

THE GREEN DOOR

(Laura's Descent) What she craves causes her downfall.

This is my first story.

So I hope you have a little patience.

Laura was a brilliant 19 year old girl just about to enter college. Her parents died a few years ago in a car crash but she did not have money problems due to a trust fund in her name set by her parents. The trust fund was designed to directly pay for her tuition in the schools and universities of her choice and to give her also a fixed monthly payment to cover her personal expenses and housing until she finished college. After that whatever remained in the fund would be given to her (and there would still be a considerable sum).

She lived in a foster home from the death of her parents until she was 18. Then she moved to a boarding high school. And now she had matriculated in a University in another town and was finally free of all those people bossing her around.

She quickly made the arrangements with the trust fund and moved to her new city. The classes would begin in a few weeks but she already wanted to live by herself in her new apartment.

Laura knew no one in her new city, as a matter of fact that was one of the reasons for choosing this university. She did not want to be with her old high school mates, and be branded again as "the orphan". So Laura did not have much to do with her time, except maybe shopping. Being a fashion freak, she spent a lot of time in the malls buying all kinds of new outfits to use in the months to come.

Growing bored with time, Laura began to take long rides in her car "to know the city". One night Laura was taking a ride and she accidentally entered the sleazy zone of the city. She was curious and slowed her driving to take a better look. She turned at one corner and then she saw a young girl wearing a tight micro skirt and a very small top that left her shoulders and stomach uncovered, and she became mesmerized.

There she was, a girl just about her own age and in fact, they looked very much alike. They both had roughly the same height and the same skin color. They both had gorgeous figures. But they were far from twins, their faces while pretty, were very different and while Laura had blond hair the other girl had her hair tinted in a natural red tone.

Laura could not stop thinking about it, a girl that did not seem very different from her, (except of course for the clothes and makeup) whoring herself in the

streets. Laura became aroused at the thought and could not avoid passing that street several times before finally going home to masturbate.

In her loneliness and as another boring day followed the last, Laura began to think more and more often about that girl and masturbated while fantasizing about how it would be to be a whore like her. She imagined herself wearing that very short black skirt and that little white top and of course those whorish shoes. One day she realized that she wanted more, she wanted to have whore clothes, but not just clothes that looked whorish. She wanted real whore clothes.

She began to fantasize more and more often with exchanging one of her own designer outfits with the outfit of the whore. It would be delightfully humiliating to lose one of her favorite, carefully selected outfits to get some whorish clothes. Just the thought of losing one thing that was an important part of her own self image to get one of the whore's outfits, aroused her beyond imagination. She would become a little less like herself and turn into a little bit of that girl. She would become the whore.

Finally the fantasy became a need and one day it overcame her reasoning and there she was driving her car once again to the sleazy district but this time it wasn't by accident, this time she came to search for the girl.

Laura had to pass 3 times in front of the girl before she had the courage to stop the car. She was trembling - What was she doing there? -- Surely this was not a thing that a good girl would do, and she was a good girl. Wasn't she? But the desire was just too strong and overcame her fears and doubts and she dared to call the girl. She lowered the passenger window and shyly called the young whore:

"Excuse me m'am."

The whore approached the car with a knowing, superior smile and told Laura,

"Sorry girl, I don't do gals, but I can point you in the right direction."

"No," said Laura with her lower lip trembling a bit, "I really don't want to have... to have sex with you... I ... I only want to offer you... a ... a deal."

Nancy (that was the whore's name) surely did not want to do anything lesbian, but she was finding the whole situation amusing. You know the rich girl in a fancy car, all insecure to talk to her, and almost begging instead of ordering like most clients. So Nancy decided to play along a little longer before she turned the girl down.

"So what's the deal girl?" said Nancy.

"Well... I was thinking..." Laura was becoming very aroused and very frightened but the heat between her legs was stronger than any second thoughts so she finished, "I was thinking if you would accept to switch clothes with me?"

Nancy almost laughed, here was this rich bitch asking to change a very nice outfit that maybe cost more than \$500 for a \$30 or \$40 used whore clothes.

"I don't know," answered Nancy, "I don't like to wear used clothes."

"This is the first day I wore them. I was saving them to wear at college." said Laura meekly.

"Well, if I make the exchange with you I will lose one work outfit and I would have to buy another and worse, I don't think I will get too many customers once I wore those fancy clothes." said Nancy.

In fact Nancy was already thinking to call it quits for the night it being 11:00PM and Tuesday; it was very slow.

"I will pay you \$100 for your time." said Laura.

"And what about the outfit?" asked Nancy.

Laura was surprised; she had thought that the whore would flip backwards just to have an outfit like this one and could not believe that she already rejected a \$100. She felt a tingle in her pussy at the thought of paying to have her expensive clothes exchanged for the cheap ones the whore was wearing. At this time Laura was beyond the point of no return and was in no shape to bargain so she said:

"I will pay you another \$100."

Nancy was happy; this outfit alone would make it easier to find a real job and would make wonders for her self-esteem. But still she wanted to play a little bit longer with the dumb college student; the situation was very funny indeed so she said:

"I don't know girl, maybe you only want to see me naked and I told you I don't do girls."

"No, I swear that is not what I want; we would make the exchange the way you feel most comfortable."

"OK," Nancy thought, "just what I wanted to hear."

"OK I agree," said Nancy, "only because it seems so important to you, but it will be on my terms."

It was humiliating for Laura to be bossed by this whore, but she was also hornier than she had ever been in her life.

"You can park your car over there and then knock on that green door. I will wait for you there."

Nancy thought that Laura possibly would drive home at that moment, after all she had her rush and maybe had come to her senses but she waited behind the green door anyways.

The green door led to a building that had a small sex shop, several video booths, and around 5 small cubicles to have sex. Nancy did not normally use this place to take her clients. It was just too sleazy and low class but these rooms were the cheapest around and she wanted to make the most of the money she was about to receive., and finally she won't even touch the furniture there.

When Laura entered the poor lighted building she almost fainted. The whole place was so low class. She looked completely out of place in her expensive outfit. The only reasonable thing to do was to leave immediately, but when she saw Nancy again, she knew she had to have her outfit; with that outfit and the remembering of this night she surely would masturbate for months.

Nancy received Laura at the door and led her to one of the cubicles. It was a dirty little room with a bed, a chair and big mirrors in the ceiling and on one of the walls. Laura started to tremble again. The place was worse than her fantasies.

"Ok," Nancy said, "give me your clothes."

Laura had not thought about that part, she did not plan to undress in front of the whore. She thought that she could go inside a bathroom or something with the whore's clothes in her hand, change privately and then return her own clothes to the whore.

"I... need some privacy." said Laura who was very nervous by now.

Nancy sensed the hesitation but decided that the best bet was to press further.

