**My Slut Girlfriend**

Chapter 1: In which our narrator meets his future girlfriend

My girlfriend is a slut. And I'm proud to say I made her that way.

I first met Kathy at work. She joined the company about a month ago and was
placed at the desk next to me. She wasn't part of my team and, although I cast
an admiring glance over her from time to time, I had little opportunity to speak
to her or get to know her. You may find that strange but my job is high
pressure and I have little time to do anything but work. Once work was over, we
tended to stick to our own teams where there were plenty of hot little honeys
whose pants I was desperate to get into, without worrying about Kathy.

Sure, she was attractive but to my mind nothing special. I can sum her up
briefly: 5 5, 25 years old, 120 lbs possibly more, blonde shoulder length hair,
blue eyes, cute nose, nice figure - 36C, 25, 34 - shapely legs. She always
dressed smartly - not too revealing, not too formal. She had a taste for skirts
that ended just above the knee and often wore tights or stockings. Sometimes
she tied her hair in a ponytail, most of the time she wore it down. What can I
say? She was a cute looking girl who you'd give a second glance in the street
but nothing more.

So what you're wanting to know is how I made her my girlfriend and how I made
her my slut. Well, it happened more or less simultaneously. One afternoon, we
were sitting working side by side, me as usual wrapped up in my job, watching
the computer screen intently. Suddenly, I felt something hot and scalding on my
right thigh.

"Jesus!" I shouted and jumped back out of my chair, knocking my papers onto the
floor. I looked to my right and realised that Kathy had knocked her coffee all
over my desk. She was looking at me, one hand half raised to her mouth.

"Oh God, " she said, "I am so, so sorry." With that, she knelt down on the
floor and began picking up my papers. To gather some of the papers, she lowered
herself onto her hands and knees and began scrabbling under my desk. I looked
down at her, noting the smooth curve of the tanned skin in the small of her back
as her shirt rode slightly up her spine and her curvaceous and tight little
buttocks. She crawled back out and still on all fours, looked up at me. Her
eyes were wide and I thought I detected something else there, a glint of
excitement in her eyes. "I am so, so sorry," she said again, this time very
slowly as if begging forgiveness... or punishment. She bit the side of her lip
with her tongue.

"It's ok," I said, then adding, "providing you have dinner with me tonight."
She lowered her eyes coyly and then looked back up at me, smiled and nodded her
approval.

I returned her smile and then, on a whim, wondering if I had read her expression
correctly, said sharply, "Now pick up those papers!"

I saw her expression change and watched as she continued to crawl on the floor,
picking up the papers. I noted with interest that Kathy stayed on her hands
and knees crawling at my feet when she could just as easily have gathered the
papers in another less submissive manner. I was intrigued. Once gathered,
still kneeling, she placed the papers on my desk and turned silently to me. I
smiled. She remained kneeling before me. "You can get up now," I said and she
rose and silently sat down at her desk.

I could tell from Kathy's demeanour and behaviour that she was a natural
submissive. As soon as I had exerted control over her, she had responded and,
more to the point, had naturally taken on a submissive posture and remained in
it until ordered otherwise. Her body language spoke volumes. I began to plan
the night.

Later that day, I sent Kathy an eMail. Given her obvious submissive nature, I
felt this to be more appropriate than telling her the arrangements face to face.
I felt she would respond better. The eMail read:

"Kathy. You will present yourself at [name removed] at 7:30 pm. You will wait
in the lounge bar until I arrive. You will be wearing a short black dress,
black top, black stockings and heels. You will wear black lace bra and panties.
Do you understand?"

I watched her carefully as she read the eMail. She began to blush and tremble
slightly. I received a simple response from Kathy by eMail: "Of course."

Kathy left at 4:30, I assumed to get ready. I looked at my watch. I still had
time to put a couple of hours in. I didn't intend getting to the restaurant
until 8:00 at the earliest.

**Chapter 2: In which the parameters of the relationship are defined.**
I arrived at the restaurant at around 8:30. I was pleased, but not surprised,
to see Kathy sitting at the bar, nursing a drink, and looking distinctly
uncomfortable. She was dressed as I had ordered and looked stunning. I sat
down on the barstool next to Kathy, ignoring her for the time being, and ordered
a drink. I noticed Kathy's drink was nearly empty but did not offer her one - I
wanted to see how she would react.

