**Paige Submits**

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**Part 1 – The Night It All Started**  
  
"Come in" I called after a suspiciously long delay.  
  
The knob turned, and the door opened slowly. A guy's head popped into the room, I was pretty sure his name was Brian, though I have never met him formally. It wasn't something unusual, having strange guys in our apartment, but usually I just stayed in my room and tried to ignore my over-socializing roommate and her friends. Not that we didn't get along, we were surprisingly close, considering she was the kind of girl who invites people over and gets laid whenever she wanted, while I was shy and preferred my own company over others'.  
  
My love life never existed. It's not that I wasn't attractive, I always got heads turned to my direction. My problem was that I didn't know how to have a love life. Yeah, I was virgin. I didn't want my first time to be with some stranger, I wanted a real relationship with the one who'd take my cherry, but I had no idea how to start one. I didn't have anyone who could match me up with someone. I had some friends, but none of them knew me well enough for that.  
  
I did masturbate, and a lot. Fantasizing on finally losing it, in so many different situations, with so many different people (not necessarily guys or girls). I never had the guts to act for that goal, so I stayed lonely with my fingers.  
  
I am 19, in my first year of studying software engineering in a well-considered institution I will not mention. The roommate I was talking about, Carla, is 22, and is also in her first year of electrical engineering. We have another roommate, Leila, which isn't so friendly towards the two of us. Neither of us picked her roommates. We share a three-bedroom dorm apartment, with a kitchen, shower and a living room. Nothing too fancy, as fits to our budget, but still spacious and provides privacy.  
  
Anyway, Carla had some friends over that night, and they hung in the living room with booze and loud chatter and laughter. It was in times like this that I felt lonelier, and Carla knew it, so she always tried to get me to join them, but I was always too shy. I guess this time she thought Brian had a chance to convince me to leave my little safe kingdom, and she sent him for me. His knocking caught me off-guard while I was reading some erotic fiction in some weird website, so it took me a while to open an appropriate webpage and to pull up and zip my jeans, before I answered.  
  
"Carla said you might wanna join us." he said carefully, testing the ground with only his head past the doorstep.  
  
"I'm pretty busy right now, I have tons of tasks at hand." I tried to avoid socializing with the obvious excuse.  
  
"Common, you seem clever enough to not get behind with those." he was right, I was doing well in all my courses, and him mentioning that boosted my confidence immediately. Usually I would've thought of another excuse easily, but I guess the beer I had earlier and the fact that I hadn't masturbated all day made me vulnerable to his nice attitude.  
  
"Fine." I sighted, internally exited that I'm actually doing this.  
  
He smiled and pulled his head out and few moments later I was following him to the living room. He had a nice body, I realized as I marched behind him. I figured he was some sort of athlete, or he should've been if he wasn't. He wore a tight T-shirt and Bermuda shorts. I was definitely starting to have a crush on him. A crush that I wouldn't do anything about.  
  
I entered the living room and all eyes were quickly looking my way. There were Carla, which was visibly surprised but glad to see me, two other girls that I've seen quite often around Carla, and three more guys I didn't know, including Brian.  
  
"Glad you joined us." Carla welcomed me with slightly amused tone, "We were just about to raise some shots, and since you're behind you'll need some extra." And so we did raise two straight rounds of the cheapest vodka I've ever tasted. After I drank my bonus shot, which Carla insisted I'd drink, she introduced me to her friends.  
  
"These are Claire and Emma," she named the girls, although I did know their names, "and these are Drake, Josh and Leo" she pointed at every guy as she said his name. Turns out the name of the guy from before was Leo, not Brian. They were all dressed well, as if it was an unofficial triple-date, which made me feel intruding. We were all just sitting around the wide living room, chatting and laughing. Of course, I had a very little part in the conversation, but I was still proud of myself for being present.  
  
I wasn't used to drinking like that, only occasional beer or a glass of wine, so I felt tipsy soon. After a while Emma suggested we play some poker, and we all sat around the living room table and played for a couple of hours, while the vodka kept coming and didn't seem to end. Finally, Josh lost all his fortune and was technically out of the game.  
  
"I'll give you some chips if you'll answer a question honestly." Emma suggested with a smile, and Josh agreed. "Do you think I'm pretty?" she asked with an obviously fake innocent flirting face.  
  
"Yeah, you're beautiful." he replied, half forced. She was beautiful, with straight brunette hair, sharp facial features and just about the right amount of make-up, making her look like natural beauty (maybe she was, I couldn't tell). I noticed the sexual tension between the two from the very first minutes I've been with them.  
  
"Thanks, you're not bad yourself." She replied while handing him a generous amount of chips.  
  
Carla was the second one to lose, and Drake almost immediately offered her his chips for asking her boldly when was the last time she had sex.  
  
"About four hours ago." she replied with a naughty smile to much of our surprise. "When was the last time of yours?" she shot back.  
  
"You shouldn't use the only chips you now got on questions." he avoided while handing her some chips  
  
From then, the game turned gradually to a Truth or Dare game. Every time someone was out of chips somebody else offered them some in return for a truth. I was doing great in the game, so I didn't answer any questions. The atmosphere became more sexual with every hand lost and truth given, until Leo placed an empty vodka bottle in the center of the table and officially turned the game into Truth or Dare. He spun the bottle first and it landed between Emma and Josh. Instead of spinning again or deciding who'd get it, he simply decided, "I'll give you both a dare." We all knew where this was going, the two have been flirting all evening. "You two get out of here already."  
  
They looked at each other with visible lust and just stood up and left.  
  
"Finally." Carla sighted, followed by laughter and giggles from the rest of us.  
  
"I should better go too," Drake surprised us, "I have classes in the morning." With that he got up and left as well.  
  
