

THESIS TOPIC 23

Student gets assigned a topic that leads to her downfall.

Lillian felt great apprehension; she was blushing with shame and... and arousal.

"I ... I don't think that is necessary, I can handle myself at the photoshoot... "

"Nonsense, I have seen many girls that seemed more confident chicken out. If you don't comply with my request I won't book the studio."

Now Lillian knew she was trapped, she really needed the studio photos. So reluctantly she started to take off her shirt much to Karen's surprise.

For a moment Lillian looked at Megan like begging for mercy, but she only waited for the rest with her arms crossed.

Lillian bit her lower lip and took off her shorts revealing her hairless pussy.

"Wow!" said Megan who was devouring Lillian's body with her eyes, "You have a very beautiful pussy."

Lillian blushed, she had never felt so embarrassed in her life... or so horny. Out of social reflex she shyly said, "Thanks," but it was awkward to receive a compliment for her pussy and even more awkward coming from another woman.

She tried to cover her body with her discarded clothes but Megan said

"See, that is my point. You need to overcome your shyness. Are you sure you are ready for a studio session? Do you really want it? If you do, prove it, give me your clothes."

"Of course, no, I am not ready and I will never be," Lillian thought, "but I need it..." she reminded herself bitterly and reluctantly she handed her clothes to Megan.

Now Karen was really puzzled, and her face reflected both surprise and amusement, Lillian looked at Karen and felt more ashamed than ever in her life. For some reason, Karen's opinion of her was becoming more and more important, it was maybe because she was the only one that knew that all of this wasn't her choice, that she wasn't really like that, or it was maybe because nobody seem to give her much respect in the recent days, not at her miserable job where she was the lowest organism of the food chain and not certainly in the commutes where she was becoming an easy prey. So, of all the people with whom she had contact these days, Karen was the only one that knew the former Lillian, "The real Lillian," she corrected herself.

Megan was oblivious to all of that. She was very happy and said, "I got an idea, let me go for something from my room."

And with that, she marched running excitedly like a little girl with a new toy.

Karen turned to see Lillian, "What is this all about?"

Lillian was nervous and stammered her answer, "I ... I am ac... acting my part... As I Promised you."

Karen arched her eyebrows.

"Yes, of course... but you seem really eager to get a studio session."

"No... is not like that... It is just an act... you know... as I promised you... I won't really do it ... "

"OK. Just let me tell you that this is not part of our deal, maybe Megan is going too far and you shouldn't feel obligated to be naked, you could be believable even if you back off. I can come with some excuse for Megan to leave you alone, you know. Tell her to give you some time."

"NO!" said Lillian with apprehension. She was thinking, "I need those studio photos now!" and then realized she had sounded too desperate and tried to tone down her answer, "I can be a good sport... You know... it will help me... you know... this 'make-believe' will help me to empathize in the interviews with you and to understand the position of a porno model."

"OK, if that is what you want... I will help you," said Karen that was intrigued and even more amused.

Just then Megan returned running. She was portraying an ear to ear smile and was still carrying Lillian's clothes much to Lillian's tranquility that had suspected that Megan would play a prank on her.

Cheerfully Megan grabbed Lillian's old canvas suitcase, opened it and put Lillian's clothes inside. Then she lifted the top of the wood trunk that they used as a coffee table. She put the suitcase inside and closed the lid giggling. Megan could not hide her excitement as she took a padlock from her jeans pocket and locked the trunk closed. She then tied a black strip around her neck and from it hung the padlock key.

Lillian felt a tightness in her stomach and was about to protest when Megan talked. She was enjoying every second as she said

"Listen Lilly, I think that you may succeed in the porno industry, you have a wonderful body and a pretty innocent face, but you really need to overcome your shyness, I have seen many photo shots ruined by the awkwardness of some models that could not overcome their shyness. A little bit of embarrassment is attractive as long as it doesn't ruin the poses. In other words, I understand that you feel embarrassment, and you don't need to fight that, but you must be able to pose and follow instructions in spite of that.

So here are your rules to help you overcome your shyness: I will open the padlock every morning, so you may dress for work but as soon as you arrive at the apartment, you have to take off your clothes and shoes, put them in the trunk, and close the padlock.

And Lillian, I am very serious about this. If Karen or I come to the apartment and see you dressed or the padlock is not properly closed, then the deal of the studio photo session is over. Got it?"

Lillian blushed bright red and nodded.

"Of course, if you have an appointment or something and need to dress again, you may ask any of us for permission."

She was overwhelmed by the situation. In just a few weeks she had completely lost control of her life, now to the point that she could not even have access to her clothes without permission. She was blushing red with shame and the worst part was that her very wet pussy and hard rock nipples, made impossible for her to hide her arousal.

Megan smiled satisfied at Lillian's body reactions but decided to give her a break before she backed down.

"Lillian, why don't you wash your hands and help us prepare dinner?"

Lillian was relieved to break the awkward moment and to have the chance to have a moment alone. It was just too much, she was emotionally drained and her pussy begged for attention. So in silence, she ran to the bathroom.

Once inside she tried to cool down, to put her mind in order, but just the image of the padlock key hanging from Megan's neck made her hornier by the minute.

She looked at her own image in the mirror and thought,

"What is happening to me? When did I change from a successful College student into a porno-model wannabe? I must stop this right now. I am not this kind of person, I am a feminist, a successful woman, not the horny high school dropout I am representing."

For a brief moment, her old self seemed to regain control and she was about to exit the bathroom to call it quits and reassert herself, but her self confidence was short-lived. The thought of failing her thesis came to mind. She could even be accused of academic fraud, after all, she showed pictures that she won't be able to prove portrait a real porno model, not to mention that she admitted fabricating the first interview, and her new interviews could be seen as fabricated too because she couldn't show the original recordings where she sounded disperse, unprofessional and even dumb.

A strong advance on her thesis could help her, but she knew she wouldn't have anything coherent by Friday when she planned to reunite with Ms. Barbara and renegotiate the deadlines. Her only way out seemed to drop her thesis and beg Ms. Barbara to not accuse her of academic fraud, and wait for a second chance

in the next semester. That could work, she will lose her chance of a cum laude but what worried her most was that Ms. Barbara seemed so eager to discover academic fraud in her pupils. She seemed a bit desperate to justify herself in the eyes of the board and stop the rumors that she could have been a sloppy thesis counselor (or even a dishonest one) the previous year that didn't notice the signs of fraud of her pupil.

Still looking at the mirror, Lillian bit her lower lip, "No. The less risky way is to obtain those studio photos. After that, I may drop the thesis if I want, but the risk of an academic fraud accusation will be a lot lower," After she admitted that there was no way out, she sighed and thought, "I can go with this charade for a couple of days, it is no big deal and then I will have the studio photos and I will save my thesis and my scholarship and in no time I will return to my successful life. In a few weeks, this will be just a wild memory."

But just the thought of being naked all the time and under Megan's thumb was making her horny again.

"Maybe I should masturbate to calm myself a little bit."

But then there was a knock on the door

"Are you alright?" it was Megan's voice.

"Yes, wait a second."

"If you are alright, please hurry I need the bathroom," said Megan.

"Ok. Wait."

Lillian knew she simply didn't have time to masturbate and Megan could be hearing from the other side of the door and she would know immediately. The situation was already embarrassing enough without Megan knowing about her shameful arousal, so she simply dried her pussy as much as she could with toilet paper and washed her face trying to cool down.

She opened the door as Megan was knocking again.

She went to the kitchen and Karen, who was cooking dinner started directing her.

"Lilly Get some cheese from the refrigerator."

"Now bring some pasta. It is on that cabinet."

Lillian felt very self-conscious as she did the errands naked. She felt very exposed.

Karen was boiling some water for the pasta while Lillian was spreading some butter on bread slices when she felt a flash!

"What?" she said.

Megan was clicking her digital camera constantly. She was taking a lot of naked pictures of Lillian. She said, "No. Megan, please stop. No photos please," she was thinking, "I need professional studio photos, not these ones, and they could fall in the wrong hands...Megan is a wrong hand."

But Megan was having fun, "No Lillian, I won't stop, you need to get familiar with the camera, otherwise there won't be studio session. My studio, my rules."

Lillian sighed but said, "OK, but you will delete them, and don't show them to anybody OK?"

"Don't worry Lilly," said Megan but didn't really promise anything.

Dinner did little to calm Lillian. She had to sit in a high wood stool because the kitchen table only had two chairs. She was mortified, her whole body was on display, her pussy was just a little bit higher than the table. Surprisingly to Lillian, the conversation was not about soap operas or any other meaningless thing. They were talking about work, Karen was telling about a meeting that she had earlier and that she had dared to propose a change of strategy in the managing of the short term cash and she said with satisfaction that one director agreed to give her chance to test her strategy with a certain amount, some kind of pilot test. Megan was talking about a corporate gathering that her company was organizing, and all the corporate politics that she was having to sort out.

Lillian felt very little in front of these girls dressed in business clothes and talking about their professional lives while she was naked, aroused, and didn't have anything to add to the conversation. She used to look down at this pair of former porno models but now they seemed more successful and respectable than herself. At some point, she lost track of the conversation and her mind quickly drifted to the pornographic images and stories that she had seen so frequently in the last few weeks, she could only think about her nudity and her arousal.

Much to Lillian's shame Megan said, "OK Karen, enough. We are boring your cousin to death. I bet she doesn't get half of what we are talking about." then she felt bad for what she said and added, "there is nothing to feel ashamed Lilly, you are too young, you don't have any college yet and you obviously have other interest."

The rest of the night contributed cementing her position as porno-wannabe willing to do almost anything for a studio session. They went to the living room and Megan restarted her photography game while the trio watched TV, occasionally Megan directed Lillian into certain poses. Nothing too raunchy but Karen saw the effect in Lillian. She saw shame but also undeniable arousal.

She was no bi like Megan, but at some point, the power rush was too tempting and she started participating,

"Lilly, Megan has more photos of your arms than of your charms. Let me help you. Here are some rules that you must respect any time you are in the living room.

First: You are forbidden to use your hands to cover your pussy or tits.

Second: Your knees must always be at least a foot apart

OK?"

Lillian blushed and complied with both rules, her breath was becoming short.

Megan was elated, she saw weakness and wanted to see how far she could push.

"As for the first rule, I think that the best is that you put your hands behind your back, or behind your neck if you get tired."

Lillian was like a robot, a very horny robot. She put her hands behind her back. She was blushing in spite of her arousal.

"And for the second rule, I think it is very hard to estimate how long is a foot...", she rummaged through her handbag and produced a little ribbon, she probably used it to tie her hair.

"Your knees must be at least this distance apart," she said putting the ribbon between Lillian's knees and pushing them aside until it was tense.

The ribbon was probably one foot and a half long, so now Lillian's knees were wide apart. She was blushing once again and her pussy was literally dripping.

Then both girls decided to give her new toy a break. They started watching a TV program. It was a classic detective show. Soon the girls started discussing

"I think that the blonde is the murderer," said Karen

"No. The barman seemed pretty creepy," replied Megan.

"But the blonde is obviously hiding something. What do you think Lillian?"

"huh? Well... yes.." She wasn't following the show, she was too aroused to do it, normally she was a fan of these shows and was very analytic, but now, naked with her hands behind her back and her legs wide open, she could only daydream to be cuffed and her feet tied apart.

"Yes the barman or yes the blonde," Said Karen that was pretty amused to see Lillian's behavior, it was like a completely different person, and she felt a surge of power when she realized that it was at least partially her making.

"er... the blonde...", said Lillian, she was feeling pretty stupid.

Megan was mostly amused, she simply thought of Lillian as a horny, inarticulate, pretty young thing. "I bet you are not following the show, you are probably just thinking about the cuffs. Aren't you?"

Lillian blushed, "No... yes...no. I am just tired."

It was pretty obvious to Karen and Megan that Lillian was extremely aroused by the whole situation. Her nipples and her wet pussy told the whole story. But ass

soon as the tv show ended, the girls parted to their rooms and Lillian was left to sleep naked on the couch.

She had a restless night full of long sleepless lapses alternated with strange erotic dreams. On those sleepless times, her nakedness made her impossible to abstract herself from her situation. The only way to forget a little about her worries about her college problems and about her future, and her doubts about her own identity, and her shameful display, was to satisfy her horniness which she did at least 3 times during the night.

The next morning she was still pretty much asleep when Karen left for work. She thought for a moment of skipping job once more but she knew she would be in serious trouble if she did, and she still didn't know how much money, if any she will receive on payday after her loan payment and the skipped day deduction. So reluctantly she marched to the bathroom. After doing her business, she was just turning on the water when she heard a knock on the bathroom door.

"Come on Lilly, you have to hurry up! It is almost 8:10 AM. You are not going to make it."

It was Megan banging at the door, she wanted to keep Lilly out of balance and she wanted to keep her away from masturbation as much as she could. She wanted her horny and unsatisfied.

"OK, I am coming out soon."

She quickly entered the shower and was just finishing rising her hair when Megan opened the bathroom door and said, here are your clothes. I'll wait for you so we can go to work together."

"That's not necessary," said Lilly startled, that girl had seen her naked for hours but still she felt her intimacy invaded having her in the bathroom while she showered.

She got a towel and was drying herself when Megan opened the shower curtain. "Hurry up girl, you need to dress and leave the apartment with me."

Lillian saw the clothes laid for her, it was a very thin and little blue short and a pink tank top. She had planned to take an outfit like that with her to comply with Mr. Palmer's rules but she wanted to do the commute in jeans and a t-shirt to have a little bit of normalcy.

"Hurry ," said Megan. "You need to come with me, Karen left with your keys and the door can only be locked with the key, so we need to leave together and it is getting late."

"I need a Bra and panties..."

"No time for that, and they will show through the clothes and look pretty cheap. And you don't have many underwear sets anyway, maybe you should save them for special occasions."

Lillian was overwhelmed by the situation but she dressed and then was virtually pulled out of the apartment by Megan.

They had walked a couple of blocks when Lillian realized, "Hey! I forgot my Bus Card!"

"No time for that. I lend you my subway card."

"No. Please... I can't use the subway... Dressed like this... it gets pretty crowded..and... Men... you know..."

"Men will think you are a slut. And that is the point, Lilly, you may believe you are a slut or not, that's up to you, but if you want to be in the porno industry you definitely must learn to accept the fact that everybody thinks of you as a slut, and you need to be able to act as slut as a second nature."

Lillian was so shocked that she was speechless, she was trying to put some order in the bunch of random thoughts that flooded her mind, wanting to give a coherent answer but Megan talked faster.

"Are you committed or not. Should I book the studio or not?"

"Yes... ," said Lilly defeated and trapped, "please book it."

"That's the spirit girl. You did pretty well last night, I am proud of your advance, but you still have a long way to go. Trust me." Lillian felt a wave of satisfaction, it was the first positive feedback that she had received in weeks, then she scolded herself for feeling proud of such degrading praise.

Megan didn't want her toy to do much thinking so she interrupted Lillian's musings, "Follow me to the subway. You are going to make the trip downtown with me and you will then change trains to wherever you are headed."

Lillian walked with Megan to the subway station, she was getting quite a few stares, she felt completely embarrassed and the contrast with Megan's business clothes only made her look cheaper and slutier.

They boarded an almost full wagon and, to Lillian's relief, they found a few empty sits at the back end of the wagon. Just before sitting, Megan said in Lillian's ear, "Listen Lilly, we will play a little game to see if you can accept yourself as a slut. You are going to make the trip standing, and if somebody tries to touch you, you may discretely fight him but don't raise your voice or anything, after all, dressed as you are who can't blame them. Just think that you are not a victim, that will be our little secret, you may feign to fight them while you enjoy their touch, you were pretty horny in the morning, so I bet it will be fun for you. And don't worry, it is pretty safe, I have done it myself many times, the molesters never follow you down the train."

Lillian grabbed the tube for support while Megan occupied an empty seat in from of her. She was feeling very self-conscious. First, It was awkward to travel standing when there were still a few empty sits, including the one besides Megan. And second, she was dressed for a pajama party, not for a commute. Everybody was wearing work clothes. Some were wearing business clothes

others jeans and shirts, and there were also a few men in overalls, there was just another woman showing her legs by wearing a short mini skirt and there was a young man in Bermudas.

Well, the awkwardness of being the only person standing, ended very soon because in the next stop all the sits filled and there were 4 persons standing including herself. She knew that by the time they arrived downtown, the wagon will be packed, but she didn't have to wait that long because by the next stop she was surrounded by several young men. They seemed to be work class and they weren't next to her by chance, they spotted her and approached her with hopes of enjoying the view and maybe a little more.

Lillian was getting worried and aroused, she was standing in front of Megan's sit while grabbing the tube with both hands. She felt the man behind her very close to her. She could feel him pressuring his crotch against her bottom. She was blushing bright red and thought of doing something but she didn't dare to talk, she didn't want to grab more attention. She gyrated slightly towards the front of the wagon and advanced half step forward.

That seemed to open some space between her buttocks and the man's crotch but at the same time, her right tit was practically smashed against another young man's chest. The man behind her then caressed her ass with his hand while at the same time the man in the front of her seemed encouraged by her new closeness and put a hand on her naked stomach.

The touches were driving Lillian crazy. She was horny since she woke up and these ministrations were doing nothing to help her calm down. She looked at Megan, but she seemed to be absorbed in her cell phone, which gave Lillian some peace. It was too shameful to be touched like that in a public place, but somehow it was even worse if Megan witnessed it.

The hand behind her ventured inside the waistline of her short, much to Lillian's surprise. She used one hand to grab the wrist of her attacker, but then she felt the other man's hand traveling up her stomach and reaching the bottom of her tits. She instinctively let the hand behind her go and pushed the man's chest away, and back step a little.

Unfortunately, the man behind her interpreted all that as a green light to continue his ministrations. She was getting afraid that the tight shorts could be damaged by the man but then maybe the man sensed that there was no possibility of going forward inside the tight shorts and withdrew his hand.

Lillian felt relieved and empty at the same time. Her audible sigh seemed to encourage both men that were one oblivious of the other. The man in front her continued his touch of her bare left tit while the one behind her was caressing her ass over the thin fabric of her shorts when his hand traveled down and now he was rubbing her pussy over her short.

Lillian subconsciously raised her ass a little, which trusted her breast forward. Both men seemed happy with her body language and were becoming bolder by the minute.

Then the man behind her managed to move aside the little piece of fabric that was covering her pussy and put his thumb inside her.

Lillian was overwhelmed by her shame and horniness. Here she was being fingered in a public transportation while another man was openly fondling both of her tits under her blouse. She then turned to see Megan and thought, "Oh god, she knows," Megan was smiling.

Lillian blushed, she had never been so ashamed in her life. Megan was witnessing that she was the worst slut in town, about to come in a public place from the ministrations of two unknown men. She hadn't even seen their faces, but she could not stop, she was so horny, she just lowered her face, and then she noticed that Megan wasn't busy with her phone, she had been filming her!

That was just too much, somehow the humiliation of her degrading performance being filmed, just added to her building climax and she opened her mouth, her breathing was becoming short and ragged, she was very close...

Just then they arrived at a station and Megan said, "Hey man, leave this girl alone, you bastard!"

Both men retired their hands and walked down the train to avoid being exposed or something. Leaving Lillian thrown between relief as she was spared the shame of coming in that outrageous situation and the sexual frustration of her denied climax.

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The working morning was boring and frustrating for Lillian. She arrived late, again and was scolded by her boss Ms. Maria for it and for her state of dress.

"You should dress more decently Lilly, you probably think you will attract a lot of boys flaunting your assets that way, but let me tell you that no decent boy will be interested in more than a quick fuck with you."

Maria was hard and had a bad temper, but Lillian perceived some motherly concern, which only made it more shameful for Lillian. She wanted to say that she wasn't like that, but she couldn't and in reality, she wasn't so sure anymore.

"Ok. Get to work now. And forget about your morning break, you are well behind your schedule."

The job for the day was really tiresome, she had to scrub some tiles and spent most of the morning on her knees. The mindless job made her mind constantly wonder to porn images alternated with her own recent performances at the apartment and the subway, even images of Mr. Palmer's office flew to her mind from time to time. All in all, she was very aroused and the lack of morning break had taken away her chance to masturbate. She even rubbed briefly her pussy a couple of times while cleaning, and in her horniness even pulled down her shorts but only for a few seconds because she was too afraid of getting caught.

When her shift finally ended, she went to the company showers and took a long bath. She was about to start dressing in her skimpy outfit when Ms. Maria arrived in the locker room.

"Lilly hurry! The big boss wants to see you!"

"Mr. Palmer?" said Lillian with apprehension. "This couldn't be good," she thought, but then she calmed herself, "I was wrong the first time when he sent me to the file room, maybe he is repented and knows he overreacted. Maybe he just wanted to teach me a lesson and will get easier on me. "

"Lilly, you can't go dressed like that. He wanted you to come to work in decent clothes, I told you many times but you didn't listen," she said the last phrase with some desperation. "But don't worry, I have this dress of my daughter, she wanted me to buy the missing button. Try it."

Lillian knew it was useless, and it was maybe worse for her to disobey Mr. Palmer's orders about her "dress code," but she needed to reassure Maria and probably Mr. Palmer would understand, so she put on the dress. It was a sheer summer dress that reached mid thigh and even without the top button that was missing, the cleavage was pretty decent. The daughter must be her size because the dress fitted her pretty well.

"It fits you well," said Maria, "I was afraid it would be loose on you, My daughter is 16 years old but she is bigger up there."

Lillian blushed and felt a jolt of jealousy, but she scolded herself. No self-respected feminist could dream with bigger tits. She put her tiny shorts under the dress, "they will do as panties," she thought, but the tank top straps would show, so she made it into a ball and stored it inside her dress pocket. The garment was so small and the fabric so sheer that it didn't make too much bulk.

Maria then escorted her to the parking lot where Mr. Limo was awaiting her. She was suddenly afraid of Mr. Palmer, "What if he is angry that I am not complying with his rules." She thought, but then she breathed and tried to reassure herself, "at least I am better dressed than the last time, I can be more self-confident. Maybe I can negotiate my way back to the filling room and then even upper." The color of the dress was a little bit too juvenile for Lillian's tastes, but otherwise, it was a lot more decent than anything that she had worn at work in the last few days.

But her self reassurance was short-lived, as she was opening the Limo door, she noted her hands were sweating and she was feeling a hole in her stomach.

She boarded the limousine, the passenger area had two seats, one in front of the other. He was sat in the back seat and motioned Lillian to sit across him. There was a panel that blocked the view of the driver.

Lillian felt relieved to be given some space. They traveled in silence for a few minutes while he reviewed some papers. Lillian was very nervous and was fidgeting constantly. She had contradictive feelings. On one hand, she felt relieved by his lack of attention and on the other, she was dying with

anticipation. At some moment she realized she was biting her nails and scolded herself for her childish attitude.

Then she felt a glance from Mr. Palmer, it quickly traveled from her crotch her face. She quickly closed her legs blushing. She unconsciously was sat with her legs open, just like the previous night. "How can it be possible that just one night of conditioning overrides years of a good education," she thought bitterly. "Well at least I am not naked like yesterday," she thought and blushed even more, but also felt a tingle in her pussy.

"I need to put those thoughts aside," she scolded herself once again, "maybe I can renegotiate, I am in a better position than the last time at his office. This time I am a little better dressed and I have not made any huge mistakes... I think."

She was trying to plan her negotiation but nothing coherent came to her mind. It was very hard to think clearly with her apprehension and her horniness.

Finally, Mr. Palmer stored his papers in his briefcase that was on the back seat beside him. Then he turned to see Lillian and talked.

"Lillian. I will go straight to the point. You skipped a day and had a couple of late reports. And Mrs. Maria said that you don't follow her instructions to the letter. All in all your performance had been disappointing. To make things worse, you did not follow the simple dress code instructions that I gave you, So to make it short: You are fired, I will be reporting your repeated failures to your university, and I will put a formal complaint about your complete lack of professionalism and effort as you fail even in the simplest jobs. Of course, you still owe the company your loan.."

Lillian was pale and paralyzed. "So this is it. The end of my career before it started. After all the sacrifices I had made, after working as a cleaning lady and behaving like a slut, and after sucking Mr. Palmer." She knew that the termination and the complaint could only raise the doubts about her thesis work, and she could have a hard time proving that it was not an academic fraud. Still, she was so stunned and so blocked by the adrenalin that the only thing that she got to say was.

"Please Sir, don't do that. We... we had a deal... remember at .. at your office and ... Sir. I complied with your dress code every day including today. This dress belongs to Mrs. Maria, she lent it to me, she wanted to protect me and maybe save her own ass."

As she blurted her response she realized how lame it was, but nonetheless, it seemed to have some impact on Mr. Palmer.

"I don't know what to believe. What did you wear at work?"

"I wore a tank top and some tiny shorts, look I have the blouse here in my pocket, and I am wearing the shorts." She said more excitedly than she intended.

"Well change into the clothes that comply with my rules then you may beg me again about your situation."

Lillian's eyes bulged, he wanted her to change right there, and just for the possibility to beg for his mercy. She bit her lower lip and realized that she had no way out, she already had done too much with that man, she could play a little bit again. She took off the dress over her head and covering her tits as much as she could she put on the sheer blouse.

She was blushing, but she was also getting aroused. "Control yourself girl. You have to think clearly this time," she said to herself.

"Hand me the dress," he said.

She gave it to him and he reached forward and opened the panel to the driver's seat and tossed the dress there and said, "please give it to a beggar or toss it in the next trashcan"

"But I have to give it back tomorrow"

"It is your problem, you shouldn't have accepted it in the first place." He closed the panel and returned to his seat, "You were saying..."

"Sir, please don't fire me, I have been doing a lot of effort, and I can improve"

"Wait! Weren't you barefoot when we talked last time?"

"Yes...," said Lillian confused.

"Give me your shoes, I said less dressed than that day. Your flip flops don't conform with the rule."

He opened the panel again and throwing the flip flops through it he said, "Dispose of these things too."

He returned to his seat after closing the panel. She was stunned. She nervously rubbed one foot against the other. Somehow she felt more vulnerable and cheaper by being barefoot. She also had run out of shoes, she will have to ask Megan or Karen to lend her a pair while she could purchase one.

Mr. Palmer was enjoying Lillian's discomfort. He was on his way to an important meeting and he wanted to get the power rush that he obtained the last time he was with Lillian. He had been feeling more self-confident and more powerful since that session, and even after the costs of Lillian's mistakes were revealed in the last regional meeting, he was so persuasive in the meeting that he managed to improve his position in the race for the regional direction in spite of his little failure and his rival success with his brilliant intern.

"Ok, now tell me why shouldn't I fire you if you can't comply with the simplest requirements? Like coming to work every day and at the right time."

"I am sorry sir, I was sick, and today... well ...I have some problems with public transportation."

"Do I have to care about that?"

Lillian realized that her excuses were bad and she hadn't even called sick, she just skipped the day, and blame the public transportation was the worst excuse possible.

"No sir... I am sorry...," she said looking at the floor, "If you give me another chance, it won't happen again, I promise."

Her voice sounded insecure and she constantly fidgeted from on her sit. Mr. Palmer could not avoid noticing with satisfaction that she looked light-years of distance from the girl that he interviewed in his office a couple of months ago after seeing her outstanding internship application. The distance was well beyond her appearance, the change in appearance was, of course, enormous, from the business clothes and high heels, the expensive hairstyle, the expertly applied makeup to this barely dressed barefoot girl with her hair tied in a ponytail and no makeup at all.

But the most amazing change, the most enjoyable for Mr. Palmer, was the change in attitude. The distance was simply abysmal from the former confident cocky girl with refined manners, the typical brilliant young girl that knows it all and fell pretty able to eat the world in one bite. And now to see her squirming, inarticulate and with the modals of a low-class slut was an extreme rush for Mr. Palmer.

"I see Lillian, but you have made promises in the past..."

Lillian's brain was blocked but not so blocked that she could not see a repetition of the last time. "Shit. I am in his hands. The bastard," she thought. She squirmed a little bit more with hesitation and shame, she finally made up her mind.

"I'll do anything sir... you know... please.." she said without making eye contact. She tried to convince herself that it was the most rational decision giving her position, she tried equally harder to reassure herself that her dripping pussy and her craving for humiliation and sex wasn't playing a role in her decision.

"You must understand that this kind of behavior can't go unpunished. Tell me, How should I punish you?"

She knew what he wanted her to say but she wasn't ready to admit to herself that she was willing to use her body as a token.

"Well... you may discount my payment... I am already short, so it will be very hard on me."

"Lilly. That is only the financial consequences of your actions. The actual punishment is getting fired, but if you want to change that, I am ready to hear suggestions."

Lillian sighed, she knew what she wanted her to say, and well, she had to admit she was pretty horny and she wanted to suck his cock..."No." she thought, "I don't want to do it, but I am willing to do the sacrifice." she convinced herself.

"Well, Mr. Palmer... I will suck your cock... you know as a punishment..." she tried to sound seductive and she was getting hornier by the minute.

To her surprise, Mr. Palmer laughed, "No Lilly, that is hardly a punishment for a slut like you, I bet you are dying to do it anyway."

Lillian blushed ashamed, could it be possible that he had noted it.

"Listen, Lilly, you are too slow and we are getting out of time, so here is the deal, for your punishment I think an old fashion bare ass spanking will do the job, let's say 30 swats, 20 for the skip day and 5 for each lateness. Once you have taken your punishment, you may try to convince me of your usefulness to the company, you know using, for example, your mouth for things better than saying stammered lame excuses for your poor achievements. Do you agree or should I fire you?"

Lillian blushed, her ego was being demolished but her pussy was enjoying the show.

"Yes sir, I'll take my punishment."

Mr. Palmer smiled with satisfaction, there was another motivation for his cruel behavior besides the power rush. The reality was that from the first interview, Lillian reminded her a lot his now ex-wife Susan. Susan was also a redhead and when he knew her some 20 years before, she was much like Lillian, a young brilliant college girl decided to take the world by storm, a feminist and much like Lillian she hid certain insecurities.

Mr. Palmer, fell in love with Susan and from the very beginning, he encouraged her, cheered for her, and help her overcome her fears and insecurities, so after 20 years she was now a very successful corporate lawyer, unfortunately for Mr. Palmer, she used all of her talent and her vast network of contacts in the legal system to crush him completely in the divorce trial. She was the unfaithful one and nonetheless, she managed to keep around 85% of the common state.

He hadn't planned it, but after the circumstances surged, he realized that he met both Susan and Lillian at a tipping point in their lives and whereas he pushed Susan to succeed and become the bitch she was now, he decided to stop Lillian from being another Susan, she won't ruin the life of another Mr. Palmer in the future. If he had a hand at it, she will become the meekest slut in town.

Lillian was fidgeting nervously during the few seconds that Mr. Palmer's musing lasted.

"Ok. Lillian, take off your clothes and hand them to me."

Lillian hesitated just for a second and then complied with the order. Mr. Palmer took the little garments and carefully put the shorts over his right leg, and over them, he put her blouse. Then called Lillian and motioned her to put her pelvis over his right leg. She did and rested her torso over his left leg and put a hand in the sit and the other on the floor to gain some balance.

Lillian was very nervous, she had never been spanked in her life. Her late parents didn't believe in corporal punishment. On the other side, she had seen multiple spanking scenes in porno movies over the last few weeks, and she was biting her lower lip with both fear and anticipation.

Mr. Palmer seemed to be taking his time, maybe just enjoying the view of this firm young pretty ass, or maybe he was savoring Lillian's edginess and tension.

He finally started with a spank at half strength. In spite of being waiting for it, Lillian was startled with the sensation of pain and humiliation, which was quickly reinforced by a series of distributed swats around both buttocks and by Mr. Palmer, "I hope this spanking teach you that you can't go in life as an irresponsible little slut, and expect that using your body will get you free tickets to be a lazy little tramp."

Lillian wished that the driver could not hear the spanking, it was too shameful already. But then the pain took over the place of the shame, her ass was on fire and she felt the desire to cry but she was decided to at least have that little victory of taking her punishment as an adult. On the other hand, the pain, the humiliation and the constant rubbing of her pussy against Mr. Palmer's leg, was making her very wet. Fortunately for Mr. Palmer, he had covered it with Lillian's clothes, otherwise his expensive suit pants would be stained by now.

By the 20th swat, she was feeling her ass was like 200 degrees hot and was very tender already. The sensations and feelings of pain, arousal, and humiliation overwhelmed her brain. When her ordeal finally ended, she had managed to keep her tears mostly at bay, but her nose was flowing and she was an emotional mess.

He handed her a tissue to clean her nose. Which she did and was trying to compose herself when he said, "OK, now Lillian, show me what you are good at. Get on your knees in front of me."

He then tossed Lillian wet clothes to the sit across and after checking that his pants didn't get any stains he lowered them along with his trousers.

"Now do your job,"

Lillian took his cock in her hand and started stroking it slowly and licking it from time to time, all without much enthusiasm.

He then said, "No Lillian. I want to see what good use can your mouth has. We already know your hands are more less useful for cleaning, but I don't know about your mouth. It surely isn't good for speaking anything smart. I only have heard stammering pleads from it anyway. Put your hands behind your back and let's see if your mouth can be useful for something."

Lillian blushed and complied, all this talk was getting her horny again. This time it was worse than the blowjob that she gave under his desk, this time she could feel his eyes looking at her degradation and he was constantly making orders.

"OK, lick my balls... Now swallow it all... now look at me... there... Good girl, keep doing it, but don't forget to look at me every few seconds."

Lillian complied with every order, she was getting more worked up by the minute. She was especially humiliated and aroused the times that she made eye contact with him because it made impossible for her to abstract herself from her situation and think she was with a boyfriend or something. Eye contact broke any fantasies because she could clearly see the scorn of the elegantly dressed man and she had to return to the reality that she was only a toy for him.

She realized that she was no longer a rising star of the business world, but just a keeling naked slut sucking this man cock with her hands crossed behind her back. "At least I am not doing this with some low-level man in an alley or something," she thought and then reprehended herself for looking comfort in so lame achievement.

After ten minutes of expertly applied ministrations, Mr. Palmer finally announced, "I am about to come, Lillian, you are to swallow everything. I don't want a single drop on my clothes or my body."

He was really close because just as he ended the phrase he started pumping jism inside Lillian's mouth. She tried to catch everything but didn't dare to swallow," he noted amused that she had his cum in her mouth and said.

"OK, I see you want to savor it, well use a tissue to clean my cock."

Lillian did it and he pulled his pants up and noticed that Lillian was grabbing some tissues.

"Don't you dare to spill my cum on those tissues Lilly. You have to swallow it."

She turned to see him like begging and he said.

"OK. Lilly, I will concede you this wish. You may choose between spitting my come over your tits and then use the tissues to clean them or swallow it all."

She wanted to set a limit, to regain some little control. Even as dumb as it was, she thought that not swallowing would be a little victory, so she spat the cum all over her tits, but when she was reaching for the tissues he grabbed the box away and said.

"I got one last challenge for you, and if you do it I won't fire you." Lillian turned to see him with amazement, "Wasn't all of this enough?" she thought bitterly.

He noticed her despair but ignored it and said, "You have to come before I reach my destination, otherwise you will be fired and I will part with the tissues box. I think we are maybe 5 or 7 minutes to arrive. And if you fake it, I will toss your clothes outside the window."

After a few seconds of shocked hesitation, she started rubbing her pussy, tracing gentle circles around her clit, while looking at the ground.

"Look at me while you do it."

Lillian continued blushing bright red.

"At this pace, you are not going to make it. Stop the shy act, we both know you are a slut, so put a good show for me, finger your pussy, caress your tits and don't forget to look at me the whole time."

Lillian followed his orders, she started caressing her tits with one hand, practically smearing his cum mixed with her saliva all over her tits, while at the same time she started assaulting her own pussy with one and then two fingers. Her respiration was becoming short and fast. She inserted a third finger and was pumping furiously in spite of the shame caused by Mr. Palmer's amused face, which nonetheless, once she was back in humiliation-arousal-frenzy only contributed to raising her horniness.

"I bet a slut like you must be wanting to have some sperm on your face. Don't you?"

Lillian didn't answer, she used her hand to grab as much cum from her tits as she could and then smeared it all over her face. The humiliating smell and the work of four fingers in her pussy finally made the magic and she came with an exploding orgasm while looking at Mr. Palmer in the eye.

She was still trembling when the car parked and Mr. Palmer said, "Good girl, you are really good at making shows." Lillian felt an odd satisfaction at the compliment in spite of her rational mind reject.

"This is my stop," said Mr. Palmer, "Here are your clothes and the tissues box. The driver will drop you at the next subway station so you can make your way home."

15 minutes later Lillian was boarding an almost empty subway wagon. She was exhausted, barefoot, and in spite of all her efforts with the tissues, she smelled of semen and her own juices that stained her blouse and shorts. Fortunately and thanks to the time of the day, she was able to arrive at Karen's apartment without further incidents.

Megan pushes Lillian.

When she arrived at the apartment, she used the key that Megan gave her in the morning to enter. She saw her suitcase over the wood trunk, and besides it, the padlock. She remembered her instructions but hesitated, she wanted to

dress in decent clothes and have a little time to embrace herself and remember who she really was. She didn't want to put her dirty clothes inside the trunk, she could never explain to the girls why they smelled of pussy juice and semen; it would be completely embarrassing. She decided to take a long shower to relax a little bit and clear her mind.

In the shower, the memories of the trip home were a torment for Lillian, random images of all the stares, and all the turning noses flashed in her mind. She felt so stressed, everybody looked down at her. She was used to be proud of her image, and she had despised women that looked a lot more descent than she did on her way home. She realized with shame that she never had seen anybody looking so slutty and so cheap in public transportation, she felt pretty embarrassed about her clothes and her lack of shoes.

But as the water washed down the dirt and the semen, she started to recover some confidence. She kept telling herself that she hadn't changed, that it was just an act, just one more challenge that she was facing successfully in order to accomplish the goal of graduating with honors, in order to start a shining professional career.

With that certainty, she was more at ease, and she even started seeing the new episode with Mr. Palmer with another perspective. Little by little the regrets and self-scolding were replaced by the conviction that she was doing the right thing, and with it, the memories of her sexual pleasure were dominating all others.

She finished her shower and realized that there were only a couple of little hand towels to dry herself. "That must be another Megan's idea so I can't cover while they are out."

She was thinking about what she should do with her dirty clothes. In spite of having convinced herself that she certainly did the right thing, still, the possibility of her sex act with Mr. Palmer to be discovered by Megan or Karen was more shameful than she could bear. She decided to get rid of the clothes, that way it would be as if it never happened.

She took her used clothes and put them in a plastic bag, then she put some shorts and a t-shirt and went out of the apartment carrying the bag. He looked for the dumpster and dumped her semen-stained clothes there.

She returned to the apartment, feeling more at ease, like if that simple act would have erased her shameful behavior in Mr. Palmer's limousine. She took off her clothes and put them in the suitcase which she stored inside the wood trunk and then closed it using the padlock.

She felt a tightness on her stomach, knowing that she was naked and her clothes were now out of reach. For a moment she was afraid, but she felt sexy being nude, and without anybody around, she could enjoy the moment without worries or having to hide her arousal. After a few minutes of leisure and playing around, she decided to do some work on her thesis.

She opened her pink notebook and out of habit, she went to check her email. And right on top was an email from Megan, the subject was URGENT REPLY NEEDED. "Karen should have given her my address," Lillian thought.

"Lilly,

I hope you see this email soon because I need your reply by 5:45 PM, and I have no other way to reach you.