It was only after I had been served my drink that I turned to face her. Kathy
immediately lowered her eyes to avoid my gaze. I lifted her chin up with my
fingers so that she was looking into my eyes. I smiled as I saw the subservient
expression on her face - eager to please and yet nervous of what she might have
to do to please me.

Kathy had dressed well. She was wearing a tight knee black skirt that ended
just above the knees. Her legs were clad in sheer black stockings and she was
wearing black stilettos. She was also wearing a low cut black top that showed
off her cleavage to perfection. I smiled - this would be more fun than I
imagined. It was always more amusing to humiliate and abuse a good looking well
turned out woman than a slattern.

"Are you thirsty?" I asked her. She nodded. "Like another drink?" I enquired.
"Yes please," Kathy replied. Smiling, I removed an ice cube from my glass and
placed it on the bar. "There you are," I told her, "If you are thirsty, you may
have that - so long as you use only your mouth." This was the first test -
would Kathy obey me?

She looked at me, her cheeks blushing. But she bent over and picked up the ice
cube between her teeth and took it into her mouth. Nervously, she looked around
to see if anyone had noticed. I watched her intently as she sucked the ice
cube. Her cheeks still blossomed with her blushes and she lowered her eyes as I
stared at her. I noted with interest however that her nipples were clearly
erect and I wondered whether the blush still glowing on her pretty face was a
combination of embarrassment and the first signs of sexual excitement at her
treatment. Her reaction however was clear - Kathy was responding in a clearly
sexual manner to this minor humiliation. It was clear she was a true submissive.

Now for the next test. "Hoist your skirt up your legs," I said to her quietly.
She looked at me for a moment, biting her bottom lip, pleading with her eyes not
to be made to this but simultaneously begging to be forced to do it. I stared
at her, saying nothing. Kathy moved her hands onto her lap and slowly dragged
the hem of her skirt up over her thighs, revealing more of her smooth stocking
clad legs. "Keep going, " I said. The blush on her cheeks deepened but she
obeyed, eventually hoisting the hem of the skirt up to reveal her stocking tops.

"Good," I said, placing one hand on her right thigh and sliding it under her
skirt. Kathy said nothing, although at my touch, I detected a slight tremble of
pleasure. I slid my hand up her silken thigh onto her crotch. The material in
the crotch of her panties was wet. I began to run my finger up and down the
middle of her panties, my finger tracing the line of her slit. I watched as
Kathy moaned quietly and closed her eyes. This girl was a real submissive slut
- I would have fun with this one.

"OK," I said, "We're going to have a question and answer session. I want you
to answer truthfully, fully and honestly. Understand?"

Kathy nodded. "Understand?" I repeated. "Yes," Kathy replied.

"First of all, there's one other thing you need to understand," I said, "You
will always refer to me as 'sir' or 'master'. Is that clear?"

"Yes sir, " Kathy replied, glancing to her right at the barman who, I noticed,
was spending a little too much time down our end of the bar. I guessed he had
seen and heard our exchanges so far and was intrigued as to what was going on.
So much the better, I thought, all the more humiliating for my little slave.

"Louder," I commanded. Kathy blushed again but obeyed. "Yes sir, " she
replied. I noted that the barman was now watching intently and appeared to have
been cleaning the same glass for some five minutes now.

"Good," I smiled, "Now tell me your full name."

"Kathy Manners," she replied.

"No," I said, "That is incorrect. You are my slut. Now, tell me again, who are
you?"

"I am your slut, sir," she replied. The barman's eyes were wide now and his
mouth was lolling open. Kathy had by now noticed the barman's interest and was
squirming nervously in her chair. Her humiliation was obvious but so was her
sexual excitement at being forced to do this. I wondered how far she would go.

"Excellent," I said, "But you are much more than just a slut. You are my dirty
slut. What are you?"

"I am your dirty slut, sir," Kathy replied, shifting uncomfortably on her stool.

"You are my dirty cum slut, aren't you?"

"Yes sir, I am your dirty cum slut." It was such a turn on to make such a pretty and obviously well brought up woman speak such foul language and degrade herself in such a way.