"He has a girlfriend." Leo explained. Now we were only Leo, Carla, Claire and I. We raised some more shots and continued the game. Soon Carla lost her shirt and Leo his pants. I was nervous when the bottle first stopped on me, so I chose truth.  
  
"What's the kinkiest thing you've done?" Carla asked me. I immediately blushed and looked down, as I answered simply "Nothing."  
  
"Common, you have to answer, that's the rules." She pressed.  
  
"Nothing, as I'm virgin." I whispered shamefully, but loud enough for everyone to hear.  
  
"Interesting." She stated, "Ok it's your turn."  
  
I spun the bottle and it stopped back on Carla.  
  
"Truth."  
  
"What's the kinkiest thing you did?" I turned her own question against her, to everyone's joy.  
  
"Well," she answered after a few seconds of thinking, "I had my ex locked in a chastity belt." She told us without a trace of shame. The room went quiet, and everyone was staring at her. Leo had a visible erection, since he had no pants at that point. Carla didn't seem to mind the attention, as she continued. "I still have it if you wanna see."  
  
After no one answered, but it was obvious that everyone wanted, she got up and went to her room, and returned with what looked like metal panties, with the middle strap ridiculously wide and detached from the belt on the front.  
  
"So your ex is a girl." Claire pointer out.  
  
"She actually wore that?" asked Leo with disbelief, trying to hide his erection, which got bigger since Carla returned.  
  
"Yep" she confirmed, "The lock goes here, and then the wearer can't touch herself at all."  
  
With all the alcohol in my blood I had the courage to say, "Show us how it looks on you, Carla."  
  
She smiled and slipped them on like regular panties, over her own.  
  
"It doesn't really fit me." she said and took them off, "It was made especially for my ex. She's about your size." She told me, and immediately made me blush.  
  
We continued the game (and the drinks) for about an hour. At this point Claire had passed out on the couch in her bra and panties. Leo, Carla and I still sat around the table, completely wasted and tired. I had only my bra on, Carla wore nothing, and Leo had his boxers. Carla spun the bottle and it landed on me.  
  
"Dare." I chose proudly. It was my first dare for the night.  
  
"Finally!" She cried, "Wear the belt."  
  
"What?? No!" I protested immediately.  
  
"Common, she won't lock it." Leo intervened, "I really wanna see it on you."  
  
I was really drunk, perhaps the drunkest I've ever been, otherwise I would've never even consider the option. But the combination of the alcohol and the attention I was getting from the hot guy made me light-minded.  
  
"You won't lock it?" I looked at Carla, waiting for a promise.  
  
"I won't." she stated and walked towards me. She helped me wear it and tightened it around my waist.  
  
"You look hot in this." Leo threw, and I looked at him, just as I heard a click sound from the belt. I looked back down and saw that Carla put a lock in the belt, locking me up in it.  
  
"Hey! You promised you won't lock it! Open the lock now!" I started to panic as she stood up and started walking over to Leo.  
  
"Chill out. I just don't want you to steal Leo from me." She claimed, "Besides, I'll never find the key now, I'll remember where it is in the morning and unlock you."  
  
I stayed there, standing speechless as Carla took Leo by the hand and led him to her room. My head hurt, and I was tired. All I wanted to do is go to bed. She said she would unlock me in the morning, and except for a minute ago, she never gave me a reason to not trust her word. I decided to go to bed and deal with her in the morning.  
  
I went straight to bed and was ready to sleep, but the loud noises coming from Carla's room kept me up and turned me on. I tried to touch myself, but the belt did not allow to insert a finger, or even rub the outside. I was laying there for an hour or so, hot, tired and frustrated, until I finally fell asleep.

**Part 2 – The Ultimatum**  
  
I opened my eyes to what seemed like late afternoon. I stayed in bed for what was probably an hour, confronting the worst hangover of my life, and trying to remember anything from last night. It was all a big blur. I had a hard time remembering what happened after the first round for shots. I've never drank that much and didn't know what to do with myself. At last, I raised myself for sitting and sat there, staring at the wall for a few more minutes before I noticed that my panties were really tight. I looked down and to my shock I saw the chastity belt. 'What the fuck?' I thought and tried to remove the alien cloth off my body. The belt wouldn't move. I tried to pull the lock, twist the base of the padlock and anything else that might remove the belt. All in vain.  
  
I got up too quickly, and immediately had black spots in my vision and felt dizzy. I sat back down and waited for everything to pass. After what felt like forever, I stood up again and headed to the kitchen and started to gulp as much water as I could. While drinking, I started remembering things from last night. I remembered playing poker, I remember playing Truth or Dare at some point, and I remember being almost naked in front of other almost-naked strangers. I felt so ashamed, and just hoped I didn't do anything I'll regret for the rest of my life.  
  
I walked to the living room, which was a mess. The table was still full of poker chips and cards, there was an empty bottle of vodka laying on its center. Claire was still sleeping on the couch with only her bra and panties and looked as messy as I felt, and I saw what seemed like dry vomit in a couple of places around the room. Then I remembered – Carla locked me in the chastity belt! Right after she promised she won't! I was furious as I walked straight to her room and barged in. She was sitting next to her desk, focused on her phone. Then she looked up at me, annoyed by the intrusion.  
  
"Carla, what the fuck?" I spitted and pointed on the belt.  
  
"It really fits you." She answered calmly, to my annoy.  
  
"It's not funny! Take it off right now!" I had zero patience for her arrogance, but she didn't seem to be impressed by my aggressiveness.  
  
"Shhh..." she put her phone up and got up, "You'll wake Claire" she said casually and walked my way. She reached where I was standing and stood right in front of me, towering me with about 30cm, making me feel small and much less threatening. "I'd remove the belt if and when I'd like to." She stated quietly, draining my confidence with her tall body and elegant posture. Not mentioning her cold blue eyes, looking down on me.  
  
