**Public Justice**

by[**claymodel**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1517689&page=submissions)©

Jenny was having a great day. During the morning shift she'd sold tons of clothes at the retail store where she had worked for the past year, and as usual received the enthusiastic praise of her boss Giulio. The sun was shining. She'd been out to lunch with her old friend Madeline for the first time in months, and they were heading back to the store side by side, chatting casually yet happily in the way you only do with really close friends. Jenny was well aware the two of them were attracting attention as they strode down the main shopping street of the city. She was used to it. Her curvy figure was to die for, and men had often told her so. The same men who if they ever managed to tear their eyes from her voluminous breasts and firm, shapely ass, would end up drowning in her Mediterranean complexion, her dark eyes and luscious hair.  
  
Jenny smiled at the thought. She loved the attention, and thought that Madeline did too. Also in her early twenties, her friend was slightly taller and had platinum blonde hair. She wasn't perhaps as hot as Jenny, but she was definitely hot. A brief flashback to their teens, when they had played tennis together and frequently shared a shower afterwards, gave Jenny a craving for something sweet. She reached into her bag and pulled out a packet of chewing gum. Tearing the wrap, she pulled a bar of gum out and caught it between her teeth as she let the paper garbage slip from her hand...  
  
She realized her mistake the moment she heard the shrill whistle. She froze and looked at Madeline who stared at her in panic. It had been the unmistakable shrill of an adjudicator's whistle. That was always bad news to the person it was aimed at. Jenny had no doubt that this particular time, that meant her. In a moment's lapse, she had littered the main street with her chewing gum wrapper. It was trivial, but it was nonetheless a clear violation of Public Justice.  
  
The system of Public Justice was simple. Rather than spend countless millions on taking petty criminals to court, society had evolved to have such crime dealt with on a lower level. Much lower. The system was enforced by adjudicators, a sort of police-cum-judge, who patrolled public spaces and observed, watched, waited. When they spotted a violation of the law, they acted immediately and served the perpetrator with his or her punishment. More often than not, that amounted to corporeal punishment, usually at least a public whipping and often... worse. The idea was that costly legal processes were avoided and prisons kept from overfilling, while an immediate correlation between crime and punishment was instituted. Particularly with the humiliating nature of the punishments, the system had turned out to be most discouraging and crime rates had dropped greatly. This had paved the way for expanding Public Justice over the years to include also fairly trivial crimes. Like littering.  
  
-Please sir, Jenny pleaded. -It was a mistake.  
  
-You are charged with third degree littering, a level two misdemeanour. Do you confess and accept to be sentenced under Public Justice?  
  
-I did it, but please have mercy, I didn't mean to.  
  
-Your confession and declaration of non-intent is noted. Sentence will follow. Anything else you wish to add?  
  
Jenny was shaking. She was no legal expert, but she knew the fact that she was in a main public area had elevated her offence and almost certainly meant that the most basic forms of mercy, such as being allowed to receive her punishment in a non-public location, were out of reach. Her heart was racing. She had to try. If she could get the adjudicator alone, perhaps she could seduce him. It would mean sleeping with him, or at the very least going down on him, but that was still far better than the alternative.  
  
-I confess, and accept to be punished under Public Justice, but request my punishment to be administered in private, as the adjudicator sees fit.  
  
-Request denied. By the power vested in me by Public Justice, I sentence you to public lashing on unclothed buttocks. Ten lashes, reduced to five for cooperation and credible declaration of non-intent. The lashing will be followed by 60 minutes of supervised public confinement with rear exposure, and will take effect immediately.  
  
Jenny stuttered. Her heart sank. She was to be marched to a nearby public square, where she would be stripped down and have her naked ass whipped by the adjudicator's leather straps. It would be painful and humiliating, and she would probably scream. Yet that was not what scared her the most. The "public confinement" the adjudicator had decreed meant that once the whipping had been administered, she would be left outside, tied or cuffed at the penal station with her genitals fully exposed, for any passers by who might so desire to take advantage of her in whatever way they might please. Given how many men - and even women - regularly turned to look at Jenny when she walked by on the streets, she had no illusions that there would not be a queue of people lining up to have their way with her. All in the name of Public Justice, and of course deterring crime.  
  
Facing her imminent manhandling and abuse at the hands of the mob, she nevertheless realized she could have been worse off. An hour was a fairly lenient time. Two hours was common, even several hours. Repeat offenders had been left out to be taken again and again for days on end. The "repeated offence - repeated punishment" idea was thought philosophical. Moreover the confinement would be supervised. That meant the adjudicator would stay to ensure that while anyone who wanted to could fuck her, and have their way with her in almost any way, sexual or otherwise, they would not be permitted to actually injure her beyond that which might unwittingly result from being spanked and penetrated by possibly dozens of strangers.  
  
Even in her precarious situation, she was grateful for that supervision. She would be publicly whipped, humiliated, degraded, and numerous strangers would fuck her while others watched and cheered... but she would live, and if the adjudicator took his job seriously she should not even need medical care.  
  
The "rear exposure" command was more ambivalent. It meant she would be restrained so that her ass and genitals were exposed only from the behind, probably in some sort of bent-over position. Not having to be face to face with her enforcers would be a blessing of sorts, and it was certainly better than full exposure, which would have meant she could be moved around and her body enjoyed in any position imaginable. That being so, she was not relishing the prospect of having her anus exposed to the world, at the mercy of anyone who might like to sample it. Given the choice she would have preferred to be strapped on her back, legs apart, with her pussy arranged to receive the brunt of the attention. "Front exposure" was the formal term. Or certainly even more so the mildest form, "oral exposure", which typically "just" amounted to eating a lot of pussy, sucking a lot of dick, and swallowing a lot of cum. Jenny was not given the choice.  
  
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Jenny gasped audibly, and felt the spring winds chill her genital flesh as her black tights were forcefully yanked down, revealing her curvy behind to the couple dozens of spectators that had accumulated to watch, and perhaps take part in, her punishment. The laced thong had been pulled down simultaneously, robbing her of whatever final shield of modesty it might have provided. She sighed and felt tears welling in her eyes. She had already been cuffed to the iron bar structure at the penal station, her arms apart and upwards in a big V; her shins strapped with leather bands to the stuffed seat she was kneeling on. She had been forced to remove her sweater, but at least been allowed to keep her white sleeveless shirt and black bra. In her forward leaning position, she showed a lot of cleavage, but Jenny knew that the adjudicator could just as well have ordered her fully naked. Hard as it was, with her ass and neatly shaven pussy bared fully to the crowd, she counted what little blessings she might have.  
  
