a bathroom break, uttering "I know too well you aren't just going to pee there." Others laughed, but the fake blonde's cheeks couldn't get any redder. She felt like a troublesome child being dressed down by her teacher, especially when she was unable to demonstrate her above-average intelligence.

"Okay, now today's work is done. See you on Thursday. And Lynda? I would like to have a chat with you."

Desperate to retreat to her privacy, Lynda was deeply annoyed with Susan's antics. But her exasperation turned into a shock when her words came out.

"You see what a promising student Melissa can be? The only thing keeping her down is money. So from now on, you will have to hand her \$150 at the end of each week. If you fail to do so, I will let my teachers know you are not putting enough effort...and...."

"What? Susan, didn't I tell you my allowances are suspended? How can I..."

"I know you can, not using brain but body." Susan smirked. "And let's get things straight. I am not running this group just for fun. There need to be results, and I no longer believe you can be one. Melissa, and probably Betty too, can go to a college this year, and that will earn me the letter of recommendation. All you have to do is to just support."

"Bu...but...Please...give me...a chance...."

"Didn't I give you one already? I already helped you find a job, encouraged you to get back on track. And Mark told me you ruined everything. Don't you dare think I am that stupid and naive, Lynda. Show your true colors here and the other girls will get a boost in their self-confidence. Besides, I can see you are already horny...."

Only then Lynda realized her fingers had been circling above her clit. It was a habit she had developed, after being forced to deal with so much humiliation and degradation in such a short period of time. Now in perfect sync with her hungry pussy, her once sharp brain could turn any blow to her self-esteem into arousal. Of course, this had an effect of solidifying her image as a helpless slut, both for herself and others.

"So...sorry...I...can't...."

"Just go ahead. I am curious." Susan herself was surprised how she didn't find such a scene revolting. Seeing her once silent yet invincible rival transforming into a brainless bimbo was triggering a foreign desire. A desire to bring a conclusion to the whole process.

"Show me how you play with yourself. I won't judge you. I already know you've seen and been through much worse."

Without further encouragement, Lynda succumbed to her needs. She immediately thrust two fingers inside her pussy while assaulting her swollen clit. Her other hand was crushing her tits like pieces of marshmallow. It was like her senses were blocked, except the intense heat running through her chest and lower abdomen, one that had come to enslave her.

After reaching two climaxes in a row, the fake blonde finally realized what she had done. Embarrassed beyond words, she immediately picked her clothes up and hurried herself out of Susan's house.

Of course, Susan wasn't infuriated nor disgusted. It was an enthralling, even arousing entertainment. Knowing her parents won't return until late in the night, the tall blonde unbuttoned her shirt, her right hand sliding down her belly....

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Soon it became another routine for Lynda to clean apartments where Mark and his friends lived, including their toilets. She didn't even bother to go to school anymore. What was the point of getting scolded by her teachers for inappropriate outfit and total lack of discipline? Everyone already knew she masturbated in the bathroom to forget shame. Already desperate for money, the once brilliant schoolgirl couldn't waste any time on humiliation without compensation.

Her reputation, both inside and outside of the school, was in tatters. No one within 10 mile radius would offer her a normal job. It left her wide open for the exploitation by the boys. While cleaning, Lynda wasn't allowed to wear a collar on her neck, to which both of her hands were chained. Someone came up with an wicked idea of locking a chastity belt on her crotch. Lynda was now stripped of her last vestige of freedom, one to deal with her own sexual desires and award herself an orgasm. Given how the constant supply of degradation kept her on the edge, any stimulation on her pussy blocked out by a cold piece of metal amounted to a torture.