She knew I couldn't do anything against her. She was way stronger the I was, and she knew I wouldn't tell anyone about the belt. She held all the cards.  
  
"Please," I realized I had no other way, "Please take it off. I really need to pee."  
  
"That's more like it." she said, satisfied, "As I said, the belt stays on until I decide otherwise. You can pee and poop with it, it has a hole in the back, and some little holes right here." She said as she sent her hand to my crotch and moved her against the front of the belt. I was a little turned on by her touching my private area, not mentioning her beautiful and natural D-cup breasts almost in my face, only in a black lace bra, probably still from last night. I could smell sweat on it, and a general scent of sex in the room.  
  
"Just clean the belt with the Bidet after you pee." she advised when she saw I wasn't going to protest. "You can touch them." she suggested after I stared at her breasts for too long. I immediately looked away and blushed. She had an amazing body. I had a nice one too. Not fat, but full in the right places, B-cups and brunette curly hair. Not a match to her body, but I was satisfied with my own.  
  
I turned around and walked to the bathroom, defeated and embarrassed. I explored the belt with my fingers, noticing there were indeed little holes in the front and a big one in the back. I sat on the toilet and peed through the holes, feeling disabled. After that I got into the shower. The belt was really getting in the way. I couldn't touch any part of my crotch, and I was really horny. I played a little with my nipples instead, which only made me hornier. After I got out, I walked to my room. I already missed most of my classes for the day, so I just stayed in my room and tried doing homework, which was really hard with that horrible hangover and my ever-growing horniness and frustration.  
  
At about 23:00, after some hours in which I did almost nothing, I heard Carla coming back to the apartment (no idea where she was coming back from). I went out my room to beg Carla to remove the belt, and as soon as she saw me she greeted me with a sharp "No".  
  
"Please, Carla. I can't wear it anymore!" I still begged.  
  
"I thought about it," she said, "and I will let you out in one condition." I almost jumped with excitement, but contained myself and asked carefully, "And what might that condition be?"  
  
"You'll be my slave." She said decisively, "You'll do exactly as I say. That means you'll be my property. I'll decide what you wear, what you eat, where you sleep and who you fuck." I stared at her, waiting for her to laugh and tell me it's a joke.  
  
"You're kidding, right?" I asked nervously when she didn't.  
  
"I'm serious." Her facial expression confirmed her words, "Either that, or you'd be locked in the belt for good." I couldn't bare the thought of not touching myself, but the alternative seemed worse.  
  
"Forget it." I said rebelliously, waked away to my room and shut the door behind me.  
  
I tried to get the damned belt off for a couple of hours, but to no avail. I couldn't even slip a pen inside. All I could do is lay on my bed and think about masturbation.

**Part 3 – Giving In**  
  
The next couple of days went as usual, except for the belt that tormented and distracting me constantly. I considered going to a locksmith to remove it, but definitely didn't have the guts to show the belt to a stranger. The more I thought about it, the more seriously I was considering to be Carla's slave. Until I've given up.  
  
I knocked on Carla's bedroom door on Friday's evening. She opened it with a wide smile, as she knew what I was going to say. She was dressed for a night out, in a short and sexy black dress which reached her mid-thigh and hugged her shaped body tightly. She had high heels, which made her almost abnormally high, but still in a sexy manner. She always radiated confidence and control, scaring off most people but inviting the right ones in. Her face was also amazing, with her naturally separated eyebrows, deep purple lipstick and perfect long eyelashes which made everyone look at her beautiful blue eyes. That is, for most people, until she made eye contact.  
  
"Well?" she asked impatiently after I stared at her face for a few seconds.  
  
"I'll do it." I almost whispered.  
  
"You'll do what?" she decided to torture me.  
  
"I'll be your slave. Please take this thing off." I said in a shaking voice, looking down the whole while.  
  
"I knew you'd be," she rejoiced, "come in." I walked in, my heart pounding fast.  
  
"Take your cloth off and lay on the bed." She ordered. She already saw me naked several times before, and I was really excited to get rid of the belt, so I took off my pajama pants and top and sat on the bed.  
  
"The bra too." she demanded as she took out her phone and opened the camera.  
  
"What are you doing?" I asked nervously.  
  
"Making insurance." She explained calmly, "I'll have pictures of you that you wouldn't want to go out. That'll make you obey me. Take your bra off and lay on your side so the belt and your boobs will be visible. Put a middle finger in your asshole, smile and wink." I figured I had no choice at that point and being naked in front of her made me oddly hot. I unclasped my bra from behind, laid on my side and put my middle finger in front of my virgin asshole. I never did anything like that with my asshole, but I figured a finger wouldn't be too bad. I then inserted it slowly. It didn't hurt at all. I was naked in front of my hot roommate in her room, with her ex's chastity belt and with my finger in my own ass. My pussy went crazy and begged me to touch it. I've never been more aroused, and I couldn't do anything about it but wait.  
  
I forced myself to smile and closed one eye in a constant wink as she raised her phone, exactly as I was told. I felt like a slut as she took some pictures. Then she shot a video and made me say "I, Paige Stinson, am Carla Freed's dirty slut, and I'll do whatever she wants me to do because I like being her disgraced pet." The words only made me hornier and more frustrated. I did feel like her slut.  
  
"Good job, my little slut." I got even more aroused when she called me that. "We're going out tonight. We have to do something about that virginity of yours. Go dress up and I'll come in a few minutes to make sure you look slutty enough. Meanwhile, I'm going to backup these evidences to several places, including my cloud, so don't think of trying to take my phone." Damn. I did hope I could get her phone and delete them. I knew she wouldn't take the belt off before she backed up, so I went back to my room.