-Punishment detail at the ready! The offender may plead.  
  
The voice of the adjudicator rang out over the cobbled square. The plea offered was not one for mercy; it was too late for that. It was an opportunity for the convicted criminal - Jenny - to officially claim responsibility for her crime, and ask that the punishment be administered to her. It was a formality, but seen as important from an educational point of view to encourage offenders to voice their guilt. Failure to comply would often lead to a more severe punishment, such as additional lashes, or less protection from the adjudicator in the course of an oncoming public confinement. Jenny was no fool. She wasn't going to make things any worse on herself than she already had.  
  
-I, Jenny Mohar, confess to breaching Public Justice by committing a second level offence. I regret my actions and plead that the adjudicator and enforcers present administer swift justice upon me, that I may serve as an example and deterrent to others!  
  
Jenny noticed the adjudicator nodded with satisfaction. It was a flawless plea, perfectly in line with the official code of Public Justice. She hoped it would buy her at least some leniency in the hour to come. The powers knew that she would need it.  
  
-Plea accepted! Punishment commences!  
  
The adjudicator stepped forward and stretched the bundle of leather straps he held in both hands. With a swift explosion of muscle, he sent the first lash cracking straight across the middle of Jenny's exposed buttocks. She had suspected she would scream, and she did, even on the first lash. Tears welled in her eyes as she felt the aftershock, the furious sting of what she knew was a handful of fierce, red lines across her firm, sun-tanned ass. How could this have happened? She had always been so careful, ever since she saw her no-good older brother receive a serious public chastising a few years earlier. She didn't particularly like her brother, but she had felt sorry for him when he was flogged and left out completely naked for 24 hours, to be used and abused as little more than a sex toy by both women and men...  
  
The second crack brought her out of her racing train of thought, and she screamed again as she thought her ass would surely catch fire. The third lash landed shortly after and she sobbed loudly, letting go of a wail and a tormented groan before composing herself. A couple of young men in the crowd were shouting jeers at her and encouraging the adjudicator to whip her harder, that she seemed to enjoy it, that it surely wasn't the first time she'd tasted the straps. It wasn't, but that was neither here not there. Her ex-boyfriend Jonas had been into bondage, and she'd let him restrain her and dominate her a few times, which had involved everything from over-the-knee spankings to Jenny being bound, ball-gagged and whipped before her lover had passionately taken her restrained body. It had felt kinky and inspiring in a novelty kind of way, and she had returned the favour too. But that had been in the privacy of her bedroom, not in an open square where everyone and anyone could see.  
  
The fourth crack landed at the very top of her buttocks, breaking new ground, but not her skin. The lashing straps were designed that way. They were meant to hurt, a lot, but not to injure. She wailed again, and struggled to contain her sobbing now. She looked up and to her side, and saw a young girl, perhaps 15 years of age, staring at her with a pale face. A middle-aged woman, probably the girl's mother, stood behind her and appeared to prevent her from leaving or turning away, intent that she watch. No doubt, the mother was admonishing her daughter to be a good girl, or end up like Jenny, stripped and degraded in public.  
  
-Oh Jenny!  
  
The cry was let out by Madeline, who had followed in silence, not knowing what to say or do, as helpless as Jenny herself, until the wails of her dear friend had become too much to bear. She started forward, but was stopped by a sharp command from the adjudicator. Friends and family could console an offender in the confinement phase of punishment, but during lashing no one was permitted to approach. Jenny knew this. So did Madeline, who stopped and looked with teary eyes at her friend.  
  
-Be strong Jenny, oh Jenny!  
  
The shamed young woman cuffed to the rack sobbed in a mix of tenderness and shame. She truly appreciated the affection and support offered by her old friend, even though it cracked the shell of subdued acceptance she had tried to wrap herself in while her punishment was administered. That crack was torn up further still by the fifth and final lash of the adjudicator's leather bands. The blow landed with straps spread evenly across Jenny's defenceless buttocks, and she screamed, just screamed outright. Screamed, and sobbed, and wailed. Then Madeline was there, embracing her and pressed Jenny's face against her chest. Jenny's make-up was running and stained Madeline's white shirt, but neither cared as they held each other, both crying, comforting one another.  
  
-Confinement begins, announced the adjudicator, and a man in his thirties stepped forward.  
  
-Wait, please! Please at least give her a few minutes, please! pleaded Madeline.  
  
-The code is clear, there is no recovery period permitted. Further attempts to halt due process will be considered a breach of order. Confinement begins!  
  
"Breach of order" was the charge levelled against anyone foolish enough to try and intervene with the process of Public Justice. It invariably meant the perpetrator was subjected to a particularly brutal subjugation all of their own, often side by side with the criminal they had tried to protect. Jenny didn't want to see her friend share her own fate, and shot Madeline a pleading gaze. She hadn't needed to. Madeline was fully aware what would happen to her should she continue to object. The prospect of being stripped and fucked on the very spot she stood scared her half to death. She fell silent.  
  
The man who had stepped forward was now right behind Jenny. He stood still, and seemed to hesitate for a moment before putting his one hand on her naked, blushing bottom, and began fumbling with the fly of his trousers with the other. A tall man, slender and with glasses, he gave an almost timid impression, very much out of place for someone who had stepped forward as first enforcer in a Public Justice correction.  
  
-Please, Jenny said. -You don't have to do this.  
  
-No I do, the man responded, without confidence but with a certain determination.  
  
Over her shoulder, Jenny tried to make eye contact or at least see what he was doing. She wondered what she was trying to accomplish. There was no way she was going to be able to talk all her enforcers out of fucking her at that square. She knew the attraction she had on men. Way too many guys wanted her way too much for there to be any chance of that. Yet just the prospect of being able to put off her first seemed somehow worth struggling for, like some last straw, which might yet be in reach of her desperate clutches.  
  
-I can see you don't want this, you're not the type. You're a good, decent guy. Please, just go home, please don't do it.  
  
The man's hand clasped over her left buttock, still a fiery red after her lashing. His other hand was inside his pants, rubbing. Jenny decided to shift her approach somewhat. Perhaps she could at least waste some time.  
  
-Your hand feels strong on me, powerful. You look like a nice guy, but shy. I'm guessing you don't often get a chance to touch an ass like that... do you?  
  
