**Webslut Madison**

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**Webslut Madison Ch. 09**

Madison just stared at her computer screen. It was all she had been able to do ever since she got the message. She just sat and stared, and every now and then she would start to breathe heavily and shake only to look away and calm herself down before returning to read the message again. "This can't be happening," she thought. "I can't believe this is happening!"

It had been less than a month since she had posted the video of herself watching her dice roll video and waking around campus with her jeans unbuttoned and flashing discreetly. In that time, she had seen her videos posted all over the amateur porn community online. She was starting to gain a following, and although a simple web search for "Madison Holt" didn't seem to turn up much, tens of thousands of people had watched her videos. Some were leaving comments on them, saying she was a dumb slut and that she was going to be ruined and even giving her suggestions about what to do next.

Madison had become slightly more daring in her everyday attire, and crop tops had become the rule rather than the exception, although usually it was just a couple inches of her stomach peeking out from between her top and her jeans. But she was getting more looks, and she was enjoying it.

Madison was also looking and listening in case she happened to come across someone who had seen her online. However, to her relief and dismay at the same time, that had not happened yet. Of course she would not have minded if it was some random guy at a gas station or a mall or so forth, but she really didn't know if she was comfortable with her classmates knowing about her darkest desires for ruination. She continued to masturbate, almost daily, to her own self-humiliation, but she found as she always did that she got less and less of a rush out of what she had done as time went on.

Then she logged onto Facebook messenger and got the message. And on this morning, Madison's heart leapt into her throat as she read it over and over. It was so perfect, so surreal, and so horrible. She shook as she looked at the screen to read it yet again.

"Hello, Madison. I want to start by saying that I have been watching your videos and looking at the pictures you have posted for the last couple of weeks. I have to tell you, you are very arousing - exposing yourself and begging to be ruined and all of that.

Before I go any farther, please do not delete this message without reading it in its entirety. You probably get dozens of messages a day - guys wanting to go take you out, to talk dirty with you, to fuck you. This is not one of those messages. Keep reading and I will explain.

I have always fantasized about a girl wanting to be exposed, made famous, and ruined, all for her own sexual humiliation and ultimately, her own enjoyment and they enjoyment of all who watch her self-destructive behavior. I always thought the girls who seemingly wanted this either ultimately wanted the harsh reality of these situations to remain a fantasy, or they weren't real - they were middle aged men with fantasies similar to mine who were posing as a girl like you. I always wanted to do this to somebody, and now I have finally found a willing participant.

Let me explain. By willing, I don't mean you messaged me asking for this, and I don't mean that you will be 100% enthusiastic about going along with it now. When I say that you are a willing participant, I mean that you will now do exactly as I say, because the consequences of not doing so will be far worse than the consequences of following my instructions.

You have posted a good amount of humiliating nude content. You have begged to be ruined, and you have given m the information necessary to do this. Your Facebook profile was easy to find once I knew your name, city, and appearance. And now I have more information about you than I thought possible.

I do have to say, I'm surprised you are real. But there you are, with your family at Christmas last year, on vacation at Sanibel, basically the last four years or so if your life there for me to peruse - and anyone else who has seen you nude and cares to look you up. I expected something else - I expected you to be a fake or a flake - but no, you are real.

Anyway, I now know who your parents are. I know who your closest friends are. I know who your professors are and who the dean of the college of education at the U. Of Naperville is. I know where you have checked in, I know about what times you have class. If this sounds a little freaky, don't panic - it's designed to show you just what I can find and just what I can do if you do not follow instructions.

So this is what I will do: I will give you tasks one at a time, requiring you to take pictures or videos of yourself. They will be humiliating, embarrassing, sexy, slutty, degrading, and perhaps even public. Some will be easy, and some will be difficult and risky. I will start you with an easy one to show that I really mean no harm, however, I not only want to watch your self-destruction, but also play a role in creating it. I will give you a deadline for each task. Finish the task by the deadline and I will give you another task and another deadline.

Easy tasks that you can do without leaving your apartment will not need much time - after all, if something takes about 20 minutes to complete, I'm sure you can find the time for that given a couple of days. More difficult, time consuming and more risky tasks will result in a longer deadline. After all, I am considerate, and I will consider the fact that you have other obligations and other things that need to be done when setting deadlines for you. I also know that a task should be done within a finite period of time, otherwise, procrastination or risk avoidance sets in and the task never gets done.

Keep doing the tasks and meeting deadlines, and sending the resultant pictures and videos, and those pictures and videos will be posted online and added to the growing collection of your material online. If you miss a deadline, and fail to message me immediately and BEG for an extension, I will select five random Facebook friends of yours and send them links to each and every naked picture and humiliating video of you that exists online. Why five? Well, it will be enough to make it worth your while to do exactly as you are told, every time, and it will be few enough to give you a second chance if you decide not to follow through.

Just think - five people, five of your friends, knowing about you posting videos, masturbating, having sex with another girl, begging to be exposed and ruined. Imagine five of your friends listening as you tell them what a slut you are. Imagine five of your friends looking as you beg for more. And imagine them telling more and more of your friends until most of the people in your life know all about you, and you see what I mean when I say that you are a willing participant because it is in your best interest to cooperate.

Oh, one other thing - before you go deactivating your Facebook or deleting your account thinking that I won't find you and that you can simply opt out of this - know that I have saved every one of your videos and pictures. Know that I have also saved links to the Facebook profiles of your entire list of Facebook friends, including your parents. If you delete or deactivate your account I will send links to ALL of your explicit content to all those people, starting with your parents.

So, the question is, will you play along, Madison? If you decide to play, and I think you will, your first task is a simple one.

All you will have to do is write "make me famous," "expose me," "Madison Holt," and "Naperville, IL" on your stomach with red lipstick or marker. Then do a short strip set photo shoot. One photo of you in a short crop top and shorts. Then take off your clothes one item at a time - top, shorts, bra and panties - and take one final picture of you, smiling, spread eagle, pointing to the words written on your body. E-mail the photos to me within 48 hours and await your next task.

I await your prompt reply."