I am having a lot of trouble booking the studio for tomorrow, a fellow photographer, Peter, says he needs to shoot some publicity photos for a new line of makeup for high school age girls and the manager says that he has the upper hand because I want the studio for personal use and he wants it for business.

This complication is probably a signal that we should wait a couple of weeks for your session. However, you did wonderful in the morning commute, I think you are getting closer and I see you so excited about the photo session that I am willing to fight for the studio if you really, really want to do it tomorrow.

If you really want it, you must comply with two conditions. First, I think I may convince Peter to do his session earlier, and faster if you agree to model for him, and to do it for free. He will simply photograph you in a series of teen clothes while you are wearing the new line of makeup. It would also be useful as a warmup session for your nude photos. The session is for a "proof of concept," Peter's people will do a draft of the publicity campaign and when they get the approval of the client and they will most probably redo the shooting with a professional model.

The second condition is that you prove to me that you are ready to do this. Peter will probably help me in the nude photo session as well, he is an expert anyway, but I don't want to make ridicule if you freak out at the last moment.

If you want me to do this, find my camera in the kitchen table and follow these instructions:

1. Send me proof that you complied with your "dressing" rules. (don't forget to show yourself naked and the closed padlock).
2. Take the memory card of the camera and use your computer to browse the photos I took yesterday. Choose the 3 that arouses you the most.
3. Make a PowerPoint presentation with those 3 photos, one page per photo; put the photo on the left and on the right, put your comments on why that particular photo aroused you, followed by some fake comments that male viewers could have done if they saw the photo. Try to be realistic, you may browse amateur sites to understand how men comment. Then send me the presentation by email, if it impresses Peter and me, I will surely get the studio.

I hope to see your email soon.

Megan."

Lillian felt ditzzy, it was already 4:30 PM. "Why is it so difficult to get this stupid studio session? And now that stupid Megan wants to show my pictures to that man, and not only that, they want me to comment on them. It couldn't be more shameful." She thought bitterly.

For a moment she fell in despair, she had betted all to this strategy. She needed those studio photos to gain some time and be able to finish her thesis, not to mention to avoid being accused of academic fraud. She was revolving in self-pity, "After all I've done, after all the sacrifices, to fail when I was so close...." Then she composed herself and realized that she had not failed yet, it was only another obstacle to overcome. She won't give up her chances without fighting.

"I will get that studio session no matter what," she said to herself trying to get the courage.

Once she convinced herself that she will impress them, she realized that she had very little time. She took the camera and practically ran to the living room. She put the camera over a chair and turned it over to take a portrait picture, started the camera timer and ran to sit at the edge of the trunk, with her legs wide open, her pussy just a few inches above the closed padlock. She put her hands behind her back and smiled shyly at the camera.

She returned to the kitchen table and started to browse the photos, first she tried to do it quickly without giving them too much thinking, but then realized that Megan will know if she chose the photos at random, so she started to analyze one by one trying to find the ones that aroused her. She was gently rubbing her naked pussy while slowly scrolling through the photos. After 20 minutes she made her decision and started to write her thoughts about the first one. It was a photo of her in the kitchen table, she was sat on the tall bench that let her pussy a few inches over the level of the table, she was almost stranding the bench so her pussy was wide open and was shinning with her juices, She was in the center and Karen and Megan were by her sides. The photo was taken with the timer.

Lillian thought for a minute to invent some lame excuse of why the photo aroused her but she realized that she had no time to invent anything and probably Megan will know anyway, so she started typing.

"This photo is so arousing to me because here I was completely naked and showing my obvious arousal while these nicely dressed women discussed business and other important issues that I did not understand at all. I felt like a total bimbo, they were speaking about interesting things that I could learn from, and all that I could think about was my pussy and that I wanted desperately to touch myself. I felt so small being naked and ignored in front of those professional women, but feeling inferior only added to my arousal. I would have masturbated right there if they would have signaled me to do it."

She realized that she was horny as hell but it was almost 5:00 PM and she still needed to comment other two pictures and invent male commentaries for the three of them. "There is no way that I could finish this on time unless I..." she

had what she thought was a brilliant idea. She got her photo editor and quickly edited black boxes over all the faces visible on the three photos then uploaded them to her thread on that amateur site. She was thinking how to get comments and finally typed,

"Please comment my photos, I really need to know what you think about them.," then she bit her lower lip and continued, "If I get at least 3 comments on each of the photos in the next 30 minutes, I will post my face here in the next few days."

She didn't really plan to fulfill her promise but she needed to motivate them otherwise she won't have the comments on time.

She then closed her browser and returned to the next picture. She blushed, it was too shameful. For a moment she thought about choosing another but she really didn't have the time. She remembered that photo quite well, Megan had asked her to look for a remote control under the couch. In the photo she was on her knees, her body parallel to the couch, her right cheek was on the rug and she was looking under the couch. Her ass was high and her knees were more than a foot apart. Her face was very close to Karen's shoe and Karen portrayed a smirk while looking at her naked kneeling figure. The photo was taken from behind and it showed clearly her asshole as well as her red and wet pussy.

The photo ashamed and aroused Lillian who commented, "This photo excites me because I am completely exposed and available, my ass and pussy are on display and both holes look ready for some action... and well... again my nakedness while the other girls are completely dressed." Lillian hesitated, there was another reason and a part of her told her that she had written enough but another part, the horny part, really wanted to tell the whole truth, to write the main reason why this photo was so hot for her. After a very little hesitation she continued, "and it looks like I am on my knees worshiping this nice lady shoe while she is mocking me. I would have really liked to lick her shoe, to take orders from her...." By then Lillian was breathing hard, fortunately, she was almost finishing her PowerPoint presentation.

She took the last photo and pasted it in the presentation. It was the photo she had just taken of herself and the padlocked trunk. "I like this photo because it shows the trunk and the padlock that hold all my clothes. I don't even have a key, so I can't even make this little decision of getting dressed. If there is an emergency I would have to run naked to the street." she saw the picture once again and added, "And I like how I look with my hands behind my back. I can fantasy that I am cuffed and the cuff's keys are in another person's possession, maybe the same girl that has the trunk key, maybe another, so I have to follow their orders just to be able to dress again."

She stopped right then because she realized that she was not only saying too much but also she was getting so horny that she was openly masturbating by then.

"You must focus on the task girl. Otherwise, you are not going to make it on time"

She returned to the amateur site and found a lot of comments, she excluded the ones that just asked to see her face and copy-pasted some of them to the presentation. Most of the comments were pretty rude, thinks like, "I will fuck that asshole until It no longer looks so small and cute," or

"How come such a slut have respectable friends?" or "No matter if you have small tits, your asshole and pussy look like a great playground."

She instinctively touched her breast, suddenly insecure of her body, "At least I have a nice ass," she thought, but then scolded herself. "And who cares what those bastards think of my body. I want to be recognized by my mind not my body." She continued pasting comments, she didn't have the time to edit them, and the rudeness of the objectifying comments was making her horny. She closed the presentation and sent her to Megan.

It was still 5 minutes before the limit that Megan had set. For the first time in the last few weeks, Lillian got a feeling of accomplishment. She had made it, she had been challenged and she had overcome the obstacles.

Then her apprehension returned as she remembered clearly the shameful file that she had just created and sent. Who knows who will see it. At least Megan and that Peter. She cringed, "He will think that I am a complete slut," she thought with shame.

She decided to try to regain some control, she will avoid masturbation from then on, she must prove herself that she wasn't a slut, she was only acting. She pondered the possibility of working in her thesis, but she knew that in her aroused state she shouldn't be close to a computer. Nowadays she rarely could be in front of it for more than 10 minutes before start browsing porn. So she prepared some sandwiches and went to watch TV.

She was bored to death, afternoon TV sucks, well it sucks worse than night TV, and little by little her hand traveled to her pubic area and she was lightly tracing circles around her pussy when the phone rang and startled her.

"Hello?" she said with an insecure voice.

"Lilly, how are you? You sound a little weird"

"I am fine," she said composing her voice and trying to think straight.

"Please tell Megan that after work I will go to a bar with some friends from the office, so don't wait for me to have dinner, I should be there by 11:00 pm."

She felt very self-conscious having that normal conversation naked with her pussy shining with her juices.

"Ok. I will tell her.... Is that all?" she said trying to sound natural.

"Oh yes, you may return to whatever you were doing," said Karen giggling, which increased Lillian's embarrassment.

"I bet she knows what I am doing," she thought ashamed after she hung the phone, but then she reassured herself, "Well, if she thinks that, she is wrong, I was just checking some bumps down there, and I can go for ages without touching myself."

So she was determined to be there and watch TV and put any sexual thought out of her mind. She tried to concentrate her attention on the game show but she quickly drifted and soon she was asleep. She was having the strangest, most humiliating and arousing dreams while unconsciously rubbing her pussy when a loud sound startled her. The sound repeated several times until her foggy mind realized that somebody was knocking at the door. The adrenalin quickly got her to her senses.

"What am I going to do? What if it is the landlord or something?"

She approached the door and tried to hear because it didn't have a peephole or a nearby window. She was very nervous when a new louder knock almost gave her a heart attack.

"Who... is it?" she said, her voice trembling a little. She felt pretty nervous.

"It's me, Megan. Who did you expect, the bogymen? Open the door silly."

Lillian was about to do it but then realized that her hand smelled of her own juices and her pussy was very wet and shiny. It was shameful to be naked in front of that fully dressed girl, but to be so obviously aroused by it was a lot more shameful.

"Wait... I'll be here in a minute..." she said and ran to the bathroom. "How I wish to have pubic hair, at least my arousal won't be so noticeable." She thought while quickly drying her pussy with toilet paper. After a few minutes she was opening the door, she had also washed her hands and felt a little more confident.

Megan entered the house. She was a little annoyed, "Why did it take you so long to open the door?"

"I... I needed to pee..." she said.

Megan was suspecting that something was wrong and she misinterpreted Lillian's nervousness.

"Did you just get undressed?"

"No, of course, no!," she said sincerely, "I sent you a proving picture, didn't you get it?"

"Yes I did, still there is something weird. Well, let's see"

Megan pulled a key from her purse and opened the padlock. She pulled out Lillian's suitcase and told her, "OK, show me the clothes that you were wearing this morning."

Lillian blushed bright red, she hadn't expected that. She began slowly rummaging through her slutty clothes, trying to find something that resembled that morning outfit. She shyly showed Megan what she thought was the most similar outfit.

"That is not the outfit. You lied to me, you maybe just got undressed when I arrived and hid your clothes somewhere in the house. I am very disappointed; I must call Peter"

"No. Really, I was naked...Those clothes are not in the house... I throw them away"

Now Megan was curious. "Where are they then?"

"They in the dumpster of the building."

"And why did you throw them away? And don't lie to me, one more lie and our deal is over."

Lillian felt trapped, she was blushing bright red, "because they smelled," she said in a very low voice.

"Smelled of what?"

Lillian swallowed, she was very uncomfortable having to make this confession completely naked to a fully dressed woman.

"They smelled... of sex.... Male..... semen you know and of me...." she said in a very low voice, completely ashamed, her sight cast at the floor.

Megan was pretty amused with that but she didn't say a word; she just got a t-shirt from Lillian's clothes and tossed it to her.

"Go get them!" she said.

Lillian put the t-shirt and was waiting for a skirt or some pants.

"NOW!," said Megan.

And Lillian marched outside without even asking for the rest of her clothes.

The t-shirt covered just her pussy and left maybe half of her ass visible.

Lillian wanted to run, but she knew she will be showing a lot by doing that. So she simply walked as fast as she could while tugging her t-shirt down, her attitude only made more obvious to the casual observer that she wasn't wearing anything under her waist.

She arrived at the dumpster and looking around she found a wooden box. She stepped over it and opened the trash container door. It smelled awful, but on the top, she recognized the plastic bag with her clothes. The bin was almost half empty, so she had to bend over her waist to reach it. She realized that her t-

shirt had ridden well above her waist. Out of reflex, she tried to get straight while pulling her t-shirt down and just barely avoided hitting her head with the container door. She cursed herself for her stupidity. She felt very nervous and turned her head one way and another trying to know if somebody had seen her bare ass. She didn't see anybody but there was traffic in the street just a few meters from where she was.

She inhaled deeply and bent again, and resisted her urge to pull her t-shirt down or stand up. This time she reached the bag and got down from the dumpster. She was sure that she had exposed her ass and bare pussy completely. She looked around with dread and hope, but when she heard some adolescent giggles, she ran back to the apartment not wanting to know who had seen her charms.

When she entered the living room, Megan was still very stern and said. "OK, give me your t-shirt and put your clothes in this clean bag." Lillian complied and threw the other bag to the trashcan.

Megan inhaled, "Yuck! It smells of sex indeed," and then giggled.

Lillian felt both relieved and ashamed by Megan's mood change.

Megan then turned serious and said to Lillian, "To have clothes smelling like this is indeed very shameful for decent girls, people could think they are sluts. But what did we talk about porno models?"

Lillian hesitated but then she thought, "Just one more day of this shit and I will have the studio photos that will save my career, then I will stop this crazy girl, but for now I have to give her what she wants."

Still ashamed Lillian replied, "They need to accept that people think they are sluts."

"Exactly. And you are not accepting it, even when this smell tells me that you behaved like one. Who was the lucky one, your boss?"

"Yes it was...my boss' boss," she said ashamed.

"Wow! I bet you are going to get a promotion!"

Lillian remained quiet, so Megan asked, "Or did you make a big mistake, in your job?"

Lillian softly nodded.

"Well, at least you kept your job, don't you?"

Lillian nodded again, "How can this girl read me so easily?" she thought with despair.

"OK. That's my slut. I am proud you use your body to help your career. You just don't have to hide it from me."

Lillian blushed bright red with shame. She had always despised women that used their charms to advance their careers and to think that now she had done degrading things just to keep a maid's job. She shivered and tried to push the idea out of her mind, fortunately, Megan didn't wait for her to talk and said,

"Well, now that we have cleared this misunderstanding, let me tell you that Peter and I were delighted with your presentation. We already made some plans for your session tomorrow. Are you happy Lillian?"

Lillian, was overwhelmed, after all her fighting for the studio session, it was now finally a sure thing. Of course, now she was feeling tense and frightened, and completely humiliated by the image that she was portraying to that pair, but she simply smiled and said, "Yes Megan, thank you."

"Still, we have to deal with this 'slut-shame' of you," Megan rummaged thru Lillian's clothes and brought a little black short and a small white tube top, and put them inside the dirty clothes bag, then closed the bag with a knot and stored it inside the suitcase.

"Those will be your clothes for tomorrow. They probably smell by then, but you'll wear them proudly, to prove that you can accept that people think you are a slut."

Lillian nodded mesmerized, she was thinking if she could really accept that. Many persons really think now that she is a slut, Jean, her boss, Mr. Palmer, his driver, Megan, the readers of the amateur forum, the people in the subway that morning, and that afternoon. She felt overwhelmed, anybody that she had met in the last few weeks thinks she is a slut. She just hoped that Karen didn't think the same.

"OK, Lillian, to help you deal with that faster, I will call you slut from now on. In no time you will no feel the word as an insult but as another way to call you."

Lillian remained quiet.

"OK. Slut, let's have some dinner."

Lillian shivered but didn't say a thing. The dinner was pretty uneventful except for having to answer every time Megan called her slut. Which made her angered, humiliated and oddly aroused.

Half an hour later they were watching TV when Megan pulled something out of her handbag. It was a pair of leather cuffs, from one of them hung a padlock with it's key.

"Do you want to play?" said Megan.

Lillian blushed. She knew she had said too much in that damn presentation. She tried to get out of the situation, "I am not... not really in the mood right now."

Lillian felt very nervous and part of her was aroused by the idea.

"It looks to me like you want to play, slut."

Lillian sensing the direction in which Megan was looking closed her legs.

"You are breaking the rules, slut," said Megan giggling.

Lillian opened her legs to the desired width and looked down.

"So you want to play, don't you?" said Megan.

Lillian remained quiet.

"OK. So you are again ashamed to show me that you are a slut in spite that I already know. I think it is useless, you are not ready for tomorrow."

"No! Please... I want to play," she said.

"I know you are dying to play, your pussy tells the whole story. A real slut will beg me to play instead of acting as if I were the one that wanted to do it."

Lillian felt dizzy and confused, she didn't know what to say but she was getting horny. "Please Megan, could we play?"

"I don't know. You don't sound that interested."

Lillian swallowed what remained of her pride and begged

"Please, Megan, I want to feel how is to be cuffed, to be naked and really unable to even cover myself."

"Do you really want that?"

"Yes," said Lillian, this time was being sincere even when she didn't fully admit it to herself.

"OK. If you want to play that much, you'll need to convince me. After all, I am not a slut, I don't play these games, What will you give me if I play with you?"

"What?" that was completely unexpected, "What do you want?" said Lillian.

"I don't know, you may give me some clothes."

"I don't have many clothes, and I don't have anything nice enough for you," It was very humiliating, but all of her current clothes were well below in class what that former porno model would wear.

"Yes, you are right, but still I want you to make some sacrifice. Tell you what, I will play with you if you give me your underwear, all of it."

Lillian was mesmerized and her pussy was dripping like a faucet. "I can go for more underwear to the storage, I just need to organize a trip with Karen next weekend. I need more clothes and shoes anyway. Still, I need a set for my visit

to Ms. Barbara this Thursday," she thought and said, "Ok, deal, I will keep one set and give you the rest."

"No deal slut. If you want it, you must pay in full."

Lillian was confused, she didn't remember why she was bargaining, she just know she had to do it, her pussy wanted it and her foggy mind tried to convince herself that it was also required in order to have the photo session the next day.

"Ok. Deal."

"Get them out of the suitcase while I look for something," said Megan and marched to her room.

Lillian pulled the three underwear sets that she had and shivered. She hoped to convince Megan to gave them back at the end of the game.

"Ok. Said Megan, take these scissors and cut all the underwear into little pieces and put them inside this cloth bag."

Lillian was shocked, she wouldn't have a chance to talk Megan out of the deal after they had "played," but it was too late to negotiate or something. She slowly cut all of her underwear and she realized that she will have to go without wearing a bra or panty to college in a couple of days in order to show Ms. Barbara naked pictures of herself taken in Megan's studio. Lillian shivered with shame.

"Thanks, slut," said Megan while closing a plastic zipper of the small cloth bag, "This will make a lovely travel pillow," she said putting the pillow under her neck, "the stuffing is perfect."

Lillian blushed and remained quiet.

"OK, now I will comply with my part of the deal," said Megan and Lillian shivered with arousal, shame and anticipation.

Megan cuffed Lillian's hands behind her back and closed the padlock, and then surprisingly, she used a small belt to tie Lillian's elbows together, so her arms were now completely useless.

Lillian felt a rush of fear and horniness and her respiration became short and fast.

Megan took the cuff's key and dropped it in her handbag while looking amused at Lillian, "Should I keep this key or should I hand it to Karen?"

"No please!" said Lillian.

Megan understood that Lillian didn't want her cousin involved, still, she found her own teases very funny.

"OK. How do you feel slut?"

"Fine," said Lillian, not knowing what more to say.

"Just fine, after all your begging for this, I thought you'd be horny. Oh ... I get it! It is still not enough for you!"

Lillian said, "no, I am already horny, really,"

Of course, Megan could see her dripping pussy, but she didn't acknowledge Lillian's words and said,

"Ok. Slut, sit on the center of the couch. Now put your right foot here over the couch"

Reluctantly Lillian complied

Megan pulled leather cuff with a metal ring out of her handbag and closed it around her right ankle, She then pulled her right leg back and right and using another little belt she tied the ring to the back of the wooden armrest of the couch. She repeated the same operation with Lillian's left leg and pulled Lillian's hips to the edge of the couch. Lillian was wide open, she felt very exposed and horny. Megan was giggling happily and used another small belt and tied it around Lillian's eyes as a very effective blindfold.

Lillian was almost hyperventilating. She felt the breeze in her asshole and pussy, she was wide open and she was really unable to cover herself in any way. Megan giggled and put a chair in front of the couch and after a couple of minutes of anticipation when Lillian could hear Megan's breath very close to her, she finally touched Lillian.

First, her hand traveled to Lillian's tummy. Lillian felt the touch electric. Her mind was in a roller coaster, her senses were in overdrive and she could not think clearly anymore. Little by little her horniness and her pussy filled her mind completely. She wanted desperately that Megan's hand went down or at least up, her breathing didn't conceal her excitement at all.

Megan's hand finally traveled up and started caressing Lillian's perky tits, her nipples were hard and her breathing was more noticeable than ever. Lillian didn't stop her, so Megan felt encouraged and approached her face to Lillian's. Lillian felt Megan's breath very near her own nose and she emitted an almost inaudible moan. Megan kissed her on the mouth, first lightly and then gradually harder until she was using a lot of tongue, meanwhile her hands alternate between sweetly caressing Lillian's tits and viciously squeezing them or pulling her nipples.

Lillian was drowning in the wave of sensations, then Megan's hand traveled down, but when she was about to touch Lillian's pussy, she retired it a little. Lillian tried to push her hips up, but the bondage didn't allow her much, still, Megan found that effort extremely erotic just as well as the little acute sounds that Lillian was making.

Megan was all worked up too, but she was experienced enough to want her fun last more. So she stood up and said, "I need something from the grocery store before it closes. I'll be back soon, don't go anywhere slut," she said giggling.

"Please..." Lillian managed to say before hearing the front door opening and closing, leaving her very frustrated and very frightened. As the minutes passed, the fear was superated by the frustration as she was trying to move her hips in a vain search for some kind of stimulation.

20 minutes later, she was startled by the door opening and closing. She was bathed in sweat from all her struggling.

"Megan?" she said in a low, trembling voice.

She didn't receive any answer. She just sensed that the person was approaching her and finally sat on the chair in front of her. She felt very nervous and full of anticipation, she felt a couple of fingers pinching her right nipple. She squealed. Then she felt the same in the left nipple and tried to pull back but she couldn't.

"Megan, is it you?" she repeated.

She tried to recognize the odor or the touch, but the person was not as close and the hand contact was no more than a couple of fingers pinching, still, she sensed that it was a woman.

"K...K..Karen?" she said, hoping that she wasn't. She could never live it if Karen saw her like this.

The hand rubbed Lillian's hair like you'd do with a little kid, leaving her hair in disarray. Now Lillian was sure that it was a woman. She then felt a touch on her tits and nipples, it wasn't a hand this time, it felt like rubber or something. She could feel the rubber thing touching lightly her nipples and tracing circles around them.

Little by little, Lillian started to put her fears aside, and let her arousal grow. She then felt the rubber thing start to travel down, she felt it tracing circles around her navel, teasing her. Then after a few tormenting minutes, it finally restarted it's travel down. When it touched her clit, the feeling was electric, she let a loud moan.

The person played with the rubber dildo outside Lillian's pussy for a while. Lillian finally stopped trying to guess who the girl was, she simply immersed herself in the pleasurable sensations, she was getting more and more aroused. Her mouth was now permanently open, her lips forming a small O. After a few minutes, Lillian was longing to have the rubber thing inside her. She was pushing her hips upwards as much as she could, trying to be penetrated, much to the amusement of the girl that was teasing her.

Finally, there was a pause, the person got up from the chair and walked away. Lillian tried to hear what was going on, she then sensed that someone was approaching, "Is the same person, or another?" she thought with apprehension.

Part of her didn't care, she just wanted somebody to finish the job, to make her come.

"Do you want this slut?" said Megan cheerfully while rubbing Lillian's pussy with the dildo.

Lillian felt relieved to hear Megan's voice, but still, she feared that somebody else was there.

"It's anybody else here, Megan?"

"Do you want me to tell you or do you want me to fuck you? you have to choose because I won't do both."

Lillian hesitated, she wanted to know, but if Karen was there she was already too ashamed. She thought that Megan was just playing with her mind. She tried to concentrate her senses to the max looking for signs of another person presence, but Megan was teasing her clit with the dildo, just gently touching it and then circling it around.

Megan said, "And why do you care? A slut doesn't care who sees her, a slut just wants her pleasure. Remember, a slut already knows that everybody thinks that she is a slut anyway."

Megan continued teasing her for a few minutes until Lillian could no longer resist and said, "please..."

"What do you want slut? Do you want me to fuck you?"

Lillian slowly nodded, her face was red with embarrassment but she was definitely horny.

"So you don't care if Karen is here?"

Lillian negated with her head, she was too worked up to be able to talk.

Megan laughed, "That is what I thought," she said.

Megan pushed the dildo inside Lillian's pussy, "I bet these photos and video will be your new favorites," said Megan while pumping the dildo inside and out with a steady rhythm. Megan was enjoying the barely audible high pitch noises that Lillian was making out of excitement.

Megan enjoyed those sounds a lot more than the noisy moans and even screams of some occasional lovers. Megan found the whole situation thrilling and amazing. She was experienced and she could see beyond Lillian's slutty and cheap clothes, she realized that Lillian's always seemed to be fighting against her natural shyness and modesty, but nonetheless she was a very sexual creature and that was probably the real cause of her cute determination to enter the porno industry.

Lillian was on the verge of coming, but Megan was expertly reading her and pulled the dildo out and said, "You are definitely a good fuck, now open your mouth, let's see your sucking skills"

Lillian's mouth was already opened, so Megan had no problem inserting the dildo there. Lillian was shocked, she was disgusted to have to taste her own juices, but at the same time, she was extremely aroused and wanted desperately to come. So she didn't protest as Megan face-fucked her for a while and then alternated fucking her pussy and her mouth with the same dildo. She will pump three or four times in her pussy, then she will make Lillian lick the dildo for a while and she will push it inside her mouth reaching to her throat a few times and finally return the attention to Lillian's pussy.

Megan was in a trance herself. Normally she would be naked and eating the girl by now, but she was enjoying her power over that young girl. She had played power games in the past with a couple of male lovers, but she had never felt this. She felt the power of having this girl totally at her mercy, and so willing to do whatever she commanded her. She realized that she had never met a girl so truly submissive as Lillian.

Lillian's heat started to rise again, and in spite of the constant travel of the dildo between her pussy and mouth, she was very close to coming.

Megan said, "Imagine your friends and former classmates looking at this video,"

Lillian conjured the image and blushed with shame, for a moment.

"Who was your most hated classmate?"

"John Wallace," she said without much thinking. The misogynist bastard had always found a way to make her mad.

"Imagine John seeing this video."

Lillian shivered slightly.

"He would know that you are a big slut. Imagine your favorite teacher looking at the video, that would be something. Or your boss, maybe he will get some ideas for your next meeting."

Lillian trembled, but her reaction was more associated with her out of control lust than with her fear or shame. The idea of Mr. Palmer seeing her like that strangely contributed to her horniness.

A couple of pumps more and she came with an explosion. It was quite an event, even restricted as she was by her bonds, her back arched, and all of her muscles tensed in, probably, the best orgasm of Lillian's life.

She then fell in a slumber, all of her energy drained. Sometime later she woke up and found that she was untied. She made a dash to the bathroom and then listened to Lillian and Karen talking.

She just hoped that Karen hadn't seen her tied. Somehow if Karan saw her, it would make it real, otherwise, she could pretend that it never happened. Karen was the only person that knew that she wasn't a slut, so her opinion was quite important for Lillian.

She laid on the sofa and started a restless sleep. She was too tired to think, she just wanted to have her studio photos and then she will reroute her life again, she will take command of her life again. She tried to minimize all that she had been thru in just a single day. She had somehow coped with being fondled in the subway and having sucked Mr. Palmer's cock, but with this last stunt with Megan, she could not avoid feeling that she had passed a tipping point, that there would be no easy way back.

At some late hour in the night she convinced herself that there was no use in thinking too much about it until she had the studio photos, then she could do all the introspection that she needed.

The next day she awoke and realized with satisfaction that both girls have already departed. She took a shower and decided to dress decently to have a little rest from all that craziness. She had just a couple of jeans, so she put one, and a t-shirt. The jeans were uncomfortable without a panty and the t-shirt didn't conceal her nipples at all. A few weeks ago she wouldn't have been cached dead in an outfit like that but now she felt more decent than ever.

She smiled to herself and then she saw the kitchen clock, it was past her entry hour. "Oh no my boss is going to kill me, she will tell Mr. Palmer and I will be fried." She realized that her boss will be angrier when she realized that she won't bring her dress back. She took her other jeans and her best t-shirt and put them in the backpack along with the smelling slutty ensemble that Megan chose for her the previous night, it would be handy to fulfill with Mr. Palmer's rules. The ride to work was mostly unremarkable. She used the bus, at some point some young guy stared her chest, and she realized that her nipples were poking the blouse. She felt embarrassed,

"I should have put the slutty tube top under my t-shirt, that way my nipples wouldn't be so visible. I could have also used the tiny shorts as panties too. Why couldn't I have thought of it before? Am I becoming some kind of dumb bimbo?."

She crossed her hands in front of her chest, still, she felt oddly disappointed when the young guy seeing her discomfort looked away.

When she arrived at her work she managed to sneak into the locker room and change into her slutty clothes. She left her backpack inside one locker and went to work. She didn't see her boss, and she felt relieved. She mopped some floors and swept others without much conviction or enthusiasm, her mind constantly wandering to the strangest fantasies. She soon reached the exit hour.

She went immediately to the locker room and took a shower. She really wanted to dress again in her decent clothes, but she wanted to be clean first. She was

deliberating if she should put her slutty clothes under her street clothes, they would help her modesty but they were well sweated and she was already clean.

When she exited the showers she found Ms. Maria waiting for her.

"You were late again Lilly."

Lillian felt insecure, this woman could have her fired, and the fact that she was wearing nothing but a small towel that didn't fully cover her pussy nor her tits didn't help at all.

"I... I am ... sorry, Ms. Maria... there was an accident.. and the bus... well, it won't happen again... I promise."

"Listen, Lilly. You are behaving like an irresponsible little girl, and I won't put with your laziness anymore...." she was about to start scolding that girl, but she didn't really have time.

"Well, where is the dress that I lend to you yesterday?"

"I... well...I lost it," said Lillian in a very low voice, and she felt quite stupid saying that.

"What kind of bimbo loses her clothes?" said Ms. Maria, now her anger was rising.

"I'm sorry. I brought one of my best outfits in replacement," she said while pulling out of her backpack the jeans and t-shirt that she brought for her. She felt a hole in her stomach while giving them, after all, that outfit was now like half of her decent wardrobe, but she convinced herself that the next day she would ask Karen for the keys to the warehouse facility where her possessions were stored, so she could recover a few decent outfits.

Her thoughts were interrupted by Maria, "This won't do. These are used clothes, and the dress was something special," the reality was that her daughter didn't like the dress in the first place, she was going to try to fix it to make her wear it, and her daughter had been pestering her for weeks, asking for some jeans. She noticed that there was another normal outfit in the backpack, jeans and a t-shirt and she thought. "She came ready to bargain."

"Well, give me both outfits and I will take it as a payment for my daughter's dress."

Seeing Lillian's hesitation she added, "And I won't report your new tardiness to Mr. Palmer if you also give me those flat shoes that you were wearing."

"Deal," said Lillian reluctantly.

When she was walking to the bus stop she felt defeated. "What is happening to me?" she thought bitterly.

"I couldn't negotiate even with that low-class woman. She must think I am a total bimbo, Shit! I was planning to have a little normalcy after yesterday and now look at me. These shorts are way too short and too tight and this tube top doesn't even cover my shoulders nor my stomach. And it makes my tits look smaller," she scolded herself for the last thought that seemed to come from nowhere.

"And barefoot again, I feel so cheap," she thought. "Those were my last pair of shoes, if I can't sneak into Karen or Megan's room I will have to go to the studio appointment barefoot. That man already thinks I am a cheap slut, now he will just ratify the impression, shit!"

For some reason, the opinion of that stranger mattered to her, even when she knew whatever good impression she could have made if she showed to the session wearing decent clothes, would be erased after she posed for the nude session.

She felt depressed and anxious, she knew she needed a fix. So she turned at a corner and walked to the subway station instead of taking the bus.

The subway station was mildly crowded. She took the train downtown instead of taking the route 8 that would have taken her faster to Karen and Megan's apartment. The downtown route was more crowded as she expected.

She was waiting for her train when a group of teenagers arrived at the boarding platform. They were just a couple of boys and five girls, but they were very noisy. They talked very loud, almost shouting and they frequently exploded in bursts of laughs. They all looked low class and to Lillian's eyes, they seemed like young gang members or something. The girls definitely looked slutty and trashy but Lillian realized with shame that they still looked way more respectable than herself.

Lillian soon felt several teenagers approaching her and she became nervous, and a little bit scared. She regretted her poor decision, she should have taken the bus, but it was already too late. She was also full of expectations, somehow she found the presence of those loud teenagers both intimidating and exciting, her shorts already showed a wet spot.

Several girls reviewed Lillian from head to toe, like sizing the competition or maybe sampling the goods. A latina girl said to her friends while pointing at Lillian, "Hey, look! white meat!" everybody else laughed.

Lillian cast her eyes on the floor. She was too nervous to talk.

The Latino girl was now standing in front of Lillian. Her big tits almost touching Lillian's small ones.

"Do you like the view?" said the girl playfully.

Lillian indeed liked and envied the girls tits but she remained quiet and just turned her head to look somewhere else.

"Hey, the slut is a shy one. Could you believe it?" she said to her friends.

One of her friends said laughing, "hey Tina give the girl a break you lesbo."

But Tina ignored her and continued talking to Lillian, "What's your name girl?"

Lillian remained quiet and looking away.

"Where are your shoes girl?"

Lillian didn't reply; she wanted to go, but she was frozen.

The girl pressured her body to Lillian's and said, "I am talking to you slut."

Lillian felt intimidated even when the tone was still playful, "I... I.. lost them."

"My oh my, here we have a sloppy slut who can't even take care of her shoes."

Lillian blushed, but that girl's body contact was having other effects on her.

"You can't travel barefoot in the subway; It is not safe and It is forbidden. I think I should report you to that guard."

"No, please," said Lillian with apprehension. It would be too shameful and she didn't have the time for that.

"Tell you what, I can lend you a pair of flip flops that I have on my backpack, but you have to do something for me."

"What... what do you want?"

"I want you to show me your goods," she said blatantly.

"What?"

"oh, there is the policeman, maybe I should call him. It is for your own safety."

"No, please..."

"Officer," said the girl, but not loud enough for the police to hear her.

"Ok. I'll do it"

"That's the spirit. Here have these flip flops, and walk with me."

Just then the train arrived and the girl's friends boarded giggling, all amused by the strange way of flirting of their lesbian friend, and by the frightened but excited face of her young conquest. Just one Latino boy remained on the platform.

Lillian looked at the wagon longingly before meekly following the girl to the bathroom. The girl was maybe 20 or 21 and was probably Lillian's height but she was wearing high heels, and Lillian had her sight cast at the floor, so the

olive-skinned girl looked much taller. Not to mention that she looked more mature. They were followed from afar by the Latino boy.

When they arrived at the bathrooms, they found three doors, one for women, one for men, and one labeled family, Tina smiled seeing that door and entered there.

The bathroom had a single toilet, a single lavatory with a big mirror and a table to change diapers, all in a space of around 10' by 8' and it was cleaner than Lillian expected.

"OK," said the girl, "My name is Tina. Here is the deal, first give me back my flip flops"

Lillian hesitated, she was repulsed by the idea of being barefoot in a public bathroom, no matter if it looked reasonably clean. Still, she found it hard to contradict that dominant girl, so after a little pause she gave them back.

"What's your name?"

"Lilly," Lillian didn't know where that came from, maybe she was too ashamed, and preferred to use her "slut name."

"OK, Lilly. Now let's see those tities of yours"

Lillian blushed, but she was getting hornier and she wanted to end this stunt soon, otherwise, she may lose control. She pulled her top up and showed her tits to Tina.

"Hey Lilly, you have nice tits! They are very perky, very nice. Let me see them better, hand me your top."

Lillian was mesmerized and it looked that she was becoming more and more obedient, so she complied.

"This top doesn't flatter you. You would do better with a tank top or a tied up blouse, something that shows that your tits are small but firm and can go without a bra without dropping. This top only makes you look smaller."

Lillian felt a little bit awkward at the comment.

"Now take off your shorts."

"What?" said Lillian surprised.

"You promised to show me your goods"

Lillian blushed, she had thought that her "goods" were her tits, but it seemed that she agreed to more than she thought. Still, she wanted to do it fast, she was becoming hornier by the minute and she really wanted to go home and masturbate.

She peeled her tight shorts and then handed them to Tina who had an enormous smile. Tina was also getting horny, she could not believe her luck. She was not normally attracted to white girls, but this one looked so cute, so vulnerable, and in contrast with her attire, so innocent, and to her surprise, she seemed to be so willing to obey her.

Tina said amused, "I see that you don't believe in underwear," while tucking Lillian's clothes in her handbag, which made Lillian shiver with fear and arousal. She was also amazed that all that she was wearing fit easily in the small handbag.

Tina then turned to Lillian and said, "Wow girl! I love your pussy, so hairless, so juvenile. And what an ass!"

Lillian blush was brighter than ever, she was looking at the floor. It felt awkward to be completely nude and being complimented by a fully dressed young lesbian.

The next few minutes Lillian was made to turn and bend in positions devised to show her "goods" to the max. At some point, she realized that she was becoming so worked up that she needed to end the game immediately or she would lose control. Just the thought of coming in front of Tina was extremely embarrassing.

Lillian reunited her strength and said, "Please Tina, I already showed you enough. Now hand me my clothes, I need to go."

"No. You gave them to me, if you want them back you need to do a couple of forfeits."

"No, that wasn't the deal," said Lillian with less authority than she intended.

"Well maybe, but it is the deal now. Come on, it would be fun for you too."

"No, it isn't fun and I have to go," said Lillian trying to assert herself, but her voice was lower and more insecure than she tried to project.

"Don't worry It will only take you like ten minutes OK, and I bet you are going to come at least twice."

"No, of course, no," said Lillian, more in an attempt to reassure herself than to really argue with Tina.

"Well, if you don't, then I will give you my flip flops and \$50, but if you do, then you have to give me something back. And just to be fair, if I come you win."

Lillian was speechless, and that encouraged Tina to keep with her game.

"Well, the first forfeit is to give me a long wet kiss, at least 3 minutes long."

"I am not gay," said Lillian weakly.

"Then you won't come and you most probably will win our little bet."

Lillian tried to talk again, but she was naked and horny as hell and she really wished to touch that girl and be touched, still, she was trying to reunite the strength to stop that nonsense but before she could protest anymore, Tina grabbed her by the waist and kissed her on the mouth.

At the beginning it was a tender kiss, it was, however, electric for Lillian, then Tina started to use more and more tongue while her hands roamed all over Lillian's naked body. Tina caressed Lillian's ass and back, as well as her face. Then she started cupping her tits. Lillian tried to return the touch and squeeze Tina's tits but she gently but firmly took her hands away. A new effort to touch Tina's ass was equally rejected. After another couple of failed attempts, Lillian left her hands by her side and didn't try to touch Tina anymore.

Tina didn't want the touch because she was too worked up and she didn't want to come, at least not until Lillian did.

Lillian's senses were overwhelmed, here she was completely naked in a public bathroom, being roughly fondled by a fully dressed girl she just met, and all the while she was fighting the incoming orgasm.

Lillian's respiration was short and she was emitting barely audible high pitch sounds that encouraged Tina to go further. She started rubbing her fingertips around Lillian's pussy, and then she touched her clit and rubbed it with a lot of passion. Lillian had now her eyes closed and her mouth open. Their kiss had already lasted more than three minutes by then but Lillian was in no shape to stop the assault or to know how much time has passed.

