**Porsha Diaries**

[Mar 26, 2020](https://forum.xnxx.com/threads/porsha-diaries-part-2.587135/)

The following morning I was layed on my bed, I had dressed, short skirt, vest top and matching underwear, a knock on my bedroom door telling me I had a visitor. It was the guy I had enjoyed spending time with at my party, he casually walked into my bedroom being let in, I was sat up with my legs parted, so as he walked in he would have been able to see straight up my skirt, I quickly closed my legs, his response with a laugh was please don’t do that on my account.  
  
I didn’t feel that comfy as he sat on the end of my bed so I suggested we go for a walk in the grounds, which he accepted without issue. He stayed for lunch and then asked me if I would like to go to a club with him that evening. I checked with my parents and the answer was I was 18 now, I was an adult. So I accepted the invitation.  
  
  
My mother seamed quite pleased at the fact I had been invited out, asking me what I planned to wear, to enjoy myself, etc. I wasn’t really sure what to wear to be honest. My mother had me at quite a young age so at 35 she was very fashionable still and loved getting involved. We visited the designers store again, she was busily telling them I was going on my first date and she was so exited, far more than I was. I was asked what style I wanted, I told them that I felt the party outfit was a little bit extreme for my persona so maybe a nice dress. My mother objected to this plan, explaining that a nice dress wasn’t really club wear. We kind of compromised, I got a dress, but it was as she described it a ‘ greyhound’ (a couple of inches from the hair). Tightly fitting, halterneck with a low back. Matching red heels. I told her under no circumstances was I not wearing underwear albeit I couldn’t wear a bra with it due to the design.  
  
  
My date picked me up and we drove to the club, he told me I looked stunning and it made me feel nice, He bought me drinks, not allowing me to do the same for him. I asked him to not get me drunk as I seam to lose my memory when I do recalling the photos of my party. He said I hadn’t really mis behaved, I was being put into the situations really without consent. He made me feel better about my behaviour and we both decided it was the outfit that had made me appear so slutty. As we enjoyed our night into the early hours, dancing, drinking, kissing, I seamed to lose track of what was happening again.  
  
  
I woke the following morning, with no idea where I was, I was on a bed, not mine, I was completely naked layed on my front, I turned to the side noticing that the covers were pulled back and someone had clearly been sleeping next to me. Someone then entered the room carrying 2 cups, the guy I had been with, I had spent the night in his bed, had he fucked me, I wasn’t sure, had my virginity been taken without my memory or consent. I wasn’t sure. His behaviour was calm, he placed the cup at the bedside, morning sweetie he said. I didn’t really answer, He got into bed next to me, he was dressed in shorts and a t shirt. I turned over and sat up using the sheet to cover myself, He obviously was sensing my nervousness, He smiled and said don’t worry, you took your clothes off and got into bed, I’m not saying I didn’t look he laughed but that’s all, he complimented my body and told me to drink my coffee, I needed it.  
  
He had been a perfect gentleman I thought, I relaxed and we sat chatting and laughing about the evening, he filled me in on the bits I couldn’t remember. He had phoned my parents advising that he felt it wasn’t safe to drive me home as he had been drinking and was it ok for me to stay at his spare room at his parents which was just around the corner from where we were. After a while I decided I should be going and gathered up my dress but I couldn’t find my underwear. He told me that I threw them across the room somewhere saying that my mum said I shouldn’t wear them under the tight dress anyway. Yet however we searched we couldn’t find them. I left commando and rather conscious I was naked under my dress.  
  
Arriving home we kissed and he slid his hand up my thigh but stopped just short of the hem of my dress. I went inside, greeted by the gardener who gave me a few looks as I walked up the drive and around to the side entrance. I showered and changed into my track suit to spend the day relaxing and recovering from my second hangover of the week.

A few weeks went by, a little texting and flirting went on over the phone, eventually he asked me if we could meet up again which I agreed to happily. I’d seen a lot of girls my age now wearing gloss black leggings and as it appeared to be the fashion I drove into town and bought a pair, intending to wear them for my date. I also saw a really nice top to go with them and decided my heels from my party would finish my outfit off perfectly. He picked me up exactly as arranged and we went to the cinema followed by a bar in town. I knew what I wanted tonight, He was sat opposite me at the table, I slowly raised my foot between his legs which at first surprised him but he appeared to enjoy as I massaged his cock with my foot.  
  
We went back to his place and I leaned up against his hallway wall, his hand very quickly finding my pussy and rubbing me through my leggings. He then took me upstairs and I sat on the edge of his bed and slowly parted my legs making it clearer I was there for him to fuck. He undid the fasteners on my heels and slid them off, I pulled my top up over my head and unclipped my bra. He looked at my tits for a moment and said they were as impressive as the first time he saw them at the party oh and when you were in my bed he laughed. Removing his shirt and jeans, he wore no underwear and I was a little self conscious as I slid my leggings off and watched as he became erect as my pussy became more visible. He pulled my leggings from me and told me to clean his cock with my mouth. I looked at him surprised but he assured me all girls do it, so I reluctantly took his cock in my mouth and licked him, tasting his precum, He gripped my hair quite tightly and began to fuck my mouth a little harder, I thought he said I was a good cock sucking whore but I could have been mistaken. He then pushed me back onto the bed, I wiped the saliva running down my chin on the back of my hand and slid up the bed so my head was on the pillows. He crawled towards me and spread my legs, I gasped as he spat on my pussy, he said to relax, it was to help make me wetter and it would be more comfortable for me. He did it again and then began to use his tongue on my pussy. I felt him against my clit and shuddered as I orgasmed at his touch, he called me a slut for coming so easily. He asked me if I was ready and I nodded. Slowly he started to slide his cock into me, at that point I realised he wasn’t wearing a condom and asked him to stop and put one on. He told me he knew it was my first time and thought it would be nice for me to feel a bare cock for my first. He said he wouldn’t cum in me unless I wanted him to. He asked if I was on any contraception. I actually was to help with my periods as they had been quite painful. He tried to enter me more but it hurt, He called me a really really tight bitch and then forced the rest of his cock hard into me, it made me cry out and I asked him to stop as it hurt. He remained still for a moment and said my cunt was crushing his cock. He placed his hand to my throat and began fucking me hard, calling me a filthy tight cunted whore before cumming inside me. As he pulled out he spat on my gaping vagina once more and said that was for trying to rip his cock off with my cunt. I could feel his cum running from me and placed my hand between my legs and went to the bathroom to clean myself up. When I returned he was layed on his back sprawled out on the bed, his cock wet and glistening from his semen and my pussy. He told me to go down and fetch us both a drink which I did and then he said to give him half an hour and he would be fucking me again. He had me clean his cock again with my mouth and then rolled me onto my back and had me for a second time leaving yet another load in me. I asked him if I was an easier fuck that time and he laughed saying was I wanting to be an easy fuck.  
  
After he had used me a second time he told me to get dressed and we would be going out that night and to wear something sexy for him. I asked if he wasn’t happy with my current clothes and he said they were ok, he liked the leggings as they showed off my cunt lips nicely but the top wasn’t good enough. I had to get a taxi home this time which I felt very self conscious about as I smelt of sex and clearly looked like I had.  
  
I went for a shower immediately, the hot water cleansing my skin, I used the hose on my pussy hoping to get the cum out of me, slightly annoyed he came in me when he said he wouldn’t, wishing a little I had lied about being on the pill but also feeling very satisfied.  
  
My leggings were dirty so I put them in the wash, the crotch coated in sperm and my own fluids !. I dressed in my short denim mini and a t shirt and went downstairs, my mother in the kitchen seating area. She looked at me and seamed to instantly know what I had done. She asked me how it felt now I was no longer a virgin. I answered I wasn’t sure, all I knew was my pussy hurt. I told her that he came in me twice and she said its ok to let a guy cum in me as long as he has a clean cock. I nodded and said that he had, I had used my mouth to make sure it was clean each time. She looked at me a little raised eyes and then asked if he had asked to see me again, I told her that we were going out that evening. I told her that he had struggled to get in me as I was so tight and she assured me it was because it was my first time and would get easier.  
  
We discussed what I should wear to meet the dress code requested, or demanded, I wasn’t sure which.  
  
My mother recommended a white low cut greyhound dress that she had bought me a while ago, She laughed and said it was so much easier access than the leggings. My mother seamed to be actively encouraging her daughter to be a fuck toy for this guy.