"Wow," Madison thought, finishing the lengthy, detailed message for the dozenth or so time. "This is actually happening." She didn't know what to call it - she didn't really want to use the B word, blackmail, even if she knew that's really what the message was.

Madison sat in her chair and thought. "Well, could I get out of this?" She wondered. "Is there even a way?" She racked her brain in search of a loophole, a way to remain in control of what she posted, a way to avoid following along with the orders of her commander. Of course, there really wasn't an easy way out. "Do I really want out?" She wondered. After all, she did enjoy exposing herself, and the thought of writing those words on her body and shipping the photos into cyberspace was arousing to her.

"Do I want to do this?" She wondered aloud. She briefly thought of going to the authorities, asking for help and protection, but she knew that, first, she was likely to be outed if she did this. She also knew that the fun she was having would likely stop. She also briefly thought of just shutting down, refusing to reply, and telling her parents that she had been the target of a revenge porn scheme.

Clearly, that would not work either, especially since she had been so adamant in her videos that she be reposed and exposed everywhere, and since she had so deliberately shown the world how aroused it made her to risk having her life and reputation completely ruined by real name exposure. "You know, actually," Madison thought, "the task I have isn't really any worse than what I've already done."

Madison, as bubbly and immature as she could be sometimes, wasn't completely stupid. She knew in the back of her mind that she could be simply giving her commander more material to work with down the road, to keep the blackmail effect going and make it stronger over time. She also knew that the tasks could potentially get more extreme. But also knew that she was extremely aroused as she sat and read the message for what seemed like the hundredth time, and she knew that she would likely just have to do what she was told if she didn't want to face the consequences.

Still shaking, Madison rose from her seat and slowly approached her closet. She signed. "Why the fuck am I doing this," she said with a slight giggle. "I'm really going to be ruined one of these days." Madison opened the door and searched for her shortest shorts and her shortest crop top. "I guess that will be one hell of an orgasm when it actually happens," she said. She pulled out the shorts and top. "I know this seems sick," she thought, "but I think I want to keep this going as long as I can. The rush is awesome."

Madison shook her head, pausing for a moment. Even though she was totally exposed online, in just about every way she could imagine, she still had to stop and think for a minute before she could proceed. "Make me famous?" She asked herself. "Is that really what I want? To be famous for this?" Madison didn't answer. In a way, she was a little frightened at what the answer might be.

She kept going back to thinking about whether she had a choice in the matter or whether she was being forced as she almost mindlessly slipped off her cotton bra and slipped on a pink lace one. "Do I really want to keep showing off like this?" She wondered. "Or is this all just a good fantasy gone wrong?" She slipped on matching pink lace thong panties and began to search her lipstick drawer for an old lipstick she could use to write on her body.

Madison quickly stopped rummaging and closed the drawer. She placed her hands on the back of her desk chair and looked at her lingerie-clad body in the mirror. "For one thing, I can't fit all that on my body if I write it with a fat lipstick..." she thought. "For another thing - what happened to normal Madison?" She said aloud. "What happened to the normal girl who wanted to be a teacher and get married and have kids and a normal life and not be exposed for all to see on the internet like a cheap whore?"

Madison traced a line from her breasts to her navel with her finger. She pondered her fate for a moment. "I really am fucked," she said. "I begged for it, and then I got it." She dug in her desk drawer briefly and pulled out a red sharpie. "Well - God, I just can't help it," she said. "I really want more."

Madison pulled on her shorts after throwing her sharpie down on the bed. The shorts were a medium color of blue denim, and were frayed at the bottom hem. The top hem rested about three or four inches below her pierced bellybutton, and the shorts were cut high along the outsides of her thighs and showed a hint of her ass cheek along the side and back. She had only really ever worn them to parties and clubs on the somewhat rare occasion that she went.

"God, I love showing off in these," she said. Seeing her slutty body in those shorts only fueled the fire that was burning inside her, and she knew she was already too aroused to turn back. "God, I love being exposed like a filthy little slut!"

Madison pulled on a cream colored crop top. It was strappy in the front in the cleavage area, and it did a rather poor job hiding her pink bra straps. It was barely long enough to cover her tits and left almost her entire stomach exposed. "Do you like my outfit?" She asked the mirror. "Do you like it when I dress like a slut for you? I know I love showing off my body like this. And I love writing nasty stuff on my body and exposing myself like the filthy slut I am. I need to be a bigger - a bigger webslut."

Madison knew what she had to do. Grabbing the sharpie, she began to draw on her stomach, starting high, not too far below her tits. "M - a - k - e," Madison said aloud as she wrote the first word. "Make. Make me." She giggled a little at the thought, as if someone actually had to make her do anything. "You don't really have to make me. I want to do this," she said to her reflection.

"F-A-M-O-U-S," Madison said out loud as she wrote the word on her upper stomach. "Make me famous," she said. "Oh, my god, mmm-hmm," she said. She smiled at her reflection and the words on her body. She already felt a sensation between her legs, and it was the unmistakable sensation of a girl who was getting too aroused to stop herself.

"Expose me," Madison said out loud when she had finished writing the next line. "Yes, definitely. I want to be shown off all over like the slut I am. And I want everyone to know my name, and I want to be spread around and shown off. And speaking of my name," she said, trailing off as she picked up the marker again.

"Madison. Madison Holt," she said as she finished the next line. "Make me famous, expose me, Madison Holt." She then had a slight modification that she though let would make the pictures just a tad more slutty, and she added a dash just before her name as if the preceding words, "make me famous" and "expose me" were some sort of quote that she wanted to be attributed to herself and herself alone.

"I really do want to be exposed, exposed and made famous. I want my reputation ruined. I want to be a cheap slut, and I want my only value to be taking my clothes off and humiliating myself online and in public. I want to be treated like the cheap slut I am. And that's why I am going through with this." Madison leaned in to her mirror as she said these words, speaking to her reflection as if it were another part of her conscience that still needed convincing. In fact, seeing her scantily clad body in that mirror with those words only reinforced what Madison already knew - that she was a slut, that she did in fact love being exposed and humiliated, and that she was aroused by her own sluttishness.