Tina was elated, she had never been with a girl like Lillian. She pushed one and then two fingers inside Lillian's pussy and in probably less than a minute, Lillian came arching her back and tensing all of her muscles. It was something spectacular.

"Wow Lilly, you are really something! That was definitely the best first kiss that I have ever had!"

Lillian was coming to her senses and just wanted to leave.

"May I have my clothes now?"

"No Lilly, there is just one more forfeit and you will have them. And don't forget that you are already halfway to loose our little bet."

"OK, here is the forfeit. The boy that is waiting for me outside is Tony, my cousin. He is one year younger than me, but he is always taking care of me, you know protecting me, that is why he stayed instead of going with the others.

I felt in debt with him, he is a little shy, you know. I have tried to help him but as you could imagine, most of my close friends are gay, but you said you are not, so I am lucky. The second forfeit is to give him a kiss like mine."

Lillian was shocked, but before she could talk, Tina walked to the bathroom door and said, "leave it unlocked, I'll be back soon. If the door is locked when I am back, I will go"

"No! Stop!," said Lillian but it was already too late.

Lillian waited for several minutes. She was frightened, "What if she went away with my clothes? What if somebody comes here first?" she thought. She was feeling more and more apprehensive. The time seemed to crawl. After a few minutes that Lillian felt like hours the bathroom door suddenly opened and Lillian almost had a heart attack.

She felt relieved seeing that it was Tony, but at the same time, her anxiety returned. This stranger, this guy younger than her was seeing her completely naked, and she would have to kiss that boy for a few minutes, dressed as she was. Instinctively she covered her breast and crotch with her hands.

Tony looked like 6 ft tall and had strong muscles. He was olive-skinned and would probably look handsome in other clothes and if his hair wasn't cut just a fraction of an inch long. He portrayed an earring and a skull tattoo on his left shoulder.

"Hi..." he said shyly, "Tina... she told me that you wanted to kiss me...", in spite of his menacing appearance he seemed like a good guy. Lillian got the impression that he wanted to look tougher than he really was.

Lillian noticed that he was all flustered at seeing her naked, and he already was portraying a very obvious tent pole, and strangely that gave her some courage, so she approached the fully dressed guy and started kissing him on the mouth.

His hands were not as expert as Tina's but he compensated with a lot of passion. Lillian's hands weren't stopped this time and they traveled Tony's body all around. At some point, she felt so horny that she thought that it wasn't fair that he was touching her body all over her naked skin while she was blocked by his clothes. So in the heat of the moment, she started to unbutton his pants and then opened his fly.

Tony had gained confidence with the kiss and fondling and was amused by Lillian's urgency to see his cock. She helped her to pull her very stiff dick out of his pants and underwear and then said, "I will like the rest of the kiss here," while pointing at his dick. He knew it was a long shot, but he wanted it and seeing Lillian's horniness and eagerness to touch his dick, he thought he could have a chance.

Lillian was aroused by the request and was in a trance-like state. So she soon was on her knees devotedly kissing his dick. Soon one thing led to another and the kisses were replaced with licks and then she started swallowing his cock.

All the odd situation was making Lillian horny again. She started to touch herself and was on the verge of coming when she felt spurts of semen in her mouth. In her aroused state, she controlled her gag reflex and swallowed every drop while

furiously rubbing her clit. She came as she was swallowing the last drops of semen.

"Wow girl! That was hot!" said Tony when he recovered from the best orgasm of his life.

Then he felt awkward again and said, "I will get Tina." He marched, leaving an exhausted Lillian sat, her bare ass on the bathroom floor.

After a few minutes, Tina returned. "So you lost our little bet. I told you it would be fun for you"

Lillian blushed.

"Did you enjoy our little game."

Lillian nodded shyly, what was the point in negating it, and how could she deny it after a couple of wonderful orgasms.

"And what will you give me? You lost the bet."

"I don't have anything with me," she said thinking of money or something of value but it made Tina laugh and even she ended up laughing along.

"Tell you what. I want your clothes as a souvenir. You know, to remember this precious moment. But don't worry I will give you my flip flops and something to wear."

"OK," said Lillian, after all, what could be worse than the scant clothes she was wearing.

Tina dropped her flip flops on the floor and after Lillian put them on, she tossed her a green t-shirt. It was probably Tony's because it was oversized in Lillian's petite body. The neck was a little big for her and if she bent, her tits would be on display. The shirt was too long on her petite frame, it got to just above her mid-tight.

"It would be a pain to tuck it into some shorts. I look ridiculous but at least I am covered," Lillian thought.

Tina then gave Lillian what was on her short pockets (bus and subway cards, the apartment key).

"Well," said Lillian that was recovering some eloquence, "please give my shorts or something to wear waist down, so I could go"

"That shirt already cover you enough."

They exchanged emails and phone numbers and each one departed towards their homes. 40 minutes later Lillian arrived in Karen's apartment. The travel home had been a constant humiliation for Lillian, she looked like she had just left the bed and smelled just like that. She had to constantly watch her

movements to avoid showing her cleavage or her bottom. When she finally entered the apartment she collapsed on the couch. She was emotionally and physically exhausted. She was also scared of her own behavior, fortunately, that day the dreading but much-needed studio photo session will be finally over and she could start returning to her old self.

"Today's behavior was unjustifiable; tomorrow I will get my stuff from the storage and dress decently and behave decently again. All this slut façade is getting into my brain. It needs to end now. Well tomorrow, just one final stunt and I'll be free to be me again."

She slept for an hour and then took a shower and dressed in the less slutty clothes that she could find. A denim cut-offs shorts and a t-shirt, and Tina's flip flops. She then marched to her photo session.

The photo session.

Lillian checked once more the paper sheet with the address that Megan gave her. This was definitely the place. Lillian looked at the elegant glass building in front of her. She felt intimidated. She knew that Megan was an event organizer for a marketing firm, but she didn't know that her office was in the business district and that it would be so upscale. She had expected that Megan worked for a more informal firm, after all, she had been a porn model.

Lillian approached the building door for the third time, she felt so inadequately dressed to enter the building that she chickened out the first two times. The cutoffs denim shorts barely covered the curve of her ass, and the t-shirt left her navel uncovered, not to mention that it was tight enough to make obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra. And the flipflops completed a very trashy ensemble.

Contemplating her image on the glass door just feed her insecurity and hesitation. She bit her lower lip and looked around with apprehension. It was almost her appointment time, so she breathed deeply and reuniting all her courage, she entered the building.

The building lobby was really big; it was mostly empty space, but it was designed to impress the visitor thanks to the high ceiling and the expensive materials. The luxurious furniture was scarce, just the reception desk and several groups of sits scattered here and there. Some of them were occupied by neatly dressed young men and women. Almost every man was dressed in elegant suits, and most women were wearing blazers and slacks or modest skirts.

Lillian walked to the reception desk. The loud noise that her cheap flip flops made on the marble floor echoed along the big lobby drawing unwanted attention to herself. She was blushing and looking at the floor. She felt so small and self-conscious; everybody else looked so professional and she looked so trashy and so slutty. She wasn't even wearing underwear, and it was easily

noted, especially because her hard nipples were poking through her sheer top. She was trying her best to reduce the noise of her steps but only managed to look more insecure and out of place. The security guard was eyeing her from afar, probably waiting for the best time to throw her out of the building.

When she reached the reception desk, she leaned on the desk and stood on her toes trying to get as closer to the receptionist as possible. She tried to talk but only managed to mumble something, her insecurity overwhelming her. The receptionist didn't understand her so she asked politely,

"How can I help you ma'am?"

Lillian should have felt reassured by the kind and respectful treatment but her mind was blocked, overwhelmed by a myriad of emotions, she pulled down her shorts trying to cover her ass better. The cut-offs were so short that barely covered her ass when she was standing normally but standing on her toes and leaning forward as she was, she felt that an inch or more of her ass was on display, increasing her shame; once again she babbled some incoherent words in an almost inaudible voice; she felt the stares of everybody in the large room. The security guard was slowly approaching her and she knew she must say something or the guard would guide her to the exit.

She was bright red and felt like a shy little girl. Normally she would be delighted to be in an office like that. She had always dreamed to have an office in the business district and often had pictured herself entering confidently in buildings not so different from this one, but now she felt simply afraid. She wanted to run to Megan's apartment or to Tina or even to her trashy cleaning girl job.

She controlled her urge to run away, but it seemed to take all of her will, and her voice escaped her. She tried to think but couldn't come with anything coherent to say. Fortunately, the kind receptionist came to her rescue.

"Oh, you must be Lilly. Megan told me you were coming. Don't worry, it is ok for a young high school girl like you to feel intimidated by this office setting. You will feel more comfortable once you are with Megan. You may sit over there, I will call her now."

Then she made a discrete gesture to the security guard who hadn't yet reached the reception desk, and he retired back to his place near the elevators.

Lillian remained sat, constantly fidgeting like a nervous little girl. She did not dare to take her sight from the floor. She didn't want the idea of crossing sights with anybody in the room. She felt so inferior and so stupid.

"They must think I am some kind of bimbo. I dress like a slut and show the intelligence of a rock." She thought shamefully.

She felt so out of place, and so scared; she realized that she would be more at ease in her crappy job or commuting in the subway or in Megan's apartment. She immediately regretted her thoughts and feelings, but they were very real.

It was just a few minutes after closing time, and to Lillian's embarrassment, a lot of people came out of the elevators. Many took a peek at her, most of them with surprise, but some also with lust or despise. She concentrated her sight on the floor even further. She could hear some giggles, that she didn't dare to verify if they were because of her. She had read the building directory and she knew that several firms shared the building, one of them sounded as a recruiting firm, and she felt scared that some college classmate could be an intern there.

"What if somebody sees me wearing this? What if somebody recognizes me later when I ask for a job?" she thought with anguish.

Still, if some classmates had seen this slutty girl, dressed as a daisy dukes wannabe, with her hair tied in a childish ponytail, they wouldn't easily identify her as the always smartly dressed and carefully made up Lillian.

Lillian felt relieved when she finally saw Megan, exiting one elevator. She had been humbly waiting for maybe 20 minutes.

Megan greeted her warmly and soon they were in the elevator traveling up to the 11th floor.

Lillian managed to calm herself during the elevator ride and was relieved to arrive at an empty office. Megan guided her through the cubicle maze to a meeting room. There were three neatly folded outfits over the meeting table. Megan handed her a bag with underwear.

"Lilly. Peter is getting the studio ready for the shoot. He will photograph you first for the publicity proof of concept. Please wear the jeans outfit first, not quite your style but I bet you will still look very good. Once you are dressed, knock on the next door, there is Johanna, she will do your makeup and hair."

Lillian looked at the outfit with great satisfaction. There were designer brand black jeans and a blue shirt that looked equally expensive and not so different in quality from the casual clothes that she had confined in the storage facility, she longed to put them on, her eyes shining with hope. She knew she will look casual and a bit juvenile but she will be a lot better dressed than any day in the last few weeks. Her thoughts were interrupted by Megan

"And Lilly... don't forget to put on the underwear."

Lillian blushed at the comment.

"Megan must think that I am a total slut. She hadn't seen the real me," she thought to reassure herself, although she wasn't so sure by then who was the real Lillian.

Half an hour later she was entering the photo studio. She felt more confident now. Johanna had done her makeup in a washed face style, just a light pink lipstick and a little bit of black mascara on her eyelashes. The lipstick color wouldn't have been her choice as it made her look like a young tease, but otherwise, she felt satisfied, especially with her hair. Johanna had made a great job styling her long red hair. It was a casual look but it looked wavy, almost like

a shampoo commercial. All in all, she looked great, like a high school dream girl, she looked beautiful, innocent, but in spite of the modest attire, she emanated some kind of restrained sexiness.

"Hi," said Peter. "So you are Lilly, let me tell you that you look just great for the ads!"

Lillian blushed at the compliment. Peter was a forty-something white man. He wore khaki pants and an informal black t-shirt. His clothes looked casual but expensive. He was a photography artist and looked relaxed and a little bit hipster. He wore his hair in a ponytail in spite of his balding forehead and portrayed a three days beard. He was smiling and was carrying a professional camera.

Lillian felt nervous, he looked really respectable, like an art professor (which indeed he was), and she felt ashamed that in an hour or so, she will be posing nude for him and Megan. She tried to push aside the idea that he most probably had seen the shameful Powerpoint presentation that she made the previous day.

Megan had told Lillian that he once worked for the porno industry but he had successfully switched to marketing photography and thanks to him she got the job at the marketing firm in spite of her "artistic" past. Still, it was hard to believe, he was far away from the lecherous stereotype of the porno photographer that she had in her mind.

Peter sensed her nervousness and started making small talk, talking about the weather, music, and even sport teams, while softly reassuring Lillian with nice compliments. He was tactful and respectful and little by little Lillian started to relax and feel her self-confidence return. She hadn't felt this good and this level of respect since all this mess started. After all, she was for once neatly dressed and was being treated with respect by Peter.

Lillian was then escorted to the first set, it was just some patch of natural grass surrounded by two walls of green screen. Peter would replace the green screen with some landscape later.

"Ok. You may sit on the grass. Imagine that you are on the high school football field, near the bleaches and you are reading this biology textbook because you have a test the next morning."

Seeing Lillian's tension returning, Peter reassured her, "You can do this Lilly, just relax and forget about the camera, you only need to imagine that you are in some park studying for your next biology exam," then he thought

Lillian breathed, she had never imagined herself as a model. She always considered models as stupid girls that couldn't do a real job and a real drag for the feminism. But now she decided to try her best, partly because she wanted to get this over as soon as possible, and partly because suddenly it seemed too important to her to get Peter's approval and to really satisfy Peter's expectations.

While she was reflexing, Peter was thinking,

"Maybe remembering school could be painful for a dropout,"

So he said. "Lilly, just imagine that you are the best student there, everybody looks up to you and you are both admired and envied."

That completed the spell for Lillian. She quickly remembered her very successful high school and her self-confidence seemed to be growing by the minute.

Peter started shooting at random from several angles. In the beginning, Lillian constantly turned to see him, but little by little she immersed herself completely in the activity and the make-believe. She felt very happy; she even tried to learn something from the book but it seemed that her attention span was really short these days.

Peter captured her concentrated look, alternated with her constant distractions. Her face and gestures were very important for the shooting. The motto of the campaign that he had planned for the makeup for teenagers was "Emotions," he wanted to say that this makeup didn't hide the personality of the young girls behind a heavy mascara, instead, it only remarked their natural beauty while letting their vivid emotions shine thru. His plan was to capture Lillian's emotions in real teenager's situations and then contrast her photos with mannequins wearing heavy makeup and portrayed in the same situations. The mannequins, of course, will look all the same one from each other and from one situation to another.

Peter was delighted, Lillian could be a dropout but she seemed to be a good actress because in spite of her distractions she seemed genuinely interested in the textbook.

"Ok," Peter thought, "Enough of that emotion, let's go for another one," and then he said,

"Very good Lilly, Now I need you to imagine that I am a boy that you have a crush on. Look at me"

Lilly turned to see him, but with his incipient baldness and his slight beer belly, the photographer wasn't really her type. So her sight didn't show much emotion.

That didn't go unnoticed by Peter who tried to get more expression from Lillian,

"Come on Lilly, use your imagination."

Then Megan, who had been taking photos from other angles, intervened for the first time, "Lilly, Just think about the last guy that you made love with."

Megan was probably thinking of Mr. Palmer, but Lillian's mind traveled to the subway station earlier that day, images of herself shamelessly sucking Tony's cock invaded her mind making her feel both ashamed and aroused. She looked

at Peter, blushed slightly and cast her eyes down in a way that Peter camera expertly captured as the shy flirtation of an infatuated girl.

"Perfect," he said.

She then was sent to change into the next outfit. She put the short pleated skirt, the white blouse, and the comfort black shoes. The whole outfit was made to remind the classical school girl uniform but was not so obviously close to the stereotype. It could pass as something an authentic high school girl could wear to school. For example, she wasn't wearing any socks, the skirt was of a solid dark blue color and wasn't really that short, it got around mid thigh, and the shoes were black but were not so dorky and got a couple of inches heels.

Lillian looked at the mirror as Johanna refreshed her makeup. She knew she would have never dressed like this to go to school, still, she felt not so uncomfortable in those clothes. There was still a vast improvement from the clothes that she wore at her arrival. She admitted she felt satisfaction by finally looking sexy without looking cheap.

She returned to the studio. This time the green panels and the grass matt had been removed and in the place was arranged to simulate a classroom. There were a few student desks, a teacher desk, and even a blackboard.

The room really reminded Lillian of her own classrooms back in high school.

"OK. Lillian, you look great again. Now stand next to the blackboard and copy this math problem from the textbook."

Lillian complied and Peter captured her confident, successful look. She was feeling quite good, and she even left the book aside and started solving the problem, she wanted to impress Peter and change his opinion about her, so he could see that she wasn't the stupid dropout that Megan had told him. But before she could finish, Peter interrupted her and said, "Very good Lillian, I have enough of that scene, now go to the teacher's desk and grab the paper on top, imagine that it is your last biology exam, go for it and then return to your desk. Imagine the rest of the desks are full with your classmates. Imagine yourself anxious to know how you did."

Lillian marched to the teacher's desk, she returned her mind to her high school days and imagined her march to the teacher's desk to pick her exam. She knew she had done well, she only needed to know if she was perfect or not. Still, she felt apprehension just by that. She picked the exam and saw with satisfaction that it was an A+, with a handwritten note "Excellent!" on top. She felt a wave of pride as she was living it all again. She flashed a proud smile and looked around as if she was letting her classmates know how well she went. She carried her "exam" carelessly as she did so many times in high school, trying that somebody noticed the grade and the teacher's note without showing it openly. She put the exam on her desk and reviewed it for a while, mostly to let her neighboring students see it, before storing it under the desk.

When she finished her little act, Peter exclaimed excited, "Wow, what a great performance! We are almost done."

Then Peter directed Lillian to portray the scene in the blackboard and the picking of the exam, this time thinking it was a failure. Unfortunately this time she couldn't get motivation from her own experiences and the acting was becoming fake. Peter was giving constant advice, but he was getting desperate. The photo shooting had been so smooth until then, and he needed the contrasts for this publicity sample to work.

Before things could get out of hand, Megan said, "You are doing great Lilly, we are almost over, wait for us here. Peter and I need to discuss something for a minute."

A puzzled Peter followed Megan to the next room, he didn't know what she had in mind but any help would be welcomed.

A few minutes later Megan and Peter returned. Megan walked to the blackboard and erased the solution to the problem that Lillian had started to write on the blackboard. She also replaced the fake exam with a "C" grade that Lillian was failing to act on.

Then she said, "OK Lilly, hand me your skirt and your panties!."

The phrase left Lillian speechless. She didn't expect it so soon. She wasn't ready for the porno photo session yet, especially not after dressing and behaving like her old... "real" self for the last hour or so. She had indeed put the idea of the nude photos out of her mind during the entire session, negating the reality that she was there for them and not really for this decent modeling job. She started babbling something, then she reunited her composure and said, "Are we already over with the publicity test session?"

Megan didn't answer, she simply extended her hand, "I am waiting, slut,"

Lillian blushed, ashamed that Megan called her that way in front of Peter. For a moment she tried to stand against Megan and regain some self-respect but she knew she needed the studio photos. Blushing she lowered the zipper of the skirt and then took it off along with her panties. Megan tossed the clothes aside and then said.

"OK. Lilly, You have three minutes to solve the problem on the blackboard, otherwise, the photo session is over."

"But why?" said Lillian that was all confused by this and still felt very ashamed to be half-naked in front of the respectable Peter.

"Your time is ticking," was Megan's only response. She was intently looking at her watch.

Lillian walked the blackboard, she felt very nervous and self-conscious of her bare ass and bald pussy on display. She tried to solve the problem, a few minutes ago she had thought it was an easy one, just basic algebra, but now

her mind was blocked by the adrenalin. Images of herself being in a real classroom dressed as she was flooded her mind. She was becoming aroused, and her nervousness increased as she realized that she was losing precious time immersing herself in stupid sexual fantasies.

She started writing, but then she erased her attempt of a solution and restarted again, blushing at her own incompetence. She didn't know what to do, her mouth was partially opened, cutely reflecting her feelings of perplexity, and then Megan added to her nervousness saying, "1 minute left."

Lilly was in panic mode, she needed to solve the problem otherwise, she probably won't get the photo session. She bit her lower lip, and started dividing and multiplying numbers at random trying to find the answer by proof and error, all the while fantasies of herself half-naked in a real classroom, and being mocked by her classmates for her state of undress and her clumsiness invaded her mind, breaking her concentration, arousing her and further clouding her math abilities.

Then Megan's voice interrupted her, "OK. Time is over."

Lillian's face of shock and fear was priceless, and Peter captured it with his camera as he had with all her vain attempt to solve the problem.

Megan approached the board and said, "You didn't have a clue, and you even have half of the simple arithmetic operations you attempted wrong."

She looked down ashamed, she wanted to show Peter that she wasn't a dumb slut, but now he was looking at her with an amused smile.

"Don't worry Lilly, we will do the shoot anyway. I didn't really expect for you to solve the problem, I know you can't, I just wanted for you to really try," said Megan.

Lilly was red with shame, but before she could recover Megan said, "Now go to the teacher's desk and get your biology test result."

Lillian marched to the fake teacher desk again, this time however her gait was lacking self-confidence, she was exposing herself for that pair and they looked more amused than anything. Peter was still shooting his camera constantly and that added to her nervousness, but she tried to assure herself that he won't use these photos for his client. She picked the "exam" and turned to see it facing the back of the "classroom."

Lillian blushed, the "exam" was a blank page. It had a big handwritten "F-" in red, and a big printing of a photo of herself tied in the couch blindfolded with her legs spread wide, and her hands tied behind her back. Her pussy was obviously wet and her mouth was partly open. A text in big letters completed the ensemble, "You are not college material, just a dropout slut."

Lillian contemplated the page for a few seconds, her face reflecting defeat as a million thoughts filled her mind. Then she felt suddenly conscious that the sheet contains could be seen by Peter or captured by his camera and instinctively she

clenched the paper against her chest and marched to her desk, her red face showing shame and anguish while looking at the floor.

"OK. Wonderful," said Peter to Megan. He was pretty satisfied with the range of emotions that he had achieved to capture from Lilly. If she wasn't trying to enter the porno industry, he would have recommended his client to use these very same photos for the campaign. He would have trouble getting that range of emotions from a model or even an actress.

He was so excited about his work that he had to try.

"Lillian, you were great. I think you can really model. I can get you some shoots, I could even pay you for this one if my client accepts the publicity idea, but that won't be possible if you pose for nude photos. If you are doing it for the money, believe me, only a few porno models make good money. If this campaign is aired, I could pay you 5 thousand dollars, maybe even more. And it surely will get you more jobs. So please tell me that you don't want to continue with the shoot?"

Lillian was speechless. On one hand, she was emotionally drained, and she wanted to end the session right then, and on the other, she knew she really needed those studio photos. She had made so many sacrifices for them that it would be stupid to give up now that she was so close.

Megan was angry with Peter for stabbing her like that. She really wanted to have Lilly photographed, she wanted her anxious to enter the porno industry. That is where her power over the little sexy thing came from, and she didn't like the idea of Peter helping her get all decent. She liked better the slutty and easily manageable Lilly. She was about to say something when Lilly surprised her by saying.

"I... I want the shoot... we are already here you know... and I almost dressed for the event..." she said the last phrase blushing, "we can take a few photos for my... my portfolio and I promise to think about your offer latter."

Peter was surprised, almost every girl that he knew in the porno industry, including Megan, did it for the money, and as soon as they saw a door out they take it. Still, he realized the nude session was too risky for his plans. Once she had high-quality photos of herself, she could easily sell them on the net. Maybe she was too desperate for the money and couldn't wait, maybe she didn't fully trust him in this.

"Why don't we compromise a little? You give me two weeks, I will try to get you an offer for this shooting, I will try to get at least 10,000 USD for it, and if I fail or if you still prefer the pornography portfolio, well... then we shoot it."

Lillian's mind spun for a moment, "\$10,000! That's a lot of money, I could maybe make more modeling than working in my professional field!" but then she tried to remain focused, "but that is uncertain, and modeling is not my planned life, and if I don't bring those photos to Ms. Barbara, I will fail my thesis and I could be accused of academic fraud and..." for the first time she realized the potential

financial consequences of an academic fraud accusation. She will stop receiving money from her trust fund, and she will have to start paying for her scholarship, but without the possibility of a professional job and without the help of her trust fund it would be very hard.

"No, it won't happen. I will save my thesis and show everybody that I am a successful girl and..." Lillian continued musing, she was confused and tried to find a way to go along with the shoot while saving some face and keeping the modeling opportunity open. The idea of having that kind of income was pretty attractive, even if it was just once, it would help her regain her independence from Karen and Megan.

Megan was also thinking. She felt disappointed and divided. She really wanted to photograph Lillian and keep controlling her. The last few days had been a real rush for her, but she also had a debt with Peter. He was her friend, her mentor and she owed him her job. She must support Peter, but she decided to have some fun in the process, she will impress her mentor, and she would still have some little hope.

Before Lillian could come with an answer, Megan said. "OK Lilly, this modeling career could be a chance for you. Maybe you should take Peter's offer, but you must decide right now. If we proceed with the porno portfolio, Peter could not risk to use you in any publicity, because a nude photo of you could pop up at any time in the future damaging the image of Peter's clients."

Peter smiled discretely at this. He knew that Megan was a bisexual, and he sensed that she had something going on with that girl, still she was being loyal to him. He decided to return the favor.

"Listen, Lilly, maybe we can take some nude photos of yours, but I will keep them for three weeks, you won't have a copy during that time. That way there is no risk that the photos end in the wrong hands before I am able to make you a proposal. How does it sound to you?"

Lillian felt the floor opening below her feet.

"I need the photos tomorrow, or they will be useless, and I deserve to have them, I deserve to save my career after all the sacrifices I had made," she thought and before she could plan something smart to say she blurted out:

"I can't wait for three weeks." She blushed at her own eagerness.

Megan hid a smile, she had hoped something like this. She suspected that Lillian had promised the photos to a boyfriend, or to her lecherous boss. Or maybe her boss or somebody else was blackmailing her somehow. She really didn't care too much, as long as she got this power over Lilly.

Megan then realized that her fun could end with the photo session as Lillian was going to get what she wanted, she decided to go for the killing, as she really didn't have much to lose.

"OK Lilly, I see that you really want to have these photos in your hands now, but this could be a life turning decision for you. If we proceed with the session and I give you the photos as we said before, it will close the doors for any serious modeling job to you, so you will be completely committed to making a career in the porno industry"

Peter realized the manipulation by closing Lillian's options to these two, but he considered that Megan was making another attempt to support him.

Megan continued, "Karen and I could not support you forever, so if you decide to go to the porno, you must agree that I have half the rights of your portfolio and a release form signed, just in case I want to promote you."

Lillian was getting ditzy at all this talk, but oddly she was also getting horny.

"And let me tell you something, I don't want to disappoint you but there is not much demand for glamour photos, the real money is in the kinky stuff. So if you are serious about a porno career, we better make a more advanced portfolio, I think some bondage sex will do the trick."

Lillian was speechless and blushing red. Megan was pretty confident of her strategy, but she sensed that Lillian felt ashamed having this conversation in front of Peter and she could still back off because of it. So she said

"Don't say anything, you need to give this a serious thought." She approached one of the student desks of the studio and put Lillian's skirt and panties over it, then pulled a few things of her handbag and put them in another desk. There was a pair of handcuffs with their keys, a neck chain, a pen, and a generic release form, she filled the blanks with her name, and a rough description of the pornographic nature of the shooting.

Megan continued, "Peter and I will go to the meeting room over there. We will wait 10 minutes for you to take your decision. If you want to be a nice and decent publicity model, you will put on your skirt and panties and destroy the release form. If you decide so, you may keep the outfits that you wore for Peter's session, so you start building a decent wardrobe; otherwise, if you feel the need to be slutty and pursue a porno career, you will take off the rest of your clothes, you will fill your complete name in the release form and sign it, and then you will hang both cuffs keys in the neck chain and put it on, then you will cuff your ankles together, cuff your hands behind your back and wait for us on your knees."

Megan didn't know if she will do it, but just by saying it she was having a big power rush and her own pussy was dripping.

Peter was amazed by the outrageous demands but he was even more intrigued by Lillian's reaction. He would have expected that she protested but she remained quiet.

They went to the meeting room and watched the clock constantly, waiting silently for the 10 minutes to pass.

When they returned, and to Peter's shock, they found a naked Lilly, handcuffed as instructed, knelt with her knees wide apart, her pussy was swollen, shiny and red. Sue was blushing, from her shoulders and up and she had her sight cast at the floor. She had hesitated for a few minutes before deciding that she won't risk her trust fund and her career plans for an uncertain publicity modeling career, no, she knew she must stick with her plan. At the same time, she tried to convince herself that her dripping pussy had nothing to do with her weird decision.

She was very ashamed and when Peter asked her why, she tried to come with the less embarrassing explanation for her stupid decision.

"I am sorry Peter, but there are already a few naked photos of me on the internet, I got carried away one day and posted some on amateursluts dot com, I am sorry."

Megan quickly browsed the site and found Lillian's post of the day before. It was a very popular thread. She noticed that Lillian's face was blocked in all the photos, she smiled and keep it to herself.

"Oh, I found it, I see that you posted your favorite photos, the ones in your PowerPoint presentation. Great!" Said Megan.

Lillian blushed, she wanted to keep those post secret, and now that crazy girl knew about them. Well, it was all her fault.

"Smile!" said Megan. And Lillian did her best effort to smile. Her first studio nude photo and it wasn't an innocent one, she was cuffed, and obviously aroused in what seemed to be a classroom, and worst of all, she was smiling dumbly like a low-class bimbo.

Lillian shivered at her own image. Then they started photographing Lilly, from several angles. Peter and Megan alternated giving the orders. There were no more respectful instructions but barked orders that Lilly obeyed without thinking.

"Open your legs slut, separate your knees... good"

After a few minutes, they opened the cuffs, liberating Lillian's legs and hands. She thought with relief that they were over but then Megan said,

"You are doing fine slut, now step over the teacher's desk... that's it. Sit facing the 'classroom', now bend your knees and open your legs... perfect"

While Megan talked, she and Peter were constantly taking pictures, very embarrassing pictures indeed.

"Now, I will make a little video, I want you to touch yourself"

Lillian was paralyzed, she was very embarrassed and to be ordered to masturbate in front of Peter was just too shameful. Certainly, all of her hopes of making a good impression on Peter were trashed when she apparently preferred an uncertain porno career over a more probable, profitable, and

decent publicity modeling career; but nonetheless, she was still ashamed, and the idea of masturbating in front of that respectable man was just too much.

She was, however, very horny and overwhelmed by a bunch of emotions caused by her own decisions, and the way it was all developing. She felt confused and thinking clearly had never seemed tougher for her.

Megan saw Lillian's hesitation and decided to push further, leaving her no time to think, and trying to crush any self-stem that could stop her to be a wanton model.

"Come on slut, you know you want to. I bet your dying to come. No need to pretend, Peter already knows what a slut you are."

Lillian started shyly touching her pussy, rubbing softly her outer lips.

Megan saw with satisfaction that Lillian was starting to get in the mood again.

"Look at Peter in the eyes... very good...rub your clit, don't be shy... excellent!"

Lillian looked at Peter while furiously rubbing her clit. She saw scorn in his face, but she could also sense that he was getting horny too. She felt an odd proudness. She was putting a good show. She entered then a dream-like state. She started to put one finger inside of her pussy, then a couple, then she felt ashamed and averted her eyes, and retired her hands, but she was too aroused to stop and quickly she was at it again. It was a strange fight between her shyness and good sense against her horniness, and that strange satisfaction of being wanton in front of Megan and Peter.

Megan went for the killing,

"Now look at the desks. Imagine they are full with your classmates. Imagine they are looking at you right now. Imagine the kids that you didn't give the time of the day, now looking at you naked and rubbing your pussy for their amusement."

Lillian could vividly imagine a strange mix of her former high school classmates and her current college ones. She imagined them seeing her degrade herself like a common whore. She, the demure feminist, acting like the worst slut. The humiliating idea just added to her arousal.

"Imagine your enemies, boys or girls seeing your performance, along with the boys that you turned down or that never got to first base with you."

Lillian could clearly imagine it, and she was getting hornier by the minute.

"Of course, soon you won't have to imagine that because once we sell this video on the net, many of them will indeed see you masturbating for their entertainment and they will tell the others"

Lillian blushed but didn't stop fingering herself while feeling her tits with the other hand.

Lillian was on the verge of an earth-shattering orgasm when Megan said.

"Stop! Slut. We have enough of this scene."

Lillian babbled something, "but..." she was desperate to come, and her hands were still over her pussy, but she wasn't masturbating anymore.

"Stand up by the desk and cross your hands behind your back Lilly."

Lillian complied slowly, she was sweating, and her respiration was still short and fast. Megan approached her and tied each of her wrists to the opposite elbow.

Lillian looked at her with apprehension and desperation. Her hair that had been beautifully combed at the beginning of the session was now plastered on her face, giving her a somewhat wild and sexy look.

"Don't worry, you will get to come, just not yet. We just need a few photos with a real cock," said Megan.

Peter was horny as hell, but he was not stupid.

"Don't look at me," He said amused, part of him wanted to do it, but he was not a careless teenager anymore, "and Megan, don't even think of letting her do you on camera, even if your face is hidden, it could seriously damage your career if somebody points the finger."

Lillian barely registered that phrase, of course, the career risk also applied to her, especially as her face was pretty clear and in very high resolution, but she simply was too horny to think. She was really yearning for an orgasm.

"You'll never see me again in front of the lens, so keep dreaming you pervert!" said Megan playfully, "And I knew you would chicken out. Just tie her to the chair. M Style, I will return in a couple of minutes."

Then Megan parted laughing, leaving Lillian alone with Peter. She was blushing and she could see a bulge in Peter's pants. He pulled the wooden chair that was acting as a teacher's chair without taking his eyes off Lillian.

Then he finally broke the awkward silence.

"Sit on the chair. Good, now put your legs over the armrests," said Peter as if he was asking her to toss her hair or something equally innocuous.

Lillian complied blushing, exposing her very wet pussy even more. Peter tied each of her knees to the back of the chair and her ankles to the back legs of the chair. Then they waited for a few minutes for Megan to return. The wait was pretty shameful for Lillian, as Peter silently ogled all over her body with lust and contempt, and she couldn't do anything, not even close her legs to hide her aroused pussy. Peter didn't make any effort to conceal his open stares at her very wet pussy. Here she was all exposed in front of the man that she wanted to impress just an hour or two ago, a man that had shown interest in talking to her and making her feel good, but now she felt that for him she had turned into a

mere object. She interpreted his silence as the lack of interest in talking to a "thing" other than to bark orders.

These thoughts were having strange effects on Lillian, they were mining her self-confidence but at the same time were making her hornier. She was divided, she wanted the session to end and recover some self-respect, and she wanted desperately to come. She was still deciding what to ask Peter for when Megan returned to the studio.

She was walking happily along with a man from the office cleaning service. He was a tall and strong white young man, dressed in a blue overall.

"Paul, this is Lilly. She is a colleague of yours, she is a cleaning girl, but she aspires to be a porno model, as I told you. So what do you say are you in? Remember that your face won't be visible in the shoot, just your cock."

Paul was 19, he was careless and not so aware of the long term consequences of his actions as probed by the bunch of tattoos that portrayed on his biceps and forearms. He wasn't either aware of his rights, he just thought that the girl was hot and she looked so desirable in that bondage that he would have happily given a month's payment just to touch her. And of course, if she wanted to suck his cock, he for sure won't stop her.

"Of course," said Paul with a big smile, which showed his yellow teeth.

Lillian looked at him, normally she wouldn't give this guy the time of the day, but right then she was so horny and so emotionally exhausted that she just wanted for the shoot to end, and of course, she wanted her orgasm, after all, she deserved it, she had suffered too much that night.

Megan said, "Paul pull out your cock and stand beside the chair...closer... that's it, now begin doing your job slut."

Lillian turned to see Megan like imploring. For a moment Megan thought that it was just too much for Lilly, but then she read her face more carefully and saw something else.

"You want to come, don't you?" she said.

Lilly blushed bright red and without making eye contact she simply nodded.

"Well, let me help you." she pulled another toy from her handbag. It was a pink vibrator that she turned on at low speed. The vibrator was wide, around one and a half inches of diameter.

"Do you want this? Well, you just have to ask for it."

Lilly looked at Megan in the eyes and said in a cracking voice, "May I have the dildo please?"

"of course Lilly."

Megan easily inserted the dildo into Lillian's wet pussy.

Lillian started twisting her hip, which sent the vibration of the dildo straight to her clit. She was however disappointed that the vibration was so low.

"Could you turn it up please," she said in an almost inaudible voice.

"Of course, said Megan," as she upped the speed a couple of notches sending pleasurable waves to Lillian, "but to make things interesting, if you come before Paul, I won't give you any studio photos until next week."

Lillian rolled her eyes in despair and started licking Paul's dick which was already erect.

"Imagine that you are a College girl, a very mediocre one, and you know that this janitor cleans the teacher's lounge and you have asked him to look into the trashcans for drafts of exams hoping you can find the ones you need. He had agreed but didn't want money, he wanted sex instead. He likes his sex kinky, and you agreed because you had no choice, you are too dumb and too lazy to pass the subjects on your own. So basically you are sucking the janitor's cock in hope of getting better grades and avoid being kicked off the university."

Lillian immersed herself more and more in the fantasy that Megan was creating, and she was getting hornier by the minute. She realized that the fantasy was not so far away from reality. she was indeed sucking a janitor's cock, in an attempt to cheat her teacher, trying to avoid being expelled from college.

Lillian blushed with shame and even paused her ministrations for a few seconds, but then she completely ignored the video and photograph cameras that moved all around her. And started sucking with enthusiasm. She imagined being the dumb, slutty girl that needed to suck cocks to get approving grades. She felt her orgasm starting to build again, and reluctantly she stopped rotating her hips. She then alternated swallowing as much of Paul's cock as she could and expertly licking his balls and sucking on them for a while, and then licking all the way up to the tip of his shaft to start it all over again.

When he sensed that he was about to come, he pulled out as he had seen in uncountable porno movies and pumped his sperm all over Lillian's face and hair.

Seeing he coming, Lillian felt now free to twist her hip rhythmically, stimulating her clit with the vibrations of the dildo. Paul was still pumping the last drops of semen over her when Lillian exploded with probably the strongest orgasm of her young life. She then collapsed exhausted.

"Hey, you are really a great cocksucker, ho," said Paul in a loud voice.

That broke the enchantment. Both Megan and Peter realized that they had crossed the line. Their boss allowed them to use the studio to take a few nudes, not to film a porno movie. They briefly crossed sights and confirmed each other's apprehension.

Peter was the first to regain some control and said, "Silence! We have to leave immediately."

He then took Paul with him and said. "And you. Not a word of anything that happened here, no bragging, no nothing. You have to keep it to yourself, If I hear any rumors about this, I will deny that it happened and have you fired. On the other hand, if you keep quiet, we can ensure that you have good times with Lilly every now and then.

Paul nodded. He resolved to keep it to himself, he wasn't really concerned with consequences but the second part of Peter's argument was pretty convincing.

Meanwhile, Megan had untied Lillian's hands and legs and was helping her clean herself and the studio with the help of a bunch of tissues.

Peter returned a few minutes later with an aroma spray and after spraying all the area, he said.

"Let's go now. Come on I will give you both a ride home."