The man said nothing, but rubbed himself faster, and started to squeeze both her buttocks alternately, his hand stroking up and down their enticing curves. He grunted.  
  
-Mm, that feels good after the whipping, rub me softly. Take your time...  
  
That was too obvious. The guy stopped for a moment, then sighed, and pulled down his pants revealing a stiff, above average size, cock. He produced a condom and started pulling it onto his member.  
  
-I understand that you're trying to use me to waste time from your punishment. That's okay, but I have to do this. My girlfriend left me and I haven't had anyone for six months, I can't stand it anymore. And you're so beautiful. I'll be gentle, I promise.  
  
Perhaps it was the feeling that she had been getting through to him, that made Jenny feel it so hard when she realized the shy man was going to be the first to take her after all. She closed her eyes and struggled for words as she suddenly felt the wet, cold sensation of something being smeared across her vagina. Lubricant. It was all but time.  
  
-No, please no, please I will do anything you want! she begged.  
  
-I know, but it's really that you don't have a choice, or you wouldn't even look at a guy like me. I'm really sorry.  
  
With a grunt, the tall man pressed his hard penis into Jenny's naked pussy. He sighed and she groaned, as his rubbed-clad erection penetrated her centimetre by centimetre. He was eager, but not unkind. Before he had gone all the way in, he pulled out half way and then sank in once more, this time to the hilt. She gasped. Madeline held her, too stricken to speak, too scared to watch the stiff cock enter her defenceless friend in punishment for a completely trivial action.  
  
-Are you okay? It doesn't hurt, does it? the man asked, his dick lodged firmly with its full length inside Jenny's womb.  
  
-How am I going to be okay, you fucking bastard, you're raping me, you sick fuck! Jenny screamed, finally losing it as the situation become all too real for her.  
  
-I'm sorry, said the man, and started taking her rhythmically.  
  
Jenny struggled against her chains, but it was of no use. Her wrists were firmly cuffed above and in front of her, her shins as firmly strapped to the knee rest, preventing her from escaping the pounding cock which time after another found its way into her lubricated vagina. She screamed again in frustration. The man said nothing more, the only sound escaping him being his steady grunts as he continued to fuck the most beautiful woman he had ever fucked in his life.  
  
Behind her, Jenny still heard the men who had jeered at her while she was being whipped. They were commenting loudly on how they would "fuck the shit out of her" when it came their turn, shouting encouragement to the tall man whose member had come to be the first - but far from the last - to find its way into the criminal's desirable womb. Jenny wondered anxiously just how many strange men would get off fucking her within that hour, using her defenceless body as nothing more than a cheap fucktoy, all in the name of Public Justice.  
  
Where some men might have been egged on by such shouts, and strived to reciprocate, the tall man showed no such inclination. He seemed to resent the intrusive words. Perhaps he really was just fucking Jenny because he so badly needed a fuck in his life right now, and she only happened to be at the wrong place, at the wrong time. The thoughts raced through her head. It wasn't painful beyond the first thrust or two, he had lubricated her thoroughly and showed consideration as he penetrated her. It didn't change the fact that she was being mounted like a dog in front of by now several dozens of spectators in a public square. As she heard the clapping sounds of the man's hips crashing against her curvy ass, Jenny bit her lip and hid her face between Madeline's ample breasts. How had she ever ended up like this?  
  
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She could not have said how much time had passed when she heard the tall man groan louder, and felt his fingernails dig into her hips as he thrust himself balls deep inside of her vagina in a last series of penetrations before he climaxed and came to a gasping halt, his drained cock buried inside her womb.

-Thank you, he stammered awkwardly to the restrained woman he had fucked and come inside against her will.  
  
Jenny sighed and her head sank. He was still wearing the condom and had taken care not to harm her, but she still could hardly fathom the situation. She had been fucked, in public, by a stranger. With men, women and children watching her gorgeous naked body be subjugated and tamed, disciplined, conquered, and given to the people as punishment for her wrongdoing. She drew for breath. Did this make her a whore? Or a rape victim? She knew in the eyes of the law it was neither. The actions of the enforcers were ordained by Public Justice, a system which in no small part depended on there being a sufficiently large number of women and men willing to do their civic duty and ensure that sentenced criminals suffered the consequences of their actions. The intercourse forced upon the likes of Jenny was not rape. It was public execution of office.  
  
On the other hand, there were no criminal records for those sentenced under Public Justice. There was no need. When her body had paid the price of her crime for the allotted time period, and the adjudicator uncuffed her, she knew she would be free and with no further consequences to expect from the State. It was another matter with the stories that would no doubt be told by the witnesses and participants of her punishment. They would probably have pictures, even videos. She realized then that she would probably come to unwittingly star in penal erotica on the Internet. She found to her surprise that there was actually a part of her that didn't mind that fact. She knew she had a great body and had always possessed a certain exhibitionist streak, so she certainly didn't mind people seeing it in action, at least not so long as she didn't have to be stripped naked in a public square...  
  
-Condom user, eh? Nice to see he didn't leave a mess. Wish I could say I'll be as considerate!  
  
Jenny's mind quickly returned to the present. Her head jerked around and she looked over her shoulder at the well toned young man who stood behind her naked rear. The tall shy man was nowhere to be seen. His successor looked neither shy nor kind. He grinned at her with cold eyes that told her he had no sympathy to her situation. He was just going to make the most of it. He slapped her ass, harshly, sending a sear of pain through the still red, still smarting skin that the adjudicator had so chastised. Jenny flinched. Madeline shot an angry gaze at the second enforcer.  
  
-Show some respect, you fucking bastard! she yelled at him.  
  
The man laughed and smacked Jenny's ass yet again, and again.  
  
-You jealous eh, blondie? I'll fuck you too if you're that keen for it, but I'm doing your friend first. She's hotter.  
  
If looks could kill, Jenny's friend would have ended the man's life. Instead, she bit her lip and looked furiously away, being only too aware that anything she could say would be nothing but empty threats. He had clearly set his mind on satisfying himself with Jenny's body, and there was nothing either of them could do to change that.  
  
-Get on with it then, you limp-wristed motherfucker, Jenny snarled defiantly and did her best to pierce her soon-to-be conqueror with a furious gaze.  
  
He laughed again, unzipped and pulled his tight whitewashed jeans halfway down his thighs to reveal a fully erect penis of average size, curved markedly to the left. He wore no underwear. His balls and crotch was completely clean shaven. Seeing a manhood so clean and free, radiating readiness, was usually a big turn-on for Jenny. Usually.  
  