Madison leaned into the mirror and kissed her reflection on the lips. "I wish I could blackmail myself," she thought. "I'd make me do a lot worse than this." She picked up the marker again and wrote "Naperville, IL below her bellybutton. "Maybe one day it will get worse, and I really will be famous." She had no idea what she would make herself do - go out in a skimpy bikini with writing on, go out and tell strangers what a slut she was and why, go to class wearing next to nothing - the ideas seemed endless but the reality was that she really hadn't been humiliated yet, only exposed and extremely aroused.

"There," said Madison. "Maybe when I send these and the guy realizes how much I love this, it will get worse. Or better. Or, like - more extreme," she thought. She picked up her phone and began to take the pictures, her arousal overriding any hint of reluctance she may have had.

Madison was aroused enough that, although she only had to take five pictures, she wound up taking more, wanting to show off more. She first posed with the words on her stomach visible to the camera between her top and shorts. Then, she reset the timer and took one from the side, one from the back, and one of her bending forward slightly, her ass cheeks peeking out of the shorts. "Yes," she said softly. "Go ahead. Make me famous, ohhhh, I need this!"

Madison faced the camera again and pulled her top up over her bra, holding on to it as the camera snapped again. She finished the job, tossing the top across the room before the camera snapped another picture.

Before the camera could flash again, she unbuttoned her shorts and let the camera capture her as she was about to pull them down. "Hmm," she thought. "This reminds me of walking across campus with my jeans unbuttoned." She smiled as she allowed her body to be photographed again before pulling off her shorts, tossing them aside.

Madison was now down to her pink bra and panties. She quickly took another picture, then another of her bra halfway off and her nipples spilling over the top of its cups. Then she smiled wide and held her bra in the air as she bent her hips and thrust her midriff, the words it contained describing her deepest desires, toward the camera embedded in her phone.

"God, yes, make me a slut!" She said softly. "And then make me a bigger slut. I need more! I need more exposure, I need to be passed around like a whore!" Madison peeled off her panties as the camera took another picture, then pointed to her stomach and smiled as yet another picture was snapped.

Madison sat on the bed, her legs dangling over the footboard. She spread her legs as wide as she could, opening her pussy and smiling wide. "God, this is going to be hot - having all those people see me, knowing I'm just a slut who wants to be famous for this!"

Madison laid back on the bed. She had no choice - she ached with desire. "Ohhh, yes," she moaned as she squeezed her left tit with her left hand and stroked her pussy with her right.

"Yes, please - please, make me famous. All of you. Make me famous for being a shown off webslut! Make me famous for wanting to be exposed. Make me the biggest webslut in the world!" She moaned as she forced two fingers inside her waiting hole.

"Ohhh, I'm such a fucking slut!" Madison moaned. "I'm a dirty, filthy, nasty slut! I'm too slutty to be a teacher! I'm too slutty to be anything! I don't want that anymore. I just want to be a shown off humiliated whore!"

Madison shoved two more fingers inside her cunt. She only paused long enough to pick up her phone and take a picture of her four fingers buried in her pussy. "Oh, fuck, yes, blackmail me! Make me reveal myself even more! Make me act like a slut in public and show everyone, ohhhhh! Make me a blackmailed stupid little slut! Ohhhhh!" Madison bucked her hips and practically rode her fingers as she achieved the organs she had been craving. She continued to moan, thrusting, sweating, reading the words on her stomach out loud as she fucked herself.

Soon after, Madison laid on her bed, the words on her stomach and the pictures on her phone virtually the only physical reminders of what had transpired. In the past, Madison had hesitated before sending or submitting the content that she had created. However, this time, there was no hesitation. She picked up her phone, attached the several pictures she had taken, and emailed them away in a flash.

"I've completed your task and can't wait for the next one! Kisses, Madison," she wrote. She then washed off her stomach, at least as well as she could, before putting on a pair of jeans and a low-cut sweater and heading to class.

It was only a couple of days later when Madison received her next assignment. "I know this is short notice, but I don't exactly care," the message began. "it's going to snow a few inches in your area in a couple of days. I want a video of you going out in the new fallen snow in your bikini and making snow angels. Then take off the bikini and do them nude. And make it a revealing two-piece, not one of those lousy full-bottomed, cleavage-covering lame excuses for a swimsuit. A shown off slut like you has to have something better than that."

"Hmmm," Madison thought. "That's actually a fun idea. And I actually don't have an issue with the bikini request. But how in the hell am I going to do that naked, in the daytime, outside, without being seen? For that matter, how am I going to get a decent video of that?" She wondered.

The answer to the second question was more obvious. The easiest thing to do would be to have a friend shoot the video while she pranced around like a slut and froze her tits off. But who? She first thought of Hannah, who had helped her expose herself more than once already. She wasn't too embarrassed to make this request of Hannah, and based on their past experiences that Hannah would likely be more than willing to help. But did that mean she would have to tell Hannah about the guy that was blackmailing her?

"No," Madison decided, "I can just tell her I got a sexy idea and I want her to help me out with it. I don't think I want to tell anyone - not even her - about this guy. It would totally freak her out!" She then realized, all of the sudden, that she didn't know who this guy was, didn't know whether she could trust him - didn't really even know if it was a "him" in the first place. He - assuming it was a he - had clearly used a fake Facebook profile to message her, and she had no idea who he was. But she also knew that she really didn't have a choice if he had meant anything that he said, and she actually found the idea of being ordered to further expose herself quite arousing.

Madison picked up her phone and messaged Hannah. "Hey girl! You want to hang out in a couple of days?"

"Ummm it's going to snow, so..." Hannah replied.

"So? I have an idea for that..."

"Oh, ok! But how are you going to get home?" Hannah inquired.

It was true, the girls lived about an hour apart. In fact, they had first met by chance when Madison traveled to a somewhat distant shopping mall to strut around in slutty clothes where nobody would know her.

"Maybe I could stay over?" Madison asked finally.

"Uhhh, sure!" Hannah replied. "Can't wait to hear your idea!"