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A few hours later Lillian was trying to get some sleep in Megan's apartment couch. She was restless, tossing and turning. The trip back home had been a total embarrassment. After Megan untied her, she was given just an old Peter's t-shirt to wear, he probably used it as a rag. Then she was sent alone to the elevators and Peter instructed her to go to the basement #3 where his car was parked. She smelled of semen and was barefoot and naked under the t-shirt. Neither Peter nor Megan wanted to be seen with her in her current condition.

Megan collected Lillian's clothes and Peter dismantled the equipment and did a final check that there were no remains of Paul's or Lilly's fluids. All in all, they came down to the parking space at least 10 minutes after Lillian. Lillian had waited nervously in the almost empty park lot. She was dirty, barefoot and just covered with the old t-shirt that barely covered her pussy. She felt disgusted at herself, and inferior to everyone else, even to that Janitor Paul.

During the ride home, she was completely ignored by the other two that were chatting animatedly. Once the danger was over, they felt pretty exhilarated with the whole session thing.

Once at the apartment, Lillian waited for Megan to use the bathroom and then she showered for a long time. She came out of the bathroom dripping, she had used the little towels to dry herself as much as she could, but it wasn't enough. She found with desperation that the trunk with her clothes was still locked and Megan was already in her room. Lillian wanted desperately to get dressed, but she didn't want to piss off Megan, after all, she still needed her to give her the photos. The only thing that came out fine was that Karen was not in the apartment, she didn't want her to know about the shoot, and would have died of embarrassment if Karen had seen her so cheaply dressed and smelling of semen.

A new loud moan from Megan pulled Lillian out of her memories and back to the present. It was not only her remorse and her nudity which had kept her so uneasy in her sleep, but the fact that she could perfectly hear Peter and Megan

making love with passion in the next room. The constant giggles, moaning, and the bed squawking sounds were a torment for Lillian. They should be going for round three by then, and Lillian could not avoid thinking that it was her own performance what got them all excited. She wondered what it would be like to know that a lot of people masturbate or even make love thinking about you degrading yourself in front of a camera.

Lillian wanted to embrace herself, to comfort herself, and she finally rubbed her pussy until she fell asleep.

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The next day, Lillian woke up early in spite of her previous day exhaustion and her restless sleep. She had already showered, had taken breakfast, and had combed her hair in a ponytail by the time Megan and Peter got out of Megan's room. Of course, Lillian was still naked, she didn't have anything to wear. Fortunately, Peter barely acknowledged her, he simply kissed Megan on the cheek and left running.

"Megan, I need the photos now," said Lillian and regretted her wording, it simply sounded too desperate. "And my clothes, of course, I have to go to work and..."

Megan had expected that and had prepared her response in order to keep her control over Lillian.

"Don't worry Lilly. I already have my six favorite pictures of yesterday's session in this memory. But let me do the promotion, I still have some contacts you know. I will start today and I bet I could land you an audition and a paid photo session in probably a week or two. Maybe even a video. More than that, I think I could get a customer for yesterday's session, it could pay you \$500! I'll call you later when the deal is done, I can do all the paperwork, I already have your release form!" said Megan full of excitement.

Lillian head was spinning, "No please Megan.... I am still not ready... you know... to really make it public... please."

"But this is what you want, don't you? Otherwise, why were you so eager about the photoshoot and why are you so anxious to have the photos now?"

Lillian felt trapped, she needed the photos or all of her sacrifices would have been in vain. "Yes I want it, but.. but I am not ready yet...", then she blurted what she thought was a clever idea, "I have thought that if I spend some time looking at the pictures, I will feel more comfortable with them, and It would make it easier for me to accept that other people see them too."

She felt pretty satisfied with her response, but Megan put her again out of balance by responding.

"OK, I understand. It is a good idea, I will give them to you, but I don't think it will be enough. We need to do more things to make you more comfortable with the idea of being seen by thousands of unknown men and women that will be

lusting after you. I will give you this memory with the 6 photos if you agree to three conditions."

"Yes," said Lillian without thinking. She realized that she was becoming very easy to manipulate but she wanted those photos now and she couldn't think of any other thing.

"First. The 'always naked when at home' rule remains in effect. I know you did it to prove that you were ready for the session, but now you'll need it to get more comfortable with the idea of everybody watching your naked body."

Lillian softly nodded, it was maybe too much, but maybe after she got her photos she could get Karen's help to tone this down. On the other hand, her pussy was starting to get wet again. She then realized that she rather confront Megan, even make it up for her someday, instead of Karen getting to know about her shameful session.

She was gotten out of her thoughts by Megan's description of the second condition, which she just partially understood.

"...need to do something about your clothes..." she vaguely listened.

"Excuse me?" said Lillian.

"OK. Let me repeat it for you in a very clear way. I forgot that you are a slut that gets easily distracted with her pussy."

Then Lillian realized that she had been softly passing a hand over her wet pussy. She retired her hand quickly and blushed.

Megan smiled and said,

"Some of your clothes are not slutty enough for you, and we need to get you out of your comfort zone. So you accept that people see you as the slut you are.

So the rule is this:

Every day you will pick your most decent outfit and I will exchange it for a new one, a revealing one that fits more with your personality. I already picked some outfits for you in the thrift shop. You are going to love them!"

Lillian blushed, what was Megan thinking? She didn't have any decent clothes right then.

But if you cheat and don't pick the most decent one, you will give me that outfit and I will pick another one, all in exchange for just one outfit. Let's start now, bring me your suitcase; I already opened your trunk."

Lillian rummaged through her luggage, she felt a hole in her stomach. After she gave her jeans to Maria, there wasn't really any outfit that she would consider decent. Still, she knew that some were more shameful than others, so she

picked the denim shorts along a black t-shirt that went beyond her waist and was made of a slightly thicker fabric.

"Nice choice Lillian. You are really getting into the spirit," then she pulled something out of her bag. "Here, have this new outfit. You love it, don't you?"

Lillian took the garment in her hands, she was hesitating, trying to think how she would look in it. She promised herself that she will have to find a way out of this craziness before she had to wear the outfits chosen by Megan.

Megan pulled her out of her stupor. "Try it now."

Lillian obeyed. The little gray t-shirt went only to about 2" above her navel, the sleeves were very short and covered just the middle of her shoulders. The shirt was a little tight, but the fabric was not so sheer. It has the logo of some music band that she didn't recognize. Then she tried the even skimpier shorts. They were blue and were made of cotton, they felt soft and fitted her very tightly, like a second skin. She blushed realizing that at least a couple of inches of her cheeks were on display, and the shorts were very low riding. If she would have had pubic hair, it would have shown. It made the distance between her t-shirt and the shorts look enormous.

She blushed, "Thanks Megan," she said insincerely, and started taking off her t-shirt to change into less shameful clothes when Megan interrupted her,

"No time to get naked again Lillian, Come to the kitchen table and bring your computer."

Lillian blushed at Megan's misinterpretation of her actions. She put the t-shirt again and complied, "Maybe she is going to finally give me the pictures," She hoped that Megan had forgotten about the third condition.

"OK, Lillian look at the photos in this memory. Choose your favorite."

Lillian looked at the photos, in the first one she was cuffed and on her knees, she was of course completely naked, in the next she was in the same position but this time her knees were wide apart, another photo showed her masturbating wantonly on a teacher's desk, the next she was tied to the chair, and the final one showed her, all tied and sucking on Paul's cock, her face showed a dreamy expression as if she was completely lost in pleasure (and she probably was).

Lillian didn't know what the game was, but she thought that choosing the last one could be dangerous and the first one was so lame in comparison to the others that it could make Megan mad. So she chose the second one, that showed her all naked cuffed and on her knees with her knees wide apart. Her hair was still looking good and her facial expression reflected some dose of shame, arousal, and a little fear. It was a sexy photo.

"This one," she said, not without certain hesitation, after all, she didn't know what to expect of Megan's games.

"Nice choice Lilly," Lillian breathed with relief, but it was short-lived as Megan continued. "Now post it to your amateur group. You promised them a photo with your face and even sluts have to keep their word. It will help you get used to the idea of people that you don't know seeing at naked pictures of you. In this site, you will be seen by just a few hundred, not nearly as many as you will get once you are really in the industry."

Lillian felt ditzzy again. The phrase "Just a few hundred" kept ringing in her ears. She had done many stupid things in the last few days, but even in her condition, she knew she had to stop this nonsense.

"No. Megan, I don't think I am ready yet..." she said in a lot less assertive tone that she intended too. She sounded doubtful, and shy instead of resolved to set a limit as she tried.

"Listen Lilly," said Megan in a friendly but very firm tone, "You made a big decision last night, and I am proud of you. But you can't go through life hesitating at each little step. Yesterday you committed yourself to this career, if you don't dare to take the steps, then I will push you, otherwise, you'll never accomplish anything in your life. So let me be clear, If you don't upload the photo, I will post the last one. It is as simple as that. I will help you get your objective, even in spite of yourself."

Then she added in a serious, almost emotionless voice. "I need to go now. As soon as I arrive at my office, I will check your thread in the amateur site, if your new photo isn't there, I will post the one I told you." And with that, she left avoiding any chance of arguing by Lillian.

Lillian hesitated for a moment. She knew she had to chase Megan and try to stop this non-sense, but she felt too self-conscious to go out in the very skimpy outfit she was wearing. For a moment she thought of changing her clothes before running to catch Megan on her way to the subway station, but she realized that she would lose too much time. So she grabbed her keys and ran after Megan, after turning in the first corner, she saw her from afar. Megan was standing in the next corner looking at her smartphone. Lillian felt relief and shouted, "MEGAN!," only to see her getting into a cab and drive away.

Lillian was the vivid image of despair as she saw the taxi drive away. She then realized that her screams had gotten her a lot of attention. She didn't dare to look at the faces around her. She cast her sight on the floor and ran back to the apartment.

She sat at the kitchen table. She was trembling, and her face was pale. She realized that she had no way out. She prepared the post, it had only a small text, "Thanks for your comments of the other day. Here I am, as I promised." She previewed the post in her browser. She put the mouse pointer over the submit button and froze. She was pretty aware that this could have lifetime consequences. She realized that she had many times mocked those dumb starlets that let themselves be photographed in the nude by their boyfriends and then end up being the wanking inspiring photos for many nerds.

"At least they didn't post the photos themselves," she thought bitterly, "If I thought they were dumb, then now what can I say of me? I am the worst bimbo ever." She clicked on the submit button. Then in a daze she refreshed her browser constantly, seeing with sick fascination as the hits of her post climbed to 4 then 9 and 16. When the counter reached 35, she realized that she had been masturbating the whole time. Her work entry time was approaching fast, so reluctantly she pulled her hand off her pussy. She then quickly edited the six studio photos, putting black rectangles over her face, and saved them to a USB memory. She then felt the temptation to see how many people had seen her naked body in bondage and with her face clearly shown, but she fought the impulse and closed her laptop without even turning it off.

She then went to the living room and she was for another surprise. Her suitcase was already locked inside the trunk! She cursed Megan, took her keys and purse and marched to her job.

On her shameful walk to the subway station, she could not avoid to scold herself. She had lost her chance to avoid posting her shameful and identifiable picture because she lost so much time hesitating to be seen in the skimpy outfit and what for? She had to expose herself all morning anyway.

All the way to her job, she received a lot of lustful and spiteful stares. They were probably just a little bit worse than the previous days, but there was some fundamental change in Lillian's perception. Previously she felt ashamed because she thought that everyone would mistakenly think that she was a slut and she wasn't, although her image and actions screamed just that. But now she felt even more embarrassed, as anyone that saw her, KNEW that she was a slut. This time she thought that every spiteful opinion about her, every knowing smile, every disdainful commentary, were all true; And the fact that she could not even disguise that she was a slut by wearing decent clothes, ashamed her to no end.

Her workday was a nightmare. She had to bear the scornful remarks by Mary and, as she was late again, she had to do "punishment work" by cleaning bathrooms, and scrubbing floors on her hands and knees.

Near lunchtime, Lillian started getting out of her stupor. "I have to meet Ms. Barbara this afternoon and I have absolutely nothing to wear!" she thought with desperation, then she tried to calm herself.

"You can do this Lillian. You have the photos, you can negotiate an extension for the thesis or maybe even fail it in a gracious way, without the risk of being accused of plagiarism. You only have to get some decent clothes to go to the university." She said to herself.

After reviewing her situation for a few minutes, she concluded that her only way out was to get Karen's help once again. There was simply no way that she could call any of her classmates and ask her to lend some clothes. She simply could not explain why. It was embarrassing to ask Karen for help, a few weeks ago she felt so superior to that girl, and now she felt intimidated by her. Karen recent success paired with her own downfall made her feel so small and so ashamed. She was the only one that knows both Lilly, the slutty teenager

dropout and Lillian the demure, successful almost graduating psychology student.

She took her cell phone and very nervously called Karen.

"Karen, hi"

"hi," said Karen.

"I need your help. Can I see you at 2:00 PM? It is very urgent."

"OK. What's the point?" said Karen.

Then Lillian saw Mary staring at her. It was prohibited to make personal calls during job time.

"I have to hang Karen. But I need to see you, please," she said with desperation.

"Ok. At that hour I will be having lunch with some friends. We will be at Milano's restaurant, you know the one downtown."

"Thanks. I'll be there," she said hanging up and hiding her phone as fast as she could. Surprisingly Mary didn't give her a hard time. Maybe she considered her a lost cause or maybe she simply had more important things to do.

The rest of the morning was a blur to Lillian. She simply tried not to think anymore, her mind concentrated entirely on scrubbing.

On her way to the restaurant, she managed to ignore the stares, and isolate her mind in a daydream. She was looking for the chance to wear her classy clothes again. She will ask Karen for her room key and then she will go to their apartment and look for one of her outfits. She distracted herself thinking about what she should wear, she felt excitement and joy just to do that.

"I should wear the blue slacks, with the black jacket. No, this occasion calls for something special, I should use the gray ensemble,"

The gray ensemble, as she called it, was one of her favorites outfits; It was formed by a gray skirt that went just below her knees and a matching blazer. She used to wear it with a blue blouse, black high heels, and dark silk stockings. For a moment she thought that it looked too dowdy, and not sexy at all, but then she immediately discarded the thought. That settled it. She would use it, just to prove herself that nothing had changed and that she was still Lillian, the successful student and future businesswoman. She will defeat "Lilly the slut" her growing alter-ego.

Thanks to her thoughts she managed to assume a confident attitude, in spite of her current circumstances. However, as she approached the restaurant her self-confidence seemed to crawl away from her.

She arrived at the restaurant at 2:10 PM. She looked around nervously, the restaurant was not a top-notch one, but it wasn't the kind of place that office workers use for lunch. It looked more like the kind of restaurant that middle management would use to pamper a good client or celebrate an achievement.

She fidgeted nervously biting her fingernails as she watched the restaurant door from across the street. She had always despised that habit, in fact, she hadn't done that since she was in junior high. Maybe 5 minutes have passed and she had seen a middle-age couple, as well as a small group of businessmen leaving the restaurant. Everybody was neatly dressed in expensive business attires. She thought that she should wait for Karen to come out, but she looked at her cell phone clock and realized that if she didn't talk with Karen soon, she won't have the chance to go to the apartment and change and then arrive at the university on time for her 4:30 PM appointment.

She pulled down her t-shirt as much as she could, but it didn't help much, and it only caused her nipples to be more visible, if only for a moment. Then she repeated the operation with her short, but there the situation was worse. If she tried to cover more of her ass cheeks, she almost exposed her pussy. She finally decided to leave her clothes as they were and marched to the restaurant.

She hesitated just a little before crossing the restaurant's door. Immediately she felt the stares of the people in the nearby tables. She felt her knees weakening but continued her march to the hostess but before she arrived at her desk, the hostess walked to her and said politely but firmly.

"Sorry Miss, no sellers, and no beggars allowed."

Lillian felt deeply ashamed but resisted her urges to turn and ran away from that humiliation.

"No, ma'am. I am sorry about my attire. I... I am just looking for someone... Karen... Karen Smith... she is eating here with some co-workers."

"I see," said the hostess doubtfully.

"We have a dress code here. Why don't you wait outside, and I will see if she is still here. Ok?"

"Thank you, ma'am," said Lillian with relief. She felt out of place in the lobby of that nice restaurant.

She left the restaurant. The hostess was a young beautiful girl. She was dressed in an elegant dress but the cleavage and the length of the skirt were a bit daring and it was clear that she worked there as eye-candy for middle-aged businessmen. Lillian had always despised hostess, but now she felt so unworthy to even talk to this respectable girl.

After maybe 5 minutes the hostess came out and said. "Ms. Smith is eating here indeed. You are not allowed inside but her group is about to finish, she said that you should wait here for her."

Lillian simply nodded. She felt a new wave of humiliation and a new blow on her self-confidence, but there was nothing she could do about it.

She waited there patiently for maybe another 10 minutes. She knew she was running out of time, but there was nothing she could do about it.

Finally, a big group of businesspeople showed at the restaurant's door. They were 9, a couple looked like young secretaries, but the others were women and men in their early thirties that were dressed to impress; they looked successful and happy; it seemed they had just had a great time. A couple of men said goodbye.

"Congratulations again Karen. You are on the path of a great career. A 40% raise! I am really envious." One of them said.

"I think you even beat Patrick, as the fastest first promotion in the company," said the other guy, "See you later at the office."

Lillian was stunned to be hearing all that. Karen was already making more than she would earn in the internship if she hasn't screwed it, but now she will be even at a higher position. She felt jealousy and anger. She also felt deeply humiliated just thinking that at least until she finished paying her employee loan, Karen would be making more by the hour than she made the whole week.

Then her thoughts were interrupted by one of the secretaries. She was staring directly at her, "Look at that slut! Isn't it too early for street walking!" she said with anger thinking that a tramp like that degraded all women.

The loud insults attracted a lot of attention to Lillian, and soon all the group, including the departing guys were staring at her. Some were whistling or making dirty jokes.

Lillian felt trapped, but to everybody's surprise she managed to say, "Karen, please."

"Hey! She is my cousin Lilly!"

"Oh... I am so sorry Karen...we didn't know...she looks so... so different," said one of the secretaries, sincerely regretting her actions.

"Don't worry Sandy, she deserved it. I have told Lilly a thousand times that she shouldn't go out in that kind of outfit or nobody would take her seriously. But she still surprises me, I never had seen her wearing so little... well... I mean outside the apartment."

Lillian blushed. She felt betrayed but she understood that it must be pretty embarrassing for Karen to be greeted by her, in her current outfit, and in front of all of her co-workers. "I wouldn't even say hello, if it was me the one in the business outfit," she thought.

Karen was pretty amused with the whole encounter, and she wanted to take down Lillian another peg.

"As a matter of fact, why don't you help me. Maybe if she hears it from other women, she will understand. Maybe she needs a harsh treatment to change her ways."

Sandy was the first to talk. "Listen Lilly, there is something called underwear. You should wear it, unless you want everybody to think you are a slut." She said it in a patronizing tone that almost made Lillian explode, but a little voice inside her own head put her out of guard. "unless you want everybody KNOW that you are a slut," she repeated mentally to herself.

Lillian covered her tits with her arm.

"You should look up to your cousin. She is a really good example for you to follow, she is a successful woman, that gets everything with her brains not her looks. She has a very good taste for clothes, if you can't be like her, you should at least imitate her." Said another woman, maybe the one with the highest rank there.

Loren, a 32 accountant added, "Lilly, don't you know half your ass is on display? Are you a slut, or just want people to think you are a slut?"

Lillian was speechless. She didn't know how to defend herself. She felt dumb and ashamed. She felt miles below any of the women scolding her. She didn't dare to say anything to those respectable ladies, and her mind was blank.

She felt more humiliated that any day in her life, she wanted to be far away from there. She wanted to comfort herself. To caress her pussy to have the reward she needed to push away all those insults. Then she realized that for the first time she understood in first person the real meaning of the word bimbo. Here she was dressed like a slut, all dumb, and all of she could think of was getting off.

She babbled something, then she gathered all of her will power and said, "Karen. I am here to ask you to lend me some clothes."

"You say it for real, or are you only trying to make me happy."

Lillian rolled her eyes impatiently but she only managed to look more like the spoiled teenager everybody believed she was.

"No. It is for real. Please, can I have your room keys."

"No. Sorry. I let them in the office."

Lillian's face went blank. "I really need to change...Some jeans at least..." said Lillian, her voice faltering.

"I don't have my purse with me. Girls, could you lend me some spare, so Lilly could buy a pair of jeans."

A few minutes later they parted, leaving a stunned Lillian counting coins and 1's bills. She had around \$12.

For a moment she felt defeated and thought about skipping her appointment with Ms. Barbara, but she realized that it would only make things more difficult. She was determined to shop for some jeans and a t-shirt, she wanted to be decently dressed as soon as possible.

She walked around in the business district for a few minutes. It was a very shameful walk, dressed as she was. She constantly saw people staring at her, pointing, even laughing. She felt more and more self-conscious after she was scolded by middle-aged women a couple of times. Her search was fruitless, the stores in the business district were mainly high-class ones, she couldn't afford even a handkerchief there. Not to mention that she would probably be thrown out before she could even reach the junior department.

She analyzed her possibilities; she could find inexpensive clothes in the thrift shop, but there was no guarantee. There weren't many clothes in her small size and she had lost precious minutes walking around, so she probably won't make it on time. There were several big supermarkets near her university that probably carried some inexpensive clothes, but she didn't want to get any closer to her college until she was more decently dressed. She walked towards downtown, and it looked like a good decision because she finally found a discounted store. It wouldn't be as inexpensive as a big supermarket, but she could probably find something.

She walked the aisles and found several racks with jeans at \$14 and t-shirts from \$9. She was desperate and started to look in a table full of clothes that said, "any item at \$9.99." There were several blouses, jeans and skirts. She realized that she won't afford two items and decided that she should do something about her shorts, after all the words "You are showing half your ass," still rang in her head. She knew that her shorts were more shocking than her blouse.

After desperately searching she finally located one item that could fit her. It was a pair of jeans. They were stretch fit and very low ride. They reached down just to mid-calf. She didn't like them at all, but they were a lot better than her shorts. She bought them and asked for a bathroom to change.

After struggling with them she was able to put them on but not before taking off her small shorts, which were so small and sheer that she was able to store them in her purse. She looked at the mirror. It was an improvement, but not a big one. Those jeans were made of very thin denim and looked almost like painted on her, and there was a lot of skin between the low ride jeans and the small t-shirt.

Lillian sighed, there wasn't much she could do about it. She thought one more time on calling Ms. Barbara instead of going to the appointment but rejected the idea. She would have to go and fix this situation.

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An hour later Lillian entered her thesis counselor office. Barbara was shocked by Lillian's look. She was always so business-like, so demure, so conservative.

Her hair and makeup always looked neat and sophisticated, but now she looked like a young high school tramp. She had never seen a student dressed so trashy or so slutty. For a moment Barbara was speechless, so she made a hand motion signaling Lillian to sit.

All of this went not unnoticed to Lillian. She was blushing ashamed, she didn't expect to bring "Lilly" to "Lillian's" territory. She was forced by the circumstances and she didn't like it at all.

When Barbara finally got over the initial shock, she said, "Lillian, em," she was trying unsuccessfully to find the right words, but finally she decided to talk straight to the point, "Are you on drugs or something?"

"No! Of course no!" said Lillian avoiding eye contact and blushing. She felt outraged by the question but she realized that the true explanation was even worse. Still, she wanted to save some face and added, "I was wearing this trying to empathize with my subject and I didn't get the chance to change before our meeting. I am sorry."

She felt more at ease, even knowing what was coming.

"Lillian, you know that our professional job requires us to keep a distance from our subjects or patients. Dressing like her could help her open up but it weakens your position and could also introduce false inputs to your subject that could, in the end, alter the result of the study"

"I know," said Lillian, but she immediately regretted it, so she added, "This is risky but I was having too much trouble making her open up."

Barbara was disappointed and her face showed it, but decided to let it go. "Well, that is your decision, not a very professional one, but your decision. I will, however, require you to state that in your thesis so the readers could judge if they trust the results or not given the bias introduced by your empathizing technique."

Lillian blushed with rage and shame. That bitch was forcing her to write in the opening of her thesis that she dressed like a slut for the interviews. In her field, it was very common to analyze the thesis of collages and job candidates.

She wanted to end the meeting as soon as possible so she said, "She was reluctant to give her studio photos but I finally got them, I store them here and of course I edited out the faces as she requested."

"Of course," said Barbara.

Barbara took the memory and put it in her computer.

Lillian felt very uncomfortable and wanted to leave right then.

"I need to go."

"No please stay. I need to see if I can read them properly. It will only take a few minutes, and we need to talk after I see them"

Ms. Barbara started slowly browsing the photos, looking at each of them for a good deal of time.

All the while, Lillian was nervously fidgeting in her chair. Just the thought that her teacher was looking at naked pictures of her was making her burn with shame, but it was also awakening her arousal. These days her pussy seemed to be always ready to spark. She glanced discreetly to her crouch, only to find an embarrassing wet spot. It seemed now that her pussy was just waiting for the slightest provocation to drench her jeans which recently happened several times a day.

It seemed like an eternity, Lillian was trying to guess which photo was Ms. Barbara looking at, just based on her facial expressions. She was in complete silence but from time to time she arched an eyebrow or blinked. A knock on the door startled Lillian and interrupted Ms. Barbara's work.

"Come in," and turning to see Lillian she said, "Sorry Lillian, but I have to sign some papers, it would just take me a couple of minutes.

It was a male student.

"Hi," he said looking at Lillian. Then turned to see Ms. Barbara and said, "Hi Ms. Barbara, this is my application, if you agree to endorse me, please sign here and here."

Then Ms. Barbara turned her 22" widescreen monitor that now showed the first photo of Lillian's set, so both Karl and Lillian could see it.

"Yes, I already told you that I will endorse you."

She started signing the papers while the student's eyes were glued on the screen and Lillian felt completely embarrassed. It was a student of her own university and he was looking at her, naked and cuffed on the screen!

Ms. Barbara closed the folder but before giving it to the Student she said, "Karl, maybe you can help us. Do you think these photos are from some pornographic studio or are they amateur?"

The student felt a little bit nervous and turned to see Lillian who could not avoid to blush. He started looking at each photo, pausing at each one for comments.

"Well, she is really hot, and I am not a photography expert but the lighting looks professional, can we see more?"

Another call interrupted Ms. Barbara and she said, "Yes, you can come in Katy, I really need my coffee."

When Katy entered she was shocked by the image on Ms. Barbara's monitor, "It is Lillian's research subject, please be discreet. But you can help us too, we want to know if this is really a professional photo shot."

"Could this be worst?" thought Lillian whose face was still red.

"You should relax Lillian. We are all professional, there is nothing wrong about looking at porn from a professional perspective, and is not as if it were you on the screen," said Ms. Barbara and laughed.

Lillian nervously laughed along and tried to detach herself from the situation.

Everybody was trying to make professional sounding comments even Lillian added some commentaries on the setting, but when they reached the last one. The one where she was sucking Paul's cock (although her face was blocked), Lillian was overwhelmed. It was too shameful for her to see her Teacher, a college secretary and a fellow student analyzing her pornographic photo.

"Wow! Said Karl. She is really good, look at her pussy... Er vagina, she is extremely aroused, there is even a wet spot on the chair. Can you zoom it?"

Ms. Barbara obeyed to Lillian's shame. There it was her pussy in a larger-than-life-size photo. The camera that Megan used had been of very high resolution.

Then Katy that was getting more and more into the activity (anything was better than real work), added. "Well, the photos are high resolution for sure. And she must really be a porno model because look, she doesn't have any stubble, she probably had electrolysis to remove all her pubic hair, only the worst sluts would do that."

Lillian's heart was pounding fast, but fortunately, it all ended as suddenly as it started. Ms. Barbara said, "Thank you both for your help. Please leave me alone with Lillian."

"Ok. Lillian, it seems that you complied with my request. I think that we can meet next Monday and talk about the future of your project. I am even open to helping you get an extension if you need it."

Lillian breathed satisfied. It was her first real accomplishment, next week she would put her life back on track.

"Thank you Ms. Barbara, I'll be here."

"Just one more thing Lillian. One of your classmates claimed that he had interviewed Carly Fiorina, Sherry McCoy, and Amy Pascal among others. He sent me a bunch of photos of these famous ladies with him as proof that his interviews were real. I recruited a photoshop expert from the art department to see if the photos were real or fake. He made his analysis and they were real.

I would like to send him these photos too. I don't think they have any problem, but I want to have a professional opinion to back me in case of any controversy. You know, I already burned once," she said with a smile.

Lillian felt jealousy for the guy interviewing her former idols.

"So, do you have any problem if I send these pictures to the expert? I promise that the privacy of your subject will be protected."

Lillian hesitated, but she was so happy with the results of the meeting that she didn't want to risk them in any way.

"Yes, of course. Just no copies please, I promised my subject."

"Don't worry about that. I will keep a copy, and send another to Mr. Jackson. He will promptly destroy them after the analysis."

Lillian realized that there was no way to know, but she preferred not to think too much about it.

"Ok. Ms. Barbara, see you on Monday."

"And Lillian. Please don't bring your empathizing attire next time." she said with a smile, while Lillian blushed.

Part 5-b

Lillian's night was pretty uneventful. She had to be naked in the apartment but it helped her conceal to Karen the fact that she already had a nude photoshoot. She had taken off her new jeans and hid them under the stairway outside the apartment for fear of Megan making her exchange them for another outfit that would be a lot skimpier.

Megan interpreted Lillian's apparent happiness as a signal that she was coming to terms with her incipient porno model career. Karen was puzzled but thought that maybe Lillian got some good news at school. At some point, Lillian approached Karen.

"Karen. We need to talk."

"About what?"

"It is something long. Can we have lunch together tomorrow? It is very important to me."

She needed to recruit her to help her get out of Megan's control and to make Megan forget about all that porno career craziness. Megan was hearing from afar and she interpreted it as just the contrary. Lillian will announce her cousin about her career choice.

"OK. Meet me at 2:00 PM, there is a McDonald's just around the corner of the restaurant where you saw me last time. Try to dress decently, I don't want to be kicked out."

Lillian swallowed her pride and said. "Thanks, Karen, I'll be there."

The Call

At her morning break, she checked her cell phone and found a lost call and a message. "Call me! It is urgent," both came from the same unknown number.

She dialed. It was probably Karen calling from a new phone or something.

"John Jackson here," it was a male voice. The name was vaguely familiar.

"Hi Mr. Jackson, I have a call from you on my cell phone at 11:40?," then the name "Mr. Jackson" hit her like a train.

"Yes, Lillian. I work in the art department of the university."

"Oh. You must be the one helping Ms. Barbara," said Lillian trying to stay cool.

"Well, I have some findings and I wanted to share them with you beforehand"

"Yes?" she said trying to conceal the trembling in her voice. "What could go wrong? There is no way he could have something or is it?"

"Well, the photos are professional indeed. The camera used, the settings of the camera were all right, and it indicates that there was professional lighting used, because the flash was off, and."

"I see," said Lillian more at ease.

Mr. Jackson cut the long explanation and continued, "Have you heard about the EXIF code?"

"No."

"Well, it is a hidden code put by the camera in the photo file. It contains all kinds of information about the camera, its settings, sometimes the GPS position. This code is usually preserved even if the photo is edited."

Lillian felt a hole in her stomach, he could probably know where the photos were taken and think that there couldn't be a porno studio in the expensive business district, but even if the GPS position was in the code, she could talk it off."

"The EXIF code also has another pair of interesting things. It has the time and date stamp of the photo. These photos were taken just a couple of days ago."

Lillian was speechless. This was really bad.

"And the last thing that the EXIF code carries is a thumbnail of the photo. Some photo editors override the thumbnail, but others left the original. Your editor is of the second ones."

"A.. a thumbnail...," she managed to ask.

"Yes Lillian, a small copy of the whole picture. Let me send it to your phone"

Her phone vibrated and soon an image of her kneeling and naked, her red hair and aroused face was clearly identifiable despite the low resolution of the photo.

"My professional conclusion is that these photos were taken just a couple of days ago, and the model is definitely you. I bet you would have many problems if I give my conclusions to Ms. Barbara."

"Would," Lillian thought, a window of hope.

"What do you want? You know... to keep it.. to keep it to yourself," said Lillian.

"I want money," he was always short. "Give me 2,000 USD and I will keep it quiet."

"I don't have that kind of money!"

"You are surely a resourceful girl, put your mind in getting my money or say goodbye to your college. You must have something to sell, you must have friends that lend you, bank accounts, whatever. Just get it. I will say to Ms. Barbara that I have not analyzed the photos yet. I'll wait until Monday."

"It would be impossible to get that kind of money for Monday!"

"Tell you what. Gather as much as you can, and on Monday I will tell you if it is enough. If it isn't I will call Ms. Barbara and give her the disappointing news about her pupil."

Lillian was frozen. She finished the rest of her working morning as a robot. Then she went to the Mc. Donalds. Karen was her only hope. She needed that money, otherwise, everything will be over.

She felt more at ease once they were sit in a booth. It concealed the shorts that she was wearing, and her t-shirt looked more innocent, even when it was clear that she wasn't wearing a bra.

Karen talked first, "So. What is what you wanted to tell me?"

Lillian sighed. She had planned this meeting to help her get rid of Megan, and have access to her stuff, but now she had much bigger priorities. She fidgeted in her seat, then she threw her flip flops and sat crossing her legs Indian style. She looked childish compared with the businesswoman in front of her.

She nervously picked at her fries.

Karen crossed her hands in front of her. "I am waiting, Lillian. I have to return to work soon."

Finally, Lillian broke. She told Karen all the true story about she needing photos to probe that Karen was a porno model, she told her about how being drunk she had sent pictures of herself nude but with her face blocked to comply with the

request. She then told her how Ms. Barbara had asked for real studio photos, and she knew they would have to be of herself again. She told her about the photo session, of course omitting the humiliating details, and finally about the previous day dialogue with Ms. Barbara.

"So what is the problem then? It seems that you get what you needed. Don't you?" said Karen, who was pretty amused by the events. "I have to see those photos," she thought cheerfully.

"I thought so, but a man of the art department analyzed the photos and discovered it was me."

Karen's eyes were large as plates, she wanted to laugh but contained herself.

"And...?" she said, sensing that there was something more.

"He wants \$2,000 by Monday morning or he will tell Ms. Barbara."

"That is a lot of money. How will you get it?"

"You know I can't. It is impossible. Can you get a loan in your job or something? I promise to pay you soon, with interest. Please!" she begged.

"No. I can't do that. Sorry. I am doing very well in this job, but I just started. It will look bad if I ask for a loan this soon. They would think that I can't even manage my own finances. But..."

"But what?" said Lillian seeing a glint of hope.

"How important is this to you? Are you willing to make sacrifices, you know to sell stuff"

"It is the most important thing in the world, and yes I would sell stuff." Said Lillian desperately.

"OK. Let me make some calls. Why don't you refill my diet coke in the meantime."

Meekly Lillian grabbed Karen's glass and went to refill it. There were several high school girls ahead of her, so she had to wait.

When she returned Karen was still on the phone. She just gestured Lillian to put the glass in front of her. Lillian remained standing and full of apprehension while Karen calmly sipped from her beverage and said short phrases from time to time, "yeah... Aha... I see... so that is your best offer. Well let me call her and I call you back with an answer."

Karen said, "Sit. I got you a client for your stuff."

"What stuff?" said Lillian doubtfully.

"All of it. See I have this friend, he likes to buy whole storage rooms without seeing them. I told him about you and the little storage that you rented for your belongings, and he agreed to buy them all, without seeing what is inside for \$1,200 USD. I bargained as much as I could and he offered me \$1,300, I think is a good value."

"All of my stuff?," said Lillian, "Wouldn't I get more value, selling or pawning each thing separately. Just the computer cost me around that amount?"

"Probably, but don't take it as a sure thing. The used market does not pay so well, especially if you are in a hurry. Clothes are often bought by the pound, and electronics are paid at 1/10 their original retail value. After all, these people have to make a profit. You just have this afternoon and tomorrow, I think you are not going to get a better value."

"Can I at least get some clothes and my personal stuff?"

"Forget about the clothes, they are part of the deal, but I can get your personal belongings. You know papers, photos, things like that."

Lillian felt ditzzy. "I don't know, I would lose too much and it would be probably not enough for this guy."

"Tell you what. I want to help you. I will give you \$200 for the entire wardrobe you already lend me, and I even let you use these outfits for your school appointments, but only for your school appointments."

On one hand Lillian felt better, She wouldn't have to go to another appointment dressed as a slut. That would definitely help her to improve her mood and gain some normality. On the other hand, she would have to dress like a slut everywhere else.

She was hesitating. "If I could arrange my blackmailer for \$1,300, I could keep the \$200 to buy some new clothes, cheap ones, but decent ones." She bit her lower lip. She realized that no matter how optimistic she could be about it, selling her stuff would be another big step downwards.

She was thinking. "Maybe I should call Ms. Barbara and come clean. With luck, she could let it go with the condition that I drop the thesis, and I could even trap that bastard. But what if she didn't, what if she accuses me of academic fraud. I certainly would lose much more than \$2000. Shit! I was so close, and to fail after all my sacrifices is really frustrating. No. I have to play this card. I am brave, I can do what it takes."

"Ok. Karen. I agree to both offers," she said with less conviction than she intended.

Karen immediately called her friend.

"Yes, you may pick it right now. I will talk with the storage facility manager so you don't have any problems... Yes... Just leave me the cash later in my office... Thanks ... you are a sweet guy."

Then she hung up and said.

"Ok. I have to go now. I'll give you the money before your Monday meeting. By the way, I will be out of town for the weekend, I'll see you on Sunday night, but don't worry I will give you the money by then."

Lillian felt a hole in her stomach. Just like this, all of her possessions were gone, and she didn't even know if it would be enough to buy that man and stop from being thrown out of the university. She realized with sadness that it would take her months to recover from this. She looked at herself and realized, that at least until she paid the "loan" of Mr. Palmer, she won't look any better, she would even look worse if she didn't stop Megan's games. Well, that was not important at that time. The priority was to stop Mr. Jackson's blackmail.

She decided to go to the apartment. Once there she took off her clothes and stored them in the trunk. It made her feel so small and so humiliated, and she really needed other reassurance in her current circumstances, but she didn't want to piss Megan, not while she had her photos and the release form.

She tried to put her worries aside, Karen told her that \$1,300 would most probably be enough. But doubts invaded Lillian's thoughts.

"What if it is not enough? I won't have time to raise more money on Monday. Oh, I don't think I could live with this anguish for two more days. There is just so much in stake here."

After nearly an hour of hesitation and internal debate, she finally decided to call Mr. Jackson and bargain right then, instead of waiting until Monday.

"Mr. Jackson?" she said with a weak voice. She felt pretty insecure and having that conversation naked just added to that feeling.

"Ah. Lillian the Model. You should see the photo that I have on your caller Id."

Lillian blushed ashamed. She wanted to say something but words didn't come out.

"Do you already have my money sweetheart?"

"No sir, well... yes..."

"Yes or not. Decide. Are all psychology majors this dumb?"

Lillian felt her face burn.

"I got \$1,300, It is all that I could gather. I just can't..."

She was interrupted.

"You are doing very well. I bet that you will get the rest by Monday."

"No Sir! I really can't, I don't have any money, I sold all my stuff.." she was on the verge of crying she even let out a little sob.

"Tell you what, got me \$1,700 and you are off the hook"

"I really can't sir," then she surprised herself by saying, "isn't there another way... you know...we can meet and... well... if you liked the photos..." she couldn't believe she was offering her body once again to try to save her career.