[Mar 27, 2020](https://forum.xnxx.com/threads/porsha-diaries-part-4.587277/)

The dress was of very high quality, deep neckline and barely covering my ass. I wore it and when he picked me up it was clearly met with approval as his hand found my pussy, I got in his car and his fingers were instantly inside my g string, sliding a finger into my still sore hole. We drove off and went out of town, I asked where we were going and he told me a friend had just bought a new bar out of town and we were going to see what it was like. I sat back in my seat and enjoyed the drive.  
  
  
It seamed we were driving for quite some time before reaching a place I didn’t recognise, It had started to get dark too as we approached the car park. I took my jacket from the back seat and we walked the short distance from the car to the bar. There was a very strong smell of cigarettes as we entered and the place looked very seedy and run down, my first thought was what would my parents think if they knew I was in a filthy shit hole like this. As we entered the bar area my boyfriend told me to go stand by the bar and wait, he held my arm for a second and kissed me, his hand slid up my dress to my knickers and he snapped the elastic, my knickers hung around my upper thigh. I looked at him shocked at what he had just done, he smiled and said I looked much better for him now and I wouldn’t need them. I stepped out of them and left them on the filthy floor not actually wanting to bend and pick them up now. I went to the bar and leaned against it facing my boyfriend and his friend waiting, I realised my dress was now sticking to the filthy bar top and hoped it hadn’t soiled my dress.The barman got my attention and gave me a tray of drinks and said to take them over to the table. I interrupted and said that I don’t work here, he laughed at me and said I think you should just do as your told. I took the drinks over to the table, as I bent to place them down, my boyfriend ran his hand over my bum. He then introduced me to his friends, I said hello politely and just stood there while they discussed the shit hole. The owner then turned to me and asked me what I thought of the place. I thought carefully before answering, my parents having taught me to always be polite. I said I thought with time, money and a good design and business plan it might make a good venture. They laughed at me but the new owner nodded. I think personally it’s a shit hole he laughed. I smiled back and admitted that’s what I was actually thinking.  
  
  
My boyfriend then embarrassingly turned the conversation round to my vagina. He told them that I was the one he was telling them about, nearly ripped my fucking cock off she did he laughed. The owner asked if he could see my cunt. I said no and asked him not to speak to me so crudely. My boyfriend then lifted the hem of my dress to expose my bare pussy. The owner nodded, he pointed at my pussy and said now that is one tidy cunt.  
  
My boyfriend then shocked me telling them did they want to fuck me to see if it was his imagination or whether I really was extraordinarily tight. I looked at him in horror, telling him that I didn’t want this stranger to have sex with me. My boyfriend made our excuses and took me over to the bar. He said that he wasn’t just doing this for himself, he was doing it for me too, if my pussy has an issue then surely I should know about it. I still objected saying that maybe he was right but I didn’t like this guy and didn’t want him to fuck me. My boyfriend clearly wasn’t happy with me and suggested we may as well break up if I wasn’t willing to help our relationship. I wasn’t sure his friend fucking me was going to help our relationship but I reluctantly agreed.  
  
We went back over and my boyfriend said to help himself. Now at this point I expected us to go up to a room or something, I was wrong. He stood up and stood before me, the first thing he did was rip my dress open down to my naval, my tits now displayed to him and everyone. My boyfriend took my jacket from me and then put his hand in the middle of my back pushing towards the guy. He put his finger to my pussy and slid one inside me, he commented how tight I was, turned to his ‘accomplice ‘ and said what do you think. I was then fingered by another one of them. So degrading in the middle of a bar.  
  
I was then bent over the table, my tits pressed against the dirty wood covered in spilt beer. His hand in the middle of my back I heard his zipper lower and felt his cock at my entrance. My boyfriend told him I was on the pill so go straight in. I felt so dirty and used as he slid his cock into me. Fucking me in public, commented what a tight cunted bitch I was. He kept fucking me until completion and came inside me. He then offered another to see what they thought, I didn’t object, there was no point as the second one very quickly got behind me and slammed his cock straight in me giving me another load in my pussy. They discussed fucking me and how my ‘cunt’ felt. The conclusion was yes I was tight but my boyfriends cock was too big for me and I should let him fuck me daily to loosen me up. I was sent over to the bar to fetch more drinks, my dress torn badly up the front and once holding the tray I could no longer hold it together to stop my tits falling out. As I walked I could feel their cum running down my inner thighs too, I felt no better than a street whore, actually cheaper than them as my pussy was given away for free.  
  
My boyfriend passed me my jacket before we left and we walked back to the car, I remained silent and wanted him to know he had upset me but I understood he did it to save our relationship, if sex with me wasn’t good then absolutely why should he stay with me.  
  
  
He drove me home and stopped at the gates, making me walk up the long drive.  
  
It was now very late but I had to shower, I was so smelly and dirty,the smell of cigarettes in my hair and on my body, I threw my dress in the bin and got rid of it before getting into bed, drifting off to sleep with images in my head of how they used me.

[Mar 28, 2020](https://forum.xnxx.com/threads/porsha-diaries-part-5.587401/)

I didn’t hear anything for a while from my boyfriend and began to think he was upset with me for my behaviour in front of his friends, what I hadn’t known for a few days until I tidied my room and hung my jacket up, the back of it had ‘TIGHT CUNTED SLAG’ scrawled across the back of it in ink. I had managed to scrub most of it off but damaged the leather in the process, Ive ordered some leather dye to fix it before I can wear it again. My pussy had remained sore after the guys had fucked me and began to worry they had given me an sti. To be safe I made an appointment at the clinic. They hadn’t given me the opportunity to clean their cocks with my mouth before putting them in my pussy. It was a lovely day, I wore a short leather mini skirt, boob tube and some nice heels. I drove to the clinic with my hood down, the first time the weather had been good enough to enjoy my new car properly. They did the tests for me and examined me and as I was private the results were back very quickly confirming I was all clear but my examination had revealed some irritation to my vagina, probably caused due to my recently virginity loss.  
  
I decided to drive over to my boyfriends. As I got there I received a text message simply saying, about time, come straight in. I parked over the road and went into his house, the front door was open and I heard voices in the lounge. I was surprised to see him sat with the same 2 guys from the bar, another slightly older guy and my boyfriend sat on the sofa with a space for me next to him. I asked how he knew I was on my way, he said never mind that sit down, we have something to show you.  
  
He turned on the tv, a virtually full length adapted video played of the night at the bar, the way it was edited made it look like I was the instigator and begging to be used by them all. It ended with me walking up my drive with my jacket graffiti clearly displayed. I remained silent, shocked and slightly concerned.  
  
My boyfriend said to take the bar owner and his friend to the spare room and entertain them both while he discussed something with the other one.  
  
I stood up and began to go upstairs, as I went up he ran his hand over my leather skirt, What was I doing, I thought but yet without question I was going to let him fuck me again. As we entered the bedroom, I barely had chance to do anything before he pushed me backwards onto the bed, pulled my skirt up around my waist and didn’t even bother removing my g string, he pushed it to the side and slid his bare cock straight into me, gripping my hips and fucking me hard, then he took hold of my skirt, placing both hands through it and used it to increase his force. He came in me and then ordered me to clean his cock with my mouth. The next one came up almost immediately, I was still spread out on the bed with my skirt wrinkled up, I spread my legs for him as he climbed on the bed and took him inside me like a common prostitute. He was a little more gentle with me but when finished, spat on my pussy and left me to clean up the mess. I wiped my dirty used pussy and then went back downstairs, my boyfriend grinned and said heres my pretty little whore. My leather skirt stained with their cum and creased where he used it to hold on. The only space free to sit was between the 2 who fucked me. I sat reluctantly, my skirt riding up as I did and immediately each put a hand on my upper thigh, easing my legs apart.  
  
  
My boyfriend then turned his attention to me, he described how he thought my parents would react seeing their innocent daughter behaving like a depraved slut in public. The older man, late 40’s, very smartly dressed and quite well mannered towards me, he passed me a list of addresses and asked if I knew the locations and owners. I looked at the list and all but 3 of the 10 addresses I knew very well, the other 3 I knew where they were but not who lived there. I past the list back but he gestured for me to hold it. He went on to ask me if I knew the lay out of where the security systems were and the safe’s. I didn’t like where the conversation was going so attempted to get up and leave, but the 2 guys held me in my seat firmly. My boyfriend then continued. Answer the question you filthy cunt. His language towards me was a shock at first albeit actually true right at that moment. Not all of them no I answered, but a few. The man continue to explain I was to get him details of each and I could begin with the ones I knew already, passing me a black folder, blueprints of all the addresses inside. I was to mark on each the type of security systems in place and where jewellery, money and other valuables were kept. I said there was no way I was doing that for them. The man then shrugged and turned his tablet to face me, the file containing the pornographic video of me and my father’s email address in the first line, my mothers in the cc. I looked at him and pleaded with him to be reasonable, begging him not to send it and to delete. My boyfriend said if I did as they wanted then it would not get sent. Leaving me with no option I agreed to get them the information. The first few were easy for me, I’d spent a lot of time at some of them and within a few hours had managed to do as asked except I’d never paid any attention to their alarm systems so had to leave that out. One of them though I knew had no alarm, he had 4 very scary dogs instead, I suggested to them to leave well alone and another was a borderline psych with a rather large gun collection.  
  