-Like what you see eh, whore? he taunted her, as he took a final step forward and began to pull Jenny's buttocks apart to grant him full access to her most private body parts.  
  
The tall man had lubricated her several times as he fucked her, leaving her still well moist even after he had come inside of her and left. A thankful thing, since apparently this man had no idea of the sort. Still looking over her shoulder, though having lost eye contact with her assailant, Jenny stared at the stiff cock until it disappeared out of sight behind her firm, tanned ass. A moment later she felt it probe her lips, and then with a thrust, it was inside of her.  
  
She couldn't look anymore. She turned her head away and bit her lip as her body lunged forward by the force in the man's second thrust. He gave a grunt, and without pause fell into a rhythm, his hips steadily pushing forward to clash against her young, naked buttocks, each time burying his hungry penis deep inside of her open pussy. Jenny moaned. Where her first enforcer had been gentle, her second was not. He was fucking her hard, his every move signalling with perfect clarity that he regarded her as nothing more than an instrument for his own satisfaction, a warm wet hole to stick his cock in, a defenceless naked body at his mercy to quench his sexual thirst.  
  
Jenny tried instead to disconnect mentally from what was happening. As she was savagely taken from behind, Jenny looked into Madeline's big blue eyes, seeking comfort in her old friend. Madeline looked distraught, almost to the point where one might have thought she was the one being forcefully taken advantage of in front of a watching audience. Jenny wondered suddenly if that look was all empathy with her own plight, or if she had actually been in the same situation herself, and was now being haunted by memories. She didn't know. Many of those who were publicly shamed under Public Justice chose - understandably - not to talk about it much.  
  
Indeed it had been nearly a year into their relationship before Jenny's ex-boyfriend Simon had admitted to her that he had once served a level one sentence for disorderly behaviour on a night out some years prior. He'd received two hours of unsupervised oral exposure. He'd found it hard at first, but bearable, to orally pleasure a number of women ranging in age from their teens to upper middle age who might not have wanted to take someone home that night, but still craved their orgasms. It was a common way to scratch that particular itch, especially on big party nights. Even in this enlightened day and age, people still got drunk and did stupid things, meaning it usually wasn't particularly hard to find at least some poor fool chained downtown - man or woman, a mouth is a mouth - who had no choice but to offer their lips and tongue up in oral service of whatever horny passers-by that demanded it. Where things had really got rough for Simon was when he, with half an hour left of his confinement, had been discovered by a group of rowdy lads out in the late stages of a bachelor party. What began as a dare from one of the men had soon lead to the firmly handcuffed Simon being forced to suck off the groom, who had celebrated his last night in freedom by ejaculating in the younger man's beardless face. Then all his friends had followed suit.  
  
As her attention returned to the present, Jenny decided to the continued thumps of hips against buttocks that she could bear with her situation after all. She was going to get thoroughly fucked, but that was all. It's not like she was a virgin, hell she figured she enjoyed sex more than most, and her body seemed to have come to the same conclusion. She realized the lubrication easing the hammering her pussy was taking was no longer all out of a tube. It's not that she was exactly horny, or had suddenly started enjoying being gang fucked by strangers while cuffed to a public penal station. She was no freak. She was merely somewhat coming to terms with the reality that for the rest of that hour, she was nothing more than an unusually shapely fuckdoll, and all she had to do was endure...  
  
Jenny felt her pussy vacated as the forceful young man pulled out of her. She expected to feel the familiar sensation of hot semen splashing over her curvy behind. Men had always seemed to love to come over her ass, and this guy had made no secret of his intentions to "leave a mess" from the start. She welcomed it. "Let him shoot his load and I'm rid of the bastard." Instead she drew sharply for breath as she felt suddenly the head of his erect penis pressing hard against her thus far untouched anus. "Oh fuck", she thought to herself, "here it comes..."  
  
-Time to go all the way, honey, laughed the buff male as he continued to try and push his way into her tight rear opening.  
  
It hurt. Jenny braced herself for what she knew was not going to be a pleasant experience. As a stupid teenager, she had once during a wildlife camp let an older guy she'd had a big crush on stand her up against a tree and dry fuck her in the ass. It was not something she had ever planned on doing again.  
  
-Hold!  
  
The command of the adjudicator rang sharply across the cobbled square and echoed back off the walls and windows lining it. Jenny hadn't heard him utter a single word since he had given the order that unleashed the waiting line of enforcers on her restrained and helpless body, but she knew he would have been standing there the entire time. Watching, observing. She wondered if it ever aroused him to see pretty girls like her - or perhaps pretty guys - be ravished time and again in front of his eyes, or if it was all just the daily chores of his working day.  
  
-This is a supervised confinement. Lubrication is prescribed for anal entry, he stated matter-of-factly.  
  
-I don't have any fucking lube, man come on, retorted the man who had been fucking Jenny for the past several minutes.  
  
He was clearly annoyed at being denied, but it was equally clear that he knew better than to disobey a direct order from an adjudicator of the Public Justice.  
  
-Lubrication is prescribed for anal entry, the adjudicator repeated.  
  
Jenny counted her blessings. She was resigned to her pussy being taken freely by whoever wanted it and could get far enough ahead in the queue, but she really did not want her humiliation compounded by having the entire neighbourhood witness her getting it up the ass. Least of all by this bastard. She smiled grimly despite herself at this small fortune.  
  
-I have lubricant! came the clear call that again made Jenny's hopes drop into her discarded black tights and thong, where they lay uselessly around her knees, covering nothing.  
  
The shout had come from the woman who had been intent on her daughter witnessing the finer points of corporeal servitude.  
  
-I have lubricant, and my daughter will apply it. I want that whore to suffer good and proper for what she did, declared the stern mother with the bleached hair.  
  
Jenny didn't think the woman had any idea of the crime she was being punished for, but it was also quite clear that it didn't matter to her in the slightest.  
  
-Mum please, pleaded the teenager.  
  
-Not another word out of you, Samantha. You will rub that slut's behind, and you will watch her closely be shamelessly taken in every which way by that man, and you will remember full well that unless you begin to straighten your life out real soon, that's precisely how you're going to end up too: bound, lashed and sodomized by a long line of brutal men while the whole city watches!  
  