"Now put your hand in your panties and play with yourself, and tell me again
what you are." I could tell how humiliating this was for Kathy. At least one
person was aware of what was going on and it was likely that more people in the
bar had noted Kathy's behaviour. To now be forced to play with herself in
public must have been so degrading for Kathy. Nevertheless, I watched as Kathy
slid her right hand under her skirt and into her panties.

"What a slut!" I exclaimed, "Playing with yourself in public. Now I want you to tell me again what you are."

"I'm your dirty cum slut, sir, " moaned Kathy as she continued to frig herself,
"I'm your dirty cum slut."

I let Kathy play with herself for about a minute until I could tell she was
approaching orgasm and then ordered her to stop and remove her hand from her
panties. She did as I ordered but she was clearly uncomfortable, wriggling her
ass on the stool in frustration. I then told her to lick her sticky fingers
which she did eagerly.

"You're getting a little hot, slut, " I told her, "You need to cool down." I
then ordered her to take a handful of ice from my glass and put it in her
panties. I watched as Kathy grabbed a handful of ice cubes and gingerly placed
them inside her panties. I saw her jump with the cold and laughed as a large
pool of ice water began to form on the stool and trickle onto the floor. To a
casual observer, it would look as if Kathy had peed herself.

By now, my cock was hard and, amusing though this treatment for Kathy was, if
this carried on much longer, I would cum in my pants - and what was the point of
that when I had a slut to cum on instead.

"Come on now, " I said to Kathy, standing up, "We're leaving. Pay the barman
for my drinks." Reluctantly, she stood, water trickling down her stocking-clad
legs, and motioned for the barman to approach. "Actually," I said, "Do you want
a drink before we go?" Kathy nodded, "Yes please, sir." I smiled and whispered
my instructions in her ear.

When the barman arrived, Kathy paid him for my drinks and then said, "Please may
I have a drink as well." "Of course, madam," he said, "What would you like?" I
saw Kathy blush deep red as she gave the barman her order, "I want you to take
that soda siphon and squirt it at my face until my master tells you to stop."
The barman looked at me and I nodded.

The barman eagerly took the soda siphon from the shelf and raised it to Kathy's
face. Kathy stood hands by her side, eyes screwed up awaiting the burst of
water. A jet of water blasted out of the siphon straight into Kathy's face,
splashing over her hair, down her chest soaking her dress. The barman looked at
me and I nodded at him to continue. The water poured over her, soaking her to
the skin. I allowed Kathy to be squirted until the siphon was empty.

The bar was deathly quiet. Kathy stood there, her head hanging in humiliation
as the water dripped off her onto the floor. She was completely and utterly
soaked, her hair matted against her face. Behind us, I heard a few chuckles
from the other patrons of the restaurant. Just to make sure Kathy was well and
truly soaked, I picked up the ice bucket and tipped it over her head. She
gasped as the ice water poured over her. Again she was silent as she stood
there, nipples erect, shivering, water dripping off her onto the floor.

I took Kathy's purse and emptied it onto the bar, passing all the money to the
barman. Then I motioned to Kathy and ordered her to follow a few paces behind
as I left. I deliberately walked very slowly out of the bar so that Kathy was
forced to make her way equally as slowly through the patrons, many of who were
now convulsed with laughter at her appearance.

I walked out into the parking lot to my car. Kathy followed, shivering from the
cold night air and the ice water all over her, her dress clinging to her body.
I told her to get into the car and keep quiet. The night was still young.

**Chapter 3: Becoming a slutpuppy**
As we drove through the night, along the freeway, I watched Kathy out of the
corner of my eye. She sat in the passenger seat, obviously trying to remain
impassive. But I could tell she was excited by the treatment she had just been
subjected to. The way she nervously licked her lips, the way she shifted in her
seat, the way she sometimes hung her head down and looked sideways at me, a
nervous smile flickering across her features - all these signs told me she was
wet and eager for more humiliation. And who was I to disappoint her.

I pulled off the freeway and turned the car onto the side streets that led to my
home. Kathy said nothing and only seemed to be getting more excited by the
thought of what might be happening to her when we arrived at my house.

When we arrived home, I pulled the car up the driveway and parked in front of
the garage. Turning to Kathy, I ordered her to get out of the car. I got out
of the car and walked round to her side of the car. "On your hands and knees,
slut," I commanded her and like a good little slut, she obeyed, dropping onto
all fours. How foolish she looked, crouching like an obedient puppy at my feet.
Motioning to her, I instructed Kathy to crawl behind me up the path to the front
door of the house. Meekly she obeyed. When I got to the front door, I unlocked
it and stepped inside. Then, turning to Kathy, I ordered her to kneel on the
doormat, face to the front door, hands on her head until I gave her permission
to enter. I smiled as my little slut obeyed.