I hadn't gone out much, perhaps at all, so I didn't have anything that would satisfy Carla. The best I could do is black, knee-high skater-skirt and a light purple blouse. After a few minutes she walked in and gave me a disapproving look.  
  
"Come, you'll wear something of mine." She said after going through my wardrobe. I followed her to her room again and waited for a couple of minutes until she pulled out a red miniskirt and a black tank-top.  
  
"I guess I can take the belt off now." she said and put the cloths on the bed. She pulled a key from a drawer and told me to strip. I quickly did as she said, and she opened the lock. I was finally out of that damn thing! I wasn't free, of course, but at least the belt was off. As soon as she pulled the belt away from me I sent a hand to touch my hungry pussy, only to receive a slap on the back of it.  
  
"You little slut! You just can't help yourself, can you?" I was deeply ashamed, as I knew she was right. I was just about to masturbate in front of her, in the first chance I had.  
  
"Let's make some ground rules." She started lecturing, "You may never touch yourself without my permission. Even if you do have my permission, you are not to cum until I explicitly say you may. Violate these rules and you'd get the chastity belt back on. Also, your cunt should always be completely shaved, and you may never wear panties. Bra is optional for now. We'll go through the rest of your wardrobe later. For now, go shave that hairy wet cunt of yours, and don't think about touching yourself inappropriately."  
  
It took me some time to process all what she said. After about a minute of staring, I got a sharp slap on my right cheek. It really hurt, and tears started forming in my eyes.  
  
"When I tell you to do something, you answer me and do it immediately." She rebuked, "Now go."  
  
"Ok" I answered, not wanting to piss her off more. But I just got another slap on my other chick, harder than the last one. "It's 'yes, mistress.'" she corrected, "When we're in private you are to always call me mistress. When we're not, you still have to address me with respect."  
  
"Yes, mistress." I said as I fought back my tears and went to the bathroom to shave. It was really hard to stop myself from touching my dripping lips, as I knew that if I would, I would also masturbate a couple of times in a row, and she would know. My stinging face was a reminder for not touching it. After a few minutes I came back to her room and she examined my freshly shaved and sensitive crotch.  
  
"Very well," she said and slapped my pussy lightly, which in my state of arousal almost made me cum. "You're a horny little slut, aren't you?" She laughed when she saw my reaction, "Now dress."  
  
I turned to her bed, where the cloths waited for me, just to get my head pulled back by my hair. I screamed in pain as Carla held my head backwards and forced me to look up to her face, into those beautiful cold eyes.  
  
"You forgot something." She scolded with a cold tone.  
  
"Yes mistress, sorry mistress." I quickly tried to please her. She gave me another slap on the right chick and let my hair go. The chick was still stinging from the first slap, so it hurt much more this time and I couldn't hold my tears anymore. I started crying while dressing.  
  
"I'm being easy on you now, only because it's all new for you." She pointed out, to my surprise. I couldn't imagine how she is when she doesn't go easy. "You won't have the privilege of wearing such provocative cloths as those anymore." She told me as I checked myself in the mirror. The shirt was tight, and without my bra my nipples would probably be visible. I remembered she said that bra is optional "for now", and I was afraid of what I've gotten myself into. The skirt also hugged me tightly and reached a bit above my mid-thigh.  
  
"Now makeup. Sit." She pointed at her chair.  
  
"Yes, mistress." This time I remembered, my chicks still red and hurt. I sat, and she started doing my makeup as she spoke. "Remember, you're losing your virginity tonight, so it's a special night. You may cum as many times as you want, but you may not touch yourself. Are we clear?"  
  
"Yes, mistress."  
  
She smiled and called me "good girl", which was embarrassing but also comforting. She then gave me a light kiss on my lips, which made me moan with arousal, and told me to try the high heels she brought me and stand up.  
  
I did as she said. I never wore high heels before, and it was really not comfortable. I looked at myself in the full-body mirror and could only think that I looked hot. The top was tight enough to show my shape, but not too much to look trashy. The miniskirt wasn't too short, so I didn't need to worry about flashing too much, but it was defiantly the bravest skirt I've ever worn. I had a red bright lipstick to match the skirt, and eyeliner and eye shadow that made my eyes look big and inviting. My curls where a natural addition and the heels where the cherry on the top of the cream.  
  
"You can look nice when you try, my pet." Carla complemented me. I still wasn't as hot as she was, but I've never been so attractive.  
  
"Thanks" I said, and quickly added "mistress" when I saw the impatient look on her face.  
  
And we went out together.

**Part 4 – Becoming Her Slut**  
  
We walked for a local bar inside the campus. It was about a 15 minutes' walk, and during that time I was struggling with the heels and trying to get used to them. Carla wasn't too patient about it, and by the time we arrived at the bar, my feet hurt, and they were still hurting for a long time after we sat at the bar. I've never visited there before, but when my friends went out, this is where they went to. We arrived pretty late, about midnight. We turned many heads as we walked in. The bartender immediately attended to us when we sat.  
  
"What will you ladies be drinking?" she asked nicely.  
  
"Two rounds of Jonny Walker and one Bloody Marie each." Carla told her. She nodded and started making our drinks. She was getting me drunk, I realized, but I didn't dare to disobey her. As soon as the drinks came we raised the two whisky shots, and then sipped the mixed drinks slowly. It was not long before gentlemen started sending us drinks. When two athlete-looking guys approached us, Carla blew them off. When I asked her why, she said "We're playing hard to get. That's how you get the good men to come to you."  
  