At the other end of the line, Mr. Jackson laughed.

"You definitely have a cute ass girl, unfortunately for you, I don't swing that way."

Lillian cursed.

"Please, sir."

"\$1700 by Monday, if you don't have them, don't bother calling me. You are a smart girl, don't you? I bet you would find a way to get another \$400 during the weekend."

With that he hung up, he was barely containing the laugh. He didn't expect to get not even a thousand. Once he started the blackmail, he was out in the open, if the girl didn't bite, he would be in a bad position, but that girl was a pretty shitty negotiator. She didn't realize that she had a certain degree of leverage. "And they say that the art majors are the ones without down to earth skills," he thought amused.

On the other side, Lillian was appalled. She would have to give the \$200 that Karen was going to pay her, and still would be \$200 short. She was so scared and so depressed that she ate some cereal and went to bed early. She masturbated to sleep trying to forget about her worries.

Lillian awoke late on Saturday morning, it was around noon. Megan was already up and was eating breakfast-lunch. She was in a cheerful mood and invited the naked Lillian to join.

"Good morning sleepy head! Do you want some hotcakes?"

Lillian barely nodded. She was still half asleep. She started eating as Megan talked.

"Today is cleaning day. It was Karen's turn to clean the apartment, but as she is out of town, I suppose she told you to take her place, didn't she?"

Lillian grunted. She didn't want to clean the apartment or anything. She just wanted to find a way to get \$200.00.

"Sorry I can't do it. I have to go. I'll help you next week"

"Where are you going?"

"Er... I ..." she hadn't thought and she was pretty bad at improvising.

"Don't be lazy. You can do this in just a few hours, and then you can go out in the night with your friends. Maybe brag to them about your incoming porno career."

"No.. I really need to go...I can do the work at night, I won't get out."

"You are just being lazy. Let's compromise, you'll do the cleaning, and I will do the Laundry, and if you do a good job, I may lend you some bucks so you can hang out at night. Of course with your looks and clothing style, you shouldn't pay anything by yourself. Let the men do it, after all, they are going to get something. Aren't they?"

Lillian blushed, "Megan must think I am an easy lay," she thought. But then memories of her recent sexual encounters filled her mind, and she realized that she had been having sex with people she barely knew. Then the shame became even deeper. She wasn't being misjudged by Megan. She simply guessed right that she was an easy lay.

Lillian felt a tingle in her pussy and tried to put that thought aside. Then she realized that Megan could be her way out. She surely could afford to lend her \$200, she just had to be on her good side.

"Ok. I'll do the cleaning."

"That's the spirit. I know that you do this all week, but hey, in a short while you could leave that boring job and start your porno model career!"

Lillian blushed at both implications. The first, that she was just a cleaning girl for now. And the second that Megan thought that the most she could aspire to, was to be a porno model.

Megan opened Karen's room door, and then her room door, and told Lillian to start sweeping and mopping.

Lillian started in Karen's room. Doing housework naked made her feel humiliated and insecure, but just by being close to her cherished clothes, made her have some hope. She then had a brilliant idea.

"When Megan goes to the laundry, I can dress decently and then go to the bank and ask for a loan. There is an office open on Saturdays and the regular income that my account shows should be enough to borrow \$300 or \$500. Why didn't I think of this a few weeks ago? It would have been easier than all I did. I must be stupid. How couldn't I think of that earlier?"

Megan took her time, she was walking back and forth, supposedly collecting the clothes for laundry, but taking her time to look with undisguised lust at her nude servant. She also took every opportunity to correct Lillian's work.

"Hey, you must sweep better, there is a bunch of dust on that corner. You are a pretty bad cleaner, no wonder you have to fuck the boss to keep the job."

Lillian blushed with shame. She was doing shitty work indeed. The reality is that her mind was wandering. She was dying with anticipation, she wanted Megan gone so she could test her theory at the bank.

Finally, Megan seemed satisfied with a couple of bags filled with dirty clothes. They included most of Lillian's scarce wardrobe. Lillian was pretty happy that Megan was about to leave, but then Megan surprised her.

"Lilly. Come to the living room."

Lillian hesitated, the door to the outside aisle was partly opened. Somebody standing in the right spot could see her but she didn't want to upset Megan so she complied.

"Put your hands in front of you."

Lillian obeyed without much thinking until Megan surprised her by closing a pair of handcuffs around her wrists.

"No... Megan..." she said in a weak, insecure voice, "no games today please, I... need to finish the cleaning..." She was blushing and was very nervous. This could close the door to her recently found solution to her money problems.

"Lilly, you are a good girl, and I trust you, but I know you are struggling financially, and to be frank, I don't want to give you any temptation to act foolishly and ruin our friendship."

Then she added in a cheerful voice. "I bet you can do a very good job just as you are, and it will be a lot more fun don't you think? It will turn the boring cleaning into something sexy and daring," she said excitedly.

Lillian was speechless. Then Megan handed her what looked like another pair of cuffs, just these weren't separated by a short chain, but by a 2 feet bar. Megan continued, now even more excited.

"Put this on your ankles."

Lillian decided to fight back, "I remembered that I need to go to the bank... If you lend me some decent clothes I promise to play with you all afternoon," then she added, "I need some cash because I have to make an important payment Monday morning," hoping it would sound serious.

"How much do you need?"

"Around \$300."

"Can you withdraw that kind of money?" she said a little surprised.

"No," Lillian acknowledged shyly, "I was expecting to ask for a cash loan or something."

"No that won't work, not for Monday anyway. Now put the ankle cuffs because I need to go, and I will think of something for your problem."

Lillian hesitated, but she realized that Megan's help could be more certain than a bank loan. She was right, even if approved, it could take days to clear off. She bitted her lower lip and put the ankle cuffs. The spreader bar wasn't too long but it will make her walking difficult and shameful.

She felt a lot of apprehension being chained this way, and once again at Megan's mercy, but her pussy seemed to be happy with the fact, as it was seriously dripping, and thanks to her pussy baldness, Lillian's arousal was in plain sight.

Megan smiled satisfied, then she took a piece of chain and a couple of padlocks and used it to link Lillian's cuffs and the spreader bar, so if she was standing up, she could not raise her hands more than a few inches above her navel.

Lillian's respiration was getting short and ragged, much to Megan's satisfaction who went for the killing. She put a strange aluminum belt around Lillian's waist. She adjusted it tightly around the narrowest part of Lillian's waist and then she closed it with a small padlock. Lillian was perplexed, but then Megan produced another strange piece of aluminum that had a couple of short chains at one end. Lillian still didn't realize what could it be, until Megan laughingly clipped the aluminum in the front of the belt and then passed the chains between Lillian's legs, pulled them tightly and clipped them to the back of the belt. She finally fixed them with a couple of small padlocks.

Lillian then touched the garment with her cuffed hands, it was hard material and it covered her pussy completely but not much else, giving her no protection from prying eyes, but still rendering her pussy inaccessible. Just then she realized what it was. It was a modern chastity belt!

She looked at Megan with despair, and she said amused. "You need it, otherwise you would be all worn off by the time I come back. And I deserve to use your horniness, after all, I am the one causing it."

Lillian was about to say something when Megan put a ball gag inside her mouth and tied it firmly in the back of her head. She probably won't need it, but she wanted Lillian to feel totally defenseless and vulnerable. She was rewarded by Lillian's frightened but aroused respiration.

Megan was excited and amused by her creation. She tied a tiny frilly maid apron around Lillian's waist. It was white, almost transparent, and so short that barely reached the top of her pussy. She finished her masterpiece with a matching white and black maid headband.

Lillian was overwhelmed with shame, and she was so horny that she would masturbate right there in front of Megan if she could.

Megan seemed to read her mind and said, "Don't worry Lilly. I know you want to come, and you will; It just won't happen until I come back, but in the meanwhile, I will make things interesting for you, so you don't get bored with the cleaning."

She then marched to the front window of the living room and pulled the Venetian blinds up. Then she tied the cord to the top. Lillian's eyes were a pair of plates. She was stunned. She won't be able to reach the cord with the restricted movement of her hands, and she could not even use her mouth because of the ball gag. So the blinds were going to be wide open until Megan returned.

To Lillian's despair. Megan repeated the operation in the kitchen window and Karen's bedroom. Fortunately for Lillian, Megan's bedroom didn't have a window, so she planned to hide there. But Megan had other plans and she closed and locked her bedroom door.

"My room is clean enough. Concentrate on the rest. And wash the dishes that are over the table. If Karen's room isn't reasonably clean, and the dishes are not washed by my return, you can forget about me helping you getting money."

She then slapped Lillian's ass. "So have fun slut. I'll be back soon."

Then she parted leaving Lillian in a state of semi shock. With the blinds up, she felt completely on display. She ran awkwardly to Karen's room, walking like a frightened penguin, and feeling completely ridiculous.

When she arrived, she looked at the open window with despair. The sunlight filled the room and she felt exposed. She tried to breathe slowly and calm down. She analyzed her situation and realized that she could only be seen from the apartment across the narrow street and right in front of hers, and maybe if she was close enough to the window, from the apartments below, above and to the sides of it. She shivered but calmed herself seeing that the apartment just in front of her window had the drapes closed.

With a lot of work, she managed to pick the broom from the floor and started sweeping. It was hard and tricky. In her first attempts, she almost fell, but then it became clear that she needed to do short strokes, which made her progress very slow. Managing the dustpan and the broom at the same time was almost impossible, she put one of her bare feet over the dustpan and swept the dust to it in short awkward strokes. Her feet quickly became very dirty.

At some point, she passed in front of the full-body mirror of Karen's room and she was amazed by what she saw.

"Where is Lillian, the brilliant, respectable psychology student, the future successful businesswoman?" she thought with despair. She felt her old persona slipping irremediably away, being replaced "Lilly the slut" the image that the mirror reflected was a new low for her. She looked completely cheap, trashy... and horny. Her nipples looked like a pair of bullets and although she could not see her pussy she knew it was dripping wet. She realized that she looked more degraded than many of the porno models that she had seen, especially the ones that she saw at the beginning of her "porno research."

She blushed. "I am hitting a new low. I passed from almost executive to clerk to cleaning girl and now to some kind of a very slutty slave maid," the last thought

sent shivers to her pussy. "Can I still go back to be what I was before this nightmare?" she asked herself looking at the pornographic image reflected by the mirror. She pushed that thought away. "Of course I can, by Monday I will return to my normal self. I just need to play along a couple of days and I will be free to be myself again."

She tried to ignore her doubts, there were a lot of factors out of her control. She had sold all of her possessions and she will give the revenue to her blackmailer. It was also a real possibility that even if she managed to avoid an accusation of academic fraud, she still most probably will have to drop her thesis and lose her cum laude. But the doubt that she didn't want to even verbalize to herself, the little thought that she wanted to keep out of her conscious mind, but kept nagging her like a little voice that was growing. That doubt was: "do I want to get back?" still every time she let that thought slip to her conscious mind she convinced herself that it was just a passing phase and "Lilly the slut" soon would be out of her life.

"It is only behavioral conditioning," she said to herself in a matter of fact tone, "The moment I stop acting like a slut, the moment I will feel again comfortable with my old self and stop enjoying these humiliating roles that I have been forced to play."

She knew she should get back to work, but she couldn't take her eyes from the mirror. She looked worst than most porn models. She finally snapped out of her daze and continued cleaning the room the best she could. She even swept very close to the window at the risk of being seen. Which gave her a thrill that she tried to negate, but she even spent more time at that part, pretending to clean it more carefully.

Then she marched to the kitchen. It gave her a new wave of fear and a new thrill. The march was slow and she was exposed to the apartment outside aisle. Their apartment was near the stairs, so if a person left or arrived at almost any apartment on their floor, she would be seen. The fact that it was Saturday with people entering and leaving at random hours made Lillian even more afraid.

The idea of being seen tormented her. "What would they think? Would they think that I had been kidnaped? Would they call the police?" she thought. But then she surprised herself thinking, "No. They will think I am doing it on my own consent. They already KNOW I am a slut, and with this outfit, they would hardly think that I am a victim, if any, they would think that I am a worse slut than they thought."

She arrived in the kitchen feeling defeated and aroused. There was another window that also leads to the outside aisle. She breathed deeply trying to control her fear. On the table were just a few plates and glasses from breakfast and the previous night dinner, as well as a frying pan. She took one plate and walked awkwardly to the kitchen sink, only to realize that it was too high. She could not raise her hands high enough to wash the plate there!

For a moment Lillian panicked. If she failed Megan won't help her with the money she needed.

"Try to think Lillian, you are not a dumb bimbo, you can solve this," she tried to reassure herself.

Lillian's anxiety was rising. She was turning her head to one side and the other, trying desperately to think something. Then she got it. She took the first plate and carefully walked to the bathroom. She let the plate on the shower floor and returned laboriously to the kitchen. She realized that the march would make her more easily spotted if somebody came by, but she could not think of any other solution. So she marched back and forward, carrying items to the shower. After 15 or 16 rounds, she was exhausted and very nervous. Just then realized that she must have washed each piece instead of gathering all of them in the shower and making her trips back to the kitchen empty-handed. She must wash them now, and thanks to her lack of prevision she had now another 15 or 16 rounds to the kitchen to return the dishes.

Lillian opened the shower and started washing the dishes with a liquid soap that she brought from the kitchen. The process was slow with her hands tied, she had to sit on the shower floor, so she ended drenched.

When she finished, she stood up and waited several minutes trying to dry herself by shaking her body. She felt a little more at ease, at least while she remained in the bathroom, she wasn't risking being seen.

After some minutes, she realized that she must return the dishes to the kitchen, otherwise Megan could arrive first.

She started the march back to the kitchen. She was still wet, her frilly skirt was plastered to her body and, her hair to her face. The headband looked surprisingly good despite the water. She left the dish on the kitchen table and marched back to the bathroom to pick some more. She realized that despite her drying efforts, she will have to mop the living room before Megan's return.

She tried to move faster but when she was beginning the third trip to the kitchen she was shocked. There was a male teen just in front of her window. For a moment she stopped on her tracks and hoped for him to pass by without noticing her, and he almost did that but maybe he perceived the movement or something because he turned his head and was surprised by the sight.

Lillian almost got a heart attack, and maybe her face reflected her shock because the young man who must have been 16 or 17 years old looked scared, like thinking that something was seriously wrong, he seemed confused between getting help or trying to enter the apartment, but then he looked at Lillian's face again and sensed something different. He could see that she was frightened indeed, but even with his lack of experience, he was able to notice that she was seriously aroused. Her nipples were pointing out like bullets. He quickly realized that Lillian was more concerned trying to hide than asking for help, and besides if she was captive, her captors wouldn't have left the blinds open.

He realized what was happening and as their sights crossed again, his facial expression had changed for one of pure lust and contempt. Lillian shivered and averted her sight. Looking at the floor ashamed, she turned around, exposing

her ass to the visitor and returned to the bathroom. Her heart was pounding hard, she waited there for a few seconds, but when she got out she realized with shame he was still there, in fact, he was now closer to the window and covering the reflect with his hands to get a better view.

She returned to the bathroom and waited a little more. Her pulse was faster than any time she could remember. She felt trapped between exposing herself even more or failing to comply with Megan's order, which in her current situation could have lifetime consequences. She realized her time was running out and she still had to make around 14 trips to the kitchen. She finally reunited all her courage and walked out of the bathroom carrying a couple of coffee cups. She was slightly trembling. The boy was looking at her with open lust and she blushed but tried to ignore him acting as if she didn't know he was there.

The walk back to the bathroom was even more unnerving as she knew he was staring at her ass, and she could not even look at him. She made a couple of trips and was getting more and more aroused, her dark side wished to be even more on display, and as she arrived at the kitchen with another little load of dishes, she struggled with her little transparent apron and managed to take it off. Blushing deeper she walked back to the bathroom, knowing that her spectator was getting a full unobstructed view of her ass. She had to stop inside the bathroom for a few minutes to catch her breath. She was getting more and more aroused. She wished to be able to touch herself.

She breathed deeply for a couple of minutes to calm herself down and be able to continue, but when she went again out of the bathroom, she noticed with shock that there were now 4 teenagers looking at her, their noses touching the window and making tunnels with their hands to get the best possible view. They were all smirking. A couple of them were full of acne, and probably she was the first woman that they had seen naked.

That thought gave her a weird sensation. Somewhat she felt a kind of sick satisfaction at that fact. She made a couple of more trips, and even when she kept pretending she hadn't noticed them, she was aware that they were aroused and that made her thought about her photos in the internet.

"Are my photos being seen by a bunch of losers like these acne-boys, or some fat middle-aged men? That's for sure," she answered herself, "They are people who probably can't afford a girl, but can, nonetheless see me naked and humiliated anytime they want,"

She shivered with humiliation, but her arousal was pumping her degradation thoughts, "So I am at a lower level than these acne losers."

At some point around her 10th trip, she let a plastic glass fall. The noise startled her, but the accident gave her a wicked idea. She turned, so her ass was pointing to the window and without bending her knees, she picked the glass, given her audience a very nice view of her ass, given the fact that she couldn't close her legs thanks to the spreader bar that she was wearing.

That caused her audience to tap on the window as a kind of applause. The noise seemed to pull her out of her horniness induced stupor. She felt completely ashamed of her actions and walked as fast as she could to the kitchen. And then did the same with the rest of the trips.

She wanted to hide in the bathroom until Megan's return but realized that the floor was a mess with her dirty soles and the water, it was kind of muddy. She thought that Megan wouldn't like that and maybe all of her efforts would go to the trashcan. She looked for the mop but couldn't find it. She finally settled for a big piece of old cloth that she found in the kitchen and started rubbing the floor on her hands and knees, causing a lot of enjoyment to the teenagers. Little by little her arousal returned and with it, her rational mind seemed to slip away, so soon she started to pose for the kids, trying to show them most of her ass, she was arching her back and almost pressing her face to the ground to make her ass her higher point. She imagined her asshole was almost poking out, and she even played with it, contracting and relaxing it.

The boys were mesmerized, but when they heard some noises in the stairway, they ran away, trying to avoid trouble. The person arriving was Megan who noticed amused the boys running away, and then looked inside and was surprised by Lillian putting so obscene show. She enjoyed it for a few seconds smiling with lust. And then opened the door, startling Lillian. Who quickly turned back to see with some relief that it was Megan and not the boys entering the apartment.

Her fear was quickly replaced by shame. Megan probably witnessed her stupid behavior in front of the kids. She blushed and was speechless.

Megan wanted to eat that girl right there, but she knew the more she kept her on the edge, the more satisfying it would be, and the more probability of leaving a lifetime impression on that cute girl.

She had never enjoyed so much dominating anybody, but this girl was really special. Fortunately, Karen had given her cart Blanche to seduce Lillian as she pleased.

"You can stop the show, Lilly. Your little audience flew away," said Megan laughing. Lillian was completely mortified, she wished for the earth to swallow her.

She quickly stood up and tried to say something. "I... I... didn't..." she was so nervous that she couldn't articulate an excuse.

Megan laughed again, amused by Lillian's verbal clumsiness. "Don't need to apologize Lilly. I already know you are a slut. It is only that you don't cease to amaze me."

With that, she marched and closed all the apartment blinds. She enjoyed showing off her puppet, but she didn't like to be seen interacting with her.

With the blinds closed, Lillian felt a little more at ease.

"What happened to your apron? Did it make you feel overdressed for your audience?"

Lillian shivered with shame. "How could she know?" she thought bitterly.

Lillian could not stand to be in front of Megan anymore, she wanted some privacy, and she wanted to get rid of her horniness by getting a much deserved and much-delayed orgasm.

"Megan, I need to go to the bathroom. Could you undo my bonds, please? I really need it." She tried to say through the ball gag, but all that Megan could hear was some unintelligible noises that she found quite entertaining.

"What do you say? That you are disappointed your audience flew?" she said cheerfully.

Megan continued the game for several minutes, hearing Lillian desperately trying to communicate her need thru noises and pointing until she finally got tired and "finally understood."

"OK. Come here," said Megan. She took a dog collar from her handbag and put it around Lillian's neck. Then she produced a key and opened the padlocks that held the chain that went between Lillian's handcuffs and the spreader bar. Lillian looked at Megan with hope as she unlocked the padlocks that held the chastity belt together and pulled it to take it off. Lillian felt that her ordeal was almost over, but then Megan surprised Lillian by pulling her handcuffed hands over her head and using a padlock she joined the central chain of her handcuffs to a D-ring in the back of her collar. Fixing her hands to the back of her neck. Megan then took off the ball gag, and before she could talk she padded her on the ass and said.

"Off you go. Try to not make a mess in the bathroom."

"What?... I can't go like this... I need you to free me," said Lillian.

"If I free you we both know what will you do with your hands," she said with a smirk.

Lillian blushed even redder and marched to the bathroom. She did her business and remained sitting for a few minutes trying to calm herself down. "I need to end this stupid game right now. This woman is crazy," but then she thought, "First I need to get her to make me a loan."

On her way back to the kitchen she kept saying to herself, "Focus girl, you first need to get \$300 and then you can stop this madness."

"So, how was it?" said Megan.

"er... er.. it was hard to clean tied..."

"And?"

"and... well.." she knew what Megan was expecting her to say, but she didn't dare to recognize it, "it was... interesting..." just the memories have her dripping again.

Megan laughed, "I see how 'Interesting'," she said pointing at Lillian's longing pussy.

Lillian took the chance to change the subject, "Megan, about the loan, do you think you can give me the money today, you know, to avoid problems Monday morning?"

Megan laughed. "You have mistaken me, girl. I work in the business district but I am not a rich executive or anything. I have a decent salary now but I am still paying debts of the previous years, that is why we live here and not in a fancy apartment. But I am going to help you earn that money today."

Megan saw Lillian pale face, "Hey, don't worry it is not a porno job, we won't do that until you are ready. And it isn't anything that you won't enjoy."

Lillian looked even more scared, she knew how Megan thought of her. "I am not a whore," she said in a low voice.

"Hey, and I am not a pimp either," she said laughing, "it is just a waitress job, so stop thinking about sex all the time. There are ways to earn money without even having to show your pussy you know," said Megan amused while Lillian blushed ashamed.

"Trust me, it is no big deal, I have done it myself when I am short of money. The manager is a friend of mine, he is always willing to accept temporary waitress, even for one night, they only have to be pretty, which you are, and smart enough to quickly learn the ropes. You will only have to pass a brief interview and it is done."

Lillian was very nervous, just the thought of a job interview, even for a waitress position made her anxiety grow. She remembered her last interviews, first as the very bad, unfocused interviewer and then her interviews with Mr. Palmer to get the cleaning girl job position and then to keep it. She shivered with shame and fear.

She tried to be calm, but she felt very insecure and was afraid that the interview could trigger the memories of her recent humiliating interviews, stimulating her horniness and making her perform even worse at the new chance. She had been having trouble concentrating lately, and she blamed her arousal for it. She finally realized that she needed to get rid of her current horniness otherwise she knew she would do pretty bad in the interview, and it would be not just extremely humiliating to fail in front of Megan, but she will lose her last chance to get the money in time to stop her blackmailer.

There was just too much at stake, "I really need to come, otherwise, I will fail," she thought while biting her lower lip. She knew that Megan was keeping her on the edge for a reason, so she knew she had to involve her to be able to come.

"Megan could we... you know... I ... I need ... You know ..." said Lillian stammering.

Megan was elated.

"What?"

"Can we... you know... Make love," she said the last couple of words in an almost inaudible voice. She could not believe that she was proposing a girl.

"You are very horny, don't you?"

Lillian merely nodded.

"Well I need to go now, It won't take me more than an hour to get back but then we have to get you ready for your waitress job, and I don't like to hurry things you know. Tell you what, tomorrow we stay in bed all day and make love like bunnies. How does it sound?"

Lillian looked at her with desperation.

"You simply can't wait. Isn't it?"

Lillian just looked at the floor humiliated, she couldn't speak. It was too shameful but she needed to come before the interview.

"Well, I need to do my errand now, but I will make love to you when I return if I found that you really really want it and if you are lucky enough."

Lillian looked at Megan puzzled.

"Follow me," said Megan.

Lillian marched to the kitchen behind Megan.

"Lay on your back here," Said Megan.

Lillian complied she was on her back between the kitchen table and the wall that led to the outside aisle. Megan left the room for a couple of minutes and when she returned she unlocked Lillian's ankle cuffs.

Lillian's relief was short-lived as Megan made Lillian bend her knees and started tying each tight with the respective calf using short belts, leaving completely in bondage as her hands were still handcuffed and clipped to the back of her collar.

Megan then took a blackboard that Karen and Megan had to leave short messages to each other and wrote:

"Hi friends, I am Lilly

If you find me with my legs wide open and I look straight into your eyes, please take a picture of me and upload it to amateursluts...

And I'll be very grateful.

P.S. Don't mention my address in the internet, or I'll have to move"

Then Megan showed the blackboard to Lillian and said:

"Here is the deal, if I found such a photograph in your site when I get back, we will make love before going to the restaurant, otherwise, you will have to wait until tomorrow"

"But How?" Lillian said, surprising herself.

Megan didn't answer, she put the blackboard beside Lillian and opened the window that leads to the outside aisle. The window was high on the wall, it started at around 5 feet, and was protected by a grille. She then pulled the blinds up and said.

"Listen, Lilly, if somebody passes by, they won't see you, you are on the floor and the window is high enough, they would have to get close to the window and look down, so it won't happen casually unless your admiring crowd returns. If you are lucky enough and they return, is up to you to smile and open your legs."

Lillian was even more aroused but she managed to say, "No Megan, if this is the condition I don't want to make love anymore"

"Sorry girl, but the time to say no has come and gone, and I have to go to my errand. Don't worry, you will have fun, even if nobody shows you will have a great thrill."

Lillian blushed, still she had some fight in her so she thought, "The minute that she goes, I will try to push the blackboard out of sight or erase it and I will try to crawl under the table. There is no way I will play her sick games anymore"

But Megan seemed to read her mind and said,

"Just a couple of things before I go."

And she tied the ball gag again and then surprised Lillian by using a transparent fishing line to tie each of her nipples to a couple of nails that protruded from the floor molding in the window wall.

Lillian realized with panic that she could not move from the spot that she was unless she wanted to risk ripping her nipples apart. She looked at Megan and begged with desperation, making desperate noises through the gag but Megan just smiled.

"I don't understand you, well I should be going. I bet you will have a lot of fun."

Lillian rolled her eyes in desperation.

She was very nervous. At first, every little noise made her jump and hurt her nipples, but as time passed she was getting more and more at ease.

"Probably those kids are away now, and nobody else will note my presence if I am quiet."

She thought. With her peace of mind, her arousal returned little by little. The fact of being so blatantly exposed was making her shiver with excitement. She started fantasizing about the kids returning and she begging them to take her picture, by then she was dripping like a faucet. Then she heard voices in the corridor. At the beginning she couldn't get what they were saying, but as they approached she started to understand the phrases.

"She must have gone by now," said one male voice

"or at least she must be dressed, they probably already had sex, the black girl left her anyway," said another.

Lillian panicked, "They're coming!" she said to herself, looking nervously to one side and the other like trying to find something that would help her escape or at least hide, and save her from the humiliation that was coming.

In the end, she only managed to close her eyes and her legs. The fishing lines didn't help her, and she could not completely close her legs without making it extremely painful to her nipples.

Her heart was beating fast when she finally sensed that they were in front of her window. It only took them a few seconds to find her laying on the floor.

"Hey! There she is! And she is fully naked this time! I can see her pussy."

"Isn't she supposed to have hair down there," said another one.

"She is a shaver," said a third.

The most mature voice said, "Hey be quiet, we don't want to draw attention."

Then they started to boldly describe her body and her bondage.

Even with her eyes closed, she could not avoid blushing. They were discussing her like a piece of meat.

"Her tits are a bit small, but they are firm."

"Her ass is just wonderful, she looks better than most porn stars."

"I bet she is a submissive," said the most mature, that wanted to look like an expert.

"Yeah," said another.

Lillian's legs started to feel tired, it was hard to sustain the semi-closed position tied as she was, so for moments she opened her legs and gave them an unobstructed look of her pussy. In one of such occasions, the most mature said,

"And she must like this a lot, look her pussy is dripping wet"

"I can't see it"

Lillian resisted the urge to close her legs. She was getting more and more in the game, so she stopped trying to close her legs and even started to slowly open her legs a little more. She was getting more and more aroused and having her eyes closed made her feel a little bit detached as if it was all happening in a dream.

Something got her out of her stupor as she heard one say.

"I will take another picture, but this time with flash. Let me know if somebody is coming."

Lillian felt the flash and with it a new wave of shame and arousal.

"They are already taking pictures of me naked and tied!" she thought, and then trying to fight her arousal and her sense of unreality, she thought. "Maybe if I look at them with a really angry and menacing face, they will leave, and keep those photos to themselves until I made them erase them."

She was fighting with the idea of opening her eyes, it was just too shameful, but she thought, "I need to see their faces to be able to stop them later."

Just then one of them said, "Hey look at that blackboard. She must really be a slut to want her photos posted on the internet."

Everybody looked at the signal and Lillian could hear excited giggles. Finally, Lillian closed her legs as much as she could and managed to open her eyes and look at them, but instead of the authoritative and menacing sight that she planned, she felt so insecure that she only managed to look at them blushing. She was completely humiliated.

Here she was, a supposedly successful college student, all naked and at the mercy of this bunch of acne plagued high school boys. Four boys were peeking through the open window, and only the older one, that was probably 19 or 20 years old, looked barely passable for her. But maybe just because of that, she was getting more and more aroused. The thought that she couldn't control this bunch of losers to look at her while she was displayed in the most obscene way for their benefit was making her pussy drip. She knew that later they will be wanking looking at her photos, and the thought that she could not do anything about it, aroused her to new highs.

Her respiration was becoming short and ragged and that didn't go unnoticed by the guys that were cheering at her. At some point in her horniness she realized that they already have photos of her that would probably end up on the internet, so why not have them upload one on her site. She opened her legs as far apart as she could and looked directly in the eyes of one guy holding a smartphone.

"Hey, she really wants us to take her picture and upload it!"

Lillian slowly nodded.

Seeing Lillian compliance the boys were getting more and more confident.

"I bet that you would want that we come all over your body, even on your face," said the older one. That looked as if he needed to prove himself bolder and with more sexual knowledge than his peers.

Lillian nodded in a daze.

Then the boys seemed to talk something between them, and then a couple of them left her field of vision.

"If you want it, say yes with your voice, and nod again."

Lillian said "yugg!" through the gag and nodded, more vehemently.

They continued teasing her, and at some point, she realized that the two boys were replaced by the other two, but she didn't care too much. She just wanted them to upload her photo to the net, she was so horny that she knew it was impossible to wait until the next day, and she will do a pretty shitty interview in her condition.

She pointed with her head desperately to the signal in the blackboard, but in her movement, she managed to pull one of her nipples with the fishing line that tied it.

She screamed in pain and surprise, the boys just laughed. She noticed that there were four of them again, and the older said.

"Do that twice again and we will take your photo and upload it."

She looked at him with incredulity, but it only aroused her more to be the toy of these losers. So she complied as carefully as she could; still, she could not avoid moaning in pain.

She was exhausted, both physically and emotionally.

"OK. Here we go," and then she saw the older boy throwing something through the grille and the open window. It landed on her chest, she felt something warm... something liquid and lifted her head to see that she had an open condom leaking semen on her chest. She screamed through the gag and turned to see them.

"Hey don't blame me," said the kid, "You said that you wanted our come all over your body. So if you want your photo. There are 3 more loads to go. Do you want them or should we leave? If you want us to leave just nod your head"

Lillian was blushing, she felt extremely humiliated, she wanted to crawl into a hole and disappear forever, but she was also horny as hell and she realized that she didn't have an image to protect now, at least not for those boys. She rationalized that she needed to be in shape for her interview, so blushing bright red she negated with her head.

The boys cheered and one by one threw the remaining condoms. One landed on her belly, one on her thigh, and the last one on her hair. She started to move her leg, trying to get rid of the leaking condom but she was stopped by a voice.

"Hey wait until the photo is done. Open your legs wider."

They all flashed their cameras and smartphones at her, while she opened her legs as far as she could.

"Goodbye, the photos are already on the site that you wanted, and in a couple more, but don't worry, we won't tell who you are or where you live, we want the possibility of a new show in the future."

And with that, they marched away. Lillian managed to shake the condom on her thigh off her body and tried to make the same with the one on her hair, the others were too plastered to her body to shake them off with her limited mobility.

Megan arrived just a few minutes later, she noticed with satisfaction a couple of boys fleeing nervously when she approached. Still, when she entered the kitchen she was surprised by the scene that she found. She was both shocked and amused to see Lillian dripping semen from her hair, belly, and crotch.

"Oh my God!," she said while closing the blinds. "It seems you had a lot of fun in my short absence! You really are a slut!"

Lillian blushed ashamed and tried to beg through the ball gag.

"ok," said Megan calmly, "First let's check your site to see if you completed your little mission," Megan giggled while Lillian rolled her eyes in desperation.

"Wow! You really opened those legs girl! Your fans are loving it, you'll have to look at these comments later, they are all wanking about you! You are gaining many admirers."

Lillian blushed, at first she felt an odd proudness, but then she scolded herself

"What are you proud of slut? They are not admiring you because you accomplished anything, or because you are smart. They just like you as a masturbation material."

Still, her shameful thoughts only managed to make her hornier. She was becoming desperate and was making noises through her gag which Megan found extremely sexy.

Megan finally commiserated with the poor girl and untied the gag.

"You look beautiful, girl! In a very slutty way of course," she said sincerely.

Lillian felt both ashamed and somewhat thankful for the compliment.

"Megan, please."

"I know I promised, but we are getting out of time, and you will need a serious bath..."

"Please, please"

Lillian begged, feeling completely idiot, she had done too much for that damn orgasm and she would get it no matter what, even if she had to beg shamefully.

"Well, ok. We will have to multitask, but I think we can make it"

Lillian was puzzled, she waited for Megan to release her bonds, but instead, she left the room and returned a few minutes later. She wasn't wearing anything below her waist and was carrying a Dildo.

She untied Lillian's hands only, but let her legs remained tied, and the fisher line also remained on her now very sore nipples. She then handed Lillian the dildo and said.

"We have not enough time to properly make love, but we can get off if we hurry. You will lick my pussy and in the meanwhile, you can use the dildo on your pussy, just don't come before I do."

Lillian was shocked, but all that she wanted at that moment was to come, she had been on the edge for hours now and she needed the release.

Megan straddled her face and was facing towards Lillian's feet. Lillian felt completely degraded, she not only had to lick Megan's pussy, but she will be putting a show by masturbating with a dildo in front of that weird girl.

Lillian looked at the black skin of Megan, she could not believe that she was about to lick a woman's pussy. She had that lesbian experience with her roommate when she was 18, and just a few days ago that Tina on the subway made her come, not to mention the previous sessions with Megan, but she had never reached this point.

She felt that she was about to cross a new boundary, set a new level for her depravity, but after seeing so much lesbian porn, she was also curious. Some little voice inside her told her to stop, told her that this would only make her return to normality more impossible, but she couldn't resist, and she wanted her orgasm, and if this was the price, she was willing to pay it.

She started tentatively licking around of Megan's pink pussy, while slowly pushing the dildo inside herself. After getting her tongue acquainted with Megan's skin and outer labia, she shyly licked the pink inside, her own face was hot and red, she had an electric feeling, what she was doing was so dirty, so forbidden, that it only increased her arousal.

She noticed that Megan was already wet, it was pretty strange to taste another woman juices, they didn't taste like her own. She could not avoid thinking that probably just a few women knew how their own juices tasted, and even less could compare that taste with other woman's juices.

She was getting more and more aroused, it was of course caused by the stimulation of her self-fucking with the dildo, but also by the eroticism of the situation.

She could sense her climax was building fast, so she started looking for Megan's clit.

Megan was elated, but she had very good self-control and wanted to postpone her climax as much as she could. She took her phone from the kitchen table and made a phone call. Lillian immediately stopped her ministrations, but Megan covered the phone with her hand and said to Lillian,

"Don't stop, we don't have time," then she turned to the phone and said.

"Hi Bruce, how are you doing?."

"Yeah, I know....," she said giggling and continuing a conversation.

"Listen, Bruce, I need a favor. I have a friend in need; she needs to make a few bucks over the weekend and I think she can help you in the restaurant, she is young and very pretty."

"I know that pretty is not enough Bruce," Lillian stopped again ashamed to be doing that while her possible employer was talking with Megan about her! But Megan pinched Lillian's nipple signaling her to continue, so she did.

"No she doesn't have any college, but she almost finished high school, and she had an educated tongue... speech," she said amused at her own game of words.

"Please Bruce, I know that you need smart college girls, but you owe me a favor."

"Yes, you already told me that you have appointed a couple of college girls for interview today, and you only have a couple of positions, but you have to at least give Lilly a chance; she had work experience, and she is good obeying orders."

"Well, I don't know if she had been a waitress but she works as a cleaning girl, and she could be a model."

Lillian was completely ashamed, she was not even material for a waitress job, she felt very insecure and humiliated, so she picked pace with the dildo trying to comfort herself.

"Yes, you already said looks are not enough, but she has resources, you know, she was going to be fired and she managed to negotiate, that must count for something."

Lillian felt pretty humiliated, "Since when my biggest selling points become my looks, my obedience and my ability to avoid being fired," she thought bitterly,

and she was even more ashamed remembering her degrading "negotiation" in Mr. Peter's limousine just to keep her stupid cleaning girl job.

She tried to abstract herself from the humiliating phone conversation and lost herself in the tasks at hand, licking and sucking Megan's clit like no tomorrow, while constantly fucking her own soaked pussy with the dildo.

"That squishing sound? Must be the dish-washer. Well I heard all your arguments, and you are probably right, she is probably not that smart or classy, but you owe me a favor, so at least interview her. "

Megan and Lillian's respirations were becoming more ragged and short, and Lillian was afraid that the person at the other end of the phone would notice their arousal. Megan retired the phone of her face and covered the mouthpiece with her hand to cover her moan.

"Nothing happened. It is just that the phone fell, but... listen I got a go... so it is a deal you would interview her, right?"

"Yes I am aware that she will compete with the others, and I know you are not making any promises beyond interviewing her. Thanks anyway."

Just a few seconds after hanging up, Megan came with an explosive orgasm. The power rush was just too incredible. Lillian took speed and got her big orgasm a couple of minutes later.

. . . .

A couple of hours later Lillian was riding in a cab to the Ambassador. After her orgasm, she finally realized with shame the enormity of what she had done just to get it. Fortunately, she didn't have too much time to think as she had to shower and dry her hair. This time Megan helped her. She gave her a small strapless yellow cocktail dress along with a white thong, and a white bra that belonged to Megan's younger sister and was just her size 32-B, but had some padding that made her look bigger. She felt better dressed than at any time in the recent past. And she felt very well with the size that her breast seemed to be on the mirror, even when she tried to minimize the feeling as it contradicted her feminist principles.

"It is not the bust size, but the fact that I am finally decently dressed what makes me feel good," she thought.

The dress was nice but it wouldn't have been her choice. It was very form fitting and a bit too short, it came maybe 4 inches below her pussy, and when she was sitting, it rode high. It showed a lot of cleavage and her shoulders were on display. It also annoyed her that the dress had some ethnic frills that made it look more casual and less elegant, and finally the yellow color that she considered more suitable for Megan's beautiful dark skin than her own white one. "Beggars can't be choosers," she thought.

Megan had also helped Lillian to style her hair, and even if she didn't look as spectacular as in the photoshoot, she looked much better than with her usual

ponytail. She also helped her with discreet makeup that made her look like a student.