"OK girl, if you don't want to do it just pay me for my time and I'll leave. I told you that I am not into girls, and I won't undress in front of you. So I need your clothes first if you still want to go along with the change."

Laura trembled; she had already gone so far that she did not want to return with empty hands so she started to undress. When she was in her underwear she stopped and gave Nancy her outer clothes. But Nancy was having fun with her newly found power and said:

"I need all the rest, you said your entire outfit and that is what I expect."

Laura bit her lip and hesitated but again she had come a long way to stop now, and she took off everything. Nancy smiled and took all of Laura's clothes including her shoes; put them in a plastic bag and proceeded to leave the cubicle.

Laura panicked, "Where are you going?"

"Don't worry girl; I won't leave you here for long, I just want to have some privacy to change."

Laura felt completely humiliated: There she was completely naked in front of this whore and the whore was the one who had her modesty protected. Nancy

left the room, and left Laura naked, very aroused and very frightened. She wanted to masturbate but the fear did not let her.

As time passed, Laura started worrying more and more and even began trembling a bit.

"What if she doesn't return?" Thought Laura, "No", she reassured herself. "She will come back for the money. But what if she comes back with more people to kidnap her or something?" Oh she really was stupid.

Time passed and Laura grew nervous and hornier than ever and finally (more than a half hour later) Nancy entered the room wearing the elegant black skirt and blue blouse and the fashionable jacket that Laura was wearing before. Nancy had reapplied her makeup in a much more discreet way and combed her hair with good style. She was also wearing Laura's stockings and underwear.

Laura was stunned. She did not expect Nancy to carry her clothes with such elegance and presence. She felt very small; naked and bare feet in front of Nancy who really looked like a very wealthy coed. Nancy finally handed Laura her old skirt and top. Laura asked,

"What about the underwear?"

"I considered giving it to you but I don't like the idea that you may sniff it at night or something. I told you I am not gay, so I stored it away." said Nancy, who was finding pleasure in humiliating this rich girl.

Laura quickly put on the skirt and top and asked for the shoes.

"Even when your shoes are very elegant they are not appropriate for work so I have to keep mine. Unless you have another \$200 so I can buy new ones." Nancy said.

The shoes that Nancy wore originally were very cheap and did not look like \$200. Anyway, Laura did not have more money to give the whore and did not have the strength to fight, so she paid Nancy what was agreed before and left the cubicle barefoot wearing only the very short and cheap skirt and the small top. Her hair and makeup were a mess due to the sweat (the cubicle was very hot) and she looked completely trashy.

As she was leaving, the now very elegant Nancy told her,

"If you ever want more clothes from me, come on Tuesdays and maybe we can make more business, by the way my name is Nancy. What's yours?" Laura didn't want to tell her name, but she also wanted to leave fast so she answered: "Laura." and quickly walked out.

Laura left the building completely ashamed and sure that she wouldn't return in a million years. She was so horny that she had to control herself just to not masturbate in the parking lot. When she arrived home, she masturbated for hours just remembering what she called the "switch": how Nancy had become an elegant woman and she a trashy whore.

The next day Laura awoke with a headache and still wearing the whore's outfit. She felt very bad about last night. She lost that precious outfit that cost at least \$500 plus her favorite shoes that would require maybe \$300 to replace, and the \$200 that she paid the whore for her time and outfit. She had spent \$1000 in one night! It was incredibly stupid. She could have bought clothes like this for less than \$50, but instead she spent more than half her monthly allowance. What was she thinking? She had planned to use that outfit in the presentation party of the university in a few weeks. Maybe she could replace her clothes at the beginning of the next month.

Fortunately she had many more elegant clothes and she really didn't need the lost outfit. She decided to accept the fact of the lost clothes and enjoy the masturbation sessions that came in the following days. Every night, alone in her bedroom, she dressed in the whore clothes, barefoot without underwear and masturbated remembering the night of the exchange and fantasizing about being fucked in that nasty cubicle.

But as days passed a little idea begun to take her mind, growing every moment: The idea of go back to see Nancy. One day it was too much, so she took \$200.00 and dressed in elegant attire. This time, however, she took care of not choosing her favorite, and drove to the "green door street" as she now called the place where she found Nancy.

Nancy saw Laura's car approaching and smiled inwardly. -- "That is one sick bitch, but I will take advantage of her stupidity and have some fun." she thought. It was Tuesday and just 7:30 PM.

When Laura's car stopped, Nancy waited to be called, pretending to be indifferent.

Laura finally called Nancy. When Nancy approached, Laura proposed her to repeat the deal, this time she had more self-confidence and was able to quickly propose the deal. But Nancy rather liked the insecure Laura so she quickly deflated Laura's self-confidence.

"No I can't do it now, it is too early and I will lose several customers."

Laura felt disillusioned, but answered,

"Well then I will come back later."

"Yes. You may find me or may not, that depends on where my clients want to fuck."

Laura felt nervous, like an addict whose fix was going to be indefinitely postponed. She wanted this today and said:

"How much more do I need to pay you to do it now."

"I would say \$300 more than the last time." was Nancy's response.

"I can't spend that kind of money." said Laura with a sad face.

Nancy did not want Laura out off the hook and thought that the lack of cash could be used to her own advantage, and to humiliate Laura a bit more.

"Ok girl if you really want to do it, you can pay me with more clothes. Bring me a couple of designer jeans, two blouses that go well with them, your two best underwear sets and sneakers and I'll do it."

Laura was stunned. Nancy asked for much more than \$300 in clothes. She never thought that the girl could raise the price this way, and still she was now hornier than before. The thought of changing three complete designer outfits for a cheap red vinyl and the yellow blouse without buttons that Nancy was wearing tied bellow her breasts, was completely humiliating and arousing and she could not said no. They arranged to meet again in the green door at 8:30PM.

Laura arrived carrying the outfits in a leather travel bag and knocked on the door. Nancy received the bag and stored it in a locker. Then they went to the cubicle and Nancy made Laura strip again. And again Nancy put all of Laura's clothes in a plastic bag and was about to leave when she received a cellular phone call.

"Yes, I'll be there right away, No I am not busy and it's no problem, but I just have one hour for you and I need to come back here. Yes I long to see you too."

"Sorry Laura, but I have a customer call. He is one of my regulars and I can't turn him down, but I will be back in about an hour."

"Well," Laura said, "give me back my clothes and I will be here in 80 minutes."

But Nancy said. "No, I will take the clothes so I can change before going to the hotel where my customer is; that way my entrance would be more discreet. And you don't have to worry; nobody will bother you here. I rented the room for two hours."

"One more thing," Nancy said, "I don't have a watch, so I need to borrow yours. You know I don't want to come back late."

This time Laura was carrying a watch. She did not like the uncertainty of the last occasion and wanted to know the time so she did not start worrying too soon. But certainly she did not want Nancy to come back late, so she handed her the watch.