With the movement of her hands restricted, it was easier for her to lie down and crawl as she swept floors or rubbed toilets clean. Her knees, arms, hands and feet turned filthy within the first half an hour. The only moment she could get rid of her chastity belt was when one of the boys paid Mark \$5 to use her pussy, or \$7 for her ass. Shooting cum on anywhere else cost just \$3, her blowjob only \$1. Few of Lynda's clients cared enough to make her orgasm, so the poor girl could be heard moaning and whimpering from her arousal, as her cuffs kept her from playing with her own needy clit. The sticky sensation of the musky goo drying up reminded Lynda how she had been reduced to a nothing more than a toy for the selfish and mean-spirited on the bottom of the pecking order.

To make things even worse, Lynda was kept naked even as she walked the hallways. Being displayed like dusty, sweaty slave to be auctioned off pushed sticky moisture out of her pussy. Some of the residents flashed extra bucks, which the desperate girl couldn't reject. Before long, everyone occupying the decaying complex came to recognize her as a cheap whore from a mile away. Even for Mark's friends, who had little to lose, found letting their hussy stay for a night rather scandalous. Of course, the schoolgirl's own apartment caught the word and sent her an eviction notice. Having already ran out of money, she was now also burdened with finding a new place before the end of the week.

Her shift came to an end late in the afternoon. Mark didn't even allow his 'girlfriend' to take a shower, so she simply rubbed the soap on her skin then washed herself with the tap water. While cleaning her armpits, Lynda couldn't help but feel grateful to Alma for permanently removing her body hair. Otherwise, the bush on her pits and pussy would have grown into mini jungle, as she had become too lazy and distracted lately.

Little could be done with her hair though, which had been dyed flashy, synthetic neon orange. It was kept messy and unkempt, a symbol of what she had become.

Mark always offered her two options, either to keep all of her daily earnings for herself, or split the money in half in case she wanted him to make love to her. While

Lynda would subconsciously rub herself out in the toilet, it was never enough after hours of lust-triggering humiliation. So she would beg him.

"Please....Mark....fuck your slutty girlfriend....I need to cum....want to cum....I am...such a horny slut....Please touch....this worthless....slut...Let me suck your cock....Play with my pussy....please...."

With a smile, Mark shoved his hardened cock deep inside her pussy, as his skilled hands gave her nipples and clit much needed attention. Looking down upon his 'lover', his plaything, and above all, his creation, Mark felt a sense of triumph. Only a few months ago, Lynda Grey was an innocent nerd, carrying books around as if they were a natural extension of herself. No trace of her could be found in the trashy whore beneath him, begging for an extra cock that could stuff her glazed lips. All because of her submission to him, or more precisely, the destructive pleasure he could offer.

Mark had been used to existing as a one big letdown. To his biological parents, to all his foster parents, to his teachers. Not even his friends expected anything out of him. Then Lynda entered the picture, turning his life upside down, perhaps more than her own. Not because she was a pretty girl with eagerness for sex, nor because she made tons of money for him. Above all, she demonstrated his ability and power to break and transform someone else. That's what made the people around him pay respect for the first time in his life.

Instead of expressing gratitude to Lynda with words, Mark thrust himself harder into the warm, welcoming hole of hers. He suckled ferociously on tasty mounds of her chest flesh, while assaulting her clit until she squirted all over the floor. Still, he didn't kiss her lips, letting her know she would never be a serious girlfriend material, let alone a partner. Of course, she wouldn't feel sad or bitter anymore. The orange haired girl had learned too well to bury her problems under waves of her bodily pleasure.

After the both sides were completely drained from countless orgasms, Mark handed his 'girlfriend' a pair of clothes to wear on her way to Heavenly Treats. Calling it anything more than pieces of fabric seemed controversial, though. Lynda's new tops could barely hide her nipples. A few careless steps could easily expose her dripping, hairless pussy too. Still, Lynda wouldn't get dressed away. Covering one's body was a luxury only normal people could afford, not a morally bankrupt slut like her. Rather, she should let the world know there was no value to her other than that of her breasts, fingers and holes.