When she arrived at the Ambassador, she paid to the cab with the money that Megan gave her. She bit her lower lip nervously, this was a really expensive restaurant. She had heard it being mentioned a lot but had never been inside, it was the kind of place that only rich people frequent.

She felt a hole in her stomach, she didn't feel so confident to deal with these people or the restaurant manager right then, but she realized that it was indeed a really good opportunity. She definitely could make \$200 or more in tips in a night there. If she did it right, she could even do this once a week to help her get afloat.

She walked in, decided to try to make the best impression.

She arrived at the office door that was a few feet away from the restaurant main entrance. The door was closed, so she rang the bell, and waited.

A voice sounded thru the intercom

"Who is this?"

"I.. I am Lilly...", she hated herself for saying that, "why didn't I say Lillian," she scolded herself. "I... I come to see Mr. Bruce Taylor... you know... for the waitress... The waitress job"

She blushed, "since when did I become so idiot?" she thought bitterly.

"OK. Come in Lilly, knock on the door at the end of the aisle," An electronic noise followed the voice and she pushed the door, and walked nervously to the indicated door and knocked.

"Come in," came a voice from inside.

She entered the office. It was a big one; it had a big desk and a lounge. Mr. Bruce was sat in an office armchair and the other two applicants were sat on the elegant leather sofa. They looked relaxed.

"Please have a seat." Said Mr. Bruce.

Lillian took her place in the other armchair, it was much lower than the sofa, and she could not sit as elegantly as the other girls. First, she tried to sit normally, but she sunk in the low armchair and she felt her skirt was riding up more than decently acceptable, she fidgeted trying to pull her skirt down but it seemed impossible, so she ended sit on the edge of the armchair. She could not cross her legs there because it would compromise her equilibrium, so she simply put her knees together and tried to pull her dress down to avoid showing too much of her legs.

Lillian could not avoid to size her competition. They both were wearing elegant black cocktail dresses, that looked way more expensive than her own. They

looked sexy but in a more sophisticated and conservative way. The cleavages were tamer and the skirts were a few inches longer which helped them a lot to look respectable, especially when they were sitting.

"Let me introduce you, these are Patricia and Susan. Ladies this is Lilly," said Bruce.

"Nice to meet you," said Lillian meekly, regretting her own introduction, now she was Lilly while the other girls will be addressed more respectfully.

"Nice to meet you, Lilly," replied the pair, almost at the unison, in cheerful voices that spilled self-confidence.

Bruce continued, "Thank you for being here ladies. As you know the Ambassador is the best restaurant in town," it was probably an exaggeration, but it was surely among the four best.

"First let me tell you about the job. We have a very experimented crew of waiters that know our food and wines offerings to a great deal of detail, they take the orders and make recommendations to the customers. We also employ ladies like yourselves to serve drinks and occasionally help deliver food to the tables. The main job of these ladies is to keep our customers' glasses full. The shift is four hours and I pay them \$8 per hour, but we have a generous clientele, our waitresses usually made \$50 to \$70 in tips per hour. As you know we accept temps, but we rather like people who will come regularly, from one to ten times a month is ok, depending on your needs and availability, it is also ok, if you don't commit to a particular schedule but help us covering when another woman could not come."

Patricia, who was a blonde with a short page boy haircut, and who looked classy, was the first to talk.

"I have a question, Mr. Taylor. Why do you hire specifically women?"

"Well, first of all, because most of our experienced waiters are men, and secondly, to be frank, I won't lie to you, it is because we know the visitors usually consume more and come back more frequently when they are attended by beautiful young women. That is a fact, and I won't deny it, but our clients, expect respectable, classy, educated women; women that could be friends of their daughters or their young wives. That is why we look mainly for college students and even young graduates for this job. We believe it is a win-win situation for all the involved.

OK, now that you know the job, are you in?"

Patricia was again the first to answer, "Of course I am in, and I appreciate your honest reply."

The other two nodded in agreement.

He started interviewing the three girls at the same time and Lillian learned that Patricia was a law student in her second year and Susan was on the verge of

graduating with a management major. Lillian hesitated if she should say her real curriculum, but she remembered Megan's call to Bruce and she realized that he would most probably believe that she was lying if she said so. So she reluctantly told what Megan had already said.

"I... I almost finished high school... and... I am currently working for Johnson & Carter ... ," she felt very embarrassed using that lame curriculum in front of these girls when she could be on par of them if she used her real one. But her apprehension just made her statement worse, she looked as if even that was partially a lie.

Susan could not avoid asking, "Oh, that is a big firm, I have a few friends working there and I hope they help me get a good job when I graduate. In what department do you work?" she asked genuinely interested.

Lillian blushed, it was becoming embarrassing, she could not say that she had worked in recruiting, because they only use interns and graduated personal, so she blurted

"I work at the filling department in an important paperless project," she then saw Bruce raise his eyebrow, so she realized he knew the truth already, and she needed to do something to avoid completely spoiling her chances.

"I mean I worked... I made a little mistake... and ... I am currently working in the janitorial department," she said looking down.

"Oh, I see," said Susan, not knowing what to say to comfort her.

"OK," said Bruce cutting the awkward moment. "Please have these drink menus, read them so you feel familiar with the names of the cocktails. You have 10 minutes while I do some calls, when I get back, you will take my beverage order and we see how you do."

Lillian started reading the menu, she felt very nervous. The other girls looked more at ease, and she could feel her glances from time to time. They were maybe thinking about what was she doing there. She tried to convince herself that she would do great in the exercise, she would impress all of them. But her apprehension was not helping with the reading, the adrenalin was not helping her concentrate and learn the names. When Bruce returned she was still reading the menu, moving her lips unconsciously. Bruce saw her and sighed.

"OK, Lilly. You come first. Stand here and take my order."

He handed her a little notepad and a pen. She stood four feet from him and smiling said, "Do you want something to drink sir?"

"Yes girl, just get closer so you can hear me," he said with a weird smile.

Lillian smiled nervously and got closer.

"I speak very low," he said smiling again, and Lillian got even closer, she was now less than a couple of feet from him.

"That's better, see?" he said while putting his hand on the back of Lillian's legs.

Lillian blushed but didn't stop him.

"OK. I will have a cuba libre," he said while his hand traveled slowly upwards and towards her inner thigh.

Lillian nervously scribbled something in her notepad.

"And my friend will have a 'Dessert Breeze'," he said while his hand was now practically touching the hem of her skirt, and was now mostly on her inner thigh. She felt Bruce's hand travel was stopped by the little space between her legs, and she instinctively parted them a little to accommodate his hand better. She was ashamed but she really needed the job, and she had done a lot of worse things lately to get her goals.

"My other friend will take a Smith and Kerns"

"OK," she said shyly, "Would that be all?" she asked in a low voice. His hand was now almost rising her skirt and the other girl's eyes were like saucer platters.

"Yes girl," he said giving her a playful paddle in the bottom.

She returned to her place blushing, but she thought. "I bet that these girls won't put thru that, so the job will be mine," she felt some regret of gaining the position that way, but she really needed it.

Then Bruce called Patricia. She also stood around 4 feet from him, but when he asked her to come closer, she politely refused, and smiled saying, "Don't worry I have a pretty good ear, sir."

"OK," he said without insisting much and said his order of three beverages. He repeated the same with Susan that just replied something similar.

Then he asked each of them to read the beverages aloud. Patricia and Susan did it flawlessly while unfortunately, Lillian could not read her shaky scribbles and as she didn't know the menu too well nor was she much versed in alcoholic drinks, so she ended saying, " a Cuban libro, a dessert breath, and a Smith and Terms"

Susan covered her mouth trying to hide her smile. She didn't want to disrespect that girl, but the names she said were very silly.

"OK. Patricia and Susan, you did very well, you behaved professionally and managed a hard situation perfectly. Our customers are classy, educated people, but from time to time we found some jerks among our clientele, so to keep the respect of all our clients, we don't allow anyone to be un-respectful to us. If a customer gets too pushy or misbehaves in any way, let me know it, or let Alfred the waiter's captain know. He would know how to deal with him without making a scene.

Please report to Alfred right now, he will teach you all you need, and your shift will start in an hour. Just go through this door and you will immediately see his desk," the girls smiled and thanked Bruce before leaving.

Lillian was blushing ashamed. It had been a test, and she had behaved like a complete slut, and worse, she had lost her chance to get a decent job that would help her solve her current predicament and also could have been good to get her out of her current precarious economical position.

Bruce talked warmly, "I am sorry that you didn't get the position Lilly, but you must understand that I gave you a fair chance, and you know Megan is my friend and I would like you to say her that I was fair."

Lillian nodded silently. Her mind was wondering, "What am I going to do? How can I get that money? I was so stupid"

She finally reunited her courage and talked.

"Mr. Taylor, please, could you give me another chance? I would do anything, I really, really need this job."

"Well, you may try another time, maybe in a month," he said politely.

"No... please sir... I really need it today... and... " she remembered his reaction when he was touching her tights and she could feel that he was desiring her, so she added, "and I am serious about... you know ... doing anything."

Bruce was a worldly man, but still having this beautiful young girl insinuating him so openly and so shyly at the same time, aroused him.

He was having doubts, but he cleared his throat and said.

"If I help you with your problem, will you tell Megan? 'Cause I don't want her to know I was messing with one of her friends."

"No, of course not, I promise not to tell," she said, finally having a glimpse of hope.

"Ok. I may have something for you, but you have to be serious about this," he made a pause to confirm with Lillian. She nodded vigorously.

"OK, Put your dress over my desk and return by my side,"

She nervously complied. She couldn't believe that she was behaving like a slut trying to get the opportunity that she throw away because she behaved like one.

While folding her dress, and wearing just her high heels and her underwear, she couldn't avoid thinking that her last few job-related interviews had been in some state of undress. She shivered at the meaning. She would have wanted that to at least have bigger panties instead of the small thong that she was wearing.

Lillian blushed and returned to his side. Bruce was very aroused, he felt powerful. He had a couple of friends that owned clubs, clubs where strippers performed, and between drinks, they had told him about how sometimes they made "special personal interviews" to the candidates. He of course never had done anything like that, his business was completely different, but somewhat he couldn't resist Lillian's offer to do anything. He decided that on the contrary of his friends, he wouldn't have many other chances, so he will take this one and make the most of it.

When she finally stood by his side, he said,

"Oh, I forgot. Put there your shoes too."

Lillian blushed, and returned to the desk and put her high heels over her dress to avoid that the soles could stain Mr. Taylor's papers or desk. She returned meekly to his side. She felt even smaller and more humbled being barefoot.

"Ok Lilly, Megan told me that you are good obeying orders."

Lillian merely nodded, she was too ashamed to talk. She was looking at the floor unable to meet that man's eyes.

"Well, show me your obedience. In the central drawer of my desk, I have scissors. Find them and cut your cute bra into pieces."

Lillian blushed and walked to his desk. Nervously she looked for the scissors and when she found them she took a last look at Bruce, like begging for mercy, but she had none. He really wanted to know how far he could push that ager girl.

She sighed and took her bra off. She was getting very aroused and she was ashamed that Bruce could notice it.

"Do it over the trashcan there.," he said pointing to a trashcan that was exactly in front of the office door.

Lillian walked nervously toward the spot. She knew that the door was unlocked and she was afraid that somebody could enter any moment. What if somebody came in? What would they think of her? Surely that she was a complete slut, just a little bit shorter from a whore.

She hesitated once more. "Does the reward worth this degradation," she thought. "No. This isn't the time for cowering," she told herself, "I already had done too much to save my thesis, it would be all in vain if I can get the money for the blackmailer, and I need this man help to get it. I have no choice, I have to do this," she convinced herself.

She fumbled with the bra clasp a few seconds until she could finally take the garment off. Bruce was ogling at her with satisfaction and with a sense of power.

"Very nice Lilly, you are smaller than I thought, but you look very nice anyway"

Lillian instinctively covered her breast, and could not avoid thinking, "I wish I have bigger tits," but then she scolded herself.

She took the scissors and tentatively aimed the blades at the center of her bra. She sighed; she had hoped that Megan would let her keep this one. She finally broke her own resistance and started cutting her bra into little pieces.

"Megan will be mad," She shivered thinking what would Megan do to make her pay for this stupid bra.

"Hey! Your panties are already wet, you definitely are a slut! You better cut those panties too, slut!"

Lillian slowly pulled her thong down, and then sighing, she started cutting them into little pieces. She wondered how it would be to wait tables on that very expensive restaurant without underwear. She was getting hornier and hornier.

"Fuck! I finally get to dress with underwear, and I destroy it myself," she thought bitterly.

"Wow!, I had never seen a pussy so smoothly shaven. All my girlfriends leave at least a landing strip, a completely shaven pussy is somehow slutty, don't you think?"

Lillian blushed, meekly nodding, while thinking that it was her look forever, her pussy hair would never grow back. She wondered if all her future lovers would realize that she was a slut just by seeing her denuded pussy.

She looked down to see her swollen pussy shining with her juices. There was nothing to conceal, her aroused state was clearly visible to Bruce. She felt ashamed, but it only made her hornier.

She was taken out of her stupor by Bruce's voice.

"Put your clothes inside that file cabinet, close it and bring me the keys"

Lillian's heart was pounding fast, she was losing more and more control, and she still didn't know what will she get from all that.

"Sir... about the job...", she said shyly, trying to negotiate before getting into a more compromising situation.

"Lilly, do what I told you, then come and kneel in front of me and we can talk then."

Lillian picked up her dress and shoes, walked to the file cabinet and put them inside the top drawer. She was getting too horny with all these humiliating tasks. She closed the drawer, pushed the button that locked the drawers, and retired the key. She felt a hole in her stomach and was slightly trembling when she knelt before Bruce and handed him the file cabinet key.

"I see that you are very obedient girl indeed."

Lillian was blushing, she was irremediably naked in this high-class restaurant's office. She didn't even have access to her clothes, and that made her feel nervous, vulnerable, and horny.

"Sir, about the job..."

Bruce immediately interrupted her.

"Yes I know, we'll talk about your problem later. But I can't think with this," he said pointing at his very hard dick that was forming a tent pole in his pants.

"Maybe you can do something about it."

Lillian was visibly trembling now, she felt completely humiliated, after following all his orders, now he wanted her to take the initiative to further degrade herself. But she knew she had to do it, and she was practically dripping, so she reached for his fly and started unzipping it. She then took his cock out, it was pretty hard, but she thought it was a little on the small side. She surprised herself with that thought, now she knew a few cocks and was able to compare. She tried to shake that thought off as she started licking Bruce's cock.

He was in ecstasy, he found Lillian extremely attractive. If he would have met the old Lillian, he would probably have wanted to establish a serious relationship with her because she was physically his type and because he enjoyed the company of successful, independent girls. Of course, despite the physical attraction, he could not think of Lilly as more than a one-night-stand, or a plaything.

Lillian started expertly sucking and licking, swallowing, and kissing. She was becoming quite the expert cock sucker, she started to lightly touch her pussy, but after just a few minutes, and before she could get her orgasm, he came shooting semen deep in her throat, Lillian thought that the amount of semen was well above average, probably Bruce hadn't had an orgasm in some time. She tried to swallow it all to avoid making a mess of herself, but still, she spilled a few drops on her chin and chest.

She felt an odd wave of accomplishment, she was waiting for Bruce, to say something, but Bruce was just recovering from his great orgasm when someone knocked at the door.

"Who is this?" he said while cleaning his cock with a bunch of tissues, and making a gesture indicating Lillian to hide behind the sofa, which she did in record time.

"It's me, Patricia, Mr. Alfred said he is out of contracts and sent me to get a few forms from you, so Susan and I could be properly registered."

Bruce was a bit nervous, this was far from his normally professional behavior. He didn't want that girl to suspect anything, it could ruin his chances to keep the stream of college girls applying for waitresses, or it could attract the wrong candidates. He had to think fast, he decided that his best chance was to act naturally.

So seeing that Lillian was already hidden behind the sofa, he walked to the door and on his way he dropped the tissues in the trashcan, it had a lid, so the odor won't be noticeable. He opened the door and said,

"Please come in, Patricia. How is your training going?" he said while walking towards his desk.

"Oh, just fine, Alfred is pretty good at his job, very professional and connoisseur, and a good teacher too," she said, unfortunately for Bruce, she didn't follow him to his desk as he expected, but remained standing in the middle of the office lounge.

Lillian was trembling; once again she was the naked slut hidden in an important man's office, and that girl was pretty close.

"OK, let me look for those contracts, they must be somewhere in my desk," he said, then signaling the chair across the desk he said, "It make take me a while, why don't you have a seat?"

To his horror, instead of approaching the desk, she sat on the sofa. She probably misinterpreted his hand signal, as the sofa was also in the direction of her hand pointing. Bruce saw her but didn't want to grab her attention making her move to the chair. So he decided to try to find the contracts faster, he turned around to search in the credenza behind his desk, and he soon lost himself in the task at hand.

Patricia smelled semen, and felt very curious, seeing that Bruce was looking the other way, she could not resist looking behind the sofa. Her eyes meet Lillian's to both girls' surprise. Lillian was blushing red and Patricia saw semen dripping from Lillian's chin and simply winked at the naked girl while grinning wickedly. Lillian was sure that Patricia thought that it was all her idea and that she seduced poor nervous Bruce and not the other way around. After all, she had known of countless girls that had been interviewed by him and he had always been a gentleman.

Patricia quickly sat again, she was pretty amused by the event. Just then Bruce turned around and said, "Here they are."

Patricia immediately stood up and approached Bruce's desk. "Thanks, Mr. Taylor," and soon she was out of the office.

"OK. Lillian, you may come out."

Lillian did it with shaking legs.

"That was a close one. Here take these keys and dress immediately"

"Thanks, sir," She cleaned her chest and face the best she could with some tissues, and dressed as fast as she could. She would have wanted a bathroom to wash before dressing, but she didn't dare to ask for one, and she wanted to be dressed as soon as possible, just the memory of Patricia's mocking face made her tremble. She had looked at her with so much contempt, so much

disdain, that she was still shocked. "I don't know how am I going to work with her all the shift."

"Ok. Sir, I am ready, should I report to Alfred now"

Bruce blurted, "No, of course no, You can't work here, you don't have what it takes, and now it is even worse, you smell of sex," he was still nervous, he had just been on the brink of getting caught and probably ruining his reputation, so his answer came out completely unfiltered. He was now sexually satisfied, so he was no longer thinking with his dick, and wanted to put this risky situation behind him as soon as possible.

Lillian was crushed.

"But you said... you"

Bruce regretted his harsh treatment to Lilly, but still, he was convinced that he wanted her out of his restaurant as soon as possible. He hesitated, he tried to decide if he should simply give her the money that she needed, \$200 or \$300 wouldn't be a problem for him, but he wasn't keen to the idea of paying for sex, he would feel too low, after all, he never had done that, his good looks and good economic position allowed him to get casual sex whenever he needed it. He also thought that maybe even this slutty girl could feel insulted if he tried to pay her. He pondered his options and finally said.

"Don't worry girl, I am not scum. I will see what can I do to fix your problem. Let me make a phone call."

After exchanging some pleasantries, and a few laughs over the phone, Bruce went to the point.

"Yes Tim, I have a girl for you, she needs a high paying waitress job, Just for today, I know you can help me. She is very sexy, and I already interviewed her, if you know what I mean."

Lillian blushed at the implication.

"Ok, I am sending her right now."

"That's it, Lilly. Tim will receive you at the Dark Horse tonight, I told him it is for the waitress job and nothing else, and he agreed that he won't even interview you. I bet you can make the money you need."

Lillian was shocked, the Dark Horse was a well-known table dance club. It was expensive too.

"But... I am not...," she was stunned, although she realized that Bruce must think she was a total slut, especially after all that she had done since she arrived, still, it looks like too much.

"I am not a stripper. I can't work there," she said with less conviction that she intended, maybe because at the same time she was being invaded by the doubt

that recently attacked her with more and more frequency. "Does he wrongly believe that I am a slut, or does he know I AM?"

"Remember I told you it is for a waitress job only. And you should know that the Dark Horse has several rooms, the one you will be assigned to, is mostly a sports bar, where people hang around to see sports games and exchange a few bets. The strippers work in a fully separated section, the patrons need to pay a cover to go there, but the sports bar charges only for the drinks and food."

Lillian was still shocked but was starting to consider the possibility.

"The uniform is sexy, of course, but you will look pretty good in it, and it is just a bit more daring than the way you are dressed"

"Here, take this for the cab," he said giving her a 100 bill. She knew it was too much for the cab, but she was in no position to reject money, and he also had made her destroy her underwear.

A few minutes later she was taking a cab. She was still hesitating if she should tell the driver to take her home, or to that shameful club. She regretted not having asked for the address of the Dark Horse.

"Where should I drive you ma'am?" asked the driver politely.

Lillian blushed and tried to decide fast, and after a few seconds of silence, she said meekly.

"To the Dark Horse club Please."

"Employees Door?" answered the driver.

Lillian blushed ashamed, "Is it that obvious?" she thought. "He couldn't know that I don't have any underwear, well, maybe he can see my nipples, how I wish that they would stay put for once."

She nodded and said an almost soundless "yes" which the driver saw through the rear mirror. He grinned, and ogled her from time to time thru the rear mirror, maybe imagining how would she look dressed in the skimpy waitress' outfit, or even naked. He wondered if she would be a stripper, but then he rejected the idea, the girl looked too shy. Still the smell, well, it told him another story, maybe she wasn't that shy.

They arrived very soon, the club was not far from the Ambassador and was designed to take low-class entertainment to high-class men. Lillian was paralyzed, she didn't dare to step down the cab. That place represented much of what she used to hate. Rich macho men exploiting women, and low-class slutty women betraying their gender for a few bucks, submitting to those humiliating jobs, reducing themselves to just being meat to be ogled by those men that weren't in the least interested in those women's ideas.

The driver pulled her out of her thoughts,

"Ma'am, we are already here? Are you going to enter the place, or should I take you to another place?"

He saw that she was having second thoughts, and realized that it was maybe her first time there.

"No," she said, "I will be out of your cab soon, just give me a couple of minutes."

The driver opened the glove compartment and pulled a little bottle, then he turned back and said to Lillian.

"Listen, ma'am, this is probably none of my business, but you smell... you know. You may have this perfume, a passenger forgot it in my cab a few days ago." he was probably trying to be gallant.

Lillian took the bottle nervously. "Is it that obvious that I just had sex?" she thought.

Now she wanted to leave the taxi, wanting to be away from that driver that knew what she had done. She quickly paid him and soon she was standing on the sidewalk alone. Nervously she looked around and when she was pretty sure that the driver was nowhere to be seen, she sprayed a few drops of perfume over her chest and face, trying to conceal the semen odor.

She coughed a little. The perfume was a cheap one, and she realized that the remedy could have been worse than the sickness.

She looked all around her, like waiting for a moment when nobody would notice that she entered that hateful place, and finally walked inside Dark Horse's office. She felt very nervous and self-conscious being in that seedy place. She felt that she would be immediately spotted, somebody would immediately note that she didn't belong there. But she passed the interview with Tim and was escorted to the locker room and nobody gave her a second glance.

She realized with sorrow that wearing just that form-fitting dress with her nipples poking at it, and smelling of semen and cheap perfume, she looked of a lower class than most of the other waitresses that arrived in the locker room wearing jeans, t-shirts and of course underwear.

"Ok, Lilly, Here is your uniform; I hope it fits you because we don't have many spares. We usually don't hire girls for just one day. So try it, to see how it looks," said Karla, the waitress captain. A woman in her early thirties, that wore a somewhat daring business suit.

Lillian contemplated the uniform. It was made of very thin fabric and was just shorts and a very small blouse.

She took the small garments and looked around for a place to change more privately. She was ashamed that Karla and the other waitress could notice that she didn't have underwear. But Karla interrupted her:

"We don't have all day girl. Change here, this is no place for shy girls anyway."

Lillian blushed and took off her dress revealing her completely nude body.

"Well probably you're not that shy," said Karla amused seeing her lack of underwear, a couple of the girls in the locker room that noticed the scene laughed too.

She put the blue shorts first. It was a very tight fit, and she showed a more than obvious camel toe. She looked at Karla expecting her to say that it was too small, but she only motioned her to continue. She put the yellow shirt then. It was a button-up shirt, but it only barely covered her tits ending a couple of inches below them, and leaving all her flat stomach uncovered. It only had a couple of buttons at the base of her tits that kept the shirt closed but showed a good amount of cleavage.

Her very erect nipples showed clearly through the sheer material.

"I think it is too tight," she said shyly.

"Nonsense," said Karla while closing the locker with Lillian dress inside. Just then a fully dressed girl approached Karla

"Are you sure I may go?"

"Yes Sarah, Lilly here had agreed to cover your shift. You may take the night free and go to that museum opening that you wanted so much."

Sarah was very happy, she turned to say to Lillian. "Thanks, girl, I don't know where did you come from, but you saved my life. This museum event could be my door to a new better job. I had tried all week to find a substitute, but nobody wanted, all of my friends considered the uniform too degrading. Heck, I consider it too degrading too, but I need the job, at least until I got a real one. Hopefully tonight it would all change."

She kissed Lillian on the cheek and left the locker room cheerfully.

Lillian was stunned, but she didn't have much time to think as Karla hurried her up, "I'll give you the locker key at the end of your shift, now go to work."

She then walked inside the sport's bar room. During her very short training, she was told to attend 8 tables near the back end of the bar. She was not surprised, being the new one, she was given the tables farthest from the kitchen and the bar.

She walked to her area, she glanced to the other girls from time to time and realized that all of them were wearing bras, and their shorts didn't look as tight as hers. That added to her insecurity.

"Looks like I am the sluttier among these sluts," she thought bitterly.

She looked at her clientele, they looked younger than she expected. They could be college kids. She hoped she didn't find anybody she knew.

"Hey, are you a new mare?" said one college man.

Lillian blushed, "mare" was the nickname of the "dark horse" waitresses, it only added to the degradation, but she answered as she was trained to.

"Yes stud, do you want something to drink?" forcing a smile and feeling completely degraded.

"Probably, but first you need to come closer, my friends, and I want to meet you."

She walked meekly and stood very close to the student. "Ok, I will have a gin and tonic," he said while slowly caressing Lillian's tights. She turned nervously around, to see if the other girls were subject to similar treatment. She didn't see any. So she took a couple of steps back.

"Hey little mare, don't be shy. What's your name?"

"I am Lilly."

"Ok. Lilly, come closer so you can take the rest of our order."

"I can take it from here," she said.

"No way. You need to be right here," he said signaling a spot by her chair. Seeing her hesitate, he added, "Or should I tell Tim that you are giving a pretty shitty service to us?"

She blushed, she didn't want to lose the job right then, and maybe being a little 'open' would help her with the tips. She wanted to gather the money fast and leave the place as soon as she could.

She approached the student smiling shyly. And she restarted his caresses while she wrote down the order.

She went to the kitchen and returned with the beverages. She was giving each man his drink, and everyone was touching her skin as she did. Then she noticed one of the boys, he was whispering something to another. Then she realized he looked vaguely familiar. She felt a hole in her stomach, he was probably a student of her university.

She started attending the other tables, she was flirting a lot and letting everybody 'casually' touch her. They were drinking heavily, expending a little fortune in their beverages, she considered that even with a classic 15% tip she could rapidly make the \$150 that she was needing. She was also hoping that the customers, would show their appreciation with more than 15%, after all, no other waitress was behaving as slutty as she was.

She was getting hopeful that she could get her money fast, she had been working for around an hour, and even when she had not gotten tips yet, as no customer had asked for the check; She nonetheless calculated that when the

current patrons left, in an hour or so at the most, she will collect enough money to be able to go back home.

She was finally seeing the light at the end of the tunnel when something made her face lose its color.

Entering the place was no other than John Wallace, her very misogynist classmate, the one that proposed the stupid thesis topic that caused her so many nightmares, and that, to add insult to injury, got the serious topic that she proposed of studying successful women all around the country. She blushed with shame.

"No, he could not see me here. Not like this. I had told him many times that no self-respecting woman would work in a place like this."

She tried to hide, and wait to see where she was going to sit, but to her despair, he sat in one of her tables. The one with the student that she thought could be of her university.

"Shit! I can't go back there," she thought with desperation.

She walked carefully and managed to reach Karla's office without being spotted by John.

"Ms. Karla... mm I have a problem... Could I change the tables I am tending," she said.

"No girl. I can give you anything closer, the other girls would kill me."

"Please ma'am, I really can't wait on those tables, there is someone..." she said losing her voice.

"There is always someone, girl. Just swallow your pride, and tend him, maybe he even gives you a generous tip."

Lillian blushed imagining just that. No, it was too much. She couldn't do that.

"Please ma'am, I really can't do it."

Karla saw that Lillian was about to break, "oh no," she thought. "If this girl freaks out and goes, I will have to cover her, and I really don't want that. I hate that uniform. Think something, Karla."

Then she came with a solution.

"OK, there is a waitress in the other room of the club, she has a little rash, and she wanted to work in this room for today if you want I can arrange the exchange, but in the stripper's area, the waitresses go topless."

Lillian was pale, her three alternatives were to serve John, work topless, or leave empty-handed.

She said, "No, Karla, I would rather leave, please give me my dress and I'll go," she was defeated, she didn't get the money, but at least she would save a little bit of her proud.

Karla saw not much conviction on Lillian's answer and she didn't want her to go, so she said. "No girl, you have committed to work here to the end of the shift, I can't make Sarah get back, you created a problem where I didn't have one. You need to respect your word. I won't give your clothes back until you finish your shift, so get back to work."

Lillian was stunned by her answer. She was walking to the office door that led to the sports bar when she realized that she rather liked to wait tables for strangers being topless than wait John Wallace table dressed like a slut as she was, even when her tits were covered.

"Ma'am, about waiting for the other area. I think I rather do that."

Karla smiled with triumph.

"Ok, let's go to the locker room," she started her march, but before she reached the office door, Karla said.

"Lilly wait. There will be no more changes, no matter what. We all have work to do, this is not a game."

She nodded and went to the locker room and a few minutes later another girl entered. She was topless and her tits looked a little red indeed. She put on a white bra and then said.

"Thank you for doing this girl. My tits are a little swollen right now, and it hurts. I really need the support of the bra. Just give me your blouse please."

With trembling hands she took off the blouse and watched mesmerized the other girl put it, leaving Lillian irremediably topless until the end of her shift.

"Karla said that we must swap tips to simplify things. I was waiting for just one table, but new customers just arrived."

Lillian was speechless, just like that the girl stole her the proceeds of one very successful work hour and she was again left with nothing. All the flirting, all the touching that she allowed for nothing.

"And Lilly, one more thing. The job there is pretty similar to here, the only new rule is that when you are waiting to be called to a table, your hands must be on your back, and you should be smiling. Right?"

She nodded.

"Ok, you may reach the room through this door. Go when you feel ready, but don't take too long."

When she was alone, she looked at her image in the mirror. She practiced the pose with her hands behind her back and a smile plastered on her face. She

had never seen anything so slutty. She noticed however that a small wet spot was noticeable on her shorts.

She walked to the door nervously. Her day had been a continuous downward spiral. She had begun as a waitress aspirant for the Ambassador, then she fell to being a degradingly dressed waitress for the Dark Horse sports bar, and now she was about to begin her shift as a topless waitress for the Dark Horse stripping club.

She opened the door and searched for her tables, they were again the farthest from the bar. Only one was occupied, probably the patrons that the other girl attended already left. She hoped they had left a good tip, but she could not find anything.

She walked to the only table occupied by a couple of young men, maybe in their twenties. They were casual but expensively dressed, and she could not avoid feeling envy. They certainly didn't look much older than she, but they were already making some good money that allows them to go out to an expensive place like that, while she was so broke that she had to work there.

She reunited her courage and said,

"I am Lilly, I will be tending you from now on. Do you want something to drink?"

She was delivering their drinks when a couple of gentlemen sat at other of her tables. On the corner of her eye, she saw that one of them was as young as the men that she was serving, and the other was probably older because she could see some gray on the back of his hair. Once she finished serving them drinks she marched to the new table and stopped on her tracks.

The gentleman with the salt and pepper hair was Mr. Palmer! She froze, she didn't know what to do, but then realized that he had already seen her in worst situations, and it was still better to deal with him than with John Wallace.

"Hi Lilly, I didn't know you worked here"

"Hi sir," she said meekly, "I.. I just started today."

"I see. You surely are making some great career choices," he said with sarcasm, " but, well, the uniform fits you perfectly. It surely goes with your personality."

She blushed humiliated, she didn't dare to face the young man, she felt paralyzed for a moment but then she broke the awkwardness by saying.

"What would you like to drink sir?"

"Bring me a martini"

"And what about you sir"

The other man stammered a little, he was not used to seeing a beautiful and almost naked girl tending him. Still, he wanted to look brave in front of Mr. Palmer.

"I.. I would want a Tequila... please... " he was looking all over her, and then she realized that he was not only ogling at her but looking for a name tag.

"Lilly," she said, trying to stop his glances.

"Yes Lilly"

"I'll be right back"

When she returned with the beverages, the young man had gone to the bathroom. And Mr. Palmer was feeling very powerful contemplating Lilly's descent. He could clearly remember the well dressed, cocky feminist student that he interviewed for an internship a few months ago, and to see her now as a topless waitress was just too delightful for him. He imagined with satisfaction that his bossy and successful ex-wife could have ended like Lilly if only he had pushed her down when he could. Well, he was getting his revenge on Lilly, saving a future Mr. Palmer of the suffering that he had endured.

"Lilly," he said, "look, you were my intent of a great intern, but you know what happened. We are now on the process of integrating the best interns to our real teams, and I need your help."

For a moment Lillian felt hope, so she nodded.

"Listen. I brought Sam here, and another intern is about to come. They currently work for Bob, one of my rivals in the company, but I expect to impress them today and steal them from Bob. And you are going to help me. You will obey anything I say, otherwise, I will tell Ms. Barbara everything about you, and show her your photos here. I don't know if it would cause you a problem with your scholarship, but it would certainly lead to an interesting conversation with Ms. Barbara."

He showed his cell phone which portrayed a photo of herself. Her birthmark on her left tit was clearly visible, if Ms. Barbara saw it, she could relate it to the faceless photos that she had sent her.

"No Please Mr. Palmer, I'll do anything you say."

"Ok. Sam is getting back. Sit on my lap, and keep smiling."

She complied, and Mr. Palmer started talking with the intern. She learned he was Sam Richards. They were talking about sports while Mr. Palmer slowly caressed Lillian's thighs and stomach. She felt stupid smiling in a position like that. She was being mostly ignored, treated as an object.

The patrons at the other table called her. She was about to stand up when Mr. Palmer said to Lillian's ear, "Go, but tell them that you are busy now, and ask them if they can move to another table."

She tried to fight. She will depend entirely on Mr. Palmer tip if she told her other patrons to leave.

"Sir, I am not allowed to do that, my boss would get angry," she said on his ear.

He smiled broadly and said, "Don't worry girl, Tim wouldn't give you any trouble. I am a good customer here, and I bring them a lot of business. So go now and tell them."

She stood up and walked to them and said. "I am sorry gentlemen, but I can't serve you anymore, could you change to that table please?"

But they got angered and said, "Now it seems that we need to beg to be tended. First, the girl with the red tits left, and now you. I say enough, let's go out of here. I'll pay on the cash register, don't bother looking for your tip bitch," and off they marched.

She returned shaking to Mr. Palmer's table. The man they were waiting for had just arrived. He was still standing and was shaking Mr. Palmer's hand while apologizing.

"Sorry to be late sir, but I found some friends at the sports bar, and they are really important contacts that I need to nourish. Two of them are heirs of big entrepreneurs, and networking with them could pay in the future."

Lillian could not see his face, but listening to his voice she felt the color leaving her face. It was John Wallace again!

When their sights crossed, he was as stunned as she was. Just then Mr. Palmer pulled her to his lap and continued his caresses. She was speechless. She tried to avoid eye contact with John that had recovered from his shock and was now openly grinning.

"This can't be happening, this must be a nightmare," she thought with despair.

At some point when Mr. Palmer was lost in a discussion about the Yankees, John managed to wink at Lillian. She shivered with shame, any hope of haven't been recognized was crushed. He used his phone camera to take a couple of photos of the topless Lillian sitting on Mr. Palmer's lap.

Just then Mr. Palmer said, "I have to make a phone call, any of you want to offer this girl a seat, he said winking at them."

John immediately took the initiative and said, "Sit here Lilly." pointing at his right leg. She blushed but complied. Sam was intrigued, he didn't remember Lilly saying her name after John's arrival.

She took advantage of the moment to whisper in his ear, "Please John, don't tell anybody. I am only working here for today, It is a long story."

He was pretty amused and said in her ear, "don't worry girl, I won't brag about this, I will only tell the student council and maybe Ms. Barbara; I consider it my

duty as a good student to tell them, especially as there is that college ordinance that you supported so much, that if somebody was caught doing anything that discredited the rest of the students, that person should be judged for expulsion."

Lillian shivered, she was pretty sure she could avoid expulsion but her reputation will be ruined, and if Ms. Barbara got to see the photos with her birthmark, she could be charged with academic fraud, and that would really be a problem.

She begged, "No please John, you know it would ruin me, please," she said.

"Ok, If I let my morals aside, what would you do for me?"

"Anything..." she whispered.

"Perfect," he said, "it's a deal," and he erased the photos in his phone.

"Smile," he said in her ear, and she nervously complied.

When Mr. Palmer returned, he found Lilly sit on John's lap, smiling shyly while he caressed her in a much more sexual way than Mr. Palmer; touching her tits a lot. Despite her shame, she was becoming more and more aroused. Her nipples were very hard by then.

He was also messing with her hair, and she was looking wilder by the minute. When he sensed that Lillian was getting too horny, he said.

"Hey, I want a Scotch, what about you sir?"

"I'll have another martini," said Mr. Palmer

"I could have another Tequila shoot," said Sam.

Lillian stood up and was about to leave, when John said, "Lilly, can you do me a favor. See I really like barefoot girls, can you leave your shoes here?" then he looked at her, she understood that it wasn't a question.

She took off her shoes, and Mr. Palmer looked at her amused, he liked the way John thought, and seem to have some leadership and boldness. He was pretty sure that they could form a good team.

When she arrived at the kitchen barefoot, Tim was looking for her. He scolded her,

"What is happening Lilly? Some customers complained about your service, and they said that you were sitting on a man's lap. That is forbidden, girl, and what the hell are you doing barefoot?"

"Sorry sir," she said meekly, "Mr. Palmer told me it wouldn't be a problem with you if I attended only his table... And sit on his lap."

He smiled amused, "the bastard! Well Ok, tend only his table, and I don't want a single complaint from him, he is a very good client, and if you are willing to let that son of bitch touch you, it is certainly no problem with me," he was openly smiling now. The chance to get along with Mr. Palmer was definitely good for his business.

He returned to their table along with Lillian. "Gentlemen. I am assigning Lilly exclusively to your table," he said trying to look in control.

"She will do her best effort to have you happy, if she doesn't, simply don't tip her, that would be more than enough punishment."

"Thanks, Tim," said Mr. Palmer, "I am sure she will do her best," he added while winking at Lillian that just nodded blushing.

Lillian was then pulled again, this time to Sam's lap. He didn't want to be left out, or look shy than his companions, but was nonetheless tamer than either Mr. Palmer or John Wallace. Still, he began a game that probed troublesome at the end. He started sharing his beverage with her, giving her to drink directly in her mouth, so she didn't have control of the amount she was ingesting, in the end, she drank probably more than half the shoot.