I allowed myself to take a good look at Kathy as she knelt there, her head bowed
in shame, eyes to the floor. How easy it had been to reduce her to this. She
looked so cute, kneeling there in her little black dress, her damp hair tousled
and falling across her face. I smiled again and slammed the door in her face.

Leisurely, I wandered through the house, slipped my shoes off, and went upstairs
to freshen up. I took my time. There was no hurry. My slut was going nowhere.
It took me about fifteen minutes to get ready. Slowly, I strolled down the
stairs to the front door, and slowly I opened it.

Kathy was still there, kneeling on the front porch, facing me. She looked up at
me with big round pleading eyes. The night was cold and her dress was still not
dry. "Would you like to come in, slut?" I asked her.

"Yes please, master, " she replied, her teeth chattering. "Beg me," I commanded
her. "Please, master," she wailed, "Please let me come inside. I am so cold.
Please let me come in."

I smiled. "Of course you may come in, you little slut," I told her, "But you
must crawl in on all fours and crawl to the centre of the room." It was such a
turn on to see Kathy crawl on her hands and knees across the room, her cute ass
waggling as she did so.

I ordered her to stand up and turn to face me, hands on her head. Kathy did as
she was told and stood before me, breathing heavily, her bosom heaving with each
breath. Settling myself down on the couch, I looked her over, admiring her firm
lithe body and thinking of all the things that I was going to do with her. For
five minutes, I said nothing and simply enjoyed the spectacle of this pretty
girl standing before me, willing to do anything I demanded of her.

"Now then slut," I said eventually, "I think you are wearing too many clothes.
Do you agree?"

"Yes master," Kathy stammered obediently.

"Good," I smiled, "Now beg your master to be allowed to remove your blouse and
dress." It seemed far more humiliating to me to make Kathy plead me to be
undressed than simply to order her to do it herself. With pleasure, I noted
that I was correct in this assumption, noting with approval the red blush
deepening on her slutty face.

"Please sir," mumbled Kathy, "Please may this slut take off her blouse and
dress."

"I said BEG, slut, "I snapped, "Not ask. You need to beg me if you want
permission."

Kathy's eyes flicked downward in shame briefly and then she began to plead to be
allowed to remove her clothes: "Please sir, please allow this worthless slut to
take off her clothes. Pleeeeease, sir, I beg you." Laughing. I nodded my
consent, "And while you're at it, take off those stockings and heels."

Blushing, Kathy slipped out of her outer clothes and tossed them to one side.
"Hands on head," I snapped. She obeyed.

Kathy now stood before me in the middle of my lounge, dressed only in her bra
and panties, her hands on her head. I looked at her silently for a moment,
feasting my eyes on her beautiful lithe body. Her stance accentuated her round
breasts and tanned flat belly. I noted with interest that her nipples were
erect, a sure sign of arousal at her treatment so far. I ordered her to move
her legs further apart and she obeyed, the new stance causing her breasts to
thrust out even further.

I got up and slowly walked towards her, standing directly in front of her. I
was so close that she could feel my hot breath on her face. Gently, I stroked
her right cheek with my finger. Slowly, I walked around her, allowing one hand
to trail around her waist, stroking her cool skin. I felt her shiver and moan
quietly. Standing behind her, I ran my hands over her buttocks, feeling them,
kneading them. Then, running my hands around her waist and up her torso, I
cupped her breasts in my hands, feeling the hard nipples stiffen with the
attention. My cock was hard and I pressed it against her buttocks.

I walked back and sat in front of Kathy who still stood there hands on head,
breathing heavily. "OK, " I said, "Get that bra off. Let's see those titties."
Kathy obeyed and silently slipped off her bra, dropping it on the floor,
revealing her magnificent 36C breasts. Her nipples were erect. I ordered her
to squeeze them together. She did so and I gazed hungrily at the sight,
imagining my cock slipping between them.