So she walked down the stairs naked. Breeze touching her bare skin offered Lynda a sense of liberation. Lynda did want to be free from all her troubles, her future. The only way out she could see was fingering herself again. A short, powerful orgasm left her hungry for more. So she played with her body a couple times more just outside the building, not caring if anyone could see or hear. People here didn't care too much, and seemed to have accepted that she is a pathetic bimbo who couldn't keep her fingers off her pussy for 5 minutes.

Soon she started finding herself masturbating on the bus stop, completely naked. "Next week, I will just drop my clothes somewhere and forget about it. Then I would have to hitchhike all the way to Heavenly Treats just sucking cocks." Lynda bitterly thought.

The orange haired girl had become sweaty again, with strands of pussy juice running down her silky inner thighs. Thankfully to her, male passengers on the bus found this rather inviting. As soon as her ride began, Lynda could feel hands fondling her ass and tits, some boldly sliding inside her crotch. She had no choice but to get off the bus halfway, to calm them and herself down. For about next 20 minutes, men would stick cocks wherever possible, including her tit valley and armpits. Covered in cum once again, Lynda collected extra bucks from each and every one of them, including her bus fee for the next ride.

Somehow Lynda made it on time. Unnecessary was the spray, as her hair was already dyed orange. The realization that the cheap, trashy look she put on for Heavenly Treats, had been the best groomed version of herself for a while, made her shiver. Nowadays she was only given an apron, but that was still of better quality than what she wore outside. Of course, even more decent were the costumes for strippers and dancers. Wondering for a second, whether she should go on the stage herself to get properly dressed, triggered a familiar tingling in her pussy.

Of course, there was a more urgent matter to discuss with Alma. With her regular allowances dwindling to zero, and a huge portion of her income carved up by Heavenly Treats and Susan, there was no way she could afford a place of her own. Having not read a written sentence for weeks, dealing with papers for her rent also sounded increasingly frightening. Alma seemed to possess the only way out.

So during a short break, Lynda asked Alma to help her find somewhere new to stay. She had to repeat herself several times to be understood, but in the end, spilled every detail out, including the most shameful parts. The Latina grinned, realizing the full extent of her power over the girl in front of her, the one she had helped transform into a helpless bimbo. There was no reason to turn down the orange haired girl's request,

but Alma thought she should pay the price for every self-destructive choice she had made.

At first, Alma was going to do it her way. But then she figured out, there was someone else, or rather, two of them, who probably could come up with better terms.

"Don't think about the rent, Lynda, no, Lynsey. I know you are completely broke, and you make so much money for everyone but yourself. The only question is what kind of place you could stay.....And it will be decided by our special guests. You may know them. Follow me."

Lynda was puzzled, but couldn't afford to think much. Her own brain ended up betraying her everytime it could, so she learned not to trust it. Playing games of others, including Alma, and obeying their rules was a much easier and less dangerous option. So she followed Alma to a private room, to find the faces all too familiar.

"Oh, Hi, Lynda, we didn't know you work here. I thought the girl's name....was....Lynsey.....?"

"Yeah, she told us our waitress is the same age with us, but didn't expect you here...."

Melissa and Betty were only putting on a show. Of course they knew it was going to be her. The only reason they were here tonight, was because Betty became curious about who the Mark was, after reading the latest greca off Lynda's back. So she asked Susan, who told her everything as a reward for her ever improving grades, and also because she no longer believed Lynda deserved to keep her dirty secrets. Betty knew her friend had bi-sexual tendencies, and caught her ogling Lynda's bare curves multiple times. At first, Melissa was hesitant. But after much teasing and encouragement, the shy, reserved ginger confessed masturbating to Lynda's tits every night. After Betty pledging to pay \$50 to fulfill her friend's fantasies, Melissa decided to open her wallet for the special night.

All of this was going to be kept in private, unless Lynda begged to learn. But she seemed already too horny to be curious, after being fondled and caressed by her clients. The fact they knew Lynda too well while she couldn't figure out their thoughts provided the both girls a sense of superiority and domination.