After about an hour of semi-flirting with guys and blowing them off, I was pretty drunk, and still really aroused, so I would've slept with anyone if Carla wasn't disapproving it. At last, a young man in his 20's, wearing a suit, and had an overall dominative look, came over and started chatting with us. Well, with Carla, mostly. After a few minutes of small-talk, Carla said we two should get out of there, and after some staring from one to another we simply got up and left together. Just before we left, Carla grabbed me and whispered in my ear, "Remember, no touching."  
  
We took a taxi to his place and talked a little on the way. I told him I was virgin, and he just smiled and promised to be gentle with me. He was so kind, I was actually glad to go home with him. We arrived at his apartment building, I don't remember in which area of town. The elevator was already at the ground floor. In the elevator, he started kissing me. I didn't object, but I was pretty embarrassed to make out where anyone could come in. We arrived at his floor, still making out, and entered his apartment. He said he had no roommates, and the apartment was big and a little fancy. He took out a bottle of white wine and poured us a drink. After a while we started kissing again until he suddenly stopped.  
  
"Strip and crawl to the bedroom". He ordered firmly and pointed to the bedroom with his thumb. I didn't hesitate and complied, just wanting to get fucked. I striped slowly and teasingly as I could manage, while he watched me with an approving look. When he saw I had no panties, he smiled and told me I'm a naughty girl. Then I got on all four as he asked and started to crawl towards his bedroom. He walked beside me, touched my ass a little, and spanked it once. When we entered the spacious bedroom, he sat on the king-sized bed and signaled me to crawl towards him. I felt so dirty to crawl naked in front of a strange man, but in my level of arousal I didn't care. I wanted to be dirty. I wanted to be fucked.  
  
As I reached him, he simply pointed at his crotch. I knew what he wanted and started to unbuckle his pants, then unzipping them and taking out the already erect dick that was there just for me. It wasn't too large, but impressive nonetheless. I closed my fist around it and started giving my first ever handjob, feeling it hardens even more. After about a minute, he grabbed my head from behind and gently pushed it towards his erect cock. I opened my mouth and welcomed the intruder into it. It wasn't so bad, it didn't even have a taste. I slowly worked my head up and down and swallowed the gentile deeper with every round.  
  
"Use you tongue." He suggested. I tried to lick around it while I went up and down, but I didn't seem to catch up with his expectations. "You'll learn." He said finally, "No come up here and let me fuck that virgin hole." His words made me blush, but also to feel hotter. I climbed onto the bed besides him and laid on my back with his guidance. He then placed a pillow under my bottom, knelt in front of me and placed his dick in front of my virgin lips.  
  
"Ready?" he asked, "It'll hurt at first."  
  
"I'm ready." I assured him, confident from the alcohol.  
  
He then slowly penetrated my sacred area, parting my lips as he went in, and made his way into me, until he reached my unbroken hymen. I was so wet down there, he didn't seem to have a problem getting in, and it didn't hurt much. Perhaps it was because of the alcohol, or perhaps it was because I was such a hungry slut at that point.  
  
"Here we go." He said just before he thrusted himself past my hymen, ripping away my virginity. That did hurt. I screamed as he took his dick back and I started to feel a different kind of wetness down there. Then he thrusted again, deeper this time, stayed in for a while and pulled back. He kept this routine, each time waiting less, until he pounded my freshly unwrapped pussy in a steady pace. I've came several times. The first one shortly after he ripped my hymen. It was the best experience I ever had, my first real orgasm. I came a second time when he started the steady pace. From there, I lost count and just laid there as he fucked me, my senses were foggy, and I simply enjoyed the pounding.  
  
After a while, he started going faster, and then he suddenly stopped and squirmed. I realized he must've came. After that, he pulled out, laid besides me and rolled off the condom, which I didn't even see him rolling on. We kissed for a while. I stopped him in-between, just to thank him for taking me. He smiled and said there's nothing like a fresh virgin. He covered us in a blanket and spooned me from behind. I was exhausted and fell asleep almost immediately.  
  
When I woke up alone in a stranger's bed, it seemed to be late morning, or noon. I smiled, as I felt accomplished and new. After a few minutes, I got up and found a note beside the bed.  
  
"Good morning,  
  
You slept really hard, I take it you enjoyed last night :)  
  
There's a shower in the bedroom with a fresh towel, and there's coffee machine in the kitchen. Feel free to use them both. The door will lock itself after you. "  
  
I read the note, and then realized I didn't even know his name. I felt like a slut, losing my virginity to a stranger, whom I didn't even see in the morning, all because my roommate told me to. I didn't feel comfortable to shower at his place, or drink his coffee without him there, so I just left and headed back to our apartment.  
  
When I entered the apartment, Carla was sitting at the kitchen table, breaking her fast with an unfamiliar guy.  
  
"There you are!" she greeted me, "I see you made out well." I probably looked like I was just fucked, and I was, because the guy stared at me for a while until he got a look from Carla. She told me to get in the shower, so I did. When I came out, I went to my room and dressed, and then to the kitchen. The guy wasn't there anymore, and Carla was siting on the couch, watching TV.  
  
"There are some leftovers for you on the table." She called when she heard me coming. There was indeed a plate with pancakes and omelet on the table. I savored the food, I didn't realize how hungry I was after the last night. When I sat besides Carla on the couch, she looked at me like I've said something rude.  
  
"What are you doing?" she asked, and then explained to my confused face, "You're my pet. Pets don't seat on the couch. And why are you dressed? I didn't tell you to dress." I immediately started apologizing and got off the couch to kneel on the floor in front of it. "Now strip, cunt. When you're in the apartment you are to always be naked, even if there are people here. Yes, including Leila (our other roommate)."  
  
'Damn, that would be humiliating.' I thought as I quickly started to strip naked and was interrupted by a pull of my hair and a sharp slap across my left chick.  
  
"Sorry, mistress." I cried when a second slap came to the right chick after a short delay.  
  