Nancy left the cubicle and smiled. She did not have a real customer call; she just set an alarm in her cell phone and invented the conversation. The fact is that she wanted to take the rich girl down a peg. She also wanted to take her new clothes to her apartment before it got late and the streets turned more dangerous for people carrying valuable things. She put the leather bag and the plastic bag containing Laura's clothes in the trunk of her old ford fiesta and drove home.

Once in her apartment, Nancy took a long shower and relaxed. She was also an orphan, but not as lucky as Laura. When she left the foster home at 18, she was

offered a cleaning job in a government office. The job was full time and the pay was crap. She was trapped; she would never have the chance to study college; she simply could not afford that. Even a better paying job was somehow out of her hands, due to her "lack of good presentation". She was an intelligent student but due to her circumstances her notes were not high enough to earn a scholarship. So to escape her dead end job, she decided to move to another city looking for opportunities. But things turned harder than she thought and she ended working as a whore to pay the rent and save something to "get out of the hole someday".

But today she was happy. She was somehow like a little poor girl with new toys. Thanks to Laura's stupidity, she now had 4 outfits like nothing she ever had before. So she spent a long time trying on each of the outfits. Even the sneakers were superior like a \$200 Nike pair.

Meanwhile Laura was naked in a sleazy cubicle. Her bare feet felt something sticky in the floor. She didn't want to know what it was and quickly removed her foot from the stickiness. But then she felt herself immersed in her fantasies once again. Then again she put her foot on the stain, thinking it was some low class man semen (and it probably was). She shivered and her hand went to her pussy. She began to masturbate, standing up, right there in that sleazy cubicle. Then she saw her image in the mirror: a naked sweating girl masturbating and she felt hot.

She turned to see the bed. The bed had no sheets and the mattress seemed like it had not been washed in months, you could see stains all over it. Some of the customers brought their own bed clothes and some others rented clean ones at the management, but Nancy saw no need in either because she was not going to have sex or touch the bed. But Laura wanted to lie down to continue her work. She lay down in the bed and looked at her image in the ceiling while touching her breast -- no, not breast, tits - with one hand and her ... cunt with the other. She was putting on quite a show. She imagined herself doing the same for a "customer". The smell of dried semen contributed to make her fantasy more real. Finally she came like an explosion. Laura masturbated a couple of times and was again at it when she heard a knock on the door.

"Is it you Nancy?" She asked in a low voice.

"No there is no Nancy. The rent is over; you have 5 minutes to leave."

Laura's heart begin to pound like a drum.

"I.. c..an't leave now... I will pay you for another hour." she said.

"No, I already rented the room, maybe if you give me \$10, I can persuade them to wait for 15 min."

Laura panicked but thought that maybe Nancy would return in less than 15 min. So she said:

"Ok I will pass a \$20 under the door; you can give me the change later."

"No way!" said the man. "I can't bend to pick it up from the floor, my back would kill me. Just cover yourself and open the door a crack."

"Cover yourself." thought Laura trembling, "I don't have anything to cover", she was hesitating when she hear another knock on the door.

"Tell me what is going to be girl, because my customers are waiting."

Laura panicked but decided that it was better to risk giving the man a peek than being thrown away from the room naked. So she grabbed her purse, took the bill and opened a crack in the door; she tried to conceal her body behind the door but the stupid door opened outwards maybe because the room was too small and she exposed her naked body to the manager who was a white man in his fifties, bald, and maybe 40 pounds overweight.

Laura tried to close the door as fast as she could but the foot of the man was in the way. Finally after some seconds, he removed the foot and Laura closed the door. The man was smiling while Laura inside was on the verge of tears. Just then she heard another knock on the door and then it opened. Laura almost died that instant but it was only Nancy, and she felt relived and grateful, even when Nancy's lateness put her under a lot of stress. Nancy looked terrific in her new expensive designer jeans and blouse. She wore the sneakers and she looked casual but obviously rich.

Nancy handed her old skirt and blouse to Laura and watched her dress. Again there was not any underwear, but this time Laura did not ask, she wanted to get out of there faster than the other time. She did not want to see the manager, she felt so ashamed. She again was going to leave barefoot because Nancy did not bring any shoes for her. As she walked out of the cubicle, she could feel on her the eyes of the young black couple that was waiting for the room. They obviously thought that she was a cheap whore and were asking themselves what an uptown girl like the one that just arrived had to do with her. Laura hear them saying "Maybe she is her social worker, parole officer, or something".

She was abated, nobody recognized her as a superior woman. She lost her clothes and her status. They really believed "the switch" and it was so hot. But thankfully she would now return to her apartment and fancy life. --"No matter what these low class teenagers think, I am not a whore, I am only a rich girl playing." she repeated to herself. But as she saw for the last time her image in the mirror near the green door, she had to concede that they were right, she was a whore, at least tonight. Her hair stunk like the mattress and her pussy smelled of her juices. She thought the young couple was right as she drove to her apartment.

Laura masturbated several times during the night, and awoke the next morning feeling much worse than the first time. She lost two pairs of shoes and three complete outfits plus her watch and \$220. She calculated the loss in more than \$2000, this time she was really stupid. And this time more people saw her. The manager saw her completely naked and smelling of shit (or more precisely of dried semen), and the young couple saw her bare feet and in the whore's clothes, she still shivered remembering the look of disdain in their eyes.

Laura opened her closet, it looked emptier now, she still had around 16 outfits, all of very recent acquisition. In fact Laura left much of her older clothes in her old city, deciding to change her wardrobe completely in her new town. 16 outfits were still a lot, but she still experimented a sensation of loss every time she saw the closet a little bit emptier than before. In a small box hidden in the floor of the same room were the two skirts and two blouses that she got from the whore. Laura saw then and forced a twisted smile, "now those are the most expensive clothes I ever had. What it is in this box cost me more than \$3000" she thought. Well it was not all a complete waste, in fact she had used the whore's clothes a lot lately to have delicious masturbation sessions and she accepted that those clothes were the ones she used the most when she was at home.

A new wave of arousal was awakened by this thought. She wanted more, more loss, more humiliation, more becoming Nancy, more realizing "the switch".

Laura could wait no longer to do it again, but she only had \$250 for the rest of the month, she would need at least a \$150 to survive the rest of the month and pay the gas. Laura thought "I'll try to negotiate, after all she took my watch last time, and it was not part of the deal."

She drove to the "green door" street, it was Friday night at 7:00 PM, she knew that if she got Nancy to do another exchange it would be very costly, because the day was surely the most active for Nancy, and because she could not use more than a \$100 in cash. The last time it was three outfits, a pair of shoes and a pair of snickers, plus the watch and \$200.00. This time she should negotiate well, if not she would end up giving half of her wardrobe away.