I then commanded her to flick each nipple with her tongue. She squeezed her
breasts upwards and hungrily flicked at her erect nipples with the tip of her
tongue. I noticed her eyes close with pleasure. Kathy was then ordered to
pinch her own nipples which she did with enthusiasm, moaning slightly as she did
so. What a whore!

"Turn round, whore," I ordered, "and bend over. Grab your ankles." Kathy did
as she was told, bending over, exposing her tight ass to me, the fabric of the
panties stretching over her perfect buttocks. "Nice ass, slave," I complimented
Kathy as I walked slowly round her, stroking her butt cheeks with my hand,
giving her a light slap on each cheek. "Thank you, master," she responded.

Running my hand down her back and through her hair, I felt my slut tremble with
arousal at my touch. How gorgeous her breasts looked, dangling down. Standing
at her side, leaning on her back, I slowly pulled the thin fabric of her panties
down from over her bottom, revealing Kathy's perfect round buttocks. I gave
each buttock a quick sharp spank with my hand, causing my slut to yelp with
surprise with each blow. Slowly I lowered the panties down until they were
halfway down her thighs, just above her knees.

Patting her on the bottom again, I returned to the couch and sat down. "Stand
up and face me, whore, hands on head," I ordered and Kathy did as she was
ordered. How compliant she looked standing there before me, her full round
breasts on display with her panties halfway down her legs. I ran my eyes up and
down her slim lightly tanned body, imagining all the things I could do to it:
how her breasts would look with rope wrapped round them; how her face would
look, covered in cum; how she would look with her skin criss-crossed with the
mark of a whip.

And I gazed at her pussy, now exposed to me for the first time. I could clearly
see the red lips inflamed with arousal. So, I thought, this slut gets turned on
by this treatment; well, in time, we'll see how far she can really go.

"Get those panties off and then on your knees, slut," I snapped. Kathy obeyed,
stepping out of her panties and sank to her knees, replacing her hands on her
head. She looked so cute and submissive, kneeling before me, stark naked.

"You really are a slutpuppy, aren't you," I smiled, "Time to act like a doggie.
Beg like the slutty little puppy you are."

How silly Kathy looked as she raised her arms in front of her, her hands
dangling down like paws. Sticking her tongue out, the slut began to pant like a
dog begging for food. How humiliated she must have been.

"Beg for my cum, slut," I ordered her, "Beg like the dirty puppy you are."

"Please sir," Kathy panted, "Please can this slut have your cum. Please feed me
your cum, sir. I need it soooooo bad." What a slut she was!

"Quit whining, pup. You'll get your cum eventually, don't you worry. But first
you have to earn it," I said, bending over to pick up her discarded panties and
stuffing them in her mouth. Her eyes pleaded for mercy as I forced the panties
into her mouth, leaving part of them dangling out, drool running down her chin.
Smiling, I patted her on the head and I could see the humiliation in the
expression on her face.

"On all fours, " I ordered her. Kathy fell onto all fours, her breasts hanging
tantalisingly, nipples erect and her round ass cheeks presented to perfection.
"Good doggie, " I told her. Holding out my hand, I ordered her to drop the
panties into my palm. Kathy obeyed, looking up at me with her eyes beseeching
me for mercy.

Rolling the panties up into a ball, I threw them across the room. "Fetch," I
ordered. Obediently, my slutpuppy crawled across the room to get them. I
watched as her ass rolled with each movement. When she reached the panties,
Kathy lowered her face to the floor, picked them up with her teeth and then
crawled back to me. I then allowed her to remain kneeling on all fours before
me, the panties in her mouth, for a few seconds before I held out my hand to
accept them once more.

Three more times, I did this, each time watching as Kathy crawled at my feet and
delivered the panties to me in her mouth. I then made Kathy bark a few times
like a dog just to impress on her what she was to me. How degraded she must
have felt, yapping like a dog naked at my feet.

"I think I'm making things much to easy for you, slut," I said, "Let's see if
you really re an obedient slutpuppy." Saying this, I balled the panties up in
my hand and walked to the front door and opened it. A blast of cold air entered
the room. Then, as Kathy watched in horror, I threw the panties as far as I
could out of the door. I watched as they landed in the driveway and, blown by
the wind, slid onto the sidewalk in front of the house.