"You'll learn." She sighed and let go of my hair. "Now tell me about your night. Don't spare details."  
  
And so, I told her about the event of the last night, after we've parted. After I told her about the sex, she just commented, "You're a little hungry slut, aren't you?" I blushed and looked down, and after a short delay she repeated, "Aren't you?" and I answered quietly "Yes, mistress."  
  
"Yes what?" she kept pushing.  
  
"Yes, I'm a hungry slut, mistress." I answered shamefully, but a bit louder.  
  
"Good," she seemed pleased, "now be a good little slut and lick my feet while I watch some TV." I stared at her, trying to see if she was joking.  
  
"Now." She pushed her right foot towards my face and commended me with a stern voice. I was afraid of making her angrier, so I pulled out my tongue and licked her toe carefully. It wasn't dirty or smelly as I expected, but it had a sour taste of sweat. I slowly started to lick the other fingers, my sense of humiliation growing by the minute. After I licked all her left foot's fingers, she straightened it and raised it slightly, obviously wanting me to lick the bottom. I hesitated for a short while, distracting Carla from the TV, and she looked at me impatiently. The cold and beautiful eyes pierced through me and pushed me to proceed, and I hurried to swipe my tongue vertically over the bottom of her foot, gathering sweet-sour sweat. I felt so humiliated, and as twice turned on. Without thinking I sent a hand to touch my starving labia, but halfway I remembered her threat and pulled my hand away.  
  
"Good girl." Carla said and patted my head. I was so focused on her foot that I haven't noticed she was still watching me. I felt strangely proud to be called that way, even though it was degrading.  
  
"Crawl after me." She ordered as she turned the TV off and stood up. I started crawling after her when she suddenly turned around and looked down at me and said coldly, "You forgot something. Turn around."  
  
"Yes mistress, sorry mistress." I immediately started to mumble in fear and turned around, so my ass was pointing her direction. Then I got a hard spank on my right ass chick, unsurprisingly. I yelped in pain as she said, "You get ten spanks. You are to count them loudly.  
  
"Two" I yelped as the next spank hit my left chick. It hurt as hell, and I had no idea how I could take eight more.  
  
"You didn't count one yet, so you still have ten to go." She stated cruelly. I sighed internally, and she continued with ten more, each one more painful than the previous. At least she divided the spanks evenly between the cheeks. After the tenth (or twelfth) I collapsed on the floor, paralyzed by the burning pain.  
  
"My my, someone needs to clean the floor after herself. You really enjoy being my cunt, aren't you?" She noted. I then realized she was right, my thighs were all wet, not mentioning my pussy. I wanted to touch myself so bad.  
  
"Common, you still have crawling to do." Mistress rushed me after a while, "Besides, I went easy on your little ass because you were a good girl earlier."  
  
'That was going easy?' I thought in horror, 'Guess I can't take her hard punishments, so I better not piss her off. Did I just call her mistress in my head?'  
  
I rose for crawling, my ass stings and burns. She started walking and I followed her silently, as fast as I could without collapsing again. I arrived at her room, a few seconds after her.  
  
"Stand up." She ordered, looking for something in her closet and walking to me after she found it. It was a thin metal collar, with a small ring attached to it. She walked behind me, and I held my hair aside at her command. She put the collar around my neck and closed it with a click sound. It didn't choke me but was tight and made me breath uncomfortably.  
  
"This is to remind you and tell everyone around you that you're my property." She explained, "You are to never take it off, even if you could." I wondered if the collar was locked. It didn't seem to have a keyhole, but that click sound... The collar was quite elegant, and some might think it's an innocent decoration, but enough people would know what it means, and that thought terrified me.  
  
"Please, mistress. I can't wear this in public." I begged. She simply looked me in the eyes, piercing through any will of protesting I had, and asked quietly, "Are you questioning me, cunt?"  
  
"No, mistress, I do not, but I really can't-" I was interrupted with a hard slap on my face, followed by another, and another, and another, until I lost count and couldn't feel my face anymore. She pressed a hand on my shoulder, forcing me to go down until I was on my knees.  
  
"Don't ever question your mistress." She said coldly, and after a short delay, "Now let's see how you eat pussy." She took her tights off and sat on her bed, waiting for me to crawl to her. Needless to say, I've never done that before. I reached her and stared awkwardly at her panties.  
  
"What are you waiting for?" She urged me. I sent a hand to remove her panties, only to get a quick slap on the back of my hand.  
  
"Pets don't use hands." Not wanting to disobey her, I rose and bit the elastic rubber of her panties. I struggled to slip the panties off, and she didn't help me at all. Perhaps she even made it harder for me intentionally. After the panties were out of the way, I placed my face in front of her pussy, smelling the aroma similar to the one I was familiar with. She was really wet. Not as nearly as I was, but wet. She must've enjoyed controlling me, I thought.  
  
My thoughts were interrupted when she pushed my head towards her crotch from behind. It was new to me, of course, but I still knew roughly what I was expected to do. I took my tongue out and tasted her. I happened to taste a bit of my own juices before, but hers were much sweeter. I actually enjoyed tasting her. I probed my tongue inside and played with her lips for a while. I wanted to please her, especially after pissing her off.  
  
After a while of tongue job, the feeling started to return to my face, and it hurt. My chicks started aching from the slaps I got, and I couldn't concentrate on pleasing Carla. After I slowed down and generally performed lesser, she closed her thighs tight around my head, trapping me with the face in her crotch. I couldn't breathe, and the pressure on my chicks only enhanced the burn of my face.  
  
"I didn't tell you to stop." She sounded more disappointed than angry, "Although I was about to anyway, since you clearly have no idea what you're doing. You just love wasting my time, don't you, little cunt?" I tried to respond, to apologize and ask for mercy, but all I could do is muff into her pussy.