"So they now blew my covers," Lynda thought bitterly. She was horrified they might spread rumors across the town, but then was oddly relieved her reputation couldn't be tarnished anymore. There was no need for the two girls to blackmail her to get

whatever they wanted. She only had to be herself, a horny submissive slut who enjoyed every moment of her degradation and couldn't get enough of it.

"Here are the rules. While you three are having fun, I will ask random questions, just easy ones. First it will be Lynda against Betty, then Lynda against Melissa. If Lynda scores better, the other person has to decide three things she need the most for her new home. In case the opposite happens, each of you can say three things she won't need. Let's go!"

Meanwhile, Lynda had to serve her youngest clients glasses of cocktail. Due to her pent-up horniness and the embarrassment of being a maid for those who knew her real identity, she kept making mistakes. The orange-haired girl was forced to drink every glass of alcohol she messed up, which only began a vicious cycle. Still, two girls got their fair share of alcohol, and ended up tipsy. It brought out their subconscious desires to degrade and humiliate Lynda, who boosted their confidence by reducing herself to a bimbo.

Seeing the once smart girl making fun of herself, throwing wildly inaccurate answers to the questions even the elementary kids would find easy, never failed to make them feel smarter. This encouraged both the ginger and the blonde to put more effort into their studies, and earning a college scholarship no longer seemed far off. They wanted to reward Lynda, the only way she could appreciate. So they made them try several stripper costumes then throw them away, while shaking her tits and drawing circles with her hips. Lynda couldn't keep her hands off her hairless pussy, giving herself several orgasms to the wild cheers of the other three.

Only then Alma started the quiz. Her questions were nothing more than simple summations and multiplications, or testing their knowledge of the national capitals. While three of them were all drunk, Lynda's brain had already been conditioned to froze upon being asked anything. It was an easy match for both Betty and Melissa.

"While I say....what she doesn't...don't....need....I would like you...Lynda....to suck my pussy....It would be sweet, I promise!" Betty shouted, just for the sake of curiosity. She couldn't deny the former nerd always had a sexy body, and even under the influence of alcohol, or maybe because of it, knew neither Melissa nor Alma could or would care less.

The orange girl saw no reason to disobey her customer's request. Her mind slipped back to one afternoon when she pleased Nancy. While a small part of her brain wanted to insist she was straight, it was quickly silenced by her overwhelming silence. After watching numerous lesbian porn clips and videos, she couldn't help but wonder if Betty's pussy tasted different from Nancy's. Feeling hot, Nancy stripped her

top along with her jeans, revealing her surprisingly athletic abdomen and firm breasts. Looking upon the blonde, Lynda felt something was different from her, even when both of them were naked and aroused. It was as if Betty was a confident predator, and she was her helpless prey.

"First, Lynda won't need....windows.....It's a luxury....I lived for a while....in such a home...it builds your character...." Betty was spitting whatever words she could come up with. "Second, she won't need.....bed.....Not necessary....at all....Oh....yes....." Soon she found herself moaning from the wild sensations Lynda's eager tongue provided, more powerful than what her own fingers could present.

"Third.....third....oh.....umm....No closets for her....she is always....naked....half naked....yes....does she even have....clothes.....?"

Lynda could barely understand half of Betty's words. All she could figure out was that her life was somehow going to sink even lower, and the only way to deal with was touching her clit.

The two girls came almost simultaneously. While the blonde seemed satisfied, the orange haired girl was still hungry for more, her body still on fire.

"And now it's Melissa's turn. Would you like Lynsey to suck yours too?" Alma giggled, feeling quite horny herself. She was going to ride a big dildo after going home, or call Mark. Probably she would do both. While she wanted to have a taste of the younger white girl, it felt inappropriate to do so on her job.