Soon it was time again to fill their glasses. So she was sent to fetch them, when she returned she sat on Mr. Palmer's lap, trying to avoid John's sexual touches. Mr. Palmer fed her most of his martini and then handed her to John, who did the same with his Scotch. Lillian was getting very ditzy.

"I need some food, why don't you get us some snacks Lilly."

She stood up, a little unsteady at first, but quickly recover her equilibrium. Mr. Palmer was pretty amused and wanted to show his power again, so he said,

"Why don't you leave your shorts here Lilly, you may go fetch us some snacks in your panties, Tim won't mind."

Lillian blushed, she approached Mr. Palmer and said to his ear, "Mr. Palmer, I can't do that, I have no panties," her speech was a little slurred.

Mr. Palmer talked loud, "Lilly says that she rather go naked, well, I don't think Tim would mind."

She blushed and seeing no way out she pulled her shorts down revealing her bald pussy and her perfect ass.

Sam and John could not avoid hooting, she simply looked fantastic naked. Lillian felt embarrassed and flattered at the same time.

She then walked to the kitchen where she was received by Tim who was stunned by the girl's boldness. He sent her back with the snacks.

And soon she was again in Mr. Palmer's lap. "It is time that we start talking some business," he said while slowly caressing Lilly's tits and completely grabbing his little audience's attention.

"I am trying to build a more aggressive team, a team that won't stop till we get to the very top of this company. I plan to win the promotion for regional manager, and I am looking for people that dare to go all the way to the top. I have a reliable staff right now, but I am stagnated, I need fresh blood to change things.

What do I promise you? I certainly can't offer you a better initial offer than Bob, but I have the right strategy and can offer you three things: Hard work, fast growth, and in a short time lots of money and power. What will you get if you stay with Bob, well I can bet you will get a safe career path, a boring job, with slow personal growth, if you are lucky in 15 or 20 years you could get a position at Bob's level. If we do it right, one of you could be at my position in as soon as 3 years."

He started caressing Lillian's pussy. He was no fool at all, and even that was deliberated to help his cause. He knew that if he stole Bob's star interns by bettering his offer, he will scream foul and Mr. Palmer will be in a very bad position in front of the high management. But if he stole them based on his leadership, it would be the other way around, the one looking bad would be Bob.

He knew that increasing those men's level of testosterone would leave them a lot more prone to take riskier decisions more impulsively. That is why he brought them to a strip club to discuss the job opportunity.

John and Sam were mesmerized, they were lost in the sexiness of the scene, and they were getting also seduced by that man's call to greatness and power. They could clearly see Mr. Palmer's power. He was playing that nude girl like an instrument. John could not avoid thinking that he was only able to do the same because he was blackmailing Lilly and probably because Mr. Palmers' overwhelming personality was also pushing her to comply with him.

"What do you think gentlemen? Do you have what it takes to climb along with me to the top of this company, or you rather prefer to wait in line for eons while occupying boring jobs like countless drones all over the company?"

They both nodded mesmerized.

"I want to hear your voice. Lilly go with Sam please."

Lilly complied, she was getting very horny, Mr. Palmer had been rubbing her nude pussy for several minutes by then. They started discussing business and strategies, while she listened completely confused by the arousal and the alcohol. She was passed from lap to lap, always on the one that was speaking, and always she was being roughly fondled. No part of her nude body was spared of their lustful touch.

From time to time they asked her questions, like inviting her to the conversation, but she didn't answer right, not even the simpler ones. It was probably her

nervousness, the arousal, or the alcohol, but she was feeling more and more insecure by the minute. "Maybe I am not cut to work in an office," she thought bitterly.

The next time John asked her something, she simply smiled and caressed his hair avoiding answering him. When she pushed for an answer she didn't know what to say but she was tired of making a fool of herself, so she said, "I don't know a thing about recruitment or businesses, so please don't include me in your conversation, that is a men's talk you know, I am just a girl." She regretted her choice of words, but Mr. Palmer and John seemed elated.

They continued their talk for a few minutes, just this time Lillian's hands were reciprocating their caresses. In the end, they were all filled with enthusiasm for their project and very horny.

Soon Mr. Palmer produced a couple of contracts which the young pair rapidly and cheerfully signed. There were a lot of enthused hi-fives.

While they were signing, Lillian sensed that probably the meeting was about to end, so she approached Mr. Palmer and said in his ear. "Mr. Palmer, please be generous with your tip, I would have earned at least \$200 if I would have the chance to tend several tables."

"Don't worry Lilly, but you got us all horny, it is not fair if you let us with blue balls you know. Tim doesn't allow sex inside his business, but you can suck the three of us in the fire stairways, and the tip is yours."

She was too drunk, too horny and too weak to fight, so she merely nodded. Sam was the first to take the naked girl to the fire stairways. He wanted to show initiative and impress the other two that seemed to be bolder than him.

It was dark but she could hear cars and people passing below them. Their place wasn't so far from the ground, it was just a third floor. She shivered, she was completely naked in a public place and she was about to suck the dick of that man that she had just met, and that should have been her equal, but was now miles above her in so many aspects.

She knelt before him, and after taking his dick out of his fly, she started doing her magic with her hands behind her back. He was stunned, he had never seen a girl so slutty, and so submissive.

"You have a great talent for this girl," he said, really enjoying the blow job.

She didn't say anything, she just sucked and licked while furiously pumping three fingers inside her pussy. She had been teased for so much time, she came just before him, who came in her mouth. She was turning quite the expert at swallowing, still, she was not perfect yet, as a few drops fell to her tits.

Her orgasm should have helped her to come to her senses, but she was in a daze, and still horny. So when John Wallace arrived for his turn, she was still on her knees.

John needed to use all of his self-control. The girl that during the last three years had so openly despised him for being a misogynist was knelt naked, with dirt streaks all over her body, and a suspicious stain on her left tit; and most of all, she was ready to serve his dick.

He pulled it out of his fly in no time, he was of course already hard. After just a little hesitation she started sucking. She could not believe that she had debased herself to such low levels, to be naked, and dirty sucking her fully clothed classmate. And not any classmate, no, he was John Wallace, one of the persons that she hated the most because he represented the worst kind of male chauvinist. It was probably the most humiliating situation she had lived. But what made her feel worst was that she really longed to do it; she was just too horny.

After a few licks and sucks, in which Lillian showed much more eagerness than she would have wanted. She was using all her self-control to avoid masturbating because she thought that stopping her incoming orgasm would be a little victory. She didn't want John to have the satisfaction of seeing her come after that degrading treatment.

John pulled out, he was really on the edge and there was something more that he wanted to do.

He said, "Don't worry Lilly, your secret is safe with me, but you promised to do anything, and I want just one more little thing. I want to fuck you doggy style, so get on your hands and knees."

She complied blushing, and soon he was penetrating her from behind. He was fucking her pussy, with very long strokes, almost pulling her dick completely out before sinking it back until his balls touched her. He was in ecstasy. She on the other side had never felt so humiliated. She considered doggy style the most un-equal of sexual positions, one that no self-respecting woman should accept. And now she was doing it in the most unequal way possible. She was naked, and dirty in a public place, while her partner, or should she say her user, was fully dressed and had just pulled his pants down enough to fuck her.

She sensed that John wouldn't last much, but she also felt that her climax, a very big one was approaching her like an unstoppable avalanche. A few minutes later John's self-control finally won the match, and Lillian came, she could not avoid emitting some high pitch little moans as her back arched and her pussy clenched spasmodically, practically milking John's cock, who couldn't resist anymore and filled Lillian's pussy with his seed.

He pulled his zipper up and said, "You are a good fuck Lilly, I hope to see you here often."

Lillian just thought, "I won't return here in a million years."

And then he left. Lillian could not avoid thinking how used she felt, and how far from the concept of lovemaking was all that session. She felt completely ashamed and degraded; she had been reduced to a cum-receptacle, a toy to use, with absolutely no love, no kisses or hugs, nothing human involved in the

session, and she had shamefully responded with an earthshattering, animalistic orgasm.

She was beginning to stand up to return to the bar when Mr. Palmer exited the bar to the fire stairway.

"My oh my Lilly! You are full of surprises, but let me tell you that this time, you were finally useful."

"Ok. Lilly, on your knees. My dick have missed your mouth"

She felt humiliated to be treated like a low-class whore, but she wanted that to end, so she started licking and sucking, with little enthusiasm at first, but then wanting to end it soon, she started to put all her soul on it. She was also touching her pussy, her fingers soon were coated with her juices and John's semen.

"I deserve some pleasure for myself, I need something positive, something good to be able to cope with all this degradation," she thought while her climax was slowly building.

He was high on his triumph and he felt very powerful right then, not to mention that his testosterone levels were at a very high peak. He felt young and aggressive, and it felt really good.

"Lilly, I want to fuck you."

Lillian wanted to avoid that, she wanted to make him come with her mouth and get out of there. "Sir, I don't think it is a good idea, John already came in me, I am already dripping."

Mr. Palmer felt a little bit disappointed. "You are right Lilly, I don't like sloppy seconds," then on a second thought, he added.

"So I will use your asshole, so turn around, and stay on your hands and knees."

Lillian blushed, "Sir, please, I have never had anything there, please, we can fuck any day at the office, I will be clean."

"Turn around, or should I ...?" said Mr. Palmer who felt more powerful and aggressive than ever.

He didn't even need to complete his threat. Lillian spat and licked his dick a couple of times trying to lubricate it as much as she could, and then assumed once again the humiliating position on her hands and knees.

Mr. Palmer then started trying to penetrate her. To his merit, he tried to be gentle, and fortunately, his dick was harder than ever because the little hole was very tight. It took him probably four minutes and a lot of spit to finally get inside her anus. He then started pumping slowly, but even that was painful for Lillian.

She needed something to bear the pain and the humiliation, so she lowered her face to the metallic floor, making a dirt streak on her left cheek, and extended her right hand to furiously rub her pussy, while Mr. Palmer was increasing the pace.

As the pain grew with Mr. Palmer now not so gentle long strokes, she tried to compensate it sending waves of pleasure by expertly rubbing her clit and alternating it with the insertion of several fingers in her overworked pussy.

At some point, her brain was overwhelmed with so many sensations to process, but in the end, the pleasurable ones dominated and she came to a very humiliating orgasm while being treated like an object by a man that despised her. Mr. Palmer orgasm followed it fast.

The dreaded Monday morning finally arrived. Lillian woke up at 8:00 AM when her roommates had already left. Her pussy still dripped from the previous night events. It was becoming a routine for her to wake up with her pussy and ass soaked in semen. She thought bitterly that Megan and Karen should throw the couch away once she left, as it was becoming more and more tainted with spunk and female juices.

Lillian felt relieved to be alone, she found an envelope over the trunk, it contained the release forms from her porno-session. She held them to her chest happily and then cut them into little pieces. For the first time she felt hope of finally regaining some control of her life. The shameful contract she just signed was still nagging her in the back of her mind, but she managed to cope with the fear thinking that it won't mean anything unless she signed a contract for a porno session. Still, she was a little afraid that 'Lilly' could be subject to sign something in a moment of horniness.

"No," She said to herself, "From this moment Lilly no longer exists. I am in full command of my life now."

While she showered she went again thru the plans that she had made overnight, and even rehearsed a lot the interviews that she had ahead of her for the day.

She planned to deal with her blackmailer first, then go to see Ms. Barbara and ask her advice in order to find a way to drop her thesis gracefully, so she could retry the following semester with a new one. She also planned to go to the bank and ask for a credit of around \$700 to \$1000 backed by her monthly income and her vast trust fund. She thought that amount would be enough to buy some cheap but decent clothes and rent a cheap apartment to regain her independence.

She smiled shyly thinking that if she managed her interviews right, by the next day she would be free again, and would be able to finally leave all that craziness behind. If she could find the time, she also wanted to assert herself in front of Mr. Palmer and resign from her crappy job. She would threaten him with an accusation of sexual harassment if necessary; Once she dropped her thesis, Mr. Palmer's blackmail will lose most of its strength, especially if she made a

preemptive talk with Ms. Barbara, telling her that she will resign to her internship and letting some hints that Mr. Palmer sexual innuendos could be the cause.

She started to feel better, thinking that from Thursday she will be back in her life. She will even look for a new job, just to prove herself that she was still the most promising undergrad student of her generation. She only regretted that she hadn't thought of these solutions earlier. She realized that she had behaved like a frightened animal in a stampede, just running and running and doing things in cascade without much thinking, just reacting, and doing anything to get away from a supposed danger just to run towards a much more dangerous and much more certain cliff.

But, as she combed her hair, she started experimenting more than simply regrets. Whenever she left her mind drift a little, her doubts started to grow and grow, and her insecurity became overwhelming. She rather liked it to be Thursday already; Despite her hopes and her carefully crafted plans, she felt really afraid of facing her blackmailer as well as Ms. Barbara. Even worse, she felt incapable to manage those interviews professionally; somehow her shameful interviews with Mr. Palmer and Bruce Taylor at the Ambassador had almost entirely destroyed her self-confidence. Even in her rehearsal of the coming interviews, her mind started wandering, and she could not avoid imagining all kinds of humiliating scenarios, which shamefully aroused her.

The fact that Ms. Barbara had seen her embarrassing photos didn't help at all to her self-confidence, even when she knew that Ms. Barbara wasn't aware that the wanton girl in the photos was her. Just the memories of the last meeting at Ms. Barbara's office, with her secretary and that student clinically studying her naked photos, made her shiver, but strangely, it also stirred her pussy with a feeling that she found hard to admit.

Lillian bit her lower lip in front of the mirror. She no longer felt so confident. A part of her wanted to hide behind her alter-persona Lilly, and simply go back to do a slutty stunt instead of living that dreadful Monday as Lillian, the responsible student. She scolded herself at the thought and applied herself to get the most professional appearance ever, focusing herself completely on that task, and relegating her other thoughts to the back of her mind.

An hour later Lillian was taking the bus to her college. She was neatly dressed in her favorite ensemble: a business-like gray skirt that went below her knees, a blue, long sleeve blouse, and a dark gray blazer. Her beautiful red hair was elegantly done and she was wearing her favorite style of makeup. She was wearing high heels, underwear, and a pantyhose; all items were borrowed from Karen, the last ones without her knowledge, but Lillian wanted to look her best. One last look at the mirror and she felt better than ever.

"I bet those acne boys wouldn't even recognize me if they saw me," she thought amused.

One thing that she noted during the commute was that people weren't staring at her openly. That gave her great relief. It was tranquilizing to be finally free from all those women looking at her with scorn and anger, and of all those low-class

young men, looking at her as she was some object whose only function was to satisfy them, at least visually.

A businessman smiled politely at her and she felt good, "I sure can attract the right kind of man,"

she thought cheerfully, but he ignored her from then on, and Lillian felt childish and stupid for thinking that he was drooling after her.

Halfway thru the commute, a couple of young men boarded the bus. They were probably construction workers by the look of their clothes. Lillian noticed that she grabbed their attention, but to her disappointment, they seemed to lost interest very fast. She felt oddly disenchanted. She started to feel insecure again, but now for other reasons. She felt she looked dowdy, and despite her conscious mind fight, she could not avoid thinking that Lillian was completely unable to grab a man's attention, while Lilly was an immediate magnet for any man's eyes.

Lillian lifted her skirt a little to show her knees and a bit of thigh and then unbuttoned the top button of her blouse without giving it too much thinking. She was getting in a behavior toboggan that would certainly lead her to do more stupid things, but fortunately for her, she arrived at the university bus stop.

She buttoned up her blouse hoping that nobody had noted her stunt. She was blushing and feeling stupid as she stepped down the bus.

Lillian had to reunite all her strength before entering the university and walking to the art department to meet her blackmailer Mr. Jackson. The walk along the aisle was unnerving, on one side she felt really good to be portraying a professional image. She felt that it would help her downplay her shameful behavior and photos as just a young woman's game. On the other side, she felt very insecure. Somehow Lillian and Lilly worlds were not so clearly apart right then. She was dressed as Lillian, but Lilly's slutty fingerprints were all over the place, invading the university that she considered Lillian's sanctuary.

"What do I do if I find John Wallace? What if he told her friends about my shameful behavior?"

They probably wouldn't believe him, but..."

"Mr. Jackson will see you now. His office is that door at the end of this aisle. You don't have to knock, he is already waiting for you."

That phrase pulled her out of her stupor. She didn't even remember entering the teacher's lounge and asking for Mr. Jackson. She mumbled a "thanks," stood up, and marched like a robot to the designated place.

"Hi, Lillian."

Lillian thought that Mr. Jackson didn't look too impressive he was a skinny white man, probably just a couple of inches taller than her. Somehow she realized

that he looked gay indeed, it was maybe the neatness of his attire, or probably the artful details in his very clean office.

She seemed to regain some confidence maybe seeing her adversary wasn't physically powerful, but when he smirked Lillian could not control a shiver. The man could seem weak, but his manners revealed he had a cruel side, maybe a bottled resentment from his young years. All in all, Lillian felt intimidated by his presence, specially knowing that her life was in his hands.

"Hi," she said in a very low voice, overwhelmed by thousand emotions running thru her mind. The witty opening phrases that she had thought while rehearsing this interview seemed to fly away from her, leaving her mind deserted, and filled with fear. All in all, she wasn't in shape to drive the conversation.

"Did you bring the money?"

She merely nodded. She had planned to bargain, to say that she only got \$1300, but she felt paralyzed and wanted to be out of there as soon as possible.

"All of it?"

She should at least had said "yes," but instead she said, "I only brought \$1700... you told me... remember..."

Mr. Jackson twitched his lips in a way that made Lillian nervous. He hadn't even offered her a seat, and he seemed ready to back off his deal.

He was thinking, "I expected a party girl afraid of his parents, but the way this girl is dressed, and her manners tell me that she had much more to lose than I originally thought. No wonder she brought all the money."

"I don't know Lillian. I am having second thoughts. I am risking my tenure here. Look I already prepared my inform."

He showed Lillian her computer screen. There was an email destined for Ms. Barbara. It hadn't been sent yet, but it was just a click away to fly and ruin her life. Her face went white as she read it.

"Ms. Barbara

I concluded the analysis of the photographs you gave me and here are my observations:

1. The photographs were taken with a professional Nikon camera.
2. There are many hints that support the idea that professional lighting and high quality lens were used in the shooting.
3. The great quality of the set is another indicator that it is indeed a professional job, the same could be said about the artistic focusing, which seems to be done by a very experienced photographer.

4. The photographs were taken in the business district of our town one day before you sent them to me.

5. I uncovered the face of the model, which could be useful for you. Here it is:"

The photo was pixelated but her face was clearly recognizable.

I will be happy to help you in future analysis

Sincerely

Mr. Jackson"

Lillian's face was ghost white. She was on the verge of crying.

"But we had a deal... here is the money... see?"

She said putting all her hard-earned money on the desk.

"No Lillian... I changed my mind," he said playing around.

"Please... sir... I really need this... and you promised..."

"I promised to keep silent for \$2,000, not \$1700"

Lillian was visible trembling now, "but I can't get any more money," she said in an almost inaudible voice.

Mr. Jackson feared that she could break down, so he decided to stop the charade.

"Ok girl, I have a heart, and I want to help you. Maybe you can give me something else, pay me in kind, you know."

He didn't want anything. He just wanted to bring Lillian down a peg. She reminded him of his high school classmates, always bullying him and mocking him for his mannerisms.

"I don't have anything with me....," she said bitterly.

"Ok," he said taking the money and putting it in his pocket without even looking at it. He was sure that Lillian wouldn't have the courage to lie to him.

"Let's be creative. Hmmm," he said, and then remained silent for a minute or so, just thinking about the possibilities.

"I have an idea. My boyfriend likes to cross-dress from time to time. Give me your underwear so I can give it to him, and if I like it, I will delete points number 4 and 5 from the email."

Lillian felt relieved, she didn't want to face the meeting with Ms. Barbara without underwear, but it was by far the less of her concerns right then. And Karen probably won't even notice the missing underwear set.

"Ok. I'll do it. Where can I change?" she said.

"Do it here, we don't have much time. I have a meeting in a few minutes, and I have already seen your charms remember?"

She decided to comply, the earlier she got out of there the better. She pulled her pantyhose and panties down from under her skirt, and then she took off her blazer and pulled her bra, under her blouse.

She handed him the garments and felt proud of herself.

"I didn't put a show for this bastard, ha," she thought.

Mr. Jackson was disappointed. He didn't fancy Lillian's body, but he wanted to humiliate her. He thought of making her do some silly stuff, but he was really running out of time, so he said.

"This is not enough. Frankly, your garments are pretty lame. I expected racier stuff from a porno actress like you."

Lillian blushed. She regretted having chosen the most conservative underwear from Karen.

"Tell you what. I'll give you a choice, you may give me your blazer and the top three buttons of your blouse or you may give me your blouse and keep the blazer," he said.

"Please Mr. Jackson, I already gave you a lot of money and even my underwear. I will meet Ms. Barbara in a few minutes." she tried to assert herself, "I think it is enough if you don't want it, give me my money back and..." she didn't dare to continue.

He interrupted her, "I put the rules here little lady, and I say it is not enough," he put the money back on the desk and said, "The moment you touch the bills, the email flies away."

Lillian felt defeated, "May I at least give it to you later, you know after meeting Ms. Barbara."

"No."

"Please"

"No. I don't have time for this. It is like a said, or nothing."

Lillian inhaled deeply, she decided to conserve the blazer, it would look a little bit weird without a blouse underneath, but it was modest enough. The blouse without bra and the top buttons would be worse.

She took off her blazer and then the blouse. This time it was impossible not to flash him.

"If you want to succeed in the porno business you should consider a boob job, yours are too small," he said satisfied with his own cruelty.

Lillian blushed and dressed fast. She didn't know what ashamed her most, the fact that he thought that she wanted to have a porno career or her small breast. She tried to convince herself it was the former. No self-respecting feminist would consider breast size an issue.

Satisfied with the result, he wanted to end the meeting right then. He unceremoniously erased the negative comments from the email and sent it off. Lillian breathed with relief.

"Mission accomplished," she thought.

A few minutes later she was walking the aisles of the university. Despite having solved her biggest problem, she was still apprehensive. The loss of clothes had mined her self-confidence, and she was feeling less able to cope with Ms. Barbara. She knew she no longer looked neat and professional. Her clothes were still of very high quality, but the lack of blouse made her look awkward, and her lack of underwear was worse because it made her feel like Lilly. She was also slightly aroused in spite of her nervousness.

She arrived at Ms. Barbara's office and have to take a few minutes before reuniting the courage to ask the secretary.

"She said, she can see you right now," said the secretary with a warm smile. "Nice outfit," she added. Lillian blushed and entered Ms. Barbara's office.

"Thanks for receiving me Ms. Barbara, there is a thing that I want to discuss with you."

"I am glad you are here Lillian," she said in a very serious tone, "Is there something that you need to tell me about your subject?"

"No... yes... no," said Lillian confused. She wanted to talk about the whole thesis thing, and not about the subject.

"There is nothing that I need to know about the studio photos?"

"No," she said blushing deeply, "Did Mr. Jackson betrayed me or what?" she thought.

"Is there a problem with Mr. Jackson professional opinion? My subject swore that they were professional photos," she said trying to counterattack.

"Mr. Jackson's report was... Are you sure you don't have ANYTHING to say about the studio photos? Nothing strange about them?" she said sternly.

Lillian felt paralyzed, Ms. Barbara was probably bluffing as the last test of the authenticity of the photos.

"No, not that I know, I assure you they are authentic," she said, but she sounded very insecure.

Ms. Barbara face turned even sterner, and Lillian realized that it was more than bluff.

"OK. I gave you a chance to come clean and instead you lied to me in my face."

"Yesterday I was talking with a friend about the photos that you brought, and I was telling her that I was curious about your subject. You know the one that seemed to be regretting her porno career just at the same time that you started interviewing her. It sparked my curiosity and wanted to see her face. Well. my friend showed me this little trick."

She then turned the monitor and made a little demonstration for Lillian. She entered google's image search engine and uploaded one of the photos that Lillian had given her. The first result was the amateur site where Lillian had been uploading her photos, but there were more, apparently, her photos were now spread among several amateur sites. Lillian felt her world crumble when Ms. Barbara clicked in the first link and quickly found the photos that showed her face clearly!

"I am sorry," was all that Lillian could whisper. She was completely overwhelmed by the situation, her face was completely pale, and Ms. Barbara thought for a moment that she was going to faint.

Ms. Barbara was thrown between anger and pity, but she convinced herself that it was all Lillian's fault, and her stupid actions had put Ms. Barbara's tenure at risk. That fueled her anger even more and she finally talked.

"Listen, Lillian, what you did is the most shameful kind of academic fraud that I ever have heard of. You already had tried to fool me with a fake interview in the past, so I can't let this new mistake pass. Especially when other people here in the university had seen your pictures, if one of them finds your 'little site', I will be risking my tenure. You irresponsible brat!" she said losing her temper for a second.

"I already notified a member of the disciplinary council about your unforgivable behavior. You will surely be expelled for academic fraud and for potentially disgracing your college with your wanton displays."

Then calming herself again she continued, "Lillian, you were a good student, and as friend, I recommend you that you send a letter of confession to skip the trial which would be extremely shameful for you and even for the University."

Lillian finally broke, she started sobbing, all her efforts, all her slutty stunts, all for nothing, and now she not only would be thrown out of College disgraced, but also would lose her inheritance as it clearly stated that she would get the whole trust fund when she graduated, or after 27, but she will lose it if she got expelled from a University as her late aunt was. Of course, her aunt didn't commit academic fraud or anything near that, she simply was an activist that took her protest a notch too far. Obviously, her parents were afraid that her aunt could

embed her crazy activism into Lillian, they didn't count that she died in the same accident as them.

Seeing Lillian break down, stirred Ms. Barbara's natural compassion, and soon she was trying to comfort the poor girl when she knew about the trust fund, she meditated and considered that the penalty was too harsh for the sin. Lillian surely deserved to be expelled from College for her actions, but she didn't deserve to be disinherited because of a moment of weakness.

"Lillian, let me do some calls to see if we can save your inheritance somehow. Wait for me outside."

Lillian waited nervously outside Ms. Barbara's office, all her world seemed to be crumbling. She fidgeted nervously in the reception chair until maybe an hour later she was called again inside Ms. Barbara's office.

"Lillian, I talked with my contact in the disciplinary council, he is a man who believes in justice and thinks that the punishment should be proportional to the fault, and he sees that the cost for your stupid behavior would be exaggerated. He believes that it could be possible to bend the rules a little to let you preserve your inheritance, but it won't be a free ticket for you. He thinks there is a possibility to trade the expulsion for a probation period. All your student rights will be suspended for an amount of time, probably a year, after which, you could have another chance to write a professional thesis."

Lillian breathed with relief. That wasn't that bad considering the circumstances. She would lose a year, and certainly, she won't graduate with honors, but she could use it to advance on a new thesis, and the fact that she could still graduate was simply wonderful news.

"But there is a catch. To have some leverage to convince the rest of the board, you have to show repentance and willingness to accept that you made a huge, career-destroying, mistake that deserves much more than a slap in the hand, so you need to promise to retribute your scholarship (around \$180,000 USD). "

Lillian felt anger, "Those greedy bastards," she thought, but she would lose much more than that if she didn't accept.

"Do you agree with these terms?" said Ms. Barbara

Lillian simply nodded but seeing Ms. Barbara expecting more than that.

"Yes. Ms. Barbara, I agree. Thank you for getting me this opportunity."

"I haven't got it yet, at this moment it is just a possibility. Carl, told me that he needs the support of 3 members of the council, he could get one, but it would be good to make some lobbying to convince a couple more."

Lillian felt the apprehension returning. The uncertainty was killing her.

Ms. Barbara was silent and looked concentrated, after a few seconds and musings she turned to see Lillian.

"You are doing an internship at Johnson & Carter, don't you?"

"Yes," she answered insecurely.

"Isn't Mr. Palmer your boss?"

She nodded again, even more afraid of where the conversation could be going.

"Well, that could be your way out. If you can get his support, he surely would be able to convince several members of the council. He knows three of them personally and he is a very persuasive man."

Lillian was pale, and silent, for a moment she thought of complaining about Mr. Palmer's sexual harassment, but she quickly realized that she had very little credibility after Ms. Barbara had seen the embarrassing photos that she posted on the internet. She could even worsen her problems because she had been exchanging sex for benefits.

"I know what are you thinking. You think it would ruin your image with Mr. Palmer, and your chances at Johnson & Carter. Let me tell you that it is just a matter of time anyway. And you don't have necessarily to tell him all the dirty details of your academic fraud. "

Lillian was paralyzed. She didn't dare to say or do anything, her head was spinning, and filled with scattered memories of her humiliating sexual encounters with Mr. Palmer.

"There must be another person who can help me." she thought with desperation trying to find a way out, but before she could come with an answer, Ms. Barbara took the phone.

"Can you put me in line with Mr. Palmer?"

"Hi, Harry! How are you? Thanks for taking my call."

Lillian was surprised, she realized that until that moment, she didn't even know Mr. Palmer's first name even when she had sucked her cock three times and even received her dick in her asshole once. Ms. Barbara and he were obviously friends. She shivered with fear and shame.

"This is it," she thought, "My last chance will fly away right now."

"I have Lillian Sanders with me. I will put this on speaker so we could all talk a little."

Mr. Palmer felt nervous. Was Lillian denouncing him?

"Listen Harry, I will go straight to the point."

Mr. Palmer gulped.

"Lillian made a mistake that could have costly consequences for her."

Mr. Palmer finally breathed.

"She had been otherwise a pretty good student, and I would like to hear your opinion about her professional behavior." Ms. Barbara made this trying to put him in a supportive mood.

"Well, she made a mistake here too, but she did an impressive interview with me and convinced me to rehire her."

Lillian blushed remembering her shameful interviews with Mr. Palmer.

"And what about her work? Is she good?" said Ms. Barbara, trying to get a more positive response from him.

"Well, she had been working in three different positions since she started here, but definitely she fits better in the last one, it is a better match between her abilities and the job requirements. She is still not as qualified as her colleges, but she had tried to be on par, and she had been doing a very clean job.

About her work habits, her punctuality has some room to improve, but I have heard that she stands out by the way she dresses, and she is always willing to give something extra."

Mr. Palmer was very amused inserting all those inuendos knowing that Lillian was listening and was surely interpreting his phrases in a much different way than Ms. Barbara.

Lillian was on the edge, all that she was hearing was indeed extremely humiliating for her, but Ms. Barbara didn't interpret it the same way, for her, it was simply a mediocre evaluation and nothing else.

Ms. Barbara would have wanted a better evaluation to have some leverage, but she sensed that he was being polite, and the real evaluation of Lillian was probably worse than it sounded. She wasn't so sure to get his help now but decided to talk directly.

"Harry, I will be frank. Lillian needs your help, her mistake could get her expelled from the University, which would be very costly for her, and I sincerely believe that it would be unfair for several reasons. So Carl of the disciplinary council had planned an alternative punishment for her, that seems to be fitter for the crime, but we need to get some support from the disciplinary board, and I believe that you can talk to them and help present Lillian's case more favorably. If you agree I can brief you on the specifics later."

"Well, that sounds serious Barbara. I am willing to hear Lillian, but she had to convince me that helping her with the board is the right thing for me to do. I will be willing to receive her in my office at lunchtime. I am not making any promises but to hear her story."

The call ended after they exchanged some pleasantries.

Lillian was almost trembling; she knew what would entitle getting his support. She shivered with apprehension and shame, but she was willing to do anything. She was convinced that it was the only way to rescue her identity and future.

Ms. Barbara looked at the nervous girl in front of her. She looked more like a frightened naughty high school girl about to face the principal, than the successful student and near to graduate woman that she was supposed to be. Even the business attire didn't help her case, probably because it looked somewhat ridiculous without a blouse, making her look again like a schoolgirl wearing her big sister clothes. She sighed; she was disappointed with Mr. Palmer's evaluation. She expected an excellent evaluation, after all, she had been failing at her thesis, and Ms. Barbara had thought that it was because Lillian was so engrossed in her promising internship that she was neglecting her college work.

She finally sighed, and said, "Ok, Lilly," she didn't know where 'Lilly' came from, maybe it was because of the way she perceived Lillian now. "You should go now to Mr. Palmer's office, try to be there before lunchtime, so there is someone to let you in. Remember punctuality is very important especially right now."

Lillian stood up and extended her hand to thank Ms. Barbara.

Ms. Barbara shook her hand and looking her at her eyes, she said.

"Lilly, you must not fail. It is probably your last chance. Show me that you deserve this opportunity."

"I will," said Lillian almost in a whisper.

A few minutes later she was riding on the bus towards Mr. Palmer's office. She had removed all of her makeup because it became a mess with her tears, only her lips remained painted in a soft pink tone. She looked very young. She was dreading her incoming meeting with Mr. Palmer.

She arrived at Mr. Palmer's office just a few minutes before lunchtime.

Kathleen (Mr. Palmer's secretary) greeted her cheerfully.

"Hi Lilly, Nice outfit."

Lillian blushed remembering the embarrassing outfit that she was wearing the last time she saw Kathleen.

"You should try it with a blouse, it would look a lot better."

Lillian merely nodded, angry at being patronized that way, "Of course I know dumb ass," she thought angrily, "she must think this is the first time I wear decent clothes."

But then she added, "of course is a matter of fashion, and probably Mr. Palmer like it better that way," Kathleen said with a smirk.

Lillian blushed, "She knows!" she thought ashamed. "Meeting with him alone, at lunchtime when the office is deserted must ring some bells in Kathleen's head, and the worst part is that whatever degrading things she thinks I came to do, they are probably true," she was feeling small in front of this secretary that she once considered way below her, both professionally and as a woman of respect.

Lillian's eyes were cast down, and Kathleen enjoyed her little victory. She wasn't a bad person, but she deeply despised the women that had sex with the bosses.

"Mr. Palmer is already waiting for you. You know the way don't you?"

Kathleen nodded quietly and walked to Mr. Palmer's office.

Mr. Palmer waved Lillian to sit in front of him. He was reviewing some papers and only separated his eyes from the document from time to time to look at Lillian.

She saw the girl in front of him, constantly fidgeting in her chair, and biting her lower lip nervously while avoiding eye contact with him and he realized that she had changed a lot since the first time she met her a few months ago. Now even with the expensive clothes that she was wearing she didn't look professional, the lack of stockings and blouse made her look cheap, and her baby face made her look really cute, but definitely not like the promising young graduate that she was a short time ago.

He could not avoid thinking that it was at least partly his fault. He had mixed emotions about that, on one hand, he felt regret for his contribution to the girl's downfall, on the other, at a more primary, less rational level, he felt a power rush of the transformation that he had achieved in her.

He could not avoid thinking that Lillian was destined to be another bitch just like his ex-wife and that he had saved some poor guy. He wished he had made the same with her ex-wife when she was that young.

"What would have been of her if I had pushed her downwards instead of upwards, she would probably be a waitress or even a stripper," he felt delighted with the images forming in his mind, but then his rational mind started to fight back.

"Probably Lillian doesn't deserve this," He was divided, part of him wanted to further exploit the girl, after all, her destiny now depended mostly on him, and another part of him wanted to give Lillian a real chance to put her life back on track and get out from the downward spiral that she had traveled with his help.

He was still undecided; what had begun as a game for him, as a way to cope with his bitter divorce, could have now lifetime consequences for Lillian. He was convinced that most of this was Lillian's fault, after all, she was the one making the worst decisions. She was the one who made unforgivable mistakes in her original position interviewing job candidates, then she crashed his document scanning project, and dressed like a little slut. It wasn't his idea that she took a

shift at the dark horse, and in the topless area. She even uploaded nude photos of herself to the internet, What was she thinking? If the word gets out, she will ruin any chances to work for a serious firm.

Her worst idea yet was to use her own nude photos as a proof of her advance in her thesis project. She should have asserted herself and told Ms. Barbara that the subject didn't want that, and if it was requisite, she would have to look for another subject and start from scratch. And if she wanted to cheat on that, she should at least have copied some model photos or hired someone to do the stunt.

"No," he said to himself, "she has done it mostly herself. Maybe this is what she really wants." But then he shook the idea out of his mind.

"I promised myself to give her a fair chance to recover her life." Finally, the best part of him won the battle, and he finally rose his eyes from the paper.

"Hi, Lillian. Ms. Barbara already told me everything about your situation. I would lie to you if I tell you that it was a complete surprise to me. But I understand your situation and I am willing to help you."

She sensed respect from him, something that she hadn't seen in his eyes since all this mess started.

"I think that your problem is way deeper than this expulsion threat, as a matter of fact, this crisis is just the consequence of your very poor decisions. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes sir," she said.

"You need to start behaving professionally, and responsibly, so the first step is to solve this problem by yourself, using your professional skills to convince me firstly, and then the disciplinary board, that you are a valuable student who made a terrible mistake, but who is nonetheless working professionally on her thesis and could probe her knowledge, and her honorability."

Lillian nodded, she was surprised by Mr. Palmer's speech. She was also taken out of balance because she expected that he would want something sexual in exchange of his help.

"OK. Lillian. Here is what I can do for you. I can call three of the board members who are friends of mine. Two of them are women, so they probably would sympathize with you. I can tell them good things about you, but I can't lie, and I won't do your job. I can invite them to join us this Wednesday afternoon in my meeting room. There you will have your chance to talk privately with them and convince them that all of this was an unacceptable, but well-meant mistake and not an open intention of deceiving everybody with a fake thesis. You will have to portray your stunt as a brave but stupid way to defend your subject privacy. You'll then accept that you deserve a penalty, but ask for their mercy, so your punishment doesn't have lifelong consequences for you."

Lillian saw a glimpse of hope. She could have a chance to save some face, regain some respect, and retake some control over her life.

"Thank you very much, sir. I really appreciate what you are doing for me."

Still, she had some doubts and apprehension; the idea of defending herself against three respectable academic veterans was frightening, but she tried to remain focused, so she asked.

"And how do you think I should structure my presentation Sir?"

"Well, I think that after thanking their presence, you should focus on convincing them that your thesis is for real. I would tell them why I chose this research method instead of others. I would show them all the research papers that I know exist on the subject and tell them why there is room for another study, what is yet to be known or proved. I would also show them the reference framework in which I had been basing my work, you know cites, and references of other works, that support the content of my interview questions. Then I will present them with interview extracts and my interpretation of why those particular answers are useful for my research.

Be prepared to show the original interview tapes, so they can see that you did not make them up. A good touch, would be to let them play random bits of the interviews, so they can see your professional approach to the subject, and then you could make technical comments about those excerpts.

Finally, you should tell them about your subject negative to give you professional photos of herself, and that you stupidly surrendered to Ms. Barbara exigency of them, by faking the photos and protecting your subject.

You could close your presentation telling them about your perfect record, although they already know that, and making your respectful beg for mercy."

Lillian was overwhelmed. That should be so easy if she would have been working on her thesis, but she hadn't done much work lately and her interview recordings were shameful, especially after Karen forced her into her silly games.

"Sir... I... "

"Why don't you rehearse for me right now. That way I will feel more confident to defend your case. Don't worry about the details right now, but you will need the precise quotes in the real meeting."

Lillian felt ditzy, she realized that she had done so little work on her thesis, it would be impossible to have a decent presentation in a couple of days. She will simply fail.

"Sir... I ... I don't feel like I can do that..."

She said ashamed.

"Why? Aren't you a top student?"

"Yes," she said in a whisper.

"Then show me!"

"It is just that this thesis... you know... I have not ... really done much... Yet."