She kept me like this for some long minutes, suffocating me and causing me pain. It was a pure torture, and every minute seemed to last forever, but the most disturbing part was my arousal. I couldn't breathe and felt weak, but my pussy was on fire. Dripping all over my thighs and on the floor. The feeling of helplessness, the lack of even the most basic control over my body, like breathing. The total submission, being entirely under her control, completely bent to her will and mercy. All of it drove me crazy.  
  
She then released me. I instantly gasped for air as I fell on the floor, weak and tired. Breathing was never so enjoyable. That basic instinct was regained to me, and my whole body welcomed the fresh air.  
  
"Remember, slut." She started lecturing as I was slowly regaining my strength, still laying on the cold floor. "I own you. Every part of you, including breathing and eating. As all pets do, you are to have my approval before eating and sleeping." I realized how hungry I was. "And about that lame pussy eating. Your main goal is to please me. Normally you'll eat nothing in the morning until you at least ate me, but after this pathetic performance you may not touch my private parts until you'll know how to pleasure them appropriately. Starting today, each day you'll take a different girl home and learn how to pleasure a woman. By home I mean your room, and only there. I will place cameras and microphones in there and will be watching. Needless to say, you will not cum until you'd be ready to make me cum first.  
  
"Now let's go take care of your wardrobe. You should dress like the whore you are. Clean the mess you made on the floor with that filthy cunt of yours, grab some garbage bags and meet me at your room."  
  
With that, she walked out of the room, leaving me still panting on her floor, laying in a drool of my own juices. It took me some time to process all she said, but eventually I got up and did as my mistress instructed.

**Part 5 – Shopping**  
  
"Took you long enough." She complained casually as I entered my room, with the requested garbage bags. She was standing by my closet, checking every piece of cloth I owned. Almost all of my cloths were scattered on the floor. I opened my mouth to protest, but a quick cold warning look from her shut it instantly.  
  
When I approached my closet, I saw it was almost empty. The underwear drawer had a few bras inside, by far the sluttiest of them. She didn't leave any panties in there. The rest of the closet was also almost empty. She left only my shortest skirts and no tops.  
  
"Looks like we're going shopping." She said cheerfully, "Now put all of these in the bags and leave them in my room. You won't see them again." I didn't want to do it, of course, but at that point I knew better than disobeying her. I picked my cloths up from the floor, one by one, mourning quietly. When I returned to my room, she handed me my shortest skirt, which ended well above my knees. I never wore the skirt in public, only to myself. It made me feel sexy, while I was wearing it in my private bedroom, never daring to wear it in public. She then went to her room to pick a blouse, since I didn't have any after her clean-up. The simple T-shirt she chose was tight, at least two sizes less than mine. My nipples were completely visible through it, so I beg mistress to let me wear a bra.  
  
"Fine," She sighed, "but first, close your eyes, bend over and don't move." I did as she said, suddenly well aware of my body in the tight outfit. She walked away for a few seconds, and when she returned she rose my skirt. I thought she would spank me for not pleasing her earlier, until I felt something cold against my asshole. I reflexively straightened up, open my eyes and turned around. She stood there with annoyed face. In one hand she held an open tube, and the index finger of the other hand was covered in some dense liquid.  
  
"I told you to not move." She said in a quiet, intimidating voice, "You will be punished for that later. For now, bend over again and I will put this butt plug inside you." She ordered and pointed at the desk besides her, which indeed had a metal looking butt plug standing on it.  
  
"Please, mistress. Please don't do this. I've never had anything in there, please don't." I begged desperately. She stood there and let me finish begging, still looking annoyed but also amused.  
  
"Are you done?" She asked rhetorically, "If you don't bend now I won't use lube. Truest me, that's the last thing you want." I knew I had no choice. She had pictures and a video of me that I simply couldn't allow to go public. I defeatedly turned back around and bent again. She rose my skirt again and massaged my tight hole from the outside, covering it with the cold fluid. She then inserted a finger inside, which wasn't horrible. She moved it in and out a few times, then added another finger. That didn't hurt either, but I was sure it would if it wasn't for the lube. The third finger wasn't easy to get in, but she forced it with the others, to my agony.  
  
"You better loosen your sphincter and don't resist, otherwise it'd hurt like hell." She recommended as she took her fingers out. After a few long moments I felt the pointy edge against my hole. I tried to loosen it as much as I could, but I was very nervous. She started pushing, slowly but hard. The plug stretched my virgin hole, which was quickly starting to hurt. The whole area seemed to burn as she kept stretching me wider and wider, torturing me with the slow but steady pace. When the widest part of the plug was stretching me, she stopped, keeping my ass stretched for what seemed like forever, while I was screaming in pain.  
  
Finally, she pushed the rest in, and my muscle closed on the base of the plug. I immediately straightened my body, only to make the plug go deeper inside of me and causing me to yelp in pain and crouch again. Carla laughed loudly, "You'll get used to it. Your hole will be full most of the time when you'd be ready." She promised, then said disgustedly, "Your ass would also be clean. Clean your filth, cunt." She pushed her fingers in front of my face. I knew exactly what she wanted, and this time I didn't disappoint her. I opened my mouth and let her fingers in.  
  
The taste was horrible. I don't think the lube had any taste, but I tasted my own shit on her fingers. I felt so dirty then, dressed like a slut, my ass filled and sucking my own shit from my mistress' fingers. In spite of my urge to puke, I was very aroused.  
  
"Good girl. Now wear these heels and let's go." I wore the 10cm heeled shoes she handed me and we went on our way.  
  