  
The 2 guys sat either side of me suggested sending me in to do these 2 jobs then and laughed, my boyfriend sat back in his seat and rubbed his chin, he said actually why bother getting plans, we will just send the dirty cunt in to do our work instead, then there’s no risk for us. He nodded as if agreeing with himself and the older gent also agreed it was a good plan. I could feel my heart racing as they discussed turning me into a thief for them, blackmailing me.  
  
  
I spent the next few days going to various un savoury characters to learn how to pick locks, open safe’s enter and leave without leaving any traces of who I was etc. Although it felt so wrong, and many times I thought why don’t I just give these creeps cash there was an element of excitement and a buzz I got each time I was successful at opening a lock but the thrill of getting different safe’s open was a real thrill. I actually think I had an orgasm once !  
  
  
My first job was planned, they weren’t making it easy and ordered me to rob the psycho. I suggested if he shot me on my first job all my training was wasted but that hadn’t persuaded them.  
  
  
My time had also been spent getting fitter again. I’d got a little lazy of late and decided to get my stamina and agility back to top form, just in case I needed to make a run for it at some point.  
  
  
It was decided I would sneak out my home so my alibi should I need one was that I was home all night. I showered and used a non scented gel as instructed, no perfume or deodorant. Nothing that could be linked. I considered what to wear, needed to be black obviously. I went to my wardrobe and looked through all my outfits. Then I noticed the box above my head, my catsuit. I took down the box and took it over to my bed. The leather still smelt strongly and as I took it out I held it up, it was a little bit creased from being folded up for so long. I pulled it on, it was even tighter now, my tits still growing made it really difficult to zip up but I managed just. I looked at myself in the mirror, my camel toe very clearly defined, almost obscene. I wore it a little while to let it warm up and get more comfortable but decided it really wasn’t suitable to go anywhere in. The time past so quickly though and it was too late to get changed now. I tied my hair up and took my black ski helmet balaclava. I had been given a small belt pouch with my ‘tools’ in and a rucksack. I placed the hood in the rucksack until I got to the car, just in case I was seen at home it would have looked suspicious. Not sure what my logic was about that but I walked out onto my bedroom balcony, climbed onto the edge and carefully slid down the support post.  
  
  
The car was parked about 100m from my home, not one I recognised and it wasn’t my boyfriends. I opened the door and it was one of the others from the bar, not one of them who had fucked me but had watched.  
  
He asked me if I was ready and just looked me up and down, he said I was the hottest looking thief he had ever seen.  
  
  
We drove to the house. I told him to park around the side as there was a small outbuilding that backed onto the boundry of the property, I was going to go in via it as the window was easy to get in. Stopping outside the outbuilding I got out the car and walked up to the window. The catch was off so I climbed through and carefully stepped inside. It smelt damp and dirty but was almost empty so I got to the door without a problem. I opened it slowly and could see the main house. I ran across the side lawn to the coal cellar doors. They were padlocked which with my new skills was no issue for me. I went inside and was now in the basement. I silently walked towards the stairs to gain entry to the main house. I knew I needed to take a right out of the basement and enter the second door on the left of the corridor. I opened the basement door which creaked, I quickly sprayed it with oil and silenced it as I opened it more to get through. I made my way down the corridor, it was dark and late so he was in bed. I was expecting the door to be locked but it opened so I went inside. The safe was inside a cabinet and I silently walked over. Opening the door to the cabinet I was startled by the owners voice. ‘well well well, look what I caught myself tonight’ he said in a slow deep tone. I turned around and he was now less then a metre from me holding a gun towards me. My heart racing, my skin perspiring. He used the gun to gesture me to move away from his safe and pinned me between the door and the cabinet against the wall, there was no way past him. He lowered the gun and pressed the barrel of it between my legs, pushing it into the soft leather and spreading my camel toe wider. He rubbed the barrel of the gun along my slit repeatedly saying he should put another hole between my legs. He then moved the gun from my pussy up the front of my catsuit to my tits, massaging them with it through the leather, telling me he should blow my tits off. He moved back from me telling me not to move as he kept the gun pointed at me and went to his desk. He came back over with a knife, now terrified what he was going to do to me. He gestured me to move towards his desk so I did. He placed the blade to my pussy and very gently pushed the blade through my leather between my pussy lips. One small incision however soon split wider due to the tightness of the outfit. He made one more cut so he could not see my pussy. Ordering me to keep my legs wide open for him he took his gun and pushed it inside me, my vagina now full of his loaded gun. He began to fuck me with the gun while he wanked himself through his trousers with his other hand, the gun was cold and rough inside me as he used it on me with increased speed and force, I was scared his finger would slip on the trigger but I found myself getting so wet at the same time. He then groaned and slowed his masturbating and also fucking me with his gun. As he pulled the gun out my soaking pussy the barrel glistening from my insides I could see a large wet patch forming in his trousers around his crotch. He looked at his wet gun and wiped it on my catsuit. Then he told me to wait there while he changed his trousers. He got to the door and turned back, telling me again to stay in this room.  
  
  
I ran to the safe, quickly opened it the first time, punching the air with my success and poured the entire contents into my rucksack. I ran to the window which had a very simple sash window catch which wasn’t locked. I climbed out just as I heard his footsteps and the door open. He yelled at me to come back, but I ran back over the lawn, I tripped making me sprawl face down sliding across the wet grass. Picking myself back up I ran into the outbuilding, climbed out the window, snagging my sleeve on the frame and fell on the floor into the muddy verge. I hobbled to the car and told him to go quick. I threw the rucksack on the back seat and we drove off. He asked me if I was ok, I said I had a little bit of trouble but nothing I couldn’t take care off. We set off to the bar, I had asked to go straight home but was told that wasn’t a good idea in case the car was seen. We pulled into a side road and got out the car, him saying don’t forget my bag. I could feel the cool air on my pussy as my catsuit was ripped between my legs but as it was dark he hadn’t noticed. He told me to get in, as he opened the door of another car and we drove off quickly, I then realised it was the second stolen car I’d been in that night.  
  
  
Arriving at the bar, my boyfriend and the others were waiting for us. As I walked in I placed the bag on the table in front of them. They all just glared at me. I looked down, my catsuit was covered in grass stains, mud the sleeve torn, then everones eyes focussed on my protruding vaginal lips. I said he fucked me with his weapon and I don’t mean his cock, I relayed what happened to me with him and my boyfriend thought it was not only hilarious but also very sexy at the same time. I felt very humiliated as they insulted me. I was driven back to my home and quietly climbed back into my bedroom un noticed. I put the catsuit back in the box out of sight and decided to sort it out in the morning as no doubt it would be worn again soon, assuming I could mend it.

[Mar 30, 2020](https://forum.xnxx.com/threads/porsha-diaries-part-6.587599/)

I must have slept soundly as it was gone lunch when I woke. I rubbed my arm then remembered why it was sore, pulling myself up in bed I noticed a scratch and bruise forming. Then the burning feeling in my pussy, Being fucked by a rough cold piece of metal had certainly caused some irritation. I went for a shower and good job I did before going downstairs, I had mud in my hair and my face was also dirty. After my shower I dressed simply in my white leather shorts and t shirt, and went for lunch. everyone was out so I lounged around and decided to wash my car. My attention turning to my catsuit whilst cleaning my car. Once finished I went to my bedroom and pulled out the filthy outfit. The sleeve badly torn with some leather missing. The crotch also badly torn apart but just needed sewing back together, or so I thought. Turns out leather is quite tricky to repair. I decided to take it to the place I bought it from and have them do it, but then if they asked how it got damaged it might get back to the police somehow. I decided to fix it myself. I cut both legs shorter, my boots went over the top of it enough to cut them. I glued a patch on the arm and another on the crotch. I pulled the leather really tight at my crotch as I have to be honest I loved the way it felt pulling my cunt lips open.  
  
I was going to wash it in my shower, but it really was thick with mud and feared it would block the drain. I took it down to the stable block and hosed it off using the hosepipe. I went down to the field and hung it over a tree to dry off while I sat sunbathing for a few hours.  
  