Madison packed her bag that night, and two days later, which was a Saturday, she left in the mid morning just as snow started to fall. For the occasion, she wore a skimpy string bikini. The bikini was light green, except for the strings, which were white. It was the kind of bikini that barely had a string covering her asshole and about a two-inch-wide strip of fabric covering her pussy. Her breasts were barely covered by thin green triangles held up by thin white strings which tied behind her neck and back. Over the bikini, Madison wore a blue cropped sweater and a pair of tight jeans which left about four inches of her midriff exposed in between.

Madison couldn't help but rub her pussy through her jeans almost the entire drive, and at one point, on a particularly deserted stretch of road, she actually unbuttoned her jeans and slid two fingers into her pussy. "I'm a slut," she told herself, "and I'm going to go show off some more."

When she arrived at Hannah's apartment, Madison wasted no time telling Hannah about her plans.

"So, you know how I - like - I've been - I like to - to show off online and stuff?" Madison asked.

"Yeah, I mean - I've been noticing. You've gotten really daring lately!"

"Yeah, I know, I didn't know if you had seen -"

"Oh, I saw. The videos, you giving out your name - I mean, that was part of the deal, but why did you do it again?"

"Well, you saw the video. I got so turned on by like - by being exposed with my name, and by the risk, and by ruining my reputation that I couldn't help it."

"Wow, I mean, you didn't have to do it a second time. Do you realize how risky that is?"

"Yeah," said Madison, a little humiliated that even Hannah thought she was being stupid.

"And you are OK with that?" Hannah asked, surprised.

"Yeah, I - I am, actually," Madison said. "I mean, most of the time. Sometimes it seems like too much, like I know it's crazy and I feel like a slut but - yes, it's really what I want. I need it. It just makes me too horny, I can't stop. And I don't want to stop."

"Wow, I mean - that's really hot," was all Hannah could say. "As long as you are sure."

"I'm sure," Madison said, smiling. "Anyway, I had an idea - and it's actually probably less crazy than some of the other ones I've had. But I need your help."

"Okay, well, what is it?"

"Well you see these bikini straps hanging out of this sweater?"

"Yeah, I was wondering what was up with that - "

"Yeah, well, I was thinking, after it snows a few inches, we go out and make snow angels in our bikinis. I've heard of girls doing this before, but - I wanted to do it too."

"And you want me to go out there and freeze my ass off with you?!" Hannah replied with an unconvinced chuckle.

"Well, if you want. Or you could just film me doing it. That's why I needed your help - I want make a video."

"To post online?"

"Yes - and you know, I might decide to get a little crazy and take the bikini off. Maybe." Madison said with a wink.

"Ohhhh, I see where this is going," Hannah said. "Look, I'm not going to be making any videos of myself having sex with you or anything, okay? I mean, I'm just not - "

"No, I get it," said Madison. "That wasn't the plan anyway. Just me making snow angels, and you can join in if you want, but no videos of you, and then you can record me doing whatever crazy thing I do when I get horny out there."

"Okay, I mean - "

"Trust me, I'll make it worth it for you," Madison said seductively.

"Well, I can't say no to that," said Hannah with a flirty grin. The girls just now noticed that they had been gradually approaching one another and that Hannah's left hand had reached out to touch Madison's right as the girls almost leaned against the kitchen counter. The sensation drew Madison closer, and Hannah's right hand was soon lightly caressing the exposed portion of Madison's left side.

The girls leaned in close and both smiled seductively. Hannah's hand was soon planted firmly on Madison's bare skin, and the girls' lips connected. Hannah opened her mouth to allow Madison's tongue entrance, and soon the girls were rubbing their tongues together, mouths open wide. It was a rather long kiss, and Madison's right hand broke free from Hannah's hand and wrapped around Hannah's left side.

"Mmmm," Hannah moaned.

"Mmm-hmmm," Madison moaned back.

"You like that?" Madison said as the girls broke their kiss.

"Yes," said Hannah. "It's been a while since I kissed a girl. I forgot how amazing it feels."

"Me too," Madison said. "I have an idea - why don't you go put on a bikini just in case."

"I suppose I could do that," Hannah said with a flirty, false display of shyness. "Why don't you come to my room and help me pick one out?"

"I thought you'd never ask," Madison said, smiling at her friend.

The girls quickly headed to Hannah's room. It was a good thing they were home alone, as Hannah's parents has gone away for the weekend and her brother was staying on campus at his college. Hannah opened her dresser drawer and pulled out three bikinis to choose from.

"Hmm," said Madison. "You might have to try them on for me, I can't decide just by looking."

Hannah smiled and shook her head. "Are you just trying to get my clothes off?" She asked.

"No," said Madison, smiling back. "But it is an added bonus! Here, let me help you." The girls embraced and locked lips again as Madison reached under Hannah's t-shirt, making sure to graze her hands ever so slightly against her stomach as she did so, sending shivers down Hannah's spine. They stopped kissing only long enough for Madison to pull the shirt over Hannah's head.

"Here, want to help me with this?" Hannah asked, turning around so Madison had easy access to Hannah's bra clasp. Madison first placed her hands around Hannah's exposed waist before gently caressing Hannah's sides, giving Hannah goosebumps as she moved her hands to the clasp. In a flash, the bra was undone. Hannah moved her shoulders together, and the shoulder straps fell over her shoulders and her tits were freed from the cups as the bra slid down her arms.

Madison's gentle touch moved slowly around Hannah's sides, feeling every inch of the side of Hannah's breasts. At the same time, Hannah spun her head around slowly to the left as Madison placed her chin over Hannah's right shoulder and began to kiss her neck.

"Ohhhh," Hannah moaned. Madison began to nibble at the stretched skin of Hannah's neck as her cupped hands finally found Hannah's exposed nipples. The bra fell to the floor, and Hannah reached her left hand behind her to squeeze the exposed skin of Madison's left side.

Madison continued to run her fingers across Hannah's left breast as she moved her right hand lower, lower, into Hannah's navel and then back out, going down, down until she had reached the button of Hannah's jeans. Hannah nodded enthusiastically as Madison pulled at the button hole with her forefinger and thumb while she pushed at the button with her middle finger, forcing the button through the hole before pulling the zipper down to its lowest possible location.

Hannah spun around a half turn to her right. She placed her hands on Madison's exposed sides and pressed her bare breasts into Madison's covered ones. Madison wrapped her arms around Hannah, pulling her jeans down from behind as the girls locked lips again.