Nancy was walking her favorite street; she didn't really want to find a customer. Surely she needed the money; in fact the next day she had to pay the \$180 rent and she did not have a penny. But as time had passed since she started to wear designer clothes, she found her self-esteem growing which made it very hard to her to return to sell tricks. She even ventured one day and had a job interview at a bank office, they were impressed with her self-confidence, but told her that they need her to be a college student to proceed with further evaluation for an internship.

Then Nancy saw Laura's car approaching and stopped "saved by the bell." she thought. "Here comes my golden mine, I can rest at least for today. Let's see how much I can get this time."

She forced herself to maintain an indifferent attitude, and waited for Laura to call her.

"Nancy, come here."

"What's up Laura, it is Friday night, you better return next week." Said Nancy biting her lips hoping that Laura did not go.

Laura thought it for a moment, she was right it would be too expensive tonight. But that was in part why she came on Friday; she wanted to see how much this girl was going to ask.

"No. I want it today. Please, tell me how much."

"I will exchange my outfit with you for \$700.00, \$100 for the used outfit, \$100 for her time, and \$500 for the lost customers of the rest of the night."

Laura trembled; it was \$200 more than the last time. But at the same time a spark of lust shone in her eyes. She would have to give more than three outfits, maybe four or five.

"Can't it be a little less?" Said Laura meekly.

"No it can't. If you don't want it, I have business to care of."

"No... wait. OK I accept it, but there is one more thing... I only have \$100 in cash this time. Maybe I can... pay you with some more clothes..."

Nancy cursed, she needed the \$200.00, but she wouldn't let the chance pass anyway. She would humiliate the bitch and would get a lot of clothes in return.

"Do you think I am a pawnshop or something? Well then I'll be a pawnshop. I will take any blouse, jacket, dress or skirt at \$20 and any underwear set at \$10.00. Take it or leave it. If you want the deal, I wait for you in an hour in the parking lot next to the green door. Find my car, a white ford fiesta, and park your car next to it."

Laura drove off. There is no way that she would sell her expensive clothes for \$20 a piece. "What does that girl think? I am not that stupid." But as she approached her department, she was more and more convinced that she would do it. Her pussy was almost ordering her.

She went straight to her closet thinking, fortunately she had just done the laundry and all of her clothes were clean. She would have to pay \$600 in clothes. Better start with the underwear -- she thought and she counted the sets and found only 10, she had already given 4 to that girl. Well that accounted for \$100. The remaining \$500 will require 25 pieces. Laura counted her clothes; she had 3 jackets, 4 dresses, 6 pants, 5 skirts and 11 blouses or tops. There were only 29 items in total. She should keep the dresses that way she still would have 4 outfits but decided to keep a couple of blouses, a pant and a skirt. After Laura put all the clothes in the boxes her closet looked almost empty. From her twenty outfits at the beginning of her adventures, she now had the one she was wearing (but not for long) plus two outfits, and completely no underwear.

Laura packed the boxes in the trunk of her car. She was trembling. This time it was completely stupid, there must be more than \$5000 in clothes in those boxes. She would need months to replace them. She would need to buy inexpensive clothes at the beginning of the next month to have underwear and enough clothes for the beginning of classes.

She told to herself that she must stop, but started the car and began the ride to the "green door" street. She arrived at the parking lot and quickly found the ford fiesta. The parking lot was almost empty being still too early. Nancy smiled

when she saw Laura's car. She stepped out of the car and opened the trunk of her car.

Laura had opened her car trunk, and was waiting for Nancy to come and get the clothes.

"OK bring the clothes." Nancy said.

Laura carried one of the boxes. And Nancy began to count the pieces:

"1, 2, 3... 9 pieces and 10 underwear sets. Let's see we have \$280 in this box."

Then she counted the second box 1,2,3...15. Now we have \$300.00. That is a total of \$580.00 so you own me \$120 in cash. Laura panicked she only had \$100.00. She did not want to carry the rest of her cash fearing that she would lose it or end up giving it to Nancy.

"But I am sure there were 25 pieces. Can we count them again?" She finally said.

"Do you think I am a dumb ass that can even count to 25 without making a mistake?" Nancy said in an angry tone. She did not know if she had skipped a piece but she did not care. She liked to have Laura out of balance. "Why don't you go for something else?"

"I don't have too much more to give. I already gave you all of my underwear and I just keeping a couple of outfits," she said almost crying, realizing how much she had lost. Nancy decided stop pushing her luck fearing that Laura could break down and back out of the deal.

"OK girl. Let's go inside."

Once inside Nancy went ahead and took a cubicle and told the manager that she would need it for three hours, and then they both went inside.

Nancy asked for Laura's clothes in what was becoming to be an old routine. This time, however, Laura had more trouble with handing out her underwear, remembering those were her last panty and last bra that she had.

Once Laura was naked again and all her clothes were in the now classic plastic bag Nancy looked at Laura and said,

"So you shaved your pussy. You must know that not all the prostitutes do that. Some like me, prefer to show a nice and elegant trim."

Laura was ashamed, she had shaved "down there" in a moment of lust, and was not all pleased with her own decision, but never thought that it would be vulgar even for Nancy's tastes. She blushed and was about to say something when Nancy left with her clothes in the bag. Laura expected Nancy to tell her at what time she will return, but this time it did not happen.

A couple of minutes later a note appeared from under the door. It was from Nancy and Laura read it,

"Here is the deal girl: I can't give discounts. Discounts are just not good in this business, but you can pay the room and we are even. The rate is only \$8 per hour and I rented it for 3 hours. I know you don't have money with you, but you can be creative. By the way the manager has your new clothes and your car keys. He will knock on your door in half an hour, so you'd better think of something".

Laura panicked; this was just too much. She has lost most of her clothes and now she was naked in a dirty room with no money and a \$24 debt with a pervert who also had her clothes and car keys. Laura wanted to cry but was also hornier than ever. She thought, "maybe I should masturbate right now, I don't think I could afford one more time of this." So she lay in the dirty mattress and started to masturbate, she came once and was about to come again when she heard a knock on the door. "Oh no the pervert," she thought.

"Who is it?"

"I'm the manager. I come to collect the rent."

"Please c..ome inside." Laura said in almost inaudible voice.

"What? I can't hear a thing."

Laura did not want the manager to attract attention to her cubicle, so she opened the door and asked him to come inside. The manager lost a minute or so, but finally entered the room. He was carrying a plastic bag. Hopefully her clothes and keys were inside.

"So your partner left you?"

Laura wanted to tell him that Nancy was not her partner, but saw no point in arguing with the pervert while she was still naked.

"She had to go."

"I know. She left me some things for you. But where is my money?"

"I don't have any money. I think she will pay you when she returns." Said Laura trying to evade the "payment thing".

The manager got angry.

"What? She told me that she won't be back, and she told me that you would pay. She never lied to me. So the only thing I can think it that you tried to fool her or fool me. You better go but you leave me your car keys until you pay me."