I must have fallen asleep as the time had gone so fast, it had started getting cold and the sun had gone in. My catsuit was dry but had gone very stiff from being drenched with the hosepipe. I went back inside and coated it with some leather balm that I had from when I got my new car. It was in a little bag in my boot, handy !  
  
  
Days past and I have to admit, I was yearning for sex. I decided to text my boyfriend. I sent my message, no reply. I sent another, no reply. I wondered if he was ok so drove to his place. Dressed in my still cum stained leather mini and boob tube my jacket with graffiti on the back, still evident although less obvious. I hadn’t worn underwear and looked like a dirty hooker for him. As I drove up I saw him with another. The complete opposite to me, she was blonde, tall and although her tits were not as big as mine she had a very fine figure. I watched for a moment, they kissed and went inside. I strutted over and banged on the door, when he opened it, looking me up and down like I was trash, she too was stood in the hall. He grabbed me by my boob tube and pulled me inside, my tits falling free as he pushed me against the wall. I tried to pull my top back up but had hold of my top still and raised his hand to my throat. I said what had I done wrong. He laughed and introduced his girlfriend to me and introduced me as the filthy cunt. He went on to tell me how he had been paid to seduce me and get me to work for his boss, He had fucked me just as part of the seduction, I was not his type, I was just a job. I stuttered, but at my party you were so nice to me, He laughed and said all an act you filthy cunt. He told me to fuck off and wait for the next job, opening the door he grabbed my sleeve and practically threw me into the street, telling me my cunt was way too tight for his cock and I was a rubbish fuck before slamming the door. I quickly covered my tits again and ran to my car before he saw me crying. My virginity gone to someone who was just using me, I should have seen the signs. I drove home and went to my room still crying. After a while upset faded and revenge seamed to be the way to deal with him.  
  
  
I took out the list of addresses given to me and the black folder, Do I warn them all of whats to happen, no, then I risked them following through on their distribution of the video clip made. I closed the folder and thought over and over.  
  
  
I hadn’t heard anything for months from any of them and assumed my debt was settled. The psycho theft had been in the local news, It had described the intruder as dressed all in black and evidence of the footprints through the hall being of size 4 so probably female. They had also indicated the point of entry and finding fibres of clothing. I panicked in case there was any blood, but it was just a scratch, I hadn’t broken the skin. I remembered the wet grass, footprints. Next time if there was one, wear shoe covers, that hadn’t been in my training. There was no mention of him raping my pussy with a gun surprisingly !  
  
  
I’d started watching porn films on a certain site, wondering how the girls on them were so carefree with their bodies, letting men fuck them and having it filmed for the pleasure of others, how easily the guys entered them with their massive cocks, especially one black guy in this really petite slut, how and where it all went I cannot begin to imagine but her tiny cunt opened up and took him all and she moaned with pleasure. I had also been on some sex chat rooms and lots of offers of sex, but I was looking for something more than just getting fucked.  
  
  
I closed my macbook and pondered over that girl, imagining my body in her position, wondering what it felt like to be so free and easy, a fucktoy, I lay back on my pillows and ran my finger up my slit, wondering if I should become a fucktoy. No no, bad idea.  
  
  
I went for a drive and did a little window shopping, I sat in the shopping arcade and peopled watched while I drank coffee. Most of the girls around my age either with their boyfriends or groups of friends, all dressed in similar styles, either skintight gloss leggings, mini skirts or ripped jeans with varying degrees of cleavage on show. I’d not bothered with makeup even, dressed in designer jeans yes but nothing special about them, they were tight yes and made my bum look good but I felt un noticed. No wonder I was sat alone without a boyfriend or girlfriends, I started to feel lonely and almost missed my recent adventures, I actually realised I had enjoyed having sex with the strangers,but they hadn’t found pleasure in me. I finished my coffee and made my decision to change my life.  
  
  
I went home and got changed into my red leather dress. It was tight but not the shortest one I owned, sleeves to just below my elbows and pocket detailing with the stitching in black. It had a zipper that ran up the front to about 6 inches from the hem. I put on a red pair of fuck me heels and my jacket with graffiti. My makeup heavy and my hair messed up and greased. No underwear. I asked the chauffeur to take me into town, He never asked questions nor did he even look at me usually but my dress sense that night even caught his attention.  
  
I asked him to drop me outside this club, which he did and said to take care. I then walked the 20 minutes to the other side of town. Not easy in the heels I’d chosen but necessary. I was now in the seediest roughest part of town, part feeling vunerable, other side feeling exited. I had done some research and got chatting to some people online, someone had suggested this place as a suitable option for my needs.  
  
  
I walked inside, the waitress was topless and had a few tattoos, she bent over to put the tray down and I could clearly see the guy fingering her. She let him do as he wanted before getting back to work smiling. I walked over to the bar and she came over. I asked her if the person I was looking for was here. She turned and pointed in the direction of a table in the far corner. I nervously walked over and stood by their table while they played cards. He looked up at me but didn’t speak. I introduced myself and said I understand you can help with my wishes. He continued with his hand of cards and then suddenly spat on my dress, his saliva running between my cleavage. He asked me if I found that offensive. I was a little disgusted and taken back and answered yes. He told me to fuck off and stop wasting his time, spit on my tits is nothing he snarled. I turned and was going to walk away, but hesitated and turned back to him. I apologised for my behaviour and asked him for a second chance. He told me I had failed his test and to fuck off. I remained where I was, my heart racing. He ignored me for a short time as did the others. Then he spat on my tits again, another spat in my face,another ordered me to open my mouth, as I did he spat in my mouth. He asked me was I still offended. No sir I replied. He told me to remove my jacket which I did without hesitation. He stood up and put his hands on my shoulders and moved me away from the table a little and told me to turn around on the spot. He then told me to describe why I was there. I told him I had very little sexual experience and all the men who had fucked me hadn’t enjoyed the sex because my pussy was too tight. He then slid his hand up my dress, his finger finding my naked pussy, he pushed a finger in me and then another. He curled them up inside me and pulled me nearer to him. Removing his fingers, he licked them. I don’t think you could take me training you, I swallowed nervously, I know I can I replied nervously. He then gestured one of the others to pass his bag to him. He placed a collar on the table, it was black with a chrome band and open with 2 hoops. Then a small silver padlock, Next out the bag was a pair of scissors, followed by a can of something. A black marker pen and finally 5 condoms. He picked up the collar first, placing it around my neck. He passed me the padlock. He continued to say the collar was to signify I was his to use however he decided without question. I would do exactly as ordered and if I refused, no matter what act I was ordered to do I would be punished. I agreed, He told me to think vary carefully before locking the collar in place. I didn’t want him to think I was hesitating so I clicked it shut. He nodded and reminded me I was now his property.  
  
  
He then picked up the scissors. He told me to part my legs and stand very still. He stabbed the blade through my dress barely an inch below my pussy and proceeded to cut my dress shorter, not very neatly and at an angle that made my left lower bum cheek slightly visible. He then cut away the sleeves and opened the sides a little showing quite a bit of side boob. I loved this dress and just stood there letting him destroy it. He tapped my tit with the scissors and said now its slutty. He lowered the zip and then pulled my dress off my shoulders leaving me topless. Taking the marker pen he wrote ‘fucktoy in training’ on my back, then on my stomach ‘free fuck’ Ordering me to pull my dress back up, shaking the can it began to rattle, he sprayed a symbol on my dress and the same on my jacket.  
  
Finally he picked up the condoms and passed them to me and told me to unwrap each condom and pass each one to each guy around the table. I did as instructed. Each condom was then cut with the scissors. He turned back to me and told me no guy was to ever use a condom when fucking me.  
  
He then ordered me to bend over the table and part my legs. Moments later his cock was pressing against my pussy, I felt him spread my lips and then paused. He told me to beg for his cock, I said quietly please fuck my pussy. He said he couldn’t hear me, I said please fuck my pussy. He pressed his cock a little more into me, firstly I am your master now, pushing into me a little more. Secondly you have a cunt, he pushed a tiny bit more into me, beg again cunt.. I took a deep breath, Please my master, please fuck my cunt. Much better, louder, I repeated again a lot louder, he then slammed into me with his entire length as I felt his balls slap against me. I held onto the table as he began to roughly fuck my cunt.He made me keep repeating I was a worthless cunt before cumming inside me. As he withdrew I felt his cum drip from my sore hole. He then told me to ask each man sat around the table in turn to fuck my cunt and cum in me. They did just that, each adding their cum in me, my pussy making such crude noises by the third and was a real mess when they had all done with me.  
  