"Mmmm, mmm," Hannah moaned. She could not speak, Madison's tongue was as far into Hannah's mouth as she could get it. Hannah, overcome by arousal, sucked on Madison's tongue as Madison gently bit Hannah's upper lip. Madison moaned in delight.

Hannah's hands slowly rose up Madison's sides, bringing the hem of Madison's sweater along as she stopped every couple of inches to squeeze Madison's bare flesh before allowing her hands to continue their journey. Hannah became more aggressive with her kissing, forcing Madison's tongue back into her own mouth and forcing her own tongue in as well. Madison, not to be outdone, but down hard on Hannah's bottom lip.

"Mmm," Hannah moaned in excitement. She tugged gently upward on Madison's sweater to let her know that she was intent on removing it, and Madison obliged, giving Hannah's lip one more hard bite before breaking her mouth away and allowing her sweater to be lifted over her head. The girls looked into each others' eyes and smiled.

Hannah quickly pulled the thin fabric triangles covering Madison's breasts off to the side, exposing the bare flesh of Madison's nipples before gently grabbing her own tits and using her hands to flick her own nipples across Madison's.

Madison giggled. She smiled at Hannah before pushing her backward into her bed. Quickly, before Hannah could react, she pulled off Hannah's jeans by grabbing them at the ankles. The only clothing that remained on Hannah's body was her blue lace panties. Hannah smiled and giggled, having no objection whatsoever to Madison removing her clothes.

Madison leaned over Hannah as Hannah laid on the bed. She kissed Hannah's bellybutton and caressed her nipples with her hands. "Mmmm," Hannah moaned in response.

"You're even sexier than I remembered," Madison commented.

"And you're even more of a slut," Hannah replied as Madison slid her bare breasts up Hannah's midriff. Madison took Hannah's left breast into her mouth and sucked hard, eliciting a moan of heightened arousal from her friend. She looked up at Hannah seductively as she teased the nipple with her tongue.

"Come up here," Hannah whispered. Madison obliged, her nipples brushing Hannah's upper abdomen until they were almost even with Hannah's breasts, and began to suck the soft skin of Hannah's neck.

Hannah responded by reaching down, feeling Madison's bare sides as she went, until she had reached the button on Madison's jeans. She quickly unbuttoned and unzipped them, and Madison stood up only long enough to remove the jeans before crawling back on top of Hannah.

"Wow, you have such an amazing body," Hannah commented as Madison slid off her jeans leaving only her bikini bottoms and bikini top, which was still mis-adjusted so that her breasts were exposed.

Madison locked lips with Hannah as soon as she crawled on top of her. The girls' tongues connected and Hannah moaned. Madison had her knees placed at either side of Hannah's stomach, and her feet were curled underneath her legs as she straddled Hannah. Madison began to slightly hump Hannah in a way that the girls' nipples flicked against each other over and over as Hannah reached behind Madison's back and pulled on her bikini string, untying it before pulling it from between the girls and sending it onto the floor where it belonged.

"Let's get these off," Madison whispered as she stopped kissing Hannah and pulled down on her panties. "Enough of this foreplay. I need to eat your pussy." Hannah raised her hips as Madison pulled the panties down and, crawling off of Hannah, pulled them off.

Madison knelt at the bed as she grabbed Hannah's hips and pulled her closer, so that Hannah's knees were raised in the air and her feet were at the edge of the bed. Her legs spread, and her pussy was proudly displayed for Madison as she looked up at Hannah and gave it a long, slow lick.

"Ohhhhh, god," Hannah moaned. This only aroused Madison more.

"You remember how much I like dirty talk, right?" Madison asked.

"Yes - believe me, I know - I've been watching your videos too," Hannah replied.

"Good. Do you want to talk dirty to me while I eat your pussy?"

"Mmmhmm," Hannah replied as Madison gave her pussy another good, long, but rough lick from bottom to top.

"And call me a slut? And degrade me?"

"Mmmhmm. And -" Madison gave Hannah's pussy another rough tonguing as Hannah moaned. "And tell you what I really think of those videos," Hannah continued.

"Oh," yes, Hannah, I want to hear all about it while I eat your pussy," Madison whispered.

"Oh, god yes, eat my pussy you filthy slut!" Hannah whispered. "God, you turned into such a slut! Exposing your body, begging to be ruined, begging to be spread! Posting videos, telling everyone your name, ohhhh!"

"Yes, I did," Madison admitted as she took a short break from licking Hannah's pussy before plugging her tongue deep inside.

"Ohhhh, such a dumb little slut!" Hannah Mohamed loudly. "You're going to get what you want, slut! You're going to be famous. You're going to be ruined!"

"Mmmmm," Madison moaned in response, she sucked on Hannah's clit, driving her into a frenzy.

"Eat my pussy, you little show off slut! Ohhhh! Eat me! Ohhhh, you're way more of a whore than I thought you were, ohhhh!" Madison sucked deeply on Hannah's pussy as she heard those words.

"God, those videos - so - hot!" Hannah moaned. "Ohhhh, yes! I want you to do more, Madison! I want you - want you - ohhhh!" Hannah came hard and fast as Madison kept licking and sucking. Her legs began to quiver and her face flushed pink as her friend changed her rhythm from a hard suck back to a slow caress of her tongue against Hannah's pussy.

"Did you like that?" Madison asked, smiling.

"I always like that," Hannah replied. "Get up here and give me a taste." Madison complied, crawling into bed next to Hannah and kissing her deeply, allowing Hannah to taste her own juices and suck them from Madison's mouth. The girls embraced as they kissed, and Hannah barely calmed down from her orgasm through the next several minutes.

"I don't want to stop," Hannah said finally.

"Me either," said Madison. "But I have to pee. I had a long drive, you know." Madison got up, not bothering to put on any more clothes, and visited the restroom. Hannah was still lying on the bed when she returned.