Laura panicked; she could not walk home without money and dressed as a cheap whore.

"No please. I will pay you." She said.

"How? You told me that you don't have any money." The manager already knew that. In fact she paid \$100.00 to Nancy to have this chance.

"I don't know. How about if I put on a little show for you?" Laura said not believing what she was saying.

"I see a lot of shows here, but I'll give you a chance. If I get an erection with your show I give you back your things and the debt is finished." He opened his pants and let his dick out. It was completely flaccid.

Laura really did not know what to do. She was naked and shaved, wasn't it enough to excite a guy? Well she started to dance to an imaginary music, but saw no reaction at all, and then she started to touch her breasts and finally her pussy dancing to the beat of the imaginary music. She felt the slimy floor as she danced, and was getting more and more aroused, but the manager remained calm and flaccid. She got closer to him and began to dance around him while masturbating and breathing very close to him. She was so hot and he just did not respond, she approached one hand to his dick and started slowly caressing it and then she lowered her hand and caressed his testicles. Then she sat on the slimy floor with her legs open and used one hand to finger her pussy and the other to stroke the manager's dick, until she came like an explosion. But he was just the same. Then he said "Sorry girl, forgot to tell you that I am impotent."

Laura almost cried. "All for nothing" she thought, but then the manager said:

"Don't worry girl I saw your effort and I will give you menial work and you can go."

"What work?"

"Just clean three of the video booths and you can go. I will pay you \$8 for each. I will give you your clothes but keep the keys until you finish."

Laura was stunned but mesmerized at the same time. Here it was again: one of her own fantasies becoming reality. She whored herself for nothing and now had to clean the video booths of the lowest class adult theatre in the city wearing just a micro skirt and a semitransparent white blouse with no underwear. She was again barefoot because Nancy as usual did not give her any shoes back. She felt very nervous and aroused at the same time. With the turmoil of emotions she could not even speak, she dressed, and walked out of the cubicle behind the manager. She did not like the blouse; Nancy was wearing it with a sexy bra. But she was showing her tits to anyone. Again she was a lower class whore than Nancy had been.

There were several people waiting for rooms and she recognized the young couple from the other time. They were pointing at her.

Finally they arrived at the first booth. The manager said:

"OK you can clean this one first. We ran out of tissues since the afternoon, so the booths are really dirty if you know what I mean. But don't worry we have tissues now, so you can use this box to clean. If you need something you can call me. By the way my name is Ralph. And yours?"

But Laura did not respond. She was too shocked to talk, and Ralph did not really care so he waited a couple of seconds for the answer and then walked away.

Laura entered the video booth. There was a dim light inside but her eyes had not adjusted yet and the moment she entered she felt something wet on her foot. "yuck" said Laura and quickly lifted her foot and then slowly tried to lower herself to clean the stickiness with a tissue but she lost the equilibrium and fell knocking the booth wall with her elbow and shoulder and feeling immediately something wet in her shoulder. "Didn't these people leave a place free of spunk?" She asked herself. She ended up sitting on the floor leaning on one of her hands and feeling the wetness on her legs and skirt as well as her hand. She began to clean using a lot of tissues on the floor and walls and on her own body. She left the first video booth and when she came out to the light any one could see a wet spot in the back of her skirt as well another in the sleeve of her blouse. She entered the second booth and tried to clean as fast as possible without getting more spots in her clothes. Still she got a new spot around the stomach that made the blouse more transparent if that was possible. On the other hand she was getting tired; she had been cleaning for a little more than an hour. She entered the third video booth; she was very tired and only had around 4 tissues remaining. She got on her knees and started to clean one of the walls, then she got more tired and lean her head on the wall that was behind her. With her luck, she got her hair dirty with spunk, but she did not care, she was tired and hot with the humiliation of having strange semen in her hair. She already had run out of tissues. She was light headed and proceeded to clean the wall with the front of her blouse moving up and down along the wall and cleaning practically with her tits. Then she sat on the floor and began moving her ass all around the floor until it was as clean as it could be with this method. Satisfied, she began to masturbate until she came in a big climax. Then she realized how low she had fallen. Laura wanted to leave immediately. So she left the booth and marched to the administration. All of the people stared at her in disbelief. -- "You must have some dignity, slut" A girl told her that looked like a whore, and probably was, but even that girl did not approve her wanton behavior. She had arrived at the front desk and was asking for her keys when the unthinkable happened:

The police arrived at the place and was in there to arrest prostitutes. Laura, dressed like she was and smelling of spunk at 20 meters, was obviously identified as one and was immediately grabbed by a police officer. In an opportunity Ralph approached Laura and said to her "Don't say anything to them, not even your name. Especially not your name, until I come for you at the police station, I will ask for Lori Smith."

Laura and a couple of whores were handcuffed and guided to the car. "Hey! I don't want to sit next to her," said one of the whores "she stinks."

"Neither me," said the other. --"You are going to need to wash the patrol really well if you sit this slut inside."

"Yuck man." Said one of the officers, "she really will leave the patrol stinking."

"We got to do what we got to do. So everybody in." Said the chief officer.

Finally everybody was in the patrol. Laura was getting reproving stares from people so low that she normally won't even look at. But that day they were miles above from her own status so she did the trip quietly and shyly looking at the floor while receiving constant insults.

When they arrived, Laura and the other prostitutes were led to a cell in which a couple of old whores were chatting. They started insulting Laura as soon as she came in.

An hour or more passed and then she heard an officer calling Lori Smith. She did not respond the first three times until she remembered what Ralph told her and then said,

"It's me."

"Besides a slut she is a dumb ass; she needed to be called 4 times to recognize her own name!" said one of the old whores.

And everybody laughed including the officer. Laura walked out of the office with her eyes cast at the floor and arrived to the interview room of the police station. There was Ralph sitting at the other side of the glass and already holding the phone against his face. He told her:

"Listen girl: I will be out of business if we do not manage this situation right. The other prostitutes can defend themselves. The police did not see them selling or exposing their body. On the other side, you were showing your tits clearly and have semen all over them as well as in your hair, skirt and legs according to the police report. You don't have a license to practice prostitution, You know a health carnet. I have one of a girl around your age "Lori Smith". I want you to declare that that is your name and that you are a registered prostitute and my employee. They will file a criminal record for you and let you free in a couple of hours. The criminal record however won't go under your real name so you win and so do I. I will wait for you and get you back to my place, then you can leave. By the way, if they make you sign something, use your left hand to do the writing because Lori is left-handed. It would also serve to fake an uneducated person writing."

"OK I'll do it. Thank you for helping me." Said Laura that was very light headed and wanted this nightmare to end.

"I am not helping you girl, I am saving my ass, but you owe me one anyway."