  
I stood back up exhausted and was ordered to thank them all for fucking me. I felt so dirty, cum running from my poor vagina. My new master told me that I was not to clean myself up until the following morning. He then produced what looked like a dildo with a large seal on the bottom. He pushed it inside me and told me to leave it in me until the morning. He then said I was to return tomorrow for my next training session and the night after I would be working at the bar.  
  
  
He passed me my jacket, you must wear this jacket when walking in this area, they will know your mine, your lucky you got in here in one piece tonight. Without this symbol your anyones to fuck or rape. I decide who fucks and rapes you for now. My heart racing at the thought of being raped. He told me to return tomorrow night having been fucked by a stranger, didn’t matter who, just come with your cunt already soiled.

[Apr 4, 2020](https://forum.xnxx.com/threads/porsha-diaries-part-8.588181/)

It had been a couple of weeks since my master put me to the ultimate test. I hadn’t had sex since and felt I was probably too loose for anyone now. I went to the kitchen and selected carrots of varying sizes, washed them and tested them in my cunt, I was able to take pretty big ones before I felt uncomfortable.  
  
Then I received a message, carrot inserted in my cunt I reached over to my phone, It was the ex. My next job was arranged. It hadn’t been one on the list. Out of town and an address I didn’t know. I dressed in my leather catsuit, and grabbed my new mask that I’d ordered. I exited via my balcony again and met the driver down the road as before. We went to the seedy bar which hadn’t changed much. I was mauled a little and comments about my protruding cunt lips were the topic of conversation. The mark was a small back street garage owner, but he was dealing in stolen goods on the side, the garage being just a front. This actually seamed like a fair theft, I was stealing from a criminal this time. His safe was at the garage and full of cash. I was to go in and empty the safe for them. Simple enough, the garage would be closed and in a non residential area.  
  
  
I was driven there and made my way to the back gate. The gate was locked but easy to climb over so I did that instead. Getting to the back door I picked the lock and went inside. The safe was in the office. I walked across the garage workshop to the office and went inside. I opened the safe and loaded the money into my rucksack. As I was about to leave the main corrugated door began to open, I was in the middle of the floor area and lost my bearings in the panic. Just as I hid behind a car someone grabbed me by my hair and dragged me into the middle of the floor again along the ground. A truck pulled in and the door closed again. What the fuck have we got here one of the men getting out the truck said as he came over, the one holding my hair tightly said I found this trash hiding boss. I was pushed to the floor and a heavy boot placed on my back keeping me on the floor. My back pack was taken and when they saw all the money, the boss told another to check the safe. They soon realised it was empty. I was pulled up to my feet and he told them to bind me to the car lift. The lift was then raised so my feet were barely in contact with the floor. I was asked was I alone and I didn’t answer, I received a punch to my stomach. He asked again and I said I was. But then another came in and said she’s alone now, her drivers just fucked off when he saw me coming at him. He turned to me and called me a fucking lying whore. I looked over as 2 more got out the back of the van. The boss circled his finger around the outline of my nipple rings pressing through the leather, He then slowly lowered the zip on my catsuit and pulled it so my nipples were on show for everyone, the printing ‘fuck me’ displayed to him. He took a blade and pushed it through the patch I had made between my legs and tore it away revealing my cunt. He stepped away and told everyone to help themselves while they emptied the van. I was now surrounded. Each took turns raping my cunt. But then I felt my ass pulled open and a cock probing at my ass. I was still an anal virgin but no point begging for them to stop, His cock forced its way in and he began raping my ass. They all took turns between my ass and cunt, At one point they managed to get a cock in both holes at the same time. I felt so dirty and degraded as they used me like a piece of fuckmeat.  
  
  
When all 6 had finally drained their balls into me, the boss and the other 2 came over, he laughed and said nice work. He said something to one of them who went over and fetched something from the tools and the car lift was lowered a little, my feet now on the ground. He did something to the car above me, something fell off it and then thick dirty black oil started pouring out, it poured over my head, down my back and then as the flow reduced down my tits and front. My hair and body and catsuit drenched in the thick smelly oil. They left me tied up as they all got in the van and left. I began working on the bonds, they had used a plastic fastener, what they hadn’t worked out was the oil had made me very slippery and I managed to get one hand free, I eventually got the other out. The place was all locked up. Just as I was about to get the door lock open the van returned. Seeing me free did not please them at all, They grabbed me and dragged me back. They discussed what to do with me and and the driver of the van who spoke in a different language said something which seamed like it was a good idea to them.  
  
  
I was bound and placed in the back of the truck and driven away. There were voices in the van but I wasn’t sure of the language. Someone then came over to me, grabbed my arm and I felt a needle inserted, I don’t remember anything after that until waking up inside a wood and metal box, well half of me was in it, my legs were through a hole in the wall. I had a second collar on, this one was thick and had 2 chains attached, which led to 2 large hooks on the walls. My hands were through holes in the walls, I was dirty from the oil but had been cleaned up a little, but my catsuit was gone, I was naked.  
  
There was a hole above my head and a very dim light.  
  
I lay there for a short while and heard voices. My legs were then held apart and I felt a cock at my cunt, someone entered my cunt and was fucking me, I had no idea who but they kept fucking me until they came inside me. Only a short while later I was taking another cock. A flap above my head opened and someone was pissing on me, their strong scented urine splashing on my face and tits.  
  
More cocks used my cunt, my legs raised and then my ass was raped over and over before cocks returned to using my cunt. This went on for what could have been hours but I had lost all sense of time and eventually lost count of how many times I was fucked. Was it all different men or same ones repeating. I had no idea.  
  
  
I felt someone wiping my holes and then something squirted up inside me, it was cold and felt very strange. But shortly after I was being fucked again. Cocks placed into my hands while others chose between my ass or my cunt, occasionally cleaned up. I was pissed on regularly, wondering what the hell was going to happen to me. It felt like I was in there for days, and men just continued to cum in me over and over. I had called out a few times I needed my contraceptive and feared I would get pregnant but no one answered me. Eventually after what seamed like days I was unchained from the box, taken out and showered. The oil and piss all in my hair taking an age to get out, the rest of my body scrubbed and washed down. My cunt and ass so sore I felt so degraded, so dirty no matter how I was cleaned up.  
  
  
I was then taken to another room, well more like a jail cell, Thrown inside and the door locked behind me. There was a bed with a dirty mattress and a sheet, and a chair. Draped over the chair was my catsuit. I could smell the old oil on the leather but it had been cleaned up. I was cold so I put it on, although it was still a bit dirty it was comforting to finally cover my body. The ripped crotch had been repatched but clearly using a piece of leather from the thigh, I was given food and left in there. The guy who brought me food seamed pleasant and I asked him where I was. His English was quite poor but I got it that I was in a brothel of some type and no longer in my home country. I asked him how many men had fucked me but he didn’t know, he just said your holes were very popular, tight he said but not tight now he laughed. I said I was scared about getting pregnant but he didn’t seam to understand what I meant. I asked if he could help me get home. Our conversation then ended as a few familiar faces walked into the cells. It was the man from the garage and a couple of others. He stood at the bars and spat across the room at me ordering me to stand closer. As I did he grabbed me by the cleavage of my catsuit. I’ve made good money out of your body he laughed, you’ve proved very popular in here and the owners are a little reluctant to let you go. I’ve offered to sell you to them, how do you feel about spending the rest of your life working in this foreign brothel he laughed. His words raised some fear in me. He still had hold of me and another produced a needle and pushed it through my skin and emptied the contents into me. I fell to the floor and remember my head hitting the ground and all going black.

[Apr 8, 2020](https://forum.xnxx.com/threads/porsha-diaries-part-9.588607/)

I woke in a hospital bed, I had a drip in my arm and was very drowsy. I could see my clothes hung up against the door, my head ached, my collar wasn’t there, neither were my nipple rings. The first person who entered the room was my mother. She looked so happy to see me and yet seamed upset at the same time. I sat up in my bed and she helped me get comfortable. I asked her where I was and what had happened. She told me that someone had found me under the bridge near the canal. I had been taken to a homeless shelter and the volunteers had called for an ambulance as I had been beaten and drugged. My mother lowered her head. She continued and said she was so so sorry but it looks like I had been raped. I asked her to explain why she thought that and she said my catsuit had been torn open between my legs when I was found and my vagina was very dirty. She stroked my hair and said that the sti’s were being treated and I would make a full recovery but best not look in a mirror for a little while until all the bruises had settled.  
  
  
I had been transferred to a private hospital closer to home and was getting stronger, healthier and hornier as each day past.  
  