"So, why don't we pick out a bikini for you?" Madison suggested. "We can start with this one." Madison held up a beige bikini. It was the style designed to look like underwear rather than a bikini, and so it was a little fuller in the ass and the breast area than Madison's, although it wasn't entirely boring. It was low cut, and there was about a one inch elastic band running around the back of the top, and the bottoms narrowed to about an inch and a half on the sides.

Hannah sat up and took the bikini from Madison. She stood up and slipped on the bottoms before pulling the top over her head.

"Hmmm," Madison said. "You do look good in a bikini," she said with a wink.

"Oh, thanks," Hannah said. "So do you." The girls kissed softly, Madison's still-bare breasts mashing against Hannah's bikini-clad ones.

"Okay, next one," Madison said. This time, she held up a black bikini with pink strings. "This one looks like it might be a little sexier." She helped Hannah out of her beige top and pulled down the bottoms as Hannah fastened the black and pink garment over her tits. She stepped into the black bottoms and pulled them up. They had pink rings at the sides, and were more full-bottomed than the last pair.

Madison, who was still crouching, began to caress Hannah's legs and tongue her bellybutton. Hannah moaned softly, not objecting to Madison's advances, but allowing herself to enjoy the sensation.

"I think the next one might be the winner," she said softly as she stood up. "Why don't you show me that one?" She sat on the bed, and Hannah thought for a moment.

Hannah slowly moved to the center of the room, squeezing her breasts as she stuck her ass out behind her and forced her breasts forward. She ran one hand down to her crotch as she spread her legs, feeling her pussy through the fabric. "Mmmm," she moaned. Madison smiled in delight.

Hannah raised her arms over her head, stretching her body as she stepped closer to Madison. She pulled the top string of her bikini, allowing the fabric to fall and her breasts to be exposed directly in front of Madison's face. She moved closer, pressing her breasts against Madison's face as she reached behind her and untied the bottom string of the bikini top and tossed the garment aside.

Hannah crawled on top of her friend, placing her knees to either side of her friend's ass. She leaned back, resting her shoulders on the floor as she held her ass against the edge of the bed and stretched her legs in the air. She then pulled off her bikini bottoms, spreading her legs to give Madison a wonderful view of her cunt as she pushed against the floor with her arms, gyrating her hips like a stripper as her pussy all but touched Madison's bare stomach.

"Wow, that's quite the show," Madison said, smiling.

Hannah giggled. "Just wait till you see what I do when we come back inside," she said. "Not the show itself - something else."

"I can't wait," Madison said as she watched her friend stand up. Hannah quickly put on the third bikini. It was teal, and had tiny strings and smaller pieces of fabric covering her most private areas. It wasn't quite as revealing as Madison's, but it was close.

"I think this is a winner," Madison said as she watched Hannah walk back and forth across the room, turning as if she were on a catwalk. "Nice ass. Yes, this is the one!"

"Okay," said Hannah. "But only because you insisted." Madison smiled before looking outside.

"Oh, wow," she said. "There's a lot of snow and only a couple hours of daylight left. I think we had better head out."

"Okay," said Hannah. She was already putting her jeans back on when Madison put on her bikini top. However, Madison just sat there rather than put on any more clothes. Instead, she reached into her bag and pulled out a pair of ankle boots and put those on as Hannah replaced her T-shirt.

"What are you doing?" Hannah asked. "You can't go outside like that!"

"Why not?"

"Because you'll freeze your ass off!"

"I'm going to freeze my ass off anyway," Madison said, laughing. "Besides, I kind of want to force myself to do it. For some reason the idea of making myself do that is - it's hot to me."

"Well I mean - you know we can't go out in the backyard, right?"

"Why not?"

"The neighbors! They'll tell my mom they saw me and a friend outside and - that will just be too many questions from my mom."

"So where are we going?"

"How about the park where we went last time?" Madison nodded her head in agreement.

"Still don't want to put on any more clothes?" Hannah asked after a moment.

"No. I already made up my mind about that," Madison replied with a seductive smile. "Can't let myself back out now. Besides, the car should be warm, eventually, right?"

Hannah shook her head and smiled. Moments later, Hannah had put on her shoes and she led a bikini-clad Madison Holt to her garage where the girls got into her car.

"Wow, okay, this is cold!" Madison exclaimed.

"Yeah, no shit," Hannah replied. Madison shivered as Hannah pulled the car out of the garage.

"Here," said Madison, handing Hannah her phone. "Might as well start recording now." Madison was still aroused by her time in the bedroom with Hannah, and she could not wait to get started on her next video adventure.

"Okay - just one thing- "

"What?"

"You're putting this online, right?"

"Yeah, why else would I be recording it?"

"Okay, just - don't mention my name. At all. Call me baby or whatever generic term you want, but my name will not be in this video. Okay?"

"Yes, baby," Madison said, smiling.

"It is so fucking cold," Madison said as soon as Hannah started recording. It was a good thing there wasn't much traffic on the road due to the snow, because Hannah had to repeatedly take her eyes off the road to make sure she was doing a good job of recording Madison.

"Yeah, well - why are you in a bikini in the middle of winter?"

"Because I'm a slut," Madison said. She smiled shyly at the camera.

"You're a slut?" Hannah asked.

"I'm a slut. Want to see?"

"See what?" Hannah asked.

"This," said Madison. She reached behind her neck and untied her bikini, allowing it to fall down and exposing her breasts to the camera. "See? I'm a slut!" Madison said laughing nervously. "And," she said as she touched her pussy through her bikini bottoms, "this is my first time flashing on video in public." That sentence was much more sultry than shy that way Madison said it.

"Okay, slut," Hannah said. "Why are you taking your clothes off in my car?"

"Because I - I'm a slut. I'm webslut Madison Holt, and I'm going to make a video for you today. The question you should have asked," said the highly aroused Madison, "is why am I not completely naked?"

"Okay, Madison. Why are you not completely naked?"

"I don't know, actually. Here, let me fix that!" Madison no sooner finished talking than she began to raise her ass off the car seat by applying pressure in her legs and shoulders, and she pulled off her bikini bottoms before ripping her top the rest of the way off. "There. Is that better?" Madison asked.

