**Devolution of a Slut**

**by [NCnakedadventure](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1125626&page=submissions)**

Wow! Do I ever need some advice? I just can't be objective. Part of me thinks I may have let things go too far this time. But I loved it. I just don't know if I should keep doing these things....

Okay. Let me start from the beginning. If I want you to appreciate where I'm at, I guess I'm going to have to tell you how I got here.

My name is Debbie. I'm 23, petite, brunette .... Not beautiful, I guess, but I'm cute enough. Because I'm small, people think I'm younger than I actually am. Anyway, the thing is, I guess I'm a bit of an exhibitionist, and now I'm beginning to wonder if I'm a sex addict too.

Okay - the beginning. Scott's the one who got me started. At least I think he is. He's my boyfriend. We've been together for about two years now. The first time we had sex was on our second date. It was good -- really, really good. He pushed all my buttons; pinned my hands over my head while he bit on my nipples; licked my clit until I was ready to scream. Perhaps I'm being too graphic. Let's just say that he was kind and gentle on the one hand (he has a great sense of humor too), but at the same time he was very forceful. I like to surrender myself - that's the best way I know how to put it. And I guess he had that figured out.

Anyway, it wasn't more than a couple of nights later, when he was going down on me, that he went further and licked my asshole. I moaned and pulled my legs wider. I guess that must have seemed like an invitation to Scott, because before long he was fucking me in the ass.

For all you men out there, you should know that being fucked in the ass can be incredibly painful. You have to work up to it slowly -- like over the course of years!

Luckily for Scott though, I already had a well trained ass. You see, all during my teen years I used to stick things in my ass when I masturbated. For some reason it turned me on, just like it turns me on to punish my own nipples.

Anyway, Scott seems to know these things. He seems to be tuned in to my senses. That night when he first took my ass, he started out slow, giving my ass time to adjust. Then he gradually increased the pace until he was slamming into my ass and crushing my nipples with his fingers.

That was the one and only time I've ever cum without touching my pussy. It was amazing!

I wonder if that was the moment when I turned into a complete slut?

Over time, Scott has been getting me to do more and more wild things. First he got me to start wearing short skirts with no underwear. If we were walking somewhere and no one was looking, he'd stop and finger my pussy until I had cum dripping down the inside of my thighs. Then he'd take my hand and start walking again like everything was normal.

I think Scott must have known I was an exhibitionist even before I did. One day he drove me to the mall. When we got out of the car he came around to my side, pushed me up against the side of the car and started kissing me. Then he reached under my skirt and started fingering my cunt. He must have done it for about 15 minutes! People were walking by and he'd just press up against me and kiss me so they couldn't quite see what he was doing (they probably knew anyway from the way I was moving).

Then Scott just pulled his finger out, took me by the hand, and began walking me to the mall entrance. Just as I was about to cum! My knees were so weak I could hardly walk. Also, I could feel the wetness halfway down the insides of my thighs.

When we got in the mall, Scott whispered in my ear. Actually, it wasn't a whisper. It was more like an order, "When we get on the escalator, spread your legs!"

I looked at him with my mouth half open. It was the first time I'd heard him talk that way -- so forcefully. But I didn't say anything back. Instead, I just stepped onto the escalator and did as I was told.

Two teenage guys had jumped on behind us, and there I stood at parade rest. Scott had his arm around me, and now I could feel him slowly lifting my skirt. I doubt if my skirt even needed lifting. Those guys must have already had a very clear view of my shaved cunt (oh yes, Scott had gotten me to start shaving my pussy). I could feel the breeze on my cunt lips, and that was making my pussy even wetter.

Scott told me that by the time I got off that escalator, my face was very red. I guess so! All I knew was that I could feel the air between my legs, I could sense those guys staring at my dripping pussy, and I could feel myself getting hot all over! The guys didn't make a sound or do anything, thank God. But I think if they had so much as touched my wet leg, I would have cum right there.

As it was, those guys followed me and Scott all over the mall. We didn't stay long though. Scott got me back to his place and fucked the hell out of me. I needed it badly too. After many times of being exposed, I've now come to realize that it makes me feel incredibly embarrassed. But it also makes me feel incredibly aroused.

I guess it turns Scott on too. He seems to keep getting bolder and bolder with the way he shows off my goodies. One day, he pulled into the parking lot of a peep show. I was embarrassed the moment we pulled in. He backed into a space, reached over, and tilted my seat back.