  
Soon it was time to go home, mother brought me some clean clothes to travel in, my grey and pink track suit and trainers. I spent the next few months exercising, getting my body fit and toned and letting all the scars of my ordeal heal. My mother wanted to throw out my catsuit but I asked her to keep it in the garage for me for now so she did. She didn’t want it in the house as it was so dirty.  
  
  
I decided to have another one made and went to the designers, I told her what I would like and she said to give her a week and it would be ready. She never questioned my slightly unusual requests for my new catsuit just saying how hot it would look on my body.  
  
  
I decide to go horse riding when I return and get changed into my riding gear. The stables are superbly kept and the new stable hand comes out of the block and smiles at me, He is my age, tall and very muscular. Not quite the look you expect of a stable hand. He saddles up my stallion for me and I ask him if he would like to join me for a hack. He seams a little unsure at first and I assure him it will be fine to come with me. We have a great time, he is too big for most of the horses, the big shire being his only sensible choice so I’m a lot faster through the woods and my boy dances around through the trees like he’s not been let out in ages. We rest up by the river and have a drink and something to eat. I make it obvious I am up for him fucking me but he seams oblivious to my advances, it actually makes me feel safe.  
  
  
We ride back and I help him sort the horses out. He again seams reluctant to let me help until I explain I have looked after them since I was little and love spending time with them. I watch him working, trying to be discreet. He easily lifts a full hay bale, then another, then another as if they were made of cotton wool. He doesn’t even break a sweat. He is the strongest guy I have ever seen. This gives me an idea. I tell him that I had got myself into a bit of trouble recently, which he seams aware of. I tell him that I would like to deal with these people but I am afraid that if I try then I will end up straight back where they put me. I compliment him on his strength and would feel very safe with him by my side but worry that helping me would hurt him. He listens intently as I speak and then laughs when I tell him I worry for his safety. He comes over to me and tells me it would be his honour to be by my side and protect me. He says in a very caring tone that no harm will come to me while he is around.  
  
  
I ask him if he has a nice suit, he looks at me a little confused and I explain I would like him to look the part but only if he wishes. He agrees to letting me buy him a suit on the condition I let him pay me back as soon as he can afford it.  
  
  
The following day I meet him in town, we go for a coffee and then to the tailors. He looked good in his working gear but transformed when dressed up. I wanted him in me, but he was there to protect me not inject me with his supersized human cum.  
  
  
My first call would be to the seedy club, I wanted answers on why they didn’t protect me from the garage boss and leave me there like they did. My bodyguard arrived exactly on time, I had arranged a specific car for him to drive me in, we drove to the bar and went inside. I had dressed in a very tight fitting, mid calf length dress, halter neck with no underwear to spoil the lines and killer 6 inch heels. My hair and makeup was perfect. As we walked in the surprise on their faces was priceless. My ex was also there. My guardian and I stood by the bar which had actually been cleaned. We both stood looking directly at the little gathering around the table. At first they ignored us and then the boss stood up, my ex and the guy who left me at the garage walked over. He looked at me and then at my guardian. Nice dress he said with a hint of sarcasm in his voice, you scrub up well for a cheap street whore. I didn’t react. He then put his hand out towards me and grabbed me by my dress My guardian stepped between me and him and told him to back off. The boss asked where did I hire the gorilla from and they all laughed. I told him it was ok and to relax. He stepped aside but stayed close to me. He kept hold of my dress and said he had missed my body, then slowly pulled the material away from my right tit. My guardian was about to throw him across the room but I said to stay calm so he did. The boss said so basically he’s here to watch us all fuck you like the dumb whore you are.  
  
I smiled, that’s nothing to what he will do to you if I let him. But lets make it clear, you wont be touching me again. I put my dress straight and told them they would give me all the copies of the porn film and they just laughed at me again. They told me to go now or there would be trouble. We began to leave, I turned back and said that was your 1 and only chance.  
  
  
My guardian asked me what was wrong and I replied saying I felt I hadn’t gained anything from my visit. He laughed and told me to trust him, they were shocked to see you.  
  
  
A few days later I went to collect my new catsuit. I had ordered it in quite a dark red, with a matching back pack that had special clips built into the catsuit so I could easily carry it on my back, no straps needed. This would help with agility.  
  
The outfit also had numerous concealed pockets for my tools. I also realised when I got caught, the crotch would be destroyed. This now had a lace through crotch, It could be drawn tight but if cut, I needed only to replace the leather lace that was threaded through eyelets. I complimented the designer on her work and paid, asking her to make me a second one in black, exactly the same.  
  
  
I got home and took out the file, I chose an out of town location to hit and waited until midnight, got dressed and made my exit to the house I had targeted. I went alone not wanting to get my guardian into any trouble should it go wrong.  
  
The target was a couple in their 60’s, They were away on holiday hence my choice, I had planned to just use it as practice to get me back into the thrill of being so bad.  
  
  
I arrived at the address and noticed a couple of lights on, lots of people do that though to make it look occupied. I went up the side of the house, I climbed up the gutter pipe, being an old building it had metal guttering pipes so were strong enough to hold me. I entered through an upstairs bedroom window and very quietly went inside. I knocked a vase off the table which didn’t break as it hit the floor but went with a bang on the hard wooden floor. Mistake 1 I thought to myself as I continued my practice. The room I needed was along the corridor, I went into the hall and quietly walked to the room. The key to the room was in the lock, making life a lot easier. I walked in and shone my torch around until I found the jewellery cabinet. As I walked over to it the door slammed shut and I heard the lock turn. I looked around, there was no windows. I tried the handle but it was locked and there was no lock hole on my side of the door.  
  
  
I checked every inch of the room, there was no way out. A slide in the door opened and a set of handcuffs were thrown through and I female voice told me to cuff myself to the post in the centre of the room. I looked at the post and it had a bar just above my head. The metal was all scratched which seamed odd as everything was pristine otherwise. I took the cuffs and reluctantly secured myself to the pole through the bar, facing away from the door as instructed. The door opened and I had to show I was correctly secured. Hands began to wander over my ass, between my legs, up to my tits and down my stomach back to my cunt. Naughty girls should be punished don’t you agree you little thieving slut a female voice said. I begged for my release and apologised for being there but I was not going to steal anything. It was hopeless though, My hair was brushed to the side and I then felt the blade of some scissors at the back of my neck, the first cut downwards of my brand new leather catsuit. She made more cuts down the middle of my back, I begged her to stop but she said over and over dirty little sluts need to be punished. She cut my catsuit all the way down the back to the crease of my bum. Then cut from my left leg hem all the way up to the crease of my bum, doing the same to the right, the leather falling away from my skin leaving me naked and exposed all from the rear. Only my sleeves holding my leathers still to me. That was soon dealt with as she proceeded to cut up both sleeves letting my catsuit fall by my feet. The bar on the post was then lowered, forcing me to be stood but bent at the waist. She placed a spreader bar to my ankles that left me totally vunerable. I then felt something hard pressing at my cunt, It was thick and when she forced it all in me I felt her skin on mine as she held my hips and began fucking me hard but slowly. She asked me if I had ever been fucked by another with a strap on before. I shook my head. She continued to slowly with draw and slam into me repeatedly. Then I felt a liquid squirt up inside me. It wasn’t like any guy that has cum in me except the squeaky voiced man, but even he didn’t fill me this much. She withdrew the dildo from me and then smeared whatever was leaking from me over my back and ass. I was put in a straight position again. She left the room and returned shortly after with another, this time a male. She ordered him to give me 10 lashes across my ass and another 10 on my back. I was whipped with what felt like a leather belt making my body jolt and brought tears to my eyes. Then the door was locked and I was left alone. What was happening, who were they, I needed to pee so bad. I couldn’t hold it and urinated all over my ruined catsuit.  
  
  
I had no idea of the time, but what seamed like hours later the lady returned and told me she had enjoyed fucking me and was going to fuck me again. She used a larger strap on though, I took it but only just. I then received 20 lashes across my ass and another 20 on my bum after having my skin smeared with the liquid pumped from the dildo. I was left perspiring, and breathing heavily. She then made herself known to me. She came around to the other side of the post facing me. Hello Slut she said in a soft almost sarcastic tone. It was the daughter of the owners of the house. I was still panting, she also knew who I was, The man was behind me still, I could feel him close to me. She gave me a choice, she said that I could be handed over to the police after having my ass branded or alternatively I could be fucked in the ass by her servant while she whipped my tits until he had finished. Then they would let me go. I didn’t like the idea of being whipped again, but the lines marks would eventually go, I wasn’t an anal virgin so this was a much better option than being permanently marked and then arrested bringing disgrace on my family again.  
  