The mother was visibly enraged, and her outburst brokered no argument. Samantha took the small bottle of lubricant from her mother's outstretched hand and walked towards Jenny's restrained, half-naked, body. She was short, and a little stocky, with dirt blonde hair. Jenny had thought she looked so young, but assumed she must be of legal age, or her mother would not have dared send her to participate actively in any sort of enforcing role. Inciting a minor to such actions could carry serious repercussions for the responsible adult. "Full exposure" serious.  
  
The young girl squeezed past the second enforcer, his dick still stiff and at the ready, without so much as looking at him. Coming up to Jenny, she opened the lubricant bottle and stroked awkwardly along the bound woman's lower back and curved bottom. It was a soft touch, almost intimate, as if she wanted to bond with and reassure the woman whose anus she was about to prepare for a violation they were both helpless to stop, that she meant no harm in doing so. Even that she was quite sympathetic to Jenny's plight. Samantha squeezed the bottle and squirted cold and sticky lubricant just above Jenny's backmost hole. She winced as it began to pour down her crack.  
  
-I'm sorry for this, said Samantha. -And for my mum.  
  
-It's not your fault, replied Jenny as the younger girl began to rub her rectal opening, distributing the lubricant all around it.  
  
-I know, but I'm sorry anyway.  
  
Her middle finger continued to circle Jenny's anus rhythmically, first around it, and then beginning to cautiously, a little at a time, probe its way inside. She was doing a good job of warming Jenny up for the waiting hard cock that was soon about to enter her body yet again, this time in its most guarded orifice.  
  
-You've done this before, Jenny observed.  
  
Samantha nodded.  
  
-On myself, with my boyfriend. My mum caught us... doing it. Like that. In my ass. He's her age, that's why I'm here. That and skipping school, she added.  
  
Jenny gasped quietly as she felt the entire finger slide up her ass, centimetre by centimetre, and then begin to alternately pull out and push in again. With ever more confidence, the teenager proceeded to finger fuck Jenny's rear opening, relaxing her ring muscle as she went.  
  
-I don't want to do this to you, said Samantha, -but since I feel sorta guilty for what's about to happen to you, the least I can do is make you as ready for it as I can so that man doesn't hurt you. So much.  
  
-Th-thank you, whispered Jenny.  
  
Her body was awash with sensations as the not-so-innocent girl's finger penetrated her and caused the thousands of nerve endings in her rectum to shake her and make her reel under its influence. Even though she knew the cameras of the spectators were catching every second of this, Jenny was sincerely grateful. She knew she had a very tight ass, also on the inside, and she had always needed a lot of warming up before anal sex. That said, she did enjoy submitting her nether opening to her boyfriends in the right moments of passion, and they invariably loved every minute of it. Immersed in that tight passage, with Jenny's gorgeous body bent over in front of them, absorbing their manhoods in the most forbidden way, her boyfriends had usually climaxed quickly. Although she had no desire to grant any pleasure to the scumbag who was now waiting to fill her up, she hoped he would be no different in that sense, simply so that she would be rid of him as quickly as possible.  
  
-They won't give me much longer. Do you want me to do it with two fingers before... before it's his turn? Samantha inquired.  
  
-Yes, please, Jenny gasped under her breath, bracing herself. -I'd rather you stretch me than him. Do it.  
  
Jenny felt her body shiver as Samantha pulled her middle finger all the way out, before applying an additional wad of lubricant to the restrained woman's widened hole, and immediately beginning to push her way in again, now with the index finger added. Jenny drew for breath, and couldn't help but groan as her ass was stretched out. Samantha resumed the rhythmical penetration of the other woman, her other hand gently stroking Jenny's naked hip. Jenny closed her eyes. She had always seen herself as fairly straight, but that hadn't prevented her from entertaining a secret fantasy about some time having sex with a woman. Though she had never, even in her wildest dreams imagined that her first real experience in the field would be to have her ass fingered by a teenage girl in a public square.  
  
As Samantha had suspected, the two women were not to be left to their own for long.  
  
-Lubrication has been applied. Anal entry may take place, announced the adjudicator.  
  
The brutish man did not waste a moment. He shoved Samantha brusquely to one side, her fingers vacating Jenny's rectum so suddenly that she couldn't suppress a shout as her muscles contracted. Immediately thereafter, she felt an engorged cock end push against her back opening. By now, Samantha's fingers had succeeded in relaxing Jenny's ring muscles to the point where she felt her asshole must surely be gaping open in welcoming of the stiff member, and consequently the friction opposing the probing cock was much reduced from its previous attempt. Jenny still cried out, though more from shamed frustration and helplessness than from pain, as the man's cock filled her naked, surrendering ass. He groaned and grinned, and laughed mockingly at the woman whose most private entry he was finally penetrating.  
  
-I thought that little bitch would leave you all stretched and loose, but you're plenty tight still, he declared.  
  
It was all Jenny could do not to start screaming at him again. She felt sure it would only entice him more to hear her curse him, and she refused to give him that, but her mind was racing and blood rushed to her cheeks. She was furious, so angry, so ashamed, and so helpless. She had littered, and for that reason she found herself cuffed and bent over the metal bars of a penal station, with this beast hungrily fucking her exposed ass, her most guarded sexual treasure, that she had previously only given in affection to those she had loved. She did not love this man, but it didn't matter. When she breached Public Justice, she had temporarily lost the right to decide over the use of her body and her ass with it, and this man was taking full advantage of the fact.  
  
-Ooh yeah honey, bet you like this too you little whore!  
  
The young man slapped her buttocks several times as he continued to gratify himself using Jenny's body for all it was at that moment: a helpless, defenceless fucktoy. When she closed her eyes, she could feel the hairless balls slam against her shaved pussy as every thrust buried his stiff member deep inside her ass. Madeline closed up on her from the front, and embraced Jenny fully, trying desperately to offer some soothing support to her friend, whose body was repeatedly thrown into her arms by the sheer brute force of the hard fucking that her perfectly shaped ass was receiving. Looking over Jenny's shoulder, Madeline was staring at the hard cock that time and again disappeared full length in between the whipped and reddened buttocks of her dear old friend. She stared, and she remembered a similar day not so long ago... until a loud gasp from Jenny's mouth brought her attention back to the present.  
  
Jenny's eyes were open again, and they were fixed pleadingly on those of her friend. Madeline could tell that Jenny was starting to have a hard time keeping it together at all, as she had begun to moan a little louder with each thrust. If this did not end soon, Madeline feared she would deteriorate.  
  