"Yeah, better until somebody sees you!" Hannah replied. There was a little hint of jealousy in her voice, wishing that she was the one naked in the passenger seat. There was another hint of nerves, as she was a little concerned what would happen if someone saw her friend nude. And finally, there was the biggest hint of all, the hint of Hannah excitedly, nervously egging Madison on, pushing her to dig herself deeper into her journey in sluthood.

"Maybe somebody will see me," Madison replied. "You want to know a secret? I actually think that would be really hot," Madison admitted.

"Well, here you go," replied Hannah. As Madison looked ahead, she saw a truck in the right lane, and Hannah was about to pass it. Only she didn't. She slowed down, pulling even with the cab, giving the driver a perfect vantage point to look down and see her friend. All of the sudden Hannah blew her horn.

"Spread those legs, slut!" Hannah barked. Madison did as she was told, placing her left foot, still in its ankle book, on the dashboard, and placing her right knee against the window, spreading her legs as far apart as the car would allow.

"Oh my god, this is hot!" Madison exclaimed. "I wonder if he has seen me yet?"

In response to this, Hannah pressed a button on her door, and Madison's window slowly disappeared inside its sheath. Just as soon as the window had vanished, the girls heard the trucker blow his horn in reply, and Madison knew that her body had been exposed to him.

It was intoxicating to Madison to expose herself to a stranger like this - on the road, in her friend's car, like the wild and free slut she was. She squeezed her breasts in his direction and looked up into the cab. She saw him give her a thumbs up sign, and she giggled. Turning back to the camera, she said, "See, I'm a slut. I like showing off."

"Yes, I can see that," said Hannah. Madison was freezing cold already, and Hannah quickly rolled up the window.

"God, it's cold, but I just can't bring myself to cover up," said Madison. "I'm too fucking horny!" She leaned her seat back and rested her left knee against the seat back, placing her left foot on the center console as she gave the camera a full frontal view of her shaved pussy.

The girls drove for several more minutes before they reached the park. There weren't many more people on the road, but those who were had a great opportunity to see a college girl showing off her body, if only for a split second. Thankfully for Madison, or perhaps not, when they arrived at the park it was deserted. Madison stepped out of the car wearing nothing but her ankle boots, standing outside in the freezing cold while Hannah turned the car off and came around to the other side to capture Madison's public display on video. It was only then that Madison put her bikini back on.

The girls walked up a small hill and briefly down a path not often traveled by park goers. It was there, near where the girls had made a public display the first time they had visited this park together, that a freezing cold Madison Holt turned to the camera.

"So, I'm going to make some snow angels for you," she said. "And, obviously, it's going to be really cold. But that's okay, because I like it. I mean, for some reason, the idea of forcing myself to freeze out here, and be uncomfortable in that way, is really turning me on."

"Okay, let's see," said Hannah.

Madison slowly laid down on her back in the snow, gasping softly when her ass touched the white powder. She smiled as she forced her backside into the fluffy snow. "Ooohhhh," she said, shivering. She laid down fully and stretched out her body before waving her arms up and down and her legs back and forth.

Madison stood up, moving to a slightly farther location to repeat the process again. As she did so, her body began to shiver uncontrollably. She laid down, less shocked by the cold now, as she was freezing anyway, and repeated the process again.

"Why don't - do you want to do one?" Madison asked Hannah. She looked up and saw an apprehensive look on Hannah's face.

"Umm," she said. I don't know. You look like you are frigid!"

"Come on," Madison said. "You do one and I'll do three more."

"Oh, okay, I guess I will," said Hannah. "But don't video my face, okay?" Madison nodded. She stood up, still shivering, and took the phone from Hannah. She filmed from Hannah's chest down as Hannah took off her coat, then her T-shirt, and finally her jeans.

"You're crazy," said Hannah. She was shivering before the snow even touched her body, holding her arms together in front of her.

"Hurry up, for the love of god!" Madison begged. She was starting to turn pink from the cold. Hannah obliged, shrieking as her ass hit the snow. She quickly waved her arms back and forth, then her legs, giggling as she went. She then stood up and put her jeans back on followed by her shirt and finally her coat. She was still cold when Madison handed her the phone again.

"Okay, you said three, right?" Asked Hannah.

"Yep," said Madison. She laid back down in a fresh patch of snow.

"What's your name?" Said Hannah.

"Madison Holt," came the reply. "Webslut Madison." She proceeded to make a third snow angel before doing something that Hannah perhaps anticipated, but did not expect. Madison sat up and untied her bikini top again, exposing her tits.

"You just can't keep your clothes on, can you?" Hannah asked.

"Why would I want to? I love to take my clothes off, it makes me more of a slut!" She got up again, lying down in a new spot, and raised her legs in the air. She pulled her bikini bottoms down over her feet and flung them into the snow. Hannah, not wanting to miss anything, moved closer for a better view, still holding Madison's phone.

"Ohhhhh, this is fucking cold," Madison said, laughing, as she completed another snow angel. "One more quick one," she said as she got up, took a few steps to her left, and sat down in a fresh patch of snow and began to repeat the process. When she was finished, she stood up and looked around as if there was something she was looking for.

Quickly, Madison picked up her bikini and hurried over to a nearby park bench. She sat down directly in the middle, praising her feet up and bending her knees slightly as she placed them on the ends of the bench. "Ohhhh, this - this being cold thing is really turning me on. Would I be crazy if I wanted a couple more minutes of forcing myself to freeze?" She asked.

"It's frigid out here! I actually have on clothes and I'm still cold!" Hannah replied. Madison responded by putting her bikini back on.

"I don't think that's going to help much," Hannah said.

"Oh, it will help make me cold, I mean." Madison was shivering visibly now. Hannah stood five or six feet away, and to her, Madison's shaking was clearly beyond all control. But then Madison started picking up snow from the bench.

"Isn't that just going to make it worse?" Hannah asked. Madison was grabbing her bikini top with one hand and pulling it away from her body, and stuffing snow inside it with the other. She did this to the right side and then the left.

"Y - yes - and making it worse is turning me on - which is - is making it - better," Madison replied. She couldn't tell if any of that made sense to Hannah or not.