The ordeal began, He slid into my ass and at every thrust she cracked the leather belt across my tits. The belt had been cut into strands so cutting across more skin. I winced as each time she caught my nipples with full force. He seamed to take ages to cum in me but eventually my beating ended.  
  
  
I looked at her and she grinned at me with an evil glint in her eye. The cuffs were undone and I rubbed my wrists. She told me to pick up my clothes and get out. I asked if I could have something to wear as she had cut my clothes up. She told her servant to fetch me a bin liner. He came back shortly carrying a black bin liner, I made a hole for my head and arms much to the amusement of the bitch, she said that was to put your piss soaked clothes in you stupid cunt, but actually you may as well go dressed like the trash you are. As I left the room I stopped and asked what she had put inside me. She smirked again and said that you slut will never know.  
  
  
I quickly got to my car and changed into some jeans and a t shirt that were in my boot drove home. As I was driving recalling where I had gone wrong and then an idea struck me on how to get my revenge on my ex and get back my porn movie clip.  
  
  
I went to my bedroom absolutely exhausted and threw the trashed leather catsuit on the chair, I didn’t want to take a shower yet as my body still burned from being whipped so much and I really didn’t want to see the mess they had made of me. I looked at my phone and was shocked at the date, I’d been gone 2 days. I relaxed into my pillows and went to sleep plotting my revenge.

[Yesterday at 8:03 PM](https://forum.xnxx.com/threads/porsha-diary-part-10.593230/)

It took a little while for me to recover from my ordeal, but soon my mind was back on track and I realised being trained as a fucktoy was more than just about taking huge cocks. I had lost my nipple piercings and also my collar, I had also ignored numerous message to get my ass back for the next level of training. I decided I needed to go back to my master. My red leather dress was cleaned up a little, mainly due to the stale smell of piss. I arrived at the bar unannounced and walked in cautiously. My masters expression was of complete distain at me. I explained why I no longer wore the collar and unzipped my dress displaying my tits without the piercings, explaining they must have been removed when I was in hospital for the mri scans. I was told to go help in the bar. I kept looking over wondering what they were discussing about me until I was gestured over.  
  
  
I was ordered to strip naked which I did without hesitation. My body was looked over by them all. I was then bent over the table and took the first cock in me, then another and another until all 6 of them had fucked me leaving my cunt slimy with their deposits. They all agreed I was much looser than before and certainly more enjoyable to slide into. My master told me he believed my story and would be given another chance but first his squeaky voiced friend, albeit he didn’t refer to him as that would be having me. My new nipple piercings were prepared and done. The hoops a little bigger and thicker than before, the words Fuck on one and whore on the other. My new collar was also attached to me, again slightly thicker and with the word cunt written on it.  
  
By then it had given the guy time to get there. I lay on the table without being asked and begged him to fuck my worthless dirty cunt. He liked my attitude, even more so when I begged him to go in me all the way like before. He laughed and told me I didn’t need to ask, with that he slid his massive cock into my well used cunt. I let out a cry but took it, along with the following 20 minutes of him pulling out to the tip and slamming back in me over and over until he came in me leaving me a perspiring bedraggled mess.  
  
  
I got off the table and cleaned his cock for him before he joined the others for a drink.  
  
My master then pointed out that I was now his fuck whore. I simply nodded and said yes master. He asked me if I knew what that would mean. I had to be honest and said I wasn’t exactly sure. Everyone laughed at me. My master told me that a Fucktoy which was my ultimate goal is a slut who gives her cunt or ass to anyone for free. The difference between that and a Fuckwhore was that now he would be whoring my cunt. I looked at him a little blank. He raised his voice a little and told me that I would be a prostitute and called me a dumb cunt.  
  
The idea of being a street hooker wasn’t what I really wanted but I agreed to his demands and he had given me another chance. I would begin by working in the streets in his area, he reminded me to wear the dress with the symbol on it for security. He said it will get rough but I will be safe. I assumed I was to get dressed and be done for the night but I was wrong, He sent me to work that very night.  
  
With my cunt dripping cum I went to the location given and sold my cunt for next to nothing. The rules of no condoms remaining too. In my first night I prostituted myself 12 times before I was finally allowed to rest in the early hours.  
  
Returning to the bar the girl who pierced my tits was given instructions on altering my dress further. She cut the filthy leather into an almost obscene item of clothing, there was barely anything left holding it together. I was secretly impressed with her work as she made the dress incredibly slutty and sexy at the same time.  
  
Before I left I asked her if she could make some repairs to my ruined catsuit that was cut from me, she agreed to make it impressive and gave me her address telling me to drop it off at hers and she would work on it at home.  
  
  
They kept me busy for the next week prostituting me through the day and night, I was absolutely exhausted and getting quite sore from being used roughly over and over. I counted 150 different guys used me in the week, non used condoms obviously and a lot wanted anal sex which I had now gotten used to.  
  
  
I was eventually allowed to rest and decided to go and see the girl from the bar. I drove to her place and was pleasantly surprised. Nice area and very nice house. She looked like a piece of trash at work but then again that’s what I was too. She invited me in and complimented me on my outfit. We sat and had a coffee while I showed her my catsuit. She said the leather was extremely high quality and it must have cost a fortune, she then said not as much as the flash car though, we had a really nice time, laughing and getting to know each other. It was then that I noticed some photo’s on the mantel. My master was her husband. I tried not to look but I wondered how she felt, she had watched him fuck me a few times. We eventually got around to him and she said its what he is, he wouldn’t be who he was if he didn’t fuck little tarts like me. I laughed and felt relieved we were still cool. She told me to leave my catsuit with her and she would see what she could do but it wouldn’t look the same as it did as there was far too much damage.  
  
We finished our chat by me telling her about my ex and my idea for revenge, she thought it was perfect and had an idea to help me make it happen and she would let me know.  
  
I got home feeling content, I had made a friend I thought.  
  
  
I was called onto the bar to cover someone on sick, it was a bit of a relief to be allowed to work inside for my master, I had spent the past few weeks being a cheap street whore and my pussy and ass were getting very sore from constant sex. My catsuit was ready too and at the end of my shift she past it to me saying she hoped I liked it. My master called me over before I left and told me the feedback from being a street whore had been of good standard and I had passed that test. I was to rest my cunt and ass for a short while before my next training session.  
  
  
When I got home I took out my catsuit and examined her work. Where it had been cut during my ordeal, down the middle of my back, it was now laced together, the laces threaded through eyelets punched into the leather all the way down the back, across my bum and down each leg. The same up the sleeves. There was no lining to the outfit anymore, the real leather now in direct contact with my skin. The laces holding it all together were also of leather but black, so she had dyed the catsuit around the repairs darker so the laces weren’t as obvious against the deep red leather. Unfortunately or fortunately depending how you look at it, my skin tone making it actually more obvious through the lace up area, especially up my ass crack. I loved it.  
  
  
The time for revenge had come, My new friend had managed to get 10 girls to help me, they all descended on the seedy club where my ex hung out with his friends who owned the place and were there on the pretence of having a hen night. They flirted, they played and then they seduced each and every one of them. I arrived to capture what proceeded on film.  
  
When I presented my evidence, lets just say they were happy to exchange my evidence for theirs.

[Today at 4:27 PM](https://forum.xnxx.com/threads/porsha-diary-part-11.593343/)

Things were good, I was no longer being blackmailed, I had pleased my master albeit proving I made a good prostitute wasn’t exactly something to be proud of but I have to admit it gave me a buzz knowing so many guys had enjoyed my cunt and ass.  
  
My friend who had helped with my revenge and fixed my catsuit messaged me asking me to call round to the club that afternoon which was a little odd as it was out of hours but I agreed to meet her.  
  
I spent the morning at the stables and then took a shower and dressed to meet up.  
  
I drove to the club, dressed in Jeans and vest top but with my leather jacket inked with the clubs symbol. As I went inside my friend and the 10 other girls and a few of the others who worked in the club greeted me.  
  
  
I accepted a soft drink as I was driving which made them laugh at me a little being so law abiding. One telling me to offer my cunt instead of the fine and points.  
  
  
My friend went on to tell me that she hoped I realised their support to help me the other week required payment in return. I apologised for not realising and opened my bag ready to hand over some cash when she put her hand on mine and closed my bag. No no dear girl, we don’t require your money. She went on to explain that every so often the clubs meet up from around the country and each time one of the partners of the leaders is challenged by another club. They had all taken a vote and decided that my payment would be I would be put forward for the next gathering. I agreed to this straight away actually pleased to be accepted as one of them. They told me we would be travelling to them and to be at the club bright and early Monday morning and expect to be away from home for about a week. I smiled and said it would be like a little holiday, I asked where would we be going but no one seemed to know.  
  