Desperate to steel herself and not fall apart at the mercy of this invasive enforcer, Jenny's head turned to one side and studied her audience as she tried to turn her attention away from the violation her much-desired ass was suffering at the hands of her assailant. The crowd had grown considerably in numbers since the man had first begun mounting her, and now easily numbered in the hundreds. Some regarded the scene in silence, while others were more animated and shouted words of jeer at Jenny, or those of encouragement to the man invading her. The mother who had supplied the lubrication that made possible Jenny's anal conquest did both. At her side, young Samantha stood silently with her lips clenched together, staring at the dark haired woman being forcefully taken against her will right in front of her. Jenny wondered what the young girl was thinking, as she realized that she was now moaning at the point of screaming every single time her tight rectum was over and over again stuffed full of pounding manhood.  
  
She had by now lost all notion of time's passing, and could not have said if the ploughing of her exposed butt had gone on for one minute or twenty, but her cries of despair suddenly turned into a longer one mixed with equal parts of relief and humiliation, as the intense stimulation provided by her tight, conquered ass finally drove the naked cock piercing it over the edge. The man roared in triumph and pleasure as he withdrew with a rapid jerk from her depths, and began to ejaculate over her exposed buttocks. Jenny continued to scream furiously as she felt the hot seed splash across her ass and lower back, first one huge spurt diagonally across its length, then a second one crossing it, then a third one reaching all the way up the back of her shirt, then a fourth splashing straight onto her gaping, extended anus, and a fifth... Jenny soon lost count, but by the time both of their screams had died down, she knew that fucking her flawless body against her will had given this man the orgasm of a lifetime. He had come so massively over her that not only were her firm, naked buttocks a sticky mess of dripping semen, but he had shot it over her thighs, back and few remaining garments as well. Even Jenny's dark hair had not been spared. She closed her eyes, and barely registered the sounds behind her as the man pulling up his pants, and leaving her soiled body cuffed and strapped to the bars without another word.

Her body awash in hopeless degradation and physical sensations resulting from the intense stimuli delivered to her body as both of her lower openings had been thoroughly penetrated, Jenny's thoughts were all over the place, ranging from fury and despair to some bizarre part of her questioning if not her exhibitionistic side in some small way was drawing pleasure from her treatment after all. She thought of how she had always frequently enjoyed showing off her perfect ass, in the streets, in bars, at work... teasing many, but inviting few to actually see underneath those revealing tights or short skirts. She nearly laughed when she felt a trickle of still warm semen pour along the enticing curve of her left buttock and drip down into her yanked-down tights, realizing that as that happened, that very same perfect ass was being watched in all its naked glory by several hundred people.  
  
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Jenny found her mindset change as she started regaining her senses after the forceful invasion suffered by her anal passage, and the humiliating display of submission that receiving the man's vast load had meant. Having had her every available orifice thoroughly used and her last shreds of dignity drowned in dripping white semen, she realized she had pretty much already been submitted to every imaginable action she might suffer in her current predicament, and that whatever remained of her time at the disposal of the crowd could hardly get any worse. Still cuffed, still strapped down, still naked from her waist to her knees, and still soaked from the ejaculation of her second enforcer, the young woman consoled and composed herself. She hadn't wished for this, but she could take it and still walk away afterwards with her head held high. Just watch.  
  
From that point on, Jenny's punishment seemed to proceed faster, and with more ease. Next to appear behind her exposed gender was not one man, but two. Jenny studied them over her shoulder. They were young, younger than her, and from the similarities in their facial features almost certainly brothers. Even in her state, it only took her a moment to realize from their youthfulness and nervous disposition, that this was surely the first time either of them would be mounting a woman - nevermind a man - in the service of Public Justice. Perhaps it was even the first time either of them would have a woman at all.  
  
Without a word uttered by either of them, one of the brothers stepped up to her and pulled down his pants, revealing an erect penis. He was well hung, but not shaven. Whether due to his apparent nervousness or simple disregard for such matters, he did not seem to visibly object to the mess left behind by his predecessor in the position. He simply grabbed Jenny's sticky hips for support, smearing with his hands the cum that lay across it in white criss-crossed strings, and then stuck his upright cock in her pussy.  
  
She gasped gently as she felt her womb filled up again by the young man's member. She even began to moan again, though so quietly she thought only Madeline could hear her. As her old friend leaned in on her, Jenny kissed her and smiled, subdued but confident now in her own faculties. It was just another cock in her. Not one of her choosing, but she could handle it.  
  
Jenny was assured the teenager was giving her his virginity when his eager but awkward thrusting sent him into climax shortly after he had begun mounting her. He screamed briefly as he jerked against her crotch, and emptied his load inside of her pussy. The wet, warm sensation of that young dick shooting its seed up her womb was not unpleasant, and as the second boy took his brother's place and pushed his own cock into Jenny's vagina mere seconds after it had been vacated by that of his sibling, she surprised herself with a sigh of genuine pleasure. Her fourth cock of the day was stabbing into the wetness prepared for it by the brother's sperm, and the hot, sloppy sensation together with the oddly misplaced feeling of power Jenny felt as her body provided the two boys with their first real sexual experience was beginning to affect her in a way she could not have anticipated. By the time the second brother came inside of her and pulled out to let the intermixed loads of both siblings pour out of her bared pussy and down her naked thighs into her long-since discarded tights, Jenny was sure: she was no longer simply enduring her punishment. She was enjoying herself.  
  
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Jenny had needed no artificial lubrication to provide the two teenagers with a receptible hole to fuck, and when the small Asian man who followed them became the first person that day to fondle her pussy with two of his fingers, he concluded what she already knew:  
  
-You are very wet. From yourself, not only from all the men. I am surprised, but pleased. I hope you will enjoy this too.  
  
Jenny said nothing, but turned her head away and looked down, surrendering her naked womanhood to the man's wills and desires in silence. He was right, of course, but that didn't mean she planned on admitting it out loud. Whatever had possessed her body to turn to excitement in this most public humiliation, that had turned her from a proud, strong woman into a cum-soaked fuckdoll, she did not know. She supposed it was adaptation to circumstances, simple human nature, that was grabbing hold onto whatever pleasures could be drawn from a situation she could in any case not change at all. Given the choice she would not be given, to get up and walk away at that very moment, she would still have taken it ten times out of ten. Without hesitation. Almost.  
  