Laura was lead to another room and her declaration was taken, then they photographed her in the typical profile and front angles beside a rule to indicate her height. After the photo they took her fingerprints. Laura shivered; "a criminal

record with her own picture and for prostitution." The whole thing was surrealistic, the only thing that tranquilized her was that the criminal record was not under her real name. Later she knew that Lori was a high school drop out that worked briefly with Ralph. She fell in love with a Colombian Guy, maybe a dealer, and left for South America last summer. Ralph knew that she had changed her name to something more Hispanic, married the Colombian guy and was a rich housewife now. Lori did not want anything to do with her past. She even asked Ralph to fake her death so "Lori Smith" no longer existed, but Ralph had not done it because he did not want to attract police attention. Well, now all the identification materials of Lori came on handy.

Laura was released near 8:00 AM. She left the police station with Ralph and went straight to the "green door" street. As soon they were there. Ralph gave Laura her car keys and she left very fast. She was too ashamed to say anything else. She did not want to come back and face this man ever in her life. She felt so inferior, so degraded.

When she arrived home, she went to the bathroom and showered for a long time, then she washed her new whore clothes. She went to her wardrobe and put her jeans and a blouse on. She was going to sleep but she did not wanted to wear those slut clothes anymore and she wanted even less to sleep naked.

She slept all day and woke up at 11:00 PM, she was hungry but did not wanted to leave the apartment. She ate some old Corn Flakes and orange juice, and went to bed again. This time to cry for a couple of hours. How could she have fallen so low? In just one night she became Lori Smith the lowest class whore in town, despised even by those old and used whores at the police station. She also had lost almost all her precious clothes. Just a couple of outfits was what remains from her vast wardrobe.

Her only hope was that next Wednesday was the welcome party of the University and her life would become normal again. With more work to do and more people to talk to, the fantasies that had complicated her life would fade away. On Monday she would receive her monthly allowance and the next day she would shop for something to wear at the party and in the first days of school. She was recovering her good mood. And she even accepted to masturbate again, thinking: "Next week I probably won't have time nor desire to do it and at least I have to take some advantage of all that I have lost."

But the Thursday morning she received a phone call from the University that sent her mood down again. Due to a problem with the schedule of the dean the welcome party was rescheduled for this Friday. They apologized for the troubles but being an optional activity they reserved themselves the right to change it at will.

Laura was devastated she had waited all the summer for that party. She was going to show off her best attire and now she did not even have any underwear. She was crying for her stupidity; She had thought that party would help her to make friends soon and have some support to adapt to the college life. She spent most of day depressed watching TV and eating popcorn and pizza. Finally she went to sleep.

On Friday afternoon Laura was planning a short shopping trip to Wal-Mart or something to buy some underwear, she had only a few bucks but she considered that she could afford something at Wal-Mart. She was thinking -- "What if somebody at the college party notices the cheap underwear? I wanted to be perfect." It was incredible that Laura still cared so much for her image after what she had done the last weeks, but old habits die hard. She had not used underwear in almost a week but she still cringed of having to wear something cheap.

Laura felt discouraged. And then she had an idea that gave her some hope. What if she asked Nancy to borrow her a good complete outfit, after all she had given her a lot. She decided to ride her car to the "green door" street.

There she found Nancy. After all it was Friday night. She called her and said.

"Nancy: I was thinking if you can borrow me some clothes, you know, an outfit of the ones that used to be mine. I have a very important party and I do not have anything to wear. I will give it back to you on Monday and pay you a \$100.00. What do you think?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"They are my clothes. I earned them. And I do not want to borrow my clothes. I don't like used clothes remember."

Laura had expected some resistance and was prepared to bargain a little,

"I will buy you a new outfit and you can keep the used one too."

"No."

"Please."

"No. But listen "Lori", I can exchange you this outfit for all the clothes that you still have, including the three outfits that I gave you."

Laura trembled. Her color almost disappeared. She knew about the "Lori" thing and surely about the criminal record, and her stupid behavior at the video booths. She felt so ashamed. Maybe Nancy never got a criminal record but she, the rich girl, had one now. Well not under her real name but with her own fingerprints and photos.

And what was this girl doing? She wanted to recover somehow, not lose more. But the idea sparked her lust. She was on the path of self-destruction but she could not stop. She knew she must leave, she knew, but she felt her jeans getting wet and then said,

"But I do not have any more money."

"Don't worry I can accept other payment: I want a night with your car, cell phone and apartment."

"Where would I sleep?" Laura surprised herself at the thought of seriously considering this new exchange.

"I am sure you can arrange something with Ralph."

Laura never thought this could be possible. She came to recover part of her wardrobe and now she was considering losing what was left instead. It was completely stupid but her pussy was doing the thinking now, and she accepted. She quickly went to her apartment and returned to the green door street with all of her clothes, she also had put the three pairs of shoes that she still possessed in the trunk. She parked her car next to Nancy's ford fiesta, opened the trunk and was about to take out the bags, when Nancy arrived. Nancy was wearing designer jeans and a white blouse, again looking casual but with class. She Said:

"Leave them there."

Laura was disappointed; she wanted to show Nancy that she had brought her shoes even when she did not ask for them.

Then she thought about Ralph and cringed. She surely didn't want to see him. She still felt so ashamed. He had seen her naked and trying to get him hard. He had seen her drenched in cum and being humiliated at the police station. Worse of all she owe him her freedom and the lack of a real criminal record.

Laura thoughts were interrupted by Nancy's voice:

"Take off my clothes and put them in the trunk."

Laura was distracted in her thoughts, and she believed she misunderstood. And said,

"What?"

"Are you deaf or something? I am in a hurry, take off MY clothes and put them in the trunk, then you can go inside. I already left your new clothes with Ralph."

Laura was shocked. This girl really had power over her. She wanted Laura to say goodbye to the last vestige of decent clothes she had in the middle of a parking lot. And then go to that sleazy place naked to ask the even sleazier Ralph for a place to sleep and her only clothes in the world would be in Ralph's hands. That was humiliating beyond belief. But that was what she came here for. Once she decided that she would skip the welcome party, at least she would have some sexual release here at the green door place. She stripped nervously looking around her for people, but the place was deserted. She put the jeans and the blouse in the trunk along with her shoes (her last ones) and then closed the trunk. She felt emptiness and a tight in her stomach. Then she realized that on Monday she would have to shop for some clothes barefoot and wearing only the red micro skirt and small white top that Nancy was wearing

minutes ago. She cringed at the thought. It would be extremely humiliating. Maybe she would shop at a cheap store and change and then go to a better... Her thoughts were interrupted once again by Nancy:

"OK give me the car and apartment keys, I told you I am in a hurry. I've got no time to deal with horny sluts like you."

Laura felt ashamed and looking to the floor said:

"Here are the keys, just let me take my purse before you go."