With the seat back, I was pretty much laying down in the car, which made me feel a little better. It made it harder for someone to see me. But, of course, I knew a number of men had seen us as we pulled in. Also, there was a guy two cars over in an SUV who kept looking over at us. Since he was up higher, he had a pretty good view.

Scott didn't even give me time to think about it though. He climbed over to my side, got down on the floor, pulled up my skirt, and started eating my pussy like there was no tomorrow. He had me moaning and twitching. I kept glancing around because I was afraid of getting caught. But at the same time, I was spreading my legs and pulling my skirt up higher. It feels so good when Scott eats my cunt!

When I saw movement behind me, it was too late for me to stop. I quickly figured out that it was the guy from the SUV - only now he was standing just a few feet from our car. But I didn't say anything to Scott. I guess I was shocked that someone was standing there watching, but I was also turned on that someone was standing there watching. Most of all, I didn't want to do anything that would make this cunt lapping stop.

I moaned and twitched, and I looked straight into that stranger's eyes. I guess he took that as a good sign, because he came closer. Now he was standing just outside the back passenger side door. My knees were raised, and this guy's eyes were fixed on my clean shaven cunt where Scott was hard at work licking my clit.

I couldn't help it. It was such a turn on being a complete slut in front of this stranger. It felt like I was seeing the passion of our sex through his eyes. It brought me right to the brink of cumming. But then Scott stopped. He lifted his head up and looked around. I think he must have already known that the guy was there. He was probably looking to see if we had any more of an audience. Then, when he was done looking, Scott reached up and began unbuttoning my shirt.

At this point of course, I would have let Scott do anything he wanted. Like I said before, I tend to just surrender myself. So I let Scott open my shirt and expose my braless tits to this complete stranger -- my small little tits with their giant rock-hard nipples! Then I spread my knees even more while Scott fingered my cunt with one hand, and pinched my nipples with the other. The stranger had moved so he was standing right next to Scott and his face was almost pressed up to the glass of the window. He was looking straight into my wet, open gash.

I closed my eyes and gave in to my feelings. Again I was on the verge of cumming, but this time a sound made me stop. It was the sound of Scott opening the passenger side window.

Scott rolled the window all the way down, and there I lay, my eyes now wide open. Scott's finger was still thrusting into my cunt, but all my attention was focused on the stranger. I was scared! I didn't know what to do. I couldn't move an inch -- not even when the stranger reached in and started pinching my nipples. I just lay there -- and the stranger began rubbing my clit -- and then Scott backed off and the stranger shoved a finger deep into my cunt.

All I did was spread my legs wide, arch my back, look into this stranger's eyes, and have a mindblowing orgasm.

You might think that's the end of the story. But it's not.

Scott took me back to that "adult book store" two more times. The second time was a week ago. That time all we did was go in and look at some of the toys they sold there.

But the third time - last night -- That's the part of the story I've been getting to. It was so fucking intense! I just can't believe this happened to me! Okay, here's what happened.

Scott and I get to the book store, and we go in. This time though, instead of just browsing the store, Scott pays the cashier $10 for us to go into the back where the peep shows are.

Now I've never been to a peep show before. I have no idea what men do there. Well, I guess I have some idea. Anyway, I was scared to death. It was dark in there and it took a minute for my eyes to adjust. Scott was leading me down a long hall. It smelled like cum -- male cum. There was a row of booths on one side of us. Each booth had a chair and a video screen showing films of people having sex in all sorts of ways. We passed three guys who were leaning up against the wall on the other side. I was so embarrassed! I could feel their eyes following me as Scott led me down the hall. I even felt that heat build in my face that told me I was blushing.

Near the back of the hall, Scott pulled me into a booth and locked the door behind us. I felt a little better now -- safer because we were alone with the door locked. Scott began unbuttoning my dress. He had asked me to wear a dress that buttoned down the front -- and nothing else -- so a moment later I was standing in that booth with nothing on but my shoes. I felt incredibly hot. I was standing completely naked, with strangers just a few feet away from me on the other side of that door.

I was watching the movie playing on the screen. This blond was getting fucked by a black dude. Scott was standing behind me reaching around to play with my tits and pussy. Then, Scott stopped for a moment, and got himself undressed.

Now we were both naked. Scott once again started playing with me, and then I felt him spreading lube on my ass. I knew what that meant.