The oriental man had begun rubbing her pussy in earnest. Alternating between circling her clit and pumping two fingers into her wetness to stimulate her g-spot, he clearly knew what he was doing. Jenny wasn't sure whether he really cared about her enjoyment, or if he just wanted to take full advantage of all of the sexual faculties she was forced to offer at his disposal. Regardless, she was pleased. Her rising enticement seemed that much more legitimate when active attention was being given to her own satisfaction, than when she was merely a chained down naked body for the public to quench their own desires on.  
  
Also Madeline was surprised to see her restrained friend's genitals receive that sort of attention. Surprised but grateful... more than half of Jenny's sentence had been served, and anything that helped time pass faster without consisting of more cynical abuse would have to be a good thing. That surprise was only to increase, as she felt and observed her friend's response to the man straightening up and finally inserting his stocky penis into her now dripping wet pussy. Jenny wasn't just moaning as her body was once again claimed by yet another man. She was coming!  
  
Simultaneously high on pleasure and blushing with shame for climaxing while being publicly mounted by a long succession of strangers, Jenny couldn't hold back her initial shout, as the tension built up by the man's skilled fingering was brought into full blown orgasm when he finally began fucking her, and his thick member grazed perfectly along her g-spot. Desperately trying to conceal her climax from the watching crowd, Jenny buried her face in Madeline's cleavage to muddle her groans and cries of satisfaction. She knew her contractions had not escaped the man fucking her though. Clearly aroused by her peaking, he began to thrust into her faster, and barely had Jenny's own orgasm subsided before the short Asian man came hard, shooting his cum inside of her. Jenny felt once more the rush of hot sperm gush forth inside of her well-fucked pussy, but to her surprise it did not stop the man's thrusting. Clearly intent on prolonging his time with this beautiful young woman, he simply continued shoving his dick into her, his hips smacking against her firm, soiled buttocks as he went. Jenny didn't mind the extension. She supposed he had earned it, certainly more than any of his predecessors. Besides, the man's cock and the way he used it continued to grind the most receptive spot inside of her, much to her again rising delight. By the time the Asian pulled out to send his wet, hard cock sliding up and down her crack, rubbing it rapidly between her buttocks until he screaming shot most of his second load of cum up over her lower back, Jenny had herself already climaxed twice more.  
  
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After she had started coming, Jenny lost track of the finer points of who was fucking her and when. Trembling in the throes of those basal physical impulses that shot through her body, she alternated between burying her face in Madeline's embrace and looking back once in a while to see who was claiming her at that particular moment.  
  
The two men who had mocked her the loudest while she was being whipped appeared in turn behind her, but said nothing more and proved almost timid, uncomfortable, as they finally had their chance to live up to their loud boasts. They both unremarkably fucked her pussy, one finishing inside of it, the other on the back of her thigh. Another teenager showed up. This one Jenny did not believe a first-timer, as he rode her pussy and even sampled her ass without seeming more star-struck than one might expect when given the opportunity to enjoy such a fit woman. Although some lubrication remained in her rectum, reinforced by an unknown man's cum having seeped into its mildly gaping entry point, Jenny was grateful this young man's cock was one of the smaller she had had that day. Its jabbing up her tight back passage was brusque, but not painful, and in any case it didn't take him long to come. Mere moments after, Jenny was not sure exactly where he had shot his load. Her nether regions now a throbbing mess of her juices as well as those of her enforcers, it was becoming hard to keep track.  
  
Jenny felt her penal term must certainly be nearing its end, as her first woman appeared. Although it was more common in Public Justice punishments that men lined up to take advantage of the women sentenced, and vice versa, it was not unusual to have at least a couple of same-sex enforcers join in the procedure. Some of course because that was their sexual preference. Others were simply curious, and found the possibility to experiment with it without the need for a perhaps awkward pick-up process appealing. Whether male-male or female-female, such experimentation was seen as natural and healthy in society, and was much more encouraged than frowned upon.  
  
-Girl you are a mess! exclaimed the tall, slender blonde. -Trust men to leave their toys in a state, she chuckled.  
  
-Sorry to disappoint, replied Jenny. -I've been too busy to keep things in order lately. Perhaps you'd care to help me clean up?  
  
The woman laughed as she laid her hand on one of Jenny's finely tanned buttocks and squeezed it, smearing the strands of cum that lay across the lashed, blushing skin.  
  
-Don't think so, sister. I only get a short time with you, and I wouldn't waste it on housework. Besides, who said I minded a mess?  
  
Jenny turned to face her old friend Madeline again. She wasn't exactly scared; all that had gone over the time that her restrained body had already pretty much had every imaginable humiliation done to it. Still, while she was by now more than accustomed to having men sate their desires on her, the novelty of suddenly being the object of a woman's lusts made her anxious. She wasn't sure what to expect.  
  
As if she had sensed the bound woman's feelings, the blonde spoke up.  
  
-Aaaw, all straight girl, aren't you? Don't be scared love, I won't hurt you. Not more than that you'll enjoy it, anyway.  
  
Even with her head turned away and her eyes closed, Jenny could hear the gleeful joy in the woman's voice. She was clearly excited about whatever she was about to do to the beautiful half-naked woman that stood on kneeling in front of her: bent over, bared, dripping with the cum of countless men. Gorgeous. And at her mercy.  
  
The blonde reached into her multi-coloured textile bag and produced two items. One was a bottle of lubricant. The other was a purple double-penetrating sex toy in firm yet elastic silicon material. On one end, it sported a large dong, complete with a bulge for g-spot stimulation. Its other end was an egg-shaped butt plug of impressive proportions. Jenny braced herself as she felt the cold lubricant richly applied to her open anus, that had already twice that day been penetrated.  
  
As the thicker end of the toy began to press against her reluctant anus, Jenny gasped audibly. At its thickest, the plug presented a considerable challenge for her normally very tight back opening, and she found herself grateful to at least have had it thoroughly warmed up before this woman had come along with her item. She let out a yell as the core of the butt plug edged its way past her ring muscle and the toy settled firmly lodged inside her ass. Jenny moaned and breathed heavily. The feeling of her penetrated ass being entirely filled up was immense, more so even than what she had experienced when multiple cocks had previously been thrusting into it. Its root firmly planted inside of Jenny's rear, the dildo side of the toy stood erect into the air, its every sway being multiplied in sensation inside of Jenny's body.  
  
-Attagirl, taking it all like a champ! exclaimed the woman behind her.  
  