"Yes....but I would ask for more. Please cuff Lynda's hands behind her back. I would like her....to be more....passionate....." Melissa was surprised by what she had just said. The last cup of booze was bringing out the dominant side of her, which she didn't even know existed. And Lynda never expressed genuine displeasure. Her green eyes caught the orange haired girl's thighs rubbing against each other, as plastic cuffs were put on her hands.

Melissa had already stripped herself while Lynda was busy sucking Betty off. In a stark contrast to the blonde's well shaved pussy, the red haired girl carried a fair amount of bush between her legs. Even her armpits had visible strands. While Lynda had been ashamed about her body hair in the past, now she couldn't think of the natural, primal beauty this girl possessed, one she had been deprived of and probably would never get back.

"I will start....First, Lynda doesn't need shower. She always show up messy and sweaty. I wonder how often she washes herself. For similar reasons....I also don't

believe she needs a mirror. If she used it properly, she wouldn't be walking around with boys' cum on her chin."

Even while drunk and horny, Lynda could clearly understand what Melissa was saying. The cruel accuracy of her words penetrated through her heart and pussy. Not being able to play with herself was driving her crazy. Melissa exploited this by directing Lynda's head to her most sensitive parts. It became only clearer who had been the smartest all along.

"Finally....Lynda doesn't need....toilet....she touches herself....everywhere....these days. I saw her...masturbating....outside....just after our studies finished.....She can just take piss outside if she want!" The last sentence was unnecessary, only thrown in because of the red haired girl's building excitement. It didn't matter, as Lynda's fate was pretty much sealed anyway. And all the girl stuck between the skinny girl's thighs was getting another orgasm for herself.

Even after Melissa reached climax, Alma didn't remove cuffs off Lynda's wrists. She felt too little to even beg or plead. Instead she just murmured in almost inaudible voice. "Make me come. I need to come."

"Please, remove your pussy off our table, Lynda. I will show you some mercy. Say three things you need for your new stay. You can even undo what Betty or Melissa just said."

It was impossible for the poor girl to follow Alma's first instruction. Her body was already moving on its own. So she tried to focus just on her needs. Unfortunately, instead of her brain, her pussy was doing the job.

"I....I need....a dildo....no, a lot of dildos.....I need to use them....when no man wants me....I am always horny.....you know....I also need.....vibrators...."

Her two chances were wasted on a whim. Now reaching a much needed climax, Lynda's humiliation addicted pussy needed to make her life more miserable, to throw whatever shattered pieces of her dignity she had kept.

"I....I need....a tattoo gun....I want.....everyone...to draw....a tattoo on me....write words on me....so everyone can know...what la whore I am....that no one should....love me...or date me....they should...only use me...for sex....."

Using her last chance against herself, Lynda arched her back, spraying juices all over the table she had been rubbing her pussy on. Her moans of pleasure soon turned into whimpers of desperation as her body only got hotter, instead of cooling down.

Something more was required to extinguish the blaze raging inside her. Lynda didn't know how far should she go tonight, nor if she could ever feel normal again.

"Sorry, girls, I have to go now. Urgent business. Here are the keys, in case one of you two want to free her. And one last thing. Don't wear her out too much. This won't be your last night, and she will be much cheaper next time. See you soon. Bye!"

The two drunk girls barely paid attention to Alma's words. They were excited again by the sight of a naked girl trying to please herself so desperately. Feeling pity, Betty decided to help Lynda by fingering her smooth pussy. Melissa started making love to her sizeable breasts, which she had desired for so long. Just like she had taken her intelligence away, she was going to lay hand on something she wasn't born with.

It wasn't long before Lynda reached climax again, this time in a row. When her handcuffs were finally removed, Lynda showed her new lovers how she masturbated, then rode one of the plastic bottles lying around as if it was a thick dildo of hers. At one moment, Melissa and Betty were making out with each other, while Lynda played with both of their pussies. The combination of alcohol and teenage hormones resulted in a long, wild night.

Three would only vaguely remember the night. Two of them could keep the fun. One, only one, would have to live with the consequences.