Scott put lots of lube on me. He even slid a finger into my ass. Then he sat down on the chair and told me to sit on his lap. That's a code phrase for us. When Scott lubes my ass and tells me to sit on his lap, what he really means is that I should take my time lowering myself on to his cock until I have it buried deep inside my ass. So that's just what I did.

By the time I was sitting completely down, my ass felt so stretched! "Hands behind your back," he told me. Then, pulling my hands tight, with each of my hands touching the opposite elbow, he pulled out some duct tape that I didn't even know he had. He taped my forearms together!

Scott binding my arms was something completely new to me. I felt utterly helpless. My arms were bound behind my back; I was sitting completely naked; I had Scott's cock shoved deep in my ass; I was in a peep-show booth with men just outside that door. It suddenly hit me that they must have heard my moans when I sat on Scott's cock. I felt so incredibly embarrassed and vulnerable.

That was when Scott slid back the window to our booth. Did I mention that? This booth had a little plywood sliding door on one side, and when you opened it you could see into the next booth.

And of course, in the next booth was a guy stroking his hard cock as he took in the sight of me impaled on Scott's cock, with my tits jutting out in front of me. Scott was playing with my nipples and gently stroking my clit. It made me loose my mind. I stared at that stranger's hard cock and I began to salivate. For some reason, all I could think of was sucking that stiff cock.

Scott stood up after a few moments and, with his cock still in my ass, moved me towards the door. He had me in a bent over position, and had his knees bent so he could stay inside my ass. Then I heard Scott unlock the door.

I didn't even have time to react. The door immediately opened, and a stranger stepped in closing it behind him.

This scared me I guess. I didn't have a chance to think about it though. Before I knew what was happening, this stranger undressed. Then he put his hands under my arms and lifted me straight up.

Now I know that I mentioned how small I am. I weigh just over a hundred pounds soaking wet. So I guess it was no problem for this guy to lift me up. He held me up, with my feet off the floor. Scott's taller than me so his cock was still just barely in my ass. Then this stranger started lowering me. With my face looking over this stranger's shoulder, my tits dragging down his hairy chest, Scott's cock sliding back into my ass, I now felt this stranger's cock forcing its way into my pussy.

There was nothing I could do. So I guess I just lost my mind. By the time the stranger was half way in me, I was cumming. I must have been too loud because Scott put his hand over my mouth. And the stranger let go of me. And I just hung there.

My feet never touched the ground! I was being held up by one cock in my ass and one cock in my pussy, and I was cumming like a fucking freak! I couldn't stop cumming. The guys were using hip thrusts to bounce me up and down on their shafts! I thought they were going to tear me apart. I've never felt so full and so helpless in all my life.

It was the fuck of a lifetime! My insides were being hammered. My clit was being crushed.... I can't hardly describe how I felt, but I'm about to cum again just thinking about it.

Those two guys fucked me until they were done with fucking. How long that was, I don't know. All I know is that I came so hard I almost passed out. After that I came again. I kept cumming until I became limp as a rag doll. And they continued to hold me up until they were done using me.

When they finally lowered me to the floor and the stranger stepped out of the booth, I was almost crying -- not because I was sad, but because I was so exhausted. Scott had to lift me up. My holes felt like they were stretched wide open and would never close again. I was covered with sweat, and my legs were coated with cum. Scott sat me back on his lap while he kissed and stroked me until I regained some of my strength. Then he helped me get dressed.

I had a hard time getting out of that place. My legs were weak. Scott almost had to carry me. And this time when he led me down that hallway, there must have been ten or fifteen men standing there.

I kept my head down, eyes towards the floor, but I was almost too tired to be embarrassed.

I didn't feel bad about what I had done, but before Scott dropped me off that night, he told me a few things that made me feel better about the experience. First, he told me that the guy who came into our booth was no stranger. It was a friend of Scott's and they had planned it all out ahead of time. Second he told me that his friend had used a condom.

I was so grateful I almost cried again! It felt good to be with someone I could trust -- someone who would keep me safe.

But then he said, "Next time I might have to give you to a stranger." The motherfucker! He always has to keep me on the edge of my seat.

Anyway, that's my story. I guess the whole experience had me wondering if I am a slut. I guess it's had me wondering - if I keep going in this direction is something bad going to happen?

But now that I've told the story, I guess I already have the answer. I can't stop! Maybe I'm already a slut. I don't care! I know I can't stop. It just feels too good.

Already I'm waiting - to do it again -- to be used -- to be a whore and a slut. How could something that feels so good be so bad?