Clearly no stranger to exhibitionism herself, the blonde female proceeded to kick off her sandals and pull the plain cotton dress she had worn over her head before dropping it on the ground next to her bag. She was completely naked underneath, not even wearing a bra to support her small, supple breasts.  
  
-Well giddy-up sister, it's time we went for a ride!  
  
The woman stood up on the lower bars of the penal station, straddling across Jenny's posterior and then began to lower herself down. As she caught the silicone cock with her already wet vagina and began to absorb it into her body, the root of the plug pressed harder into Jenny's ass and caused her to give a shout. She had never been so filled to the brim before, and though the feeling of being claimed by another woman in such a way was not beyond arousing her, she wasn't sure just how much of this she could take without beginning to scream outright. She felt the blonde woman's hands clasp her buttocks and position her ass-mounted dildo perfectly, and then heard a passionate groan right behind her as the woman sank all the way down onto it, her naked legs coming skin to skin with Jenny's exposed body.  
  
After another moment, the blonde enforcer began to ride her. As she lustfully pushed herself back and forth, up and down, on the stiff toy cock, she was moaning loudly. Jenny found herself following suite, letting out a whimpering groan each time the butt plug pushed deeper into her intestines. She marvelled at her slender body's ability at adapting to even such a large intrusion, as the all-conquering feeling of being thoroughly filled up moved more from concern to sexual stimulant with every thrust.  
  
The woman came screaming as her naked body continued to thrash about on the silicone dong firmly planted inside Jenny's ass. Jenny screamed too, panting and sweating with effort and excitement, despite the fresh city air. Though she did not immediately share the enforcer's multiple orgasms, she was highly aroused, and when the blonde finally leapt off her high vantage point and buried her face in Jenny's crotch, licking frantically at the strapped down woman's clit, her tongue swirling over tender flesh as she swallowed feminine juices and male cum, Jenny was thrown mercilessly over the edge of orgasm and came as hard as she could ever remember doing.  
  
Shortly after, the woman stood and grinned as she recovered her pleasure instrument from its seat inside of Jenny's rear.  
  
-You deserved that, sister. Stay strong! she said, wiping someone's cum from her face.  
  
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In the final minutes of her hour's sentence of "supervised confinement, rear exposure", Jenny serviced an older man in a suit, who simply unzipped to retrieve his erect cock before sticking it directly up her ass, where he also subsequently ejaculated after a brief period of fucking and spanking her. He was followed by a pair of blue collar workers who mounted her gruntingly, the latter one with so little time to spare that he had to help himself to orgasm in order to finish before the hour was up. With the adjudicator having announced that only a minute remained, the man had initially ramped up the pace of his thrusting into her pussy, but shortly after simply pulled out to masturbate until the thick white strands of his load shot out over Jenny's sullied and much-objectified buttocks. Mere seconds later, the shrill whistle that had earlier signalled Jenny's impending debasement at the hands of the mob sounded out again, in a sign to all that the stripped and lashed woman that stood kneeling and naked in front of them, her body and few garments smeared with sweat and cum, had served her punishment under the laws of Public Justice.  
  
The change in atmosphere and attitude of the crowd was remarkable for one not accustomed to Public Justice. Noone was jeering any longer. Some began to taper off, the show apparently being over, while others stayed in now respectful silence. A few even approached to pay their respects to a fellow citizen that in their eyes had braved and accepted her punishment, suffered through it, and come out on the other side again a renewed woman, clean, her debt to society paid in full.  
  
Jenny didn't feel clean. She had fully lost count of the number of men that had had their way with her, and relieved themselves of their loads either inside of her orifices or over most of the lower half of her body. As the adjudicator unlocked the leather-wrapped cuffs that had restrained her wrists, she first sank down into Madeline's waiting arms, before pulling herself up to a sitting stance, still kneeling and rubbing her wrists as her shins were freed from the knee pad upon which she had been firmly contained for the past hour.  
  
Being able to move freely for the first time since her punishment had begun, Jenny reached back to rub her ass. The skin was still sore from the leather straps of the adjudicator, and to a lesser degree the im promptu spankings she had received from several of her enforcers. As she massaged her reddened skin, she also smeared the cum that lay splashed across her buttocks by multiple sources. Some of it had half-dried, other wads were still wet, warm and dripping along her ass and legs. Realizing that the last couple of loads shot inside of her were in fact still seeping out of her body, she acknowledged to herself the futility in trying to clean up on the spot, and decided instead to begin departing the scene, though in no greater haste than what would allow her to do so with dignity.  
  
Leaning on Madeline for initial support, Jenny stood. Her knees were aching after the long time she had spent on them. Ignoring the pain, Jenny stood tall and straight as she turned around to face what remained of the crowd. Showing no shame to the people who had watched her get lashed and repeatedly fucked over the course of the past sixty minutes, from the elevation of the penal station, Jenny towered over them in silence, her sweaty white shirt clinging to her full breasts, her neatly trimmed pussy with its impeccable landing strip in all its glory crowning her long, naked legs. Her tights and panties still a soggy mess at her feet, having been the final destination of much of the seed that had dribbled off of - and out of - her, Jenny made a point out of leaving them there as her eyes met those in attendance. Unflinching. Unafraid.  
  
-Well done, someone shouted.  
  
-Bravo, came another.  
  
As Jenny finally reached down to pull up her thongs and legwear, the black tights smearing and soaking her, their wetness mixing with the warmer cum still clinging to her soft skin, someone began to clap their hands. The applause spread as Jenny picked up her sweater, and supported by her old friend Madeline stepped down from the platform.

Making her way across the square to the lauds, encouraging cheers and reassuring thumps in her back, Jenny was pleased, pleased with herself despite everything. She had been publicly shamed, whipped, and fucked. She had had both her pussy and ass penetrated, stretched, and filled with seed by more men (and two women) than she could remember. She had faced all of this, naked and bound, on her knees in front of a watching crowd. And yet, she knew as they knew, that she had not been broken. She had overcome the challenge placed upon her, and she was walking away from it with her head held high, knowing she could face the same again and worse without fear.  
  
But more than that, the wet stickiness of countless men's semen that still soaked and chilled her thighs, crotch and firm ass while she walked away, had now also begun to warm her. Warm her, because the wealth of cum she had received reminded her of the most important lesson she had learned that day. Sex was power, and power was sex. And Jenny knew, without any doubt in her mind, that she would not always be the one on the receiving end.  
  
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