We took a bus to the mall. The walk to the bus station was a pure torture. The plug in my arse shifted and moved inside me with every step, pushing against my tight flesh. The heels only made it worse, they did not allow me to walk with too much space between my legs, which made the plug more sensitive for my steps. I needed concentration for walking with the high heels, which was very difficult with the plug filling me, so I tripped many times during the 5-minutes' walk.  
  
We arrived at the station and got on the bus almost immediately. I tried sitting down in the bus, only to find the plug pushing deeper, so I stood the whole 20-minutes' ride. During the ride I caught many men staring at me. I couldn't blame them, I dressed slutty, had a fucking collar around my neck and my thighs were glittering with my juices all the way to my knees. Some of them didn't even look away when I looked at them, probably thinking I'm enjoying the attention, which I partially did. I was both very humiliated and very aroused at the same time.  
  
When we arrived at the mall Carla allowed me to wipe my wet thighs in the restroom. I thanked her and did that. After that, we walked to a clothing store. A store worker attended to us while we were looking at skirts. She was a young, cute brunette, and very nice.  
  
"We're looking for something slutty for her." Carla told her, to my embarrassment.  
  
"Oh, do you?" She smiled and checked me out, head to toe, while I just looked at my feet, too ashamed to make eye-contact. She'd probably guessed the nature of our relationship easily. "I can help you with that."  
  
She dug in the shelves and brought us a pile of folded skirts. I entered the changing room and tried the first one. It was a blue skater-skirt, shorter than the one I came with, or of anything I ever owned.  
  
"Too long." Carla called immediately after I went out with the skirt on. She and the worker were sitting in front of the changing room, waiting for me to give a performance. I heard them chatting and giggling as I returned to the room and tried the next one. It was a short miniskirt that ended few centimeters below my ass.  
  
I walked out of the room again and waited for her response. She evaluated the skirt for a few moments and signaled me to spin around. I span, fully aware of my exposed body. She decided we'd take it, and I returned to the room and tried more skirts. Most of them were very provocative, ones that I wouldn't have imagined wearing in public. Carla approved only the shortest of them, the ones that ended well above my knees and exposed way too much of my legs. The last one barely covered my ass, and I had to adjust it so it will cover it.  
  
"Nice." The worker said as I walked out with it. She sat there the whole time, enjoying my presentation.  
  
"Let's see if it's too short." Carla said, "Bend over with the back to us." I was terrified of doing that, but I knew better than disobeying her, so I did as she said. I bent with my ass to them, the skirt unsurprisingly rose up and exposed a few centimeters of my ass, and part of the base of the plug.  
  
"Nope, not to short." Carla concluded to my dread. The worker giggled. "That'd be enough skirts for today."  
  
After that I tried some shirts on, all of them at least two sizes less than mine. At Carla's command, I stayed with the last skirt. Most of what Carla approved were strapless tops that emphasized my boobs revealingly, some of them exposed my belly partially or fully. There were also T-shirts, tank-tops and blouses, all with generous cleavage and/or exposed belly. Some of the tops were white and sheer, and all of them were slutty and attention-drawing.  
  
After the shirts I tried dresses on. The first dress I tried was a red tight tube-dress. It hugged my body tightly and emphasized my ass and breasts. As I looked at the mirror I noticed that the curve of the plug was slightly visible through the dress. I walked out of the changing room to display it to the girls.  
  
"Oh honey," The worker said, "you can't wear a bra with what." I turned to the changing room to remove my bra, but Carla stopped me and ordered me to remove it there. I reached to the zipper in the back and unzipped it a little. I carefully unclasped my bra and took it off, and while handing it to Carla's outstretched hand, my hand slipped and I lost grip of the dress. The top of the dress pealed, exposing my naked breast to everyone who might've watched. I quickly pulled it up and looked around. Nobody seemed to notice, but I wasn't sure.  
  
Carla and the worker laughed together, and I shamefully walked back to the changing room and tried the rest of the dresses. The next one was a black mini-dress with a vee-shaped cleavage that went down to the bottom of my boobs, exposing the sides. After that I tried some more dresses, each slutty and revealing. After we were done with the dresses, Carla chose some high heels for me, with gradually increasing height.  
  
Before we finally went to the check-out, Carla asked the worker, "How can we thank you for all the help?"  
  
"I have an idea." She replied with implying tone, then they both looked at me with a smile. I knew what they were plotting, so I just let her lead me by the hand to the changing room. She sat on the low stool and raised her skirt. I obediently dropped to my knees and started eating her. After a while of licking and sucking she pushed my head inwards and came. She squirted all over my face.  
  
We went out of the stall and she said to Carla, "3."  
  
Carla sent a hand into her purse and suddenly I felt a strong electric shock around my neck. I fell on the floor and squirmed in pain for what seemed like forever. When it finally stopped, I laid there for a couple of minutes, panting and hurting.  
  
"Your eating job was rated 3/10, so you got a 7 seconds shock. This will happen every time you'll eat a pussy or suck a dick, so you better get only 10's." Carla explained, "As I said before, you're not cumming until you'd make me come, and you're not getting anywhere near my pussy until you know how to treat it properly, that is until you'd get a 10 score from one of your daily pussies. As from tomorrow, you'll only eat someone in your room, where I can see you. After you finish, you are to ask her to rate your performance on a scale of 1 to 10 loudly, then you'll get a proportionate shock."  
  
I simply hated my life at that point. I was so frustrated and desperate.  
  
After we checked out, we took the bus back home. As a punishment for disobeying her earlier that day, Carla made me wear that tight mini-skirt that barely covered my ass and a sheer white top without a bra, making my constantly-erect nipples visible. She also didn't allow me to wash the worker's juices off my face, so in addition to my glittering thighs, I had a glittering face. Needless to say, I got plenty of nasty stares, but all I could focus on was the burning need to touch myself, and stopping myself from doing so in a public bus.