  
The next few days went by without much excitement and I used the time to prep myself for my new position in the club. Head girl I thought to myself. I had my hair trimmed, styled and treated. Went to the tanning studio and had a full wax session. I felt I would look my very best for my club. I packed a few things for the week and when the time came I decided to take a taxi rather than leave my car at the club all week. I dressed in a new pair of leather leggings, matching leather halterneck and my 6 inch heeled boots, with my inked jacket.  
  
  
I walked into the club and half of the members were already there, others still to arrive. My master stood and told me to take me jacket off and turn around for him. He approved of my appearance and accepted me as the clubs head cunt. I smiled and thanked him. I was asked to sit by the table and a guy I had seen a few times placed a case on the table next to me. As he opened it I looked at him and then at my master. My master told me that to be presented to the other clubs I had to be inked with a symbol of ownership. I was assured that it was a temporary tattoo and would last about 3 months so I nodded and let him carry on. My top didn’t cover my shoulder blades which is where it was going so he proceeded to ink my skin. Once done we all went outside. Some went on their bikes others me included got into 2 small mini busses and began our journey.  
  
  
We seamed to travel for quite some time, making 2 journey stops for a break. I was aware of people looking but we were a pretty large crowd. I slept for quite a while after the second stop. The time now some 12 hours since we set off. We arrived at what seemed like a deserted old mansion. It looked a little creepy with ivy growing up and through some of the windows and the track to it overgrown with weeds and the trees overhanging. As we pulled up there were a lot of bikes, some more vans and a few cars.  
  
  
My master gathered everyone together and also asked me if I was ready to accept my challenge to represent our club. I agreed I was and that I was honoured to be chosen.  
  
  
We entered the house and I looked up, it was perhaps once a beautiful home but now dirty and dismal. My master was first followed by me and then everyone else. We walked into what was probably the old ball room. There were at least 100 people already in the room, it smelt a little dank and lit by the once stunning chandeliers, mostly smashed now. Some of the windows were boarded up and although late afternoon the room felt quite dark apart from right in the centre. There was a ring made of bails of straw. I couldn’t see much else as I was too far away but it had been lit with extra spotlights around it. Chairs and a platform had been placed around the room, this ring was obviously the centre of the action.  
  
My master turned to me and placed his hands on my shoulders and walked me in front of him as a tall heavily built man walked forwards. I was now stood between the 2 men. His deep voice created an echo around the room as he spoke to my master. The man looked me up and down and appeared to approve me as he stepped aside and gestured me towards the ring. As I moved towards it I felt uneasy as no one had explained what was going on or what I was to do. As I stood at the side of the bails I could see the inside of them was lined and the floor was filled with something. It was hard to tell what it was or how deep but it had an unusual smell. The man came over and in his very loud voice introduced our club represented by the dirty cunt you see before you pointing at me. I then noticed a dark skinned girl appear opposite me, she wore a bikini, very short hair and her skin glistened in the lighting. The man introduced her as another clubs representative. The girl stepped over the bail into the ring, I noticed at this point she was wearing doc martin boots which didn’t quite match her outfit but I did notice the contents of the ring as she stepped into it, the sludge was up to her ankles. My master gestured for me to do the same, I climbed over the bail and sat on the edge of it and then stepped into the sludge. My boots sinking into it as the hem of my leather leggings became soiled. The man went on to say the rules are simple, there aren’t any and there was a roar of laughter. The first one to submit or leave the ring was the loser and became the property of the other club for the duration of the meet. He announced us to begin. The girl ran at me and before I had chance to figure out what was happening she had hold of me by my hair, forcing my onto my knees and pushed my face into her crotch rubbing my face against her pussy much to the enjoyment of the crowd. She then kicked me hard between my legs and pushed me over backwards sprawling me into the sludge. She then kicked me hard twice more in my pussy. She stepped back for a moment allowing me to get my balance back and stand up. I could feel the slime dripping off my clothes as my outfit was virtually coated in the sludge. She ran at me again but this time I managed to trip her up as she stumbled but managed not to fall. She then kicked my legs from the back forcing me to my knees again and grabbed me by my jacket dragging me to the edge of the ring. Another girl in a bikini appeared and one held me while the other pulled my jacket off me. The other got in the ring and they swopped places. A fresh assault was began on me, this time she went for my tits, punching me until my exhaustion and then my top was undone from around my neck and pulled open hard as my tits were displayed to everyone in the room. There were complaints because I was too dirty to see them properly so both girls in turn pissed on my tits to wash them off a little. This slight pause in their assault on me let me recover some energy and I managed to punch the one who was still pissing on me in the pussy. I crawled away from their grasp through the slime but I had clearly annoyed the one I hit. I was repeatedly punched and kicked whilst held by the other. It was then that I decided to quit and tried to climb from the ring, but they pulled me back in dragging me across the floor to the other side and back again. One guy approached us and passed her a knife, I was too weak to speak but shook my head. She then cut my leather leggings between my legs and ripped the hole bigger. Taking her fist full of the slime she began fist punching my cunt until I gave way as she fisted me pushing the slime into my vagina as she did, she then let the other have her turn. Pushing my weak body over the edge of the bale making sure half of me was still in the ring she invited people to use me. My pussy was pulled apart and I was pissed in before I started to feel complete strangers begin to use my cunt. Sludge, then piss and now cum inside me. I was used many times before I managed to submit.  
  
  
Now the property of these others to use as they wished. I looked over at my club and caught the look of a few of the girls, they had known what I was in for so decided to sacrifice me. A chain was clipped to my collar and I was led outside. Instructions to wash me down were given so I was pissed on by many. I was then led into another outbuilding and into a large cage. My lead was clipped to a hook in the floor, my ankles were cuffed and clipped to the floor leaving my legs spread as I was positioned on all fours. The crowd gathered again as I heard a cage door rattle and dogs barking. My eyes widened as I looked towards the baited crowd. I felt something nudge at my pussy and then a tongue lick up my slit and ass. A dog between my legs and another at my head as it cocked its leg and pissed on my hair. I then felt the weight of the animal on my back, my cries to stop were met with laughter as I felt its cock pushing at my messy slippery cunt. It slid in me with ease and then I felt him knot me as it began fucking my ruined pussy. He repeatedly fucked me until it filled me with cum, squirt after squirt as it ejaculated in me. The next one took his place in me, Treating me as his bitch trying to breed me. They led them away and brought 2 more in, then another 2, and finally after 12 dogs had fucked me was I allowed to rest. I was left chained up until the morning when they repeated the process with all 12 dogs who became even more eager to fuck my human cunt. I was left chained up as their bitch for 3 days. My cunt a constant flow of slimy cum. I began to know which dog was which as their cocks felt different, albeit new ones were introduced as late arrivals to the meet let theirs use me too.  
  
  
Eventually when they felt I had been fucked enough by their dogs I was unchained, my ankles sore and my neck hurt too. I was told I could rest a while and shown to a room back in the house. My back hurt from being scratched and my leather leggings torn to shreds. My whole body absolutely filthy and how bad I smelt. I took a shower before getting into the bed not wanting to dirty the sheets beforehand albeit they weren’t exactly fresh.  
  
  
I was awoken by someone coming into the room, the sheets pulled off me and the stranger starred at my naked body. He told me that I had been ordered to the main hall. He clipped a chain to my collar and I was taken directly from my bed into the room full of people, naked and feeling a little vunerable, they had all seen me fucked by dog after dog. I was given a choice, I could be tattooed with K9 bitch in various places all over my body or I could be an anal whore for everyman there. No one would want to use my cunt after what had been done to it but my tight little ass was very appealing. I pondered my choices for no longer than a few seconds. Being inked was permanent but having hundred or so men fuck me in the ass over the next few days wouldn’t be nice but once they had done I would only have the memory. I offered them my ass. I was taken back to the room and chained to the bed ready for anyone and everyone to use me. For the next 2 days my ass was used almost constantly until such a time I just lay there taking them without reacting.  
  
  
When the meet was finished I was allowed to clean up and was passed some clothes ready for the trip home. As everyone grouped together in the main hall there was 1 more thing left to do my master told me. He beckoned me over. My nice new clean top was ripped open hard freeing my tits. My piercings were replaced with FUCK and TOY. I was applauded by the crowd and we made our exit. The few stops on the way home got me a lot of attention with my top ripped apart and my master offered me to a couple of truck drivers who offered to pay him to fuck me but he told them I was now free so they helped themselves to my dirty cunt.  
  
  
I was taken home and managed to get in without being seen, spending over an hour in the hot shower cleansing my body before getting into my nice clean bed.