But Nancy replied,

"You don't have money, and I don't think you can take care of your purse here, so better leave it in the car; otherwise it can be robbed and you will lose your identification and cards. I will come back tomorrow at noon."

Then Nancy took the car keys, got inside the car and drove away, leaving a very naked Laura behind.

Laura panicked and ran to the green door. She knocked several times until Ralph opened the door.

"Hi Lori." he said, "did you come to start paying your debt?"

"Please let me in, I need a place to stay until tomorrow." Said Laura.

"Listen Lori this is not a government shelter or something If you want to stay I can rent you a cubicle for \$8 an hour."

"Please," Laura begged, "I don't have money. Can I pay you the next week?"

"We don't give credit in this business sweetheart, so you better get money or go."

"Laura began to cry, "can you at least give my clothes now?"

"I don't know you owe me \$200 of your fine and these clothes are the only collateral that I have."

"Please, I'll do anything, let me stay until tomorrow."

"OK I will give you a cubicle, but I will send you customers to your room. I will pay you \$30 for the trick and you will pay me that back first for the room (an estimate of \$128) and then if you still have energy for the debt."

"I am not a whore." said Laura.

"That is not what your criminal record says." responded Ralph.

Laura was defeated. As much as she wanted to get out of there, she had no place to go and after all, he had seen her in the worst situations. She preferred

to have Ralph pimp her than have to spend the night and the morning walking in that whore outfit and expose herself to the risk of being arrested again.

"Ok. Can I have my clothes now?"

"No, what's the point in having them; you won't need them for a few hours, so go to cubicle number 2 and wait there."

After 20 minutes a man arrived. He was a tall white man in his 40's and looked like a construction worker. He had gray hair cut very short. He was a little overweight and had very strong arms. He smelled of sweat and dust.

"You are all business." he said smiling when he saw Laura naked. "What is your name? I don't like to fuck nameless whores."

"I am Lori." said Laura.

"Well Lori, I need a little help here, so better start sucking."

Laura approached the man and then he grabbed her and gave her a hug and kissed her on the mouth. She felt her nakedness against the dirty clothes of the man and started to feel excited.

"You are fast." said the man. "You better not come before me. So come on lick here." He said pulling his dick out of his pants. She started to lick and suck as quietly as she could.

"Make some noises whore, don't be so proper. You are not a girlfriend or something."

Laura felt ashamed by the remark but started slurping and bubbling. A hand went to her pussy and she started to touch herself.

"Leave that pussy alone girl." Said the man smiling, "I don't want you to come first."

Laura felt frustrated but obeyed. Then the man pushed her and said: "go to the bed and on your fours I want to fuck you from behind."

She did as ordered and then he went to the bed and penetrated her pussy from behind doggy style. She was in heat. Then he said "I am not going to do all the work here, you are the one being paid. So better start moving your ass and fuck me back while I rest. She felt completely humiliated at the remainder that she was a whore for him but she felt hotter than ever and began to pump back with rhythm until he came inside her. She was on the pill but he was not wearing a condom. She hoped that he did not have any diseases. Then he said, "you are a good fuck. I would come back next week." She wanted to say that she won't be there by then, but she could not speak, she was so horny and had not come yet. When the worker left, she lay on the bed and started to touch herself when the door opened.

"What?" She said.

It was Ralph: "You better stop touching your pussy. Keep that heat for a customer Lori."

"Yes sir." Said Laura meekly.

"By the way. Jonathan here, he said pointing to the construction worker, wants a picture with you. For the memories you know."

Ralph produced an old Polaroid camera and photographed the couple. With Jonathan completely dressed and firmly holding a very naked Laura who had her hair in disarray and a freshly fucked face, a drop of cum was in her right leg just below her pussy. When the photo was ready, he said.

"Jonathan wants the photo signed; you are a celebrity." Ralph said with a smirk. And then he said in her ear, "sign with your left hand." She did as instructed and signed with very rough writing, just the way she had signed her criminal record.

"It looks like you barely ended the elementary school," said Jonathan, "but don't worry Lori, you are a very hot whore anyway, cheap but hot."

And he left taking the signed photo with him.

The same was repeated 4 more times that night with different customers; she fucked one black man, one Hispanic that did not even speak English well and two other white workers. Every time she was taken out of the cubicle for the souvenir signed photo. The last one showed her with semen in her hair and cheek while smiling. She already had cum several times and two of her customers had come twice on her during the session. She had semen dripping out of her pussy and ass as well as her face.

At 5:00 AM the place was deserted and she approached Ralph to ask him to call it a day. After all she had made enough to pay for the night, and she really needed some sleep. Ralph considered the request, but then he said --"You only have paid 25 to the debt. What about some work instead of more fucking? I will pay you \$25 if you clean one video booth using your new whore clothes as rags."

She was too sore to fuck again and too tired to resist, so she accepted, even though she wouldn't have anything clean to wear. After all, those clothes were the only ones she had now.

She proceeded to clean the booth which was particularly dirty, naked and using her only clothes as rags. When she finished her clothes were all dirty and smelled of spunk from a mile away (not so different from herself).

She ended the work and asked Ralph for a bathroom. She planned to wash herself and her clothes and have them ready to make the ride home at noon. But there was no water in the pipes. Ralph told her it was a problem with the city service. So she went to bed that way. And fall in a profound sleep with dreams of her night as a real whore.

She was awakened by Nancy:

"Good morning Lori," she said. "You really must have worked a lot yesterday," she said with a smirk, "you stink of spunk. Didn't have time to get dressed or your clothes are as filthy as you are?"

"I am not Lori. You know I am Laura."

Nancy ignored her. On the contrary of Laura that looked like trash all dirty and tired, Nancy was rested and looked very neat with blue jeans and an expensive t-shirt. She was cheerful, and told Laura: "do you know where I went last night?"

Laura had no idea, and really no interest, she only wanted to go home to take a long hot shower and forget this nightmare she put herself into.

"I don't know. Can I go now?"

"No whore." Nancy said pissed, "You first need to guess where I went last night."

Laura did not like to be called a whore. But Nancy had the upper hand because she still had her keys. And with Laura's look and what she did last night, nobody can blame Nancy for calling her a whore. Laura made an effort to guess so she could go home:

"Ok you went to the Suburban (an elegant bar that was in vogue at those days)."

"No, I went to somewhere more intimate." Said Nancy again sounding cheerful.

"You went to Rotham's Café?" Said Laura that already knew the name of the top places in town.

"You'll never guess so let me tell you: I went to a college party." said Nancy.

Laura trembled remembering her own college party, and then had a very bad feeling:

"What party?" She asked

"I went to your college party."

"What? You needed an invitation to go there!"

"I used one in the name of "Laura Sullivan"."

Laura was shocked. "What if this whore put her in ridicule?"

"Did you meet people?"