"Tell me what you have, explain to me your hypothesis and your methodology, everything that you remember right now."

Lillian was trembling, and she started babbling about her thesis, but her language kept slipping to a very unprofessional territory. She continually spoke of "horniness" and pussies, tits, instead of talking about arousal, vaginas, and breasts. She was emotionally involved in her talk instead of preserving a detached clinical view.

Mr. Palmer then started asking her basic psychology concepts, trying to make her gain some confidence, and then build something from there, but she was so nervous that she mixed up basic concepts and even failed to remember some very elementary principles. She was getting more and more nervous, thinking "If I perform like this on Wednesday they would think that I cheated all along my college years."

Mr. Palmer even tried to build her confidence asking some high school and general knowledge concepts, but she was getting more and more frightened, and more and more incompetent by the minute.

"Lillian, you need to come with something better than that if you want to convince the members of the board. Remember it is your only chance."

Lillian started stammering a bunch of non-sense. Her voice was almost a whisper and she was blushing bright red. She knew she was making a fool of herself and only wanted the conversation to end. She realized that it was impossible to be prepared in two days, and even worse, she would probably fail to deliver a congruent speech even if she knew the facts. She was having more and more trouble behaving professionally, especially when she was in front of men. She felt so below them.

She finally broke down, "There must be another way Mr. Palmer, I can't do that. I can't convince them that my thesis is a professional work."

"Why can't you do that?"

"Because it isn't, I haven't done much really, just a few interviews, and the recordings aren't very neat," she whispered ashamed.

"Are you saying that your lack of professionalism would be immediately evident in a meeting with the members of the council?"

She nodded ashamed.

"I don't see you able to pose even as a mediocre student so they would probably doubt your student record too. Aren't you the worst student there?"
"No sir. I always had the best grades, and..."

"So you can convince them that you are a brilliant student, can't you?"

"I... I don't know sir... I feel nervous..."

"You are insecure because you don't know a thing, that is very clear to me. You probably got A's repeating subjects like a parrot and then forgetting them a few weeks after that. You are probably the most ignorant student of your class."

"I don't think so..."

"Then prove it to me. Give a coherent description of your research protocol. And use professional terminology."

Her new attempt was even worse, she stammered constantly and then giggled nervously for no reason.

Mr. Palmer interrupted her. He was getting angry.

"How many of your classmates would do a worse presentation than the one you just gave?"

"Probably none," she whispered.

"So what does it make you?"

"I am probably the worst student in my class."

"And your so-called thesis is more like a high school girl job, isn't it?"

She nodded completely humbled.

"How can I help you then?"

"I don't know sir... but I'll do anything..." she said playing with the top button of her blazer, and blushing with shame.

"Listen, Lilly, you can't fix all your problems by offering your pussy, sometimes you have to use your brain... unless your pussy is all you have to offer."

She felt like the worst bimbo ever, but she didn't dare to talk. She blushed and cast her eyes down, biting her lower lip. She was so confused that she didn't have a clue about what she could do.

"Well... I see that your body is probably your only asset. Let me think of something, in the meanwhile bring me a coffee, with two sugar spoons. And don't mess up with this simple task."

Lillian got up and marched to the little kitchenette at the end of the aisle. She remembered with bitterness that when she interviewed the first time with Mr.

Palmer to get her internship, she had made clear to him that she won't bring coffees to the executives unless it was also a usual task for the men at her same level. At that time he had smiled warmly at her feminism and reassured her that people at the position she was being invited didn't have to do that kind of stuff.

This day, however, it seemed to her the most important job in the world, and she was afraid of messing it up. A few minutes later she delivered the coffee to Mr. Palmer and looked at him with apprehension until he sipped from the cup and seemed satisfied.

He continued thinking and browsing papers, giving an occasional glance to his computer screen, totally ignoring Lilly for a few minutes, and don't even signal her to sit. She remained standing up, not daring to sit without permission and afraid to interrupt him just to ask him.

She was looking anxiously at him, with her hands behind her back.

Finally, he turned to see her and said.

"I am willing to help you, Lilly."

"Thanks, sir," she said, but she didn't feel relieved, maybe it was his stern voice tone, or she was afraid of having to do another kind of self-defense in front of the council members.

"How?"

"It doesn't concern you, and you won't probably understand my strategy anyway, but rest assured; you won't be required at the meeting and you won't have to prove you are the good student that you and I know you are not."

Lillian shivered with shame, but at the same time, she felt relieved knowing that Mr. Palmer was going to solve her problem so she won't have to try to do that by herself.

"But I require one thing from you."

"Yes sir, Anything," she said anxiously.

He breathed deeply, he was feeling a power rush again. He knew this could crush that girl for good. He hesitated for a few seconds, but he finally convinced himself that it was all her fault.

"Listen Lilly, You have been using your body as a means to save your job and now you are trying to use it to save your inheritance. That is no problem with me. I can accept that, I won't even judge you, but I am sick of your little act of 'I am a brilliant student, just having a bad time'.

You know you aren't, and I need you to stop pretending and admit that you are nothing but a cheap slut. I have enough of your 'I am really a good girl' façade. You have shown me and yourself that you are incapable of any professional

work. You are also a fraud as a student, your thesis is a childish work and you are unable to show any degree of knowledge about your supposed professional field. And you know you don't behave anything near to a good girl."

Lillian blushed nervously as she was unable to contradict him. He continued talking calmly.

"So if you need me to fix the mess that you put yourself into, then you have to admit to me and yourself that you are unable to help your own case because you are nothing but a horny bimbo, Aren't you?"

Lillian blushed deeply, part of her wanted to simply say "yes" and get over it, but another part realized that her current problems were caused precisely by her pragmatism of using any means and taking the shortest paths to solve her most immediate challenges even if that carried her far away from her principles and long term goals.

She gathered all the courage that she could and replied

"No sir. I am not, it is only a passing phase. I am... "

"No need to convince me. If you say you are brilliant then you are, if you say you are slut then that is what you are. I don't care, but you have to decide.

Tell you what. You have a 'valid attire' with you or in your locker?"

At first, she didn't understand, but after a few seconds, she realized that he was talking about the slutty clothes she was supposed to wear for her cleaning job in the warehouse.

"Yes sir," she said completely disconcerted by the sudden change in the conversation, "I have a small outfit in my handbag ."

She had packed the outfit in the morning. Megan had left those clothes in a little plastic bag for her to wear. Without thinking she had put them in her handbag before leaving the apartment that morning, maybe she was curious and wanted to see them when she had the chance.

"Here is the deal. You will leave my office now, and If you are sure that you are the smart woman that you say you are, you don't have to come back here until Wednesday afternoon, when you will make an outstanding presentation of your professionalism and I will do the negotiation for you, convincing the counselors to take the deal you are offering them.

If you otherwise admit that you are nothing more than a dumb slut, I will do the entire negotiation for you, using another strategy of course, without even requiring your presence, but you will have to accept to me and especially to yourself that you are nothing more than a bimbo. Because I won't make your homework if you can do it by yourself, but I am always willing to help a poor men-dependent-bimbo to rescue some of her inheritance.

Here is the proof of acceptance that I need, pay attention because it would require from you to follow instructions:"

Lillian knew that she probably should have stopped him and simply marched out of his office, reassuring herself that she was indeed a professional woman who simply made a stupid mistake but was pretty able to prove her worth. But her insecurity made her want to know, maybe it was something simple like a blowjob or something she could cope with... and she didn't want to admit it, but Lilly... Lilly wanted to hear the instructions.

"You will go to the nearest bathroom, and change into your slut attire, then you will go to the supply room and pick a delivery box; you will put your current outfit inside, including your shoes, and your handbag. Place a label on the package and address it to "Mrs. Maria Dolores" your former boss; you will put my name as the sender of the package. She would appreciate a classy outfit for her daughter, it could probably help her get a good job. Then you will take the package to the mailroom.

After that, you are going to offer a coffee to Mr. John Wallace, cubicle 4L, and you will return to my office with his cum in your mouth. You are to wait for me in the waiting chairs outside my office. If when I leave the office in around 40 minutes, I see you there with your hands behind your back and your mouth open showing semen inside, then I will know that you opted for the second option, otherwise, I will see you on Wednesday for your professional presentation."

Lillian was blushing furiously, it was too much.

"Don't worry, most of the team won't return after lunch. I gave them the afternoon free to celebrate that we are way ahead of our quarter goals, John still here, but consider that he can leave at any minute."

"Now if you please," he said pointing at the door, "I have some work that needs to be done; see you in 40 minutes or a couple of days."

Lillian left the private office completely stunned. She was now convinced that she will go home right then. There is no way that she will admit that she was a dumb bimbo. She walked to the outside door. She pushed the crystal door that leads to the office lobby. She felt her heart beating fast, once she passed that door there won't be possible to get back without an identification card, which she didn't have, or permission from somebody inside, so if she closed the door behind her there wouldn't be a way back, her decision would be definitive. She hesitated and bit her lower lip nervously. She decided to go to the bathroom to wash her face and try to think clearly, it was a very important decision with possible lifetime consequences.

She went to the bathroom and looked at the lavatory mirror. She saw a nervous and insecure girl. She washed her face and looked again at the mirror, trying to find the self-confident woman that could convince three stern professors that she was a woman with great potential that made just one stupid mistake but

that was nonetheless worth saving, The mirror, however, was unforgiving, she could only see a dumb, insecure girl.

She opened her handbag with trembling hands. Inside was one of the outfits that Megan bought for her. She wasn't decided on what to do, but she was more and more afraid of confronting the members of the disciplinary council the upcoming Wednesday. Nervously she pulled the little outfit out of her handbag and decided to try it.

"Maybe it would help me decide what to do," she thought. She hadn't seen the outfit yet. It was inside a white plastic bag that Megan had left for her over the coffee table.

She nervously took off her blazer. She didn't dare to look at the outfit yet. The plastic bag was small enough and light enough to tell the story, as a matter of fact, she would never have dreamed that an entire outfit would fit in her handbag with room to spare; still, she tried to convince herself that it couldn't be worse than the outfits that she had been wearing lately.

She took off her skirt, and folded it neatly along her blazer and put them on the lavatory top. She breathed deeply and put on the little attire trying not to think how she would look like.

When she finished, she saw with shock her reflection. A couple of months ago she wouldn't have dared to wear that outfit on the beach, well probably not even alone and inside her bedroom. The top was a pink sports bra, that barely went a couple of inches below her tits, and the pink skirt was even worse. It was almost a band that covered her pussy only if she wore it very low on her hips. Both garments were second hand and their faded color made her look even trashier.

She blushed at her own image.

"Most street whores dress more decently than this."

She felt completely humiliated by the outfit. She hated pink to begin with. To Lillian, pink has some symbolism; It was the color that girls were supposed to wear; she saw it as a sign of women's oppression. She used to despise adult women that dressed in pink because she thought that they were helping perpetuate the cliché of the little men-depending girl that many men love to see.

But to be fair she had never seen a woman wearing a pink outfit as small or trashy as hers. It made her feel as if she was wearing lingerie. She shivered thinking that she probably was wearing second-hand lingerie indeed; it was extremely degrading. She took a step backward and contemplated her image once more in the mirror.

She realized with shame that she only missed a bubble gum to look like the complete stereotype of a bimbo. Lillian felt a tingle in her pussy, and could not avoid picking a pack of bubble gums that she had in her handbag and started chewing one. To add to the effect, she put another one in her mouth, so to chew the big mass she was often doing it with her mouth open. Her pussy was starting to drip.

She tried to decide if she preferred to face John Wallace and Mr. Palmer wearing this ridiculous outfit or confront a panel of three respected academics dressed in a professional outfit. She bit her lip once again.

"One thing I know. It would be very shameful and degrading... but a lot easier, and... "

She decided to stop thinking,

"It is not that I admit that I am a bimbo," she said to herself, "I am just doing the practical thing, simply taking the more secure path to my goal."

She nervously walked out of the bathroom. The office was deserted but it was still frightening to be there dressed as she was. If anyone saw her, they would call security for sure.

She arrived at the supply room and took one of the medium-sized boxes. Trembling she put her business clothes inside, after a little hesitation, she took her bus card and id out of the handbag and put them into the little plastic bag that contained her little outfit a few minutes ago. She tied the plastic bag around her left wrist. She breathed deeply and took off her shoes to put them inside the box. She felt even trashier, and she knew she would have a problem reaching home barefoot. Once again she convinced herself to stop thinking. With trembling hand, she labeled the box "Maria Dolores, Cleaning staff Warehouse B."

She walked to the mailroom. It was of course closed, but it had a small opening in the window, no much bigger than the box that she was carrying. If she pushed the box through it, it would fall into a container on the other side, and there would be no way back.

Now the enormity of what she was about to do hit her like a train.

"Stop and think Lillian," she scolded herself, "don't try to shield yourself in the idea that this is the safest, shortest path to save your stupid inheritance. Acting pragmatic is what haves you here."

She bitted her lower lip nervously, she tried to regain some strength and said to herself.

"No Lillian, you are not going to take this decision without thinking about the consequences. No. If I make this, I will be accepting that I am a bimbo not to be taken seriously by anyone, just a toy, an eye candy, unable to get ahead based in my professional work," she said that to herself trying to shake her feelings, trying to wake up the old Lillian, trying to find the courage to step back and go for the honorable solution, but her pussy was misinterpreting it, and the humiliation of admitting she was nothing more than a pussy with legs and no brain, made her hornier than ever.

She tried to control herself, but it was easier for her to imagine herself sucking John's cock than defending her thesis. In a daze, she pushed the package inside the mailing room.

She could not hear the sound that the box made when it hit the table on the other side of the window. Her ears were ringing so loud that she couldn't hear anything else.

She made a new effort to calm down, but her heart was beating fast. She had just admitted to herself that she was nothing more than a bimbo, and after what she had just done there was no way she could say otherwise; especially when more than regret she was overwhelmed by her horniness.

In a state of stupor, Lillian walked to John's cubicle. She felt so insecure that she was afraid of getting lost in the maze of cubicles. She was also afraid to find someone. Finally, she spotted cubicle 4L, it was at the end of the aisle and it was double-sized.

Lillian was frozen, she felt very awkward dressed like she was. She could hear John constantly typing, he should be working in some document. She popped her head and looked inside the cubicle, it was more like a small private office. The interior was far from the standard cubicle. It was twice or three times the size of the rest of the cubicles, it had a standard executive desk facing the entrance of the cubicle instead of a little desk facing the walls. He had an executive chair too, and there was an expensive-looking wood bookshelf on the back wall of the cubicle. He had also one visit chair.

Lillian could sense that he was not an executive yet, but definitely not an entry-level employee either. She felt so humiliated at his success compared with her sound failure; she was supposed to be much better than him, but the difference between their professional achievements was abysmal and shameful for Lillian. She was so aroused by the situation that she just wanted to go home and take care of her pussy, but she forced herself to finally talk. With just her head showing she said,

"Hi John. Do you want a cup of coffee?"

John was startled.

"Woah! I didn't hear any footsteps...", Lillian blushed because she knew it was because she was humiliatingly barefoot.

John regained control very soon. He didn't know why Lillian was working at the black horse or why she was offering him a coffee, but he was certainly enjoying the situation.

"Isn't it a demeaning task for an accomplished woman like you?" he said with a smirk.

"No... no sir...", she said blushing bright red.

"Well, bring me one, with two sugar spoons. But make it fast, and no mistakes girl!"

She ran to the kitchen, she was regretting having call him "sir," but she couldn't avoid it. She returned a few minutes later carrying a cup of coffee. This time it

was unavoidable to be seen by John in her ridiculous outfit. She was blushing bright red.

"My oh my, that's what I call a cheap outfit!"

He commented leaving Lillian speechless. She expected him to grab the coffee, but instead, he returned his sight to his computer and started typing slowly.

Lillian nervously fidgeted shifting her weight from one leg to another while anxiously trying to hold tightly the cup of coffee, afraid to make a mistake while he ignored her completely, pretending to do more important things, and making her feel completely worthless.

John was enjoying the odd situation. He didn't know why Lillian was working at the Black Horse, or why she was in the office wearing that very skimpy outfit, but he realized that it was somehow Mr. Palmer's doing. And he didn't care too much, he had always hated Lillian. There were many reasons, she had not only rejected his advances, but she had found pleasure in crushing him at debates and even made him fail a subject when she told the teacher that he didn't do any teamwork with her. Now it was time to prove that males were superior. He realized with satisfaction, that the self-proclaimed queen of the feminists, best female student in her class (and probably simply the best), was now not only bellow him, a mediocre male student, but she was simply another of his perks.

Lillian looked at his desk, there were a lot of folders, each had attached a large photo on the outside. She recognized the faces immediately, they were Marissa Meyer, Carly Fiorina, and several other famous female executives. Her heroines.

Just been dressed like a cheap bimbo in front of their photos added to her humiliation. For a moment she thought of running away, but she was paralyzed.

"As you see I am working on my thesis. How are you doing in yours?"

"Er... fine... "

"I am starting to write my conclusions," he continued, " and you?"

"No... not yet... I... I..."

"I remember you are slow, you probably just have your hypothesis and methodology approved."

He said with scorn, which made Lillian shiver with shame because she didn't even have formally delivered that part of her thesis. She was very nervous, and it showed in her blush and attitude.

"Oh. I see," said John amused, "you failed to deliver even that, don't you? I always knew you were incompetent and wouldn't be able to build a thesis even with the simplest subject. You are a fraud as a philologist, I knew you were nothing more than a parrot repeating lessons and you surely forget everything after the exams. "

Lillian felt on the verge of crying, she didn't feel able to defend herself, she simply looked at the floor.

John motioned her to put his coffee on the desk, which she did with extreme care, trying to avoid an embarrassing accident. Then she could not avoid turning to see John for approval, even when it made her feel so lame and worthless.

He merely waved his hand in a dismissal signal.

But Lillian was paralyzed, she didn't know how could she offer him a blowjob after being insulted by him, but she knew she could not return with empty hands (or mouth).

She merely stayed there, smiling nervously and dumbly. After a few seconds, he turned to see her and said, "You may go girl. I have work to do."

Lillian felt very insecure, she had expected that dressed as she was, John would surely ask her for sex, but he seemed absorbed by his work. Even in the recent crazy months she seldom had taken the initiative in a sexual encounter, she had always simply complied with the demands of others. So she was clueless.

"May I stay a little longer sir?" she finally managed to say.

"I don't know, you may try to copy my ideas..."

"No John... I promise... I just want to..."

"I prefer that you call me sir. On a second thought, you are right, what can you possibly stole from me, if you don't understand a thing, do you?"

Lillian blushed, "No sir."

"Then why do you want to stay?"

Lillian blushed even redder, "I want to have sex with you sir," she said biting her lower lip and looking at the floor.

"What a surprise, a slut dressed like a whore, needs to be fucked," he said with sarcasm, and then added, "Well I don't think I have the time."

"Please sir, just let me suck your cock," said Lillian desperately.

John was enjoying the situation to the max.

"Mmm... I don't know, I just fuck dumb girls without self-respect, remember?"

Of course, she remembered it; she had always hated his misogynous comments, and have told him that no woman with an ounce of self-respect would ever date him, but as he proved her wrong, she had told him that only

dumb girls, with no future, and who depend on their pussy to earn a living would have sex with scum like him.

"I am sorry sir... I regret I said that"

"You don't have to regret anything, because you were right, precisely I only like to have sex with dumb girls that don't have any self-respect. Do you still want to have sex with me?"

Lillian felt very uncomfortable, but she needed it, so she said, "Yes sir."

"Are you a dumb girl with no self-respect Lilly?"

"Yes sir," she said humiliated.

"I don't know... I remember you being an arrogant bitch. I bet you think that you are smarter than me, and your thesis will be better than mine..."

"No sir, I will fail my thesis indeed, so yours is much better, and you are surely smarter than me, you have landed a very good job, and I lost mine the first week," she said humiliated by her own words.

"A dumb girl knows that every man is smarter than she, and you probably think otherwise, you surely feel superior to the janitor for example."

"No sir, I know that any man is smarter than me," she said ashamed to go so straight against her former feminist beliefs, but she needed this, and she was pressured by time.

He smiled broadly and said.

"Yes, you probably realized that already, but I still have doubts that you are really convinced. I need you to prove to me that you are a really silly girl."

"How can I do that?" she said genuinely confused.

"Well dumb girls are good for two things: taking orders without questioning them, and sex. I know you are good for sex, but what about the first thing?"

"I am very good at following orders sir," she said in a burst, with too much sincerity.

"OK, let's try you. Close your eyes."

She complied.

"If you open them, you lose, and our game is over ok?"

"Yes," she said insecurely.

"Now turn around... aha, again... again... keep turning... I'll tell you when to stop."

Lillian kept turning, she was feeling pretty stupid and was getting a little ditzzy.

"Stop, don't open your eyes," he finally said, and then added, "Now listen carefully, you are going to take off your top and throw it outside my cubicle, if it falls inside the cubicle you lost our little game and you will have to leave me work.

"but..."

"are you going to question my order?"

"No sir," she said defeated and threw her top away with enough force to be sure that it was at least a couple of cubicles away.

"Well done. Keep turning around."

Blushing bright red she resumed her spinning.

"Stop! Repeat the same with your skirt."

More humiliated than ever she complied with the order.

"Well, that was fast, you don't wear too many clothes these days." he said amused, "Keep turning around."

She felt even dumber turning around naked, with her eyes closed. She tried to remember in which directions she had thrown her clothes based in the direction where his voice came.

"Stop! You may open your eyes."

She was facing outside the cubicle and to her surprise, he was there instead of behind his desk. So she had no clue where she had thrown her clothes. She had never felt so stupid in her life; there she was completely naked and aroused in an office, without even knowing where she put her clothes.

"May I suck you now sir?" she said desperate to get over that degrading game.

He returned to his desk and said,

"Sit over my desk facing me."

She rolled her eyes but complied.

"No, no like that, open your legs as far as you can."

She obeyed forming an M.

"Oh, you are really wet down there! I need to do some work, but I don't want you to cool down, so I want you to rub your clit until I tell you to stop, but don't come or our game is over."

"Please Sir."

"Are you questioning my orders?"

"No sir," she said defeated.

She started rubbing her clit slowly, with her eyes closed, trying to abstract herself from the awful situation.

"Don't close your eyes. Look at me."

She obeyed and felt even dumber than before.

"I should have taken the honorable way when I could, but I am a bimbo, I chose this way and this humiliation instead, all for fear of thinking like a professional. I am the worst bimbo ever," she thought bitterly.

Then he turned to his computer and started playing some audios. He was making transcripts of his interviews with successful corporate women.

His voice could be heard in the pc speakers.

"You are a successful woman, and they say it takes one to know another. How do you know a woman has potential?"

"It is hard to tell, but it is easier to spot potential failures."

"That is interesting. And how do you spot them?"

"Well, there are no rules, but if a girl doesn't put all of her mind and resources in the task at hand just because she thinks it is below her level or outside her interests, that woman is a failure and she was going to fail in more important tasks, even if you assign her the exact project that she dreamed of."

"Does it include for example a thesis topic?" he said in the recording.

"Of course, normally it is just an excuse that they hid behind of."

"Another hint of a failure girl?"

"Well, they use to get benefits with her looks, and soon they are too lazy and too dumb to use other resources to advance their careers. So if I see a girl in a miniskirt or teasing her coworkers or bosses, well, I am sure she was going to end working for a man doing just menial work, until another more attractive girl enters the scene."

Lillian felt very uncomfortable hearing that scolding while masturbating openly in front of a fully dressed man. She recognized that the interviewed women were describing her when they talked about sure thing failures, and she felt totally humiliated by the fact.

She was getting more and more aroused and realized that there was a thing more degrading than masturbating naked in an office in front of her former rival,

who was perfectly dressed in a power suit. That thing was doing all that while being ignored as if her humiliating and degradation wasn't even worth seeing it.

After a few minutes, he finally closed his laptop and said.

"You are really close, aren't you?"

"Yes sir. May I suck your cock now?"

"Nah, it would be a waste of that leaky pussy of yours."

"No sir, please I want to."

"Stop. Too much questioning, I only fuck obedient little bimbos, and you are not."

He stood up and marched towards the cubicle entrance, but she stopped him

"No sir, please stop, I will obey."

"Ok," he said crossing his arms, "beg me."

"Please fuck me sir."

"I don't know, you were often trying to question my orders... well... maybe if you..."

Lillian was desperate, she knew she was getting out of time, "I'll do anything sir."

"Ok. Let's see if it is true. Beg me to fuck you in the ass."

Shining bright red Lillian said, "Sir. Please fuck my ass."

"Well, bend over the desk... that's it."

He then entered her pussy from behind, and Lillian felt relieved, maybe he was too confused, or just wanted to tease her. But once he thought his cock was pretty smeared with her juices, he put it over her asshole and started to push. She was afraid, she was still sore from the previous night, so she said.

"Please sir, let me lubricate it, it would be more pleasurable for you."

"OK, you have 30 seconds to do it."

She panicked and spit on her hand, and used her saliva to lubricate her asshole, she then penetrated herself with one and then two fingers, repeating the process several times, and putting a shameful show until her time was over.

He then fucked her asshole for a couple of minutes until he came abundantly.

He quickly pulled his pants up, and spanked her ass hard, "You are a great fuck Lilly, you have a bright future as a whore or something like that."

With that he marched out of his cubicle, leaving Lilly behind who was in a daze and was still rubbing her pussy trying to reach an orgasm that gave her some comfort after all that she went thru.

Then she realized that she was running out of time. She shamefully squatted in the center of the cubicle and pushed the semen out of her asshole and into her hand. Then closing her eyes she scooped the cum inside his mouth, she repeated the procedure four times, until she thought she had enough semen in her mouth to prove that she had complied with her mission.

A few minutes later, after a shameful and frightening search for her clothes in all the cubicles around, she finally sat outside Mr. Palmer's office wearing her skimpy little outfit, with a bunch of dirty sperm in her mouth.

Mr. Palmer exited his office after she had waited for 15 minutes, and fortunately for Lillian didn't catch her having a huge orgasm after she had masturbated shamelessly.

He looked at her and smirked with satisfaction.

"I already arranged with Tim so you will work every Wednesday as a topless waitress in the Dark Horse for the time that your academic probation last. And Lillian, you are fired, you are too slut and too cheap to work here, even as a cleaning girl, and you are a shame to your coworkers but you will give me whatever tips you make at the dark horse until you pay all your debt with me."

She merely nodded astonished. She could not say that she was above that place anymore. On his way out Mr. Palmer said, "You may swallow now slut. See you this Wednesday at the dark horse."

The council

Faithful to his promise Mr. Palmer achieved an accord with the disciplinary council; However It wasn't easy, and the results were pretty short from what Lillian had expected, but nonetheless gave her a chance to save her inheritance.

Even after Mr. Palmer's expert manipulations, the disciplinary council was pretty divided about showing leniency to Lillian. Ms. Barbara had done a great job detecting this fraud on time, especially when the photo expert of the university had missed it. Several counselors pondered that if Lillian's hoax could have easily been discovered after her graduation, which would have done great damage to the University reputation; after all this is the kind of juicy story that reaches national media. The media would also revive the academic fraud scandal of the previous year bringing disgrace to all alumni, and this ridicule stunt would be associated with the college name for years. There is no doubt that the scandal would have cost them at least hundreds of thousands of

dollars, probably even millions, in sponsorships, donations, and newly matriculated students, so many counselors wanted retribution.

After long deliberation, they decided to stop her expulsion only if Lillian made the payment for her scholarship in full and immediately and she resigned to continue her studies there. They didn't want Lillian's name in a university certificate. They would expel her if the payment wasn't received before the next ordinary council session scheduled in a couple of weeks. They also decided to hold her Transcripts for six months, and during that period she must cooperate with whatever research that Ms. Barbara asked from her. She won't be able to matriculate in another university during that time.

Ms. Barbara asked for clemency because the resolution was as good as an expulsion because she won't be able to get that big sum in so short notice, but it was impossible to make some counselors change their decision, the fact that Lillian had refused to defend herself in the council, didn't help her cause.

A few hours later, Mr. Palmer communicated the resolution to Lillian, who practically broke down, but he exposed a way out:

"I can get you a loan, an underground loan, it won't be cheap, 1.5% monthly interest rate, and a 4% penalty rate in case you fail to pay at least the interest. It wasn't easy to get, and the interest could have been even worse if I didn't promise them that you will redirect your \$300 allowance to their account, which reduced their risk a little bit. You will have to pay at least another \$2400 per month. Of course, you may also wait for five years without making a payment until your trust fund is released, but in that case, the amount would be almost 1.9 million. I understand that your trust fund is of around 2 million, so probably it wouldn't be the best option"

"That deal is awful."

"If you can get another loan, be my guest, otherwise you will lose your 2 million right now because if you fail to repay your scholarship you will be expelled and I understand that your trust fund will go to a charity."

Lillian was silent.

"Think of it Lilly, you don't have anything to lose, do nothing and you will lose your fund, do this, and you have a chance to save almost all your funds. And you can even matriculate in a community college in a year or so, and try to graduate sooner than the five years."

"Ok, I'll sign it," she said defeated.

Lillian left Mr. Palmer's office completely defeated, she was now penniless, jobless, and without even a decent outfit to wear. She tried to make the numbers to calculate how much money she would need to earn to make a living and pay her credit, but her head hurt. She didn't know what to do, she seemed that she had forgotten how to think, so she went after the only person that could help her. She knew that Karen was really smart and resourceful. Karen certainly scolded her for being such a bimbo and signing all those papers without

consulting anybody with the capacity to understand the implications, nonetheless, she cared and tried to find a plausible solution.

Epilogue

Five months later

"Lilly listen carefully: I will be attending the company annual conference in Pittsburg. The CEO is inviting some of the most successful employees to network with high executives. I am pretty excited if I work it right that could mean a new career push and another hefty pay raise."

Lilly felt apprehension and it showed in her face. Lately, she had become so insecure and dependent on Karen that the prospect of one week alone was a bit frightening.

Karen read her face and tranquilized her, "I will take a little two-week vacation after that, but don't worry, here is your schedule for the three following weeks and I'll be calling you whenever I have some spare time."

Lilly looked at the list with dread and shame.

"Monday 1st. Video and photoshoot for 'Teen sluts in pink',

Thursday 11 video shoot at 'air tight bitches' and

Friday 19 a video shooting for 'teen slaves' ."

Lilly was blushing red with shame and her pussy was dripping with anticipation. "Can't we look for... can't I work in an office like you or something... you know ... decent?"

"Lilly, Lilly, Haven't we talked about this a hundred times. Well, we may try again for an office position, but remember that you have only a high school certificate, and your psychological education is useless. I may land you another interview for a mailroom girl position, I may even train you for the interview, so it is not a total failure like the last one," Lilly blushed remembering the interview, she had stammered like an idiot and the only way she could calm herself was thinking that she was acting in a 'movie', the problem was that she unconsciously started to act like a bimbo teen that was her usual role in her movies. She usually didn't speak much in her movies but when she did she was allowed only a very limited vocabulary combined with a lot of teenage slang. So she sounded like an airhead. Lilly remembered with shame that she was not hired not even after she sucked the interviewer's cock. Lilly licked her lips unconsciously. Her thoughts interrupted by Karen.

"We will give it a try again next month but you know you aren't cut for a real office job, you don't have the preparation or experience and you get easily distracted with you know what. And a decent job would be great but even if you could get a job as a low clerk, waitress, cleaning girl or something like that, you simply can't make the money you need to repay for your scholarship, and if you simply wait, the interest rate would eat up your inheritance."

"I know, I Know," she said with a cute pout, "Cant' we at least slow it down a bit? I am all over the net... it is shameful...it is becoming easier and easier to find me," she said looking at the floor.

They were already almost 20 sessions with her in the net on different paysites, all with her real first name and in some forums, somebody had mentioned her real last name. She even had received a few humiliating emails from former college and high school classmates asking about her new career.

"Lilly we've been through this several times before. Leave the business strategy to me. I am your manager. Remember? Listen, you are cute and all, but there are hundreds of girls like you wanting to enter the porno business, you are lucky to be already in it but you don't make much money for each shoot, so our only alternative is volume, you have to do a lot of shots to earn enough to pay the interests and a little more to amortize the capital. You should be thankful that I got you all those jobs. And I know you are concerned about you reputation when your return to college, I know all those videos and photos could pop any moment in the future but you should have thought it better when you gave your real name since your first couple of shoots, it would have been harder to find you if you haven't."

Lillian remembered that at the beginning of her porn career, Karen asked her for an artistic name, but she was so horny when she was signing that very first contract (the only one which needed her consent according to her legal agreement with Karen and Megan), that she decided to go all the way and making it even more humiliating by stating that her artistic name was "Lillian G.". Now she was regretting that decision taken by her pussy.

She could not avoid thinking that she made little money in each shoot because she only got 15% of the money she earns by degrading herself in front of the camera, but she didn't dare to bring again the subject of renegotiating the contract. The last time it had been extremely humiliating, Karen was convinced that Lillian should accept the consequences of her acts, but after a lot of begging Karen accepted to break the contract without the penalty only if she resigned to her porno career, and went out of her house. Lillian had to apologize and beg Karen to continue being her agent, she was too afraid to be homeless, and she didn't see another way to earn enough money to pay her debt, in the heat of the moment, she even extended the power of attorney just to sound sincere when she said she trusted Karen 100%, so now Karen managed not only her career but the little money she made. Karen made the payments, and give Lillian a small allowance of 50 per week.

Lillian's thoughts were interrupted by Karen's words,

"... And I don't want to be cruel but you probably shouldn't plan your life around your return to College, remember your last SAT practice..."

Lillian was sad and ashamed, her last few SAT practices had been a complete failure and she was getting more and more nervous each time she had to do them. As a matter of fact, in each new test, she did worse. The maximum score she got recently was 780 very short from 1100 she needed for a public college.

"We both will know how serious you are about returning to college. I have arranged that you take the SAT next month, so it will be ready when your transcripts are freed. If you get the score, I will help you matriculate in a public University, so it is in your hands, you only have to show that you are capable."

Lillian shivered; she had wanted to delay a formal SAT, at least another couple of months. She felt very afraid and insecure. Time will prove that her fears were justified because in a month she will be failing her SAT spectacularly.

Karen noticed Lillian's distress but continued her explanation

"Ok, and don't forget that every Wednesday you must work at the Dark Horse from 10:00 PM to 3:00 AM, you will have a lot of fun there."

Lillian blushed, she will be waiting topless, or even fully naked the table of the 'Macho Team', which was composed by Sam, John Wallace, and Mr. Palmer. They come every Wednesday for their testosterone doses. Mr. Palmer had secured the regional direction and the little team faced a bright future. In the last few weeks, At Tim's request, Lillian had started to pole dance, which was extremely shameful for her, because it wasn't rare to have former college classmates among the patrons, and because she was the only dancer who got real orgasms during her little show.

"Ah I forgot, on Monday 8, you have an appointment with the plastic surgeon to evaluate your case."

"But Karen...I really don't want to have bigger tits... maybe a little," said Lilly in an almost inaudible voice.

"Lilly, Lilly, Must we have this discussion every time? You know that you can play the innocent teen role forever, at some point you have to aim for other roles, and then your tiny tits won't be an advantage but a serious drag, I think you should go for at least a DD."

"Can we at least wait until there are no roles for me as I am?" said Lilly defeated, part of her wanted bigger tits, but part of her knew that they would make it harder to be taken seriously for other jobs. Her wardrobe and behavior showed her as a stereotype bimbo, she didn't want her body to look the part too.

She was wearing her favorite transparent robe, the one that Karen fixed and gave her a few months before. The robe did nothing to conceal her swollen and wet labia of her permanently hairless pussy.

"Hey! I was forgetting; today you have an interview with Amber Smith at 4:00 PM. It is scheduled here, so it won't be a problem for you."

Lillian's face was one of complete defeat. She hated the interviews. When Ms. Barbara has stated that she must cooperate in any research the university asked her for, she thought it would be as a researcher, instead, Ms. Barbara has thought of Lillian as a subject. Now she had to participate in these interviews where Amber will make a detailed documentation of her downfall

asking all kinds of embarrassing questions to Lillian while looking down at her with unmasked despise.

"I don't want to," said Lilly with a pout, even when she knew it was futile. "She is so uppity and judgmental."

"Yes, but you know you have to, just try to wear something more decent this time."

Lillian rolled her eyes.

"But don't be sad, I know you rather like to be in a porn session or working at the club, but you have to do this too. "

Lillian realized with shame that both statements were true.

"And don't worry about what Amber may think of you, you know you have a lot of fun being a porno actress and a popular little slut. You should be happy to know who you really are and to be able to act the real you instead of pretending to be a feminist businesswoman. You know that you always have been just a little submissive bimbo slut and not the smart girl that you pretended and tried unsuccessfully to be. Many people never get that insight in their whole life."

Somehow hearing that humiliating description of herself, aroused her even more and she started wantonly touching her pussy. She knew it was very slutty to do it in front of her roommate, a respectful businesswoman, but she lacked the will power to stop and she knew that Karen will understand after all she knew her, she knew she was a horny little slut with no self-control at all.

She remembered how soon after she was suspended from the university due to her academic fraud she realized that she filled the entire stereotyped psychological profile that she formulated at the beginning of her thesis, the one she tried to convince Ms. Barbara would fit the girls working for the porno industry. She had initiated sex at a very short age and was abused, she came from a dysfunctional family, rich but dysfunctional, she had a just discovered but very strong tendency to exhibitionism and certainly she had demonstrated to be very easily manipulated and had a very low will power. She had turned easily into a very promiscuous person and her academic achievements had been erased by her stupid mistake. The only thing that she didn't fit into the profile was the low IQ, well it didn't fit at the beginning, but now her constant apprehension and insecurity, and her very short attention span, made her feel dumber than most people, and the fact that she was often outsmarted only contributed to her fears and insecurity.

Karen sighed, sometimes having such a wanton slut as a roommate was uncomfortable, to say the least, but she had to admit that Lilly was a gold mine and she liked the little slut, she was cute and somehow her dependence and insecurities pushed Karen's self-confidence to the clouds. She had already obtained her Business diploma and was starting an MBA paid by her employer. Karen knew that her success was in part due to Lilly, at some time she had even pondered the possibility of helping her recover her old self-confidence and

position in life, but she never even tried, the reality was that she really liked the insecure and slutty Lilly much more than the pompous almost graduated psychologist Lillian, not to mention that the slutty one produced a lot of money for Karen.

Karen continued, "OK, to cheer you up a little, Do you prefer to stay here alone, have the apartment all for yourself for the coming weeks or should I lend you to Megan while I am out of town? She told me she needs someone to clean her apartment and ... Lick her pussy."

"Lend me please," she said in a low, ashamed voice. She pictured herself cleaning Megan's apartment naked, wearing just ankle and wrist cuffs, a dog collar with a leash, and maybe a short chain linking her ankle cuffs, her wrist cuffs or both of them together limiting her movements and making her chores a lot more tiresome just for Megan's amusement. She would wait hornily for her to arrive from work, just to be sexually used like an object. She knew she will be surely filmed several times during the week and she knew many of those videos would end up in free sites all over the internet, some of them maybe mentioning her real name. Most probably she will also have a "date" with her gang-boyfriends; they would probably take her to a McDonalds or something and then they will put her in some kind of bondage and then gang bang her and film her relentlessly all night long.

Just then she came in front of her roommate in anticipation of all the orgasms that she will have in the weeks to come.

So if you happen to see a porno video featuring a beautiful young girl that seems to be ashamed and embarrassed, and looks cutely shy while being undeniable horny as she participates in the most degrading sexual acts imaginable, well she is probably Lillian.

The end