"Well, pup," I laughed, "What are you waiting for?" Kathy crawled naked on her
hands and knees across the room and to the front door. She hesitated slightly
and then resignedly crawled out of the door into the cold night. I watched as
she crawled down the path, her white ass shining in the streetlights. Down the
path she crawled onto the sidewalk and then lowered her face to the cold slabs
to pick up the panties. As she did so, a gust of wind carried the panties into
the gutter. Kathy crawled further into the street, lowering her face into the
gutter to recover the panties. Then I watched as she turned and crawled back up
the pavement to the safety of the front door. She was ordered to kneel on the
doormat and present me with the panties before she was allowed in out of the
cold, her poor naked body trembling from the fear of being caught and the cold.

My slut had done well, I had to admit. But another test was to come. "On your
belly, slut," I ordered, "And follow me." Kathy lowered herself onto her
stomach and wriggled behind me as I led her through the house to the bathroom.
Once inside the bathroom, she was ordered to her knees.

"Now then, slut," I said to Kathy, "Fetch this for me." And saying this, I
dropped the panties into the toilet bowl. The expression on Kathy's face was
priceless. Nevertheless, she knew what a good slut must do. On all fours, she
crawled over to the toilet, raised herself up and lowered her head into the
bowl. I could hear her coughing as she lowered her head into the water, fishing
around for the panties floating in the bowl.

After ten or twenty seconds, I could tell she had found them and began to raise
her head out of the bowl. Seeing this, I placed my hand on the back of her head
forcing her face back into the water. Pulling on the chain, I laughed as the
toilet flushed over her, soaking her head. Once the water had stopped
running, I lifted her head out of the bowl by her hair and she emerged coughing
and spluttering, but with the panties gripped tightly in her teeth.

Throwing her to the floor, I looked down on my slut. How humiliated and
degraded she looked, stark naked, her hair soaked with water, panties in her
mouth. Nevertheless, I was proud of her and it was time for my slutpuppy to
receive her reward. Still, I did not want her to think she was worthy enough to
give me a blowjob just yet, and certainly not to be fucked: those privileges had
to be earned.

I ordered Kathy to crawl back into the main room and to lie on her back face up,
legs apart. She did as she was told. I knelt by her head so I was looking
straight down her body, admiring the swell of her breasts and the firmness of
her belly.

"Play with yourself, slut," I ordered her, "Make yourself cum for me." Kathy
lowered one hand to her pussy and began to stroke her slit with one finger,
rubbing her palm on her mound. With the other hand, she rubbed and tweaked each
breast in turn, moaning and closing her eyes. What a slut! I unzipped myself
and began to stroke my cock as I watched. Kathy's fingers were now inside her
and she was furiously frigging herself, moaning. She was very close to cumming.

"Open your eyes, slut," I ordered, "And make sure you ask permission before you
cum." My slut did as she was told, looking up at my erect cock pointing
directly at her pretty face.

"Please master," she whined, "Please may I cum." Not yet, slut," I told her,
rubbing my cock harder now, "Not yet." "Pleeeeeease, sir," Kathy moaned,
"Please, your slut needs to cum soooooo bad." I smiled at her, " Not yet, slut.
And keep rubbing."

Kathy writhed and wriggled on the floor beneath me as she fought to prevent
herself from cumming. I could see how close she was: her nipples were hard, her
skin flushed and she was biting her lower lip to prevent herself from screaming
out loud.

I could feel myself approaching orgasm and so decided to show mercy. "You may
cum, slut," I told her. "Thank you, master, " she moaned, "Thank you." And
then she came, her body wriggling in ecstasy. Simultaneously I too came, my cum
pumping out over her slutty face, once so innocent, now a cumdump for her
master. My cum poured over her nose and mouth, running into her hair, shooting
down her chin and over her breasts. Pools of cum trickled over her features.
Kathy's face was simply a mask of cum.

I stood and zipped myself up, then walked around my slut, admiring my handiwork.
There she lay, stark naked before me, her pussy wet with her own juices, her
face covered in cum. Truly this was a thoroughly humiliated slut.

"On your knees, whore, hands on head," I commanded and Kathy obeyed, the cum
running down her face between her breasts and down her belly, where it began to
mat in her pubic hair. I then reached for the TV remote control and switched it
on, leaving my gorgeous little cumslut to kneel there, plastered in my cum,
awaiting my next command, wondering what further humiliations I may have in
store for her - once the football game had ended.