"Of course I met people. What do you expect that I go to party to hide? Yes I met a lot of new students; I even talked to the dean and presented myself as Laura Sullivan. Here look at these photos, but be careful I don't want them smelling of semen."

Laura looked at the photos. There was Nancy posing with several groups of students and looking perfect: Elegant and sophisticated. She was wearing the first outfit that she exchanged, the one that Laura bought specially for the party. Some of the photos had cozy autographs and dedications from fellow students - "A million miles from the photos that I was taken last night," Laura thought. As if Nancy had read her mind, she showed Laura a photo of Laura and Ralph with Laura naked with semen in her hair and her tights, smiling shyly while Ralph was squeezing her buttocks. It was signed by "Lori Smith" with a writing that remembered a bad elementary school student. The contrast was too much.

"But..." Laura tried to say something but was feeling a hole in her stomach. How was she going to explain the change of her face when she started classes next week?

Nancy enjoyed the look in Laura's face and continued talking,

"The dean urged us to get new college ids because they have now a lot of security. And I got this one."

Nancy showed Laura the Id. It had the photo and fingerprint of Nancy, but had the name and student Id of Laura. The signature was very close to Laura's original one. Laura looked at the photo; Nancy was wearing the jacket, which was opened and showed a glimpse of her blouse, her hair was neatly combed and her face portrayed a confident smile. "She really looked the part." Thought Laura.

"But don't worry Lori. I also got an Id for you. And produced a health registration Id for prostitutes with Laura's photo and fingerprint and the name of Lori Smith." (Ralph obtained it, of course).

Ralph had taken the fingerprint in the morning while she was asleep. The photo was cut from one of yesterday's Polaroid's and showed Laura's shoulders and upper chest, even a glimpse of breast, of course not a stitch of clothes was visible on the photo, her hair was in disarray and showed a suspiciously wet part on the right side. She was also smiling but shyly and looked insecure. Nancy put the Ids side by side to be sure that Laura saw the enormous contrast between them.

Laura almost threw up. She looked like trash in the Id. In fact she still was naked and looking like trash right now. She felt very insecure having this conversation in this disadvantageous way. She was naked, dirty and tired and Nancy looked well rested, clean and excellently dressed.

"I am not Lori," Said Laura exasperated and frightened, "it was just a game and it is over now."

"And who would believe you?" said Nancy with a very calm voice, "I already went to the bank, presented myself with the manager and reported your old debit card as stolen and have a new one made. Do you know that the new debit cards come with a photo?" Said Nancy showing yet another Id with Laura's name and Nancy photo and fingerprint.

And then continued, "You had only made operations in the automatic tellers and had not sent a photo to the university. The bank and college recognize me as Laura Sullivan. All your other Ids are destroyed. And think: Who would the authorities believe if you go to the police: Lori Smith a known whore with a criminal record or me Laura Sullivan a wealthy college student? Laura felt more and more discouraged. If she went to the police station wearing her only clothes, which smelled of semen (as she did) and told them her story, they would never believe her.

Then she said, "My signature! My signature is more like my own than your imitation, that would set doubts about you."

"I have already thought of that Lori." Said Nancy, "that is why I brought these Botox injections with me."

"What do you plan to do me with them?" Said Laura with her lower lip trembling.

"I won't do anything. You will. You will inject one vial in your right thumb, one on your middle finger and the third on your index finger. After that you could still have some use for your right hand but just won't have the sensibility and strength to use a pen with it. Then you could only make a very bad imitation of your own signature with any of your hands."

Laura took the injections mesmerized. Nancy was asking that she personally close the only door that could take her back to her own life. Once she injected herself, she would be trapped as the left handed, high school dropout whore Lori Smith, who did not possess anything but a dirty whore outfit, had no place to live and no shoes, no money, no job or a possibility of one with her education, wardrobe and criminal record. She would be trapped to be naked and dirty most of the time and to fuck several guys daily just to have a place to sleep and something to eat. And Nancy would go away with what was going to be her life as a wealthy educated woman with a bright future.

Laura put the three injections in her fingers as instructed and came right there without even touching her pussy.

Nancy smiled.

"Good bye Lori," she said.

"Good bye Ms. Sullivan," was all Laura could meekly answer.

Two months later.

Nancy... Laura Sullivan was waiting for her midterm grades. She had put a lot of effort in her studies and was considered one of the best in her class. She was sitting in front of her ibook looking. She was wearing a new outfit that looked very sophisticated and classy. She was nervous when she typed her student id and retrieved her grades. Almost perfect, only one subject was a B+ the others were A's. Excellent, she congratulated herself. She was now sure that she was going to make it after all. She would make the most of this opportunity. Then she heard James calling at her:

"Come on Laura, let's go to the Suburban, our friends are waiting. You can leave the books behind for the weekend," he said with a warm smile, "we need to celebrate." And of course she went. James was her boyfriend, a true gentleman, and a very wealthy and smart man.

Laura... Lori Smith was naked from the waist up and wearing only the same very short skirt that Nancy gave her the last time. The skirt was almost a rag, its red color was now a hue between pink and grey and the fabric was thin and lifeless. She was wearing it without underwear of course. She was dirty and bare feet as always. Her hair was plastered and her haircut has lost shape in the last few months and had absolutely no style. She was on her knees with her legs separated about a couple of feet and her hands were behind her back. She was looking to the floor and was wearing a dog collar with a leash. She was waiting for a customer to come and take her by the leash to one of the cubicles. She was now known as a submissive whore. Ralph had made a lot of money with her; she also regularly cleaned the video booths. Ralph also used some of his earnings with Lori to regularly buy sexy clothes and shoes for the other whores only to maximize the contrast with the topless, bare foot, dirty, whore on a leash. Beside Lori there was a plate with coins. People that did not have the money or the wish to fuck her could leave a coin and in exchange twist her nipples or finger her pussy, while Lori meekly thank them. Still she would fuck and suck three or four guys and come a lot before the night was over. She also had learned to eat pussy especially for the other whores, who by Ralph's orders can have Lori's services for free.

Laura looked sad today, it always happen when Nancy send her a "letter". At Ralph's request, Nancy sent them her news and some photos every now and then. Ralph liked to remind Laura how much she had lost because it kept her submissive. Today Laura received a letter informing her of Nancy's success at midterm grades and a couple of photos of Nancy having a good time with a nicely dressed handsome guy (James) at the Suburban. Laura was unable by now to think that that should be her life, instead she was thinking how at sometime she had been equal or even better than Ms Sullivan (Laura could not think of Nancy by any other name now) that now was miles and miles above her in the social scale.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a coin hitting the plate. It was dropped by a man who was wearing a blue overall, maybe a janitor. He smiled showing that he missed a couple of teeth, then pulled and twisted her right nipple while putting his middle finger in Laura's wet cunt. Laura meekly smiled and said "Thank you sir".

The end.