"What a slut," right?" Hannah asked the camera as she kept recordng Madison. Madison picked up more snow, this time shoving it inside her bikini bottoms, shivering even more now. Of course, the bikini was so small that it didn't hold much snow, and Madison soon had to repeat the process.

"God, this makes me so - so turned on!" Madison said.

"You look uncomfortable, said Hannah.

"I am, but - that's what's doing it to me!" Madison slid her bikini bottoms to the side and showed her swollen pussy to the camera. Hannah, not wanting to be completely left out, suddenly picked up some snow and pressed it in between her fingers, forming a small snowball. She shoved the snowball up Madison's cunt.

"Ohhhhh, fuck, yes, fuck yes!" Madison shrieked. At that point she lost it completely. She grabbed a handful of snow and cupped it over her pussy, forcing it inside three fingers at a time. When she was done, Hannah had untied her bikini bottoms and pulled them out from underneath her. Madison then removed her top again, revealing bright pink breasts. Her entire body was covered in goosebumps.

"Here, let me help you with that," said Hannah. Madison began to pinch her own frozen, hard nipples and writhed in a combination of agony and the pleasure derived from that agony. Hannah grabbed more snow and tossed it on top of Madison's cunt. She began to finger her, making sure to force more snow inside her swollen cunt with each thrust, the camera capturing every second.

"You like that, you little slut?" Hannah asked. Madison's cunt was starting to spread open and Hannah took her fingers out and filmed it. It didn't completely close due to the snow that was building up inside. Hannah grabbed some more and began to force it inside.

"Oh, fuck yes! I love this, baby! I love freezing my pussy and tits on purpose! I love wearing nothing but a bikini in the middle of winter and taking it off! I love being a slut!"

"Do you like knowing this video is going online?" Hannah asked. "Knowing that millions of pervert guys will be watching you get fingered in the snow, acting like a little whore?"

"Oh, god yes! I can't wait to be - ohhhh, fuck me! Harder, baby, ohhhh I'm about to cum! I can't - wait for - this to - to be - ohhhhh - to be - posted - ohhhhhh, I can't wait to be - to be exposed more, ohhhh, I'M SUCH AN EXPOSED SLUT!" Madison was now screaming at the top of her lungs as Hannah fingered her, naked, in a snow-covered public park. Madison forgot for a moment about the cold as her pussy tensed around Hannah's hand and she came, hard, throbbing, sopping wet.

Madison practically rode Hannah's hand as she moaned over and over again. She did not care about the cold, and she did not care where she was. She needed this. Hannah chucked at the sight of her wanton, depraved slut of a friend.

"Here, if you are such a fucking slut, clean off my fingers!" Hannah commanded. "You made a sticky mess all over them!" With that, Hannah forced three of her fingers into Madison's mouth, forcing her head back. There was nothing Madison could do except open wide. Tears began to form in her eyes as Hannah repeatedly stuck her fingers all the way in, her fingertips nearly touching the back of Madison's throat. She made sultry gargling noises as Hannah forced her fingers in over and over again before pulling them partially out.

Farther south, so to speak, Madison's pussy was dripping water from the melting snow. It had not even come close to regaining its former shape and size, and the snow was acting as a wedge, forcing it to remain open. As Hannah finished cleaning her hand off in Madison's mouth, Madison was starting to realize how bone-chillingly cold she was. After all, she had been outside in weather that was a few degrees below freezing, either naked or in only a skimpy bikini, for almost a half hour.

"Ha-han-nah?" Asked Madison. "I'm fr- cold! Can we go?"

"Sure. I mean you were the one who wanted to stay so long in the first place," Hannah reminded her.

"Okay," Madison said. She stood up and began walking back toward the car.

"Madison, your clothes!" Said Hannah as she filmed her friend walking away bare-assed.

"I don't want it," she said. I don't deserve it." She continued on. Hannah picked it up and put the small garments in her coat pocket before catching up with her friend, filming her as she trudged through the snow in only her ankle boots. She walked slowly, frigid, until Hannah caught up with her and filmed her from the front.

"I'm a slut," Madison said. "Like, you don't even understand. I'm such a slut." They were almost to the car. Madison nose dived into the snow, almost in tears from the cold as she covered her body. She wanted, no, needed, to feel the punishing, frigid mess against her body before she could continue.

Finally satisfied that she had had enough, Madison picked herself up, stiff and sore from shivering, and stepped into Hannah's car.

Although she was completely nude except for her boots, it was a rather uneventful ride home for Madison. She was too cold to think, let alone talk. There weren't many people on the road, and Madison could have cared less if any of those few saw her. A couple minutes into the ride, Hannah asked Madison if she wanted her to finally turn off the video recorder. Madison shook her head no.

"Why?" Asked Hannah. Madison just shrugged. Hannah obliged, keeping the camera trained on her friend's nude body.

"Did you have fun out there today?" Hannah asked.

"Yeah, but - but I completely humiliated myself, didn't I?"

"Yeah, you kinda did," said Hannah. "It was hot though."

"Yeah," said Madison. "And now I have to post the video."

"Are you sure you don't want me to turn it off? You know, no need to make it any more humiliating, right?"

"No, leave it on."

"I mean, you don't technically HAVE to post it, if you don't want to, you know?"

"No, I do. I have to."

"I mean, maybe give it a couple days. Maybe you'll decide it's too far. Maybe you'll change your mind when you aren't so - "

"Turned on? No, I have to post it, and I have to do it tonight."

"Why?" Hannah asked.

"I just do." Madison could not tell Hannah that she was being blackmailed, and that she was being forced to post more Webslut Madison content. If she did, she was afraid Hannah would insist that they go to the police, and Madison wanted no part of that, not only because she was afraid of the consequences, but also because the whole situation was so arousing to her that she did not want it to end. She was also concerned that Hannah would not participate if she knew the full details of the situation.

The girls arrived back at Madison's house without much further conversation except that, when Hannah asked a third time if she could turn the video off, Madison finally agreed. Madison walked into Hannah's house having only marginally warmed up in the car, still wearing only her ankle boots. She sat on the couch while Hannah made coffee, and still made no effort to put on clothes, as cold as she was.

Hannah returned to find her friend spread eagle on the couch. She handed Madison a cup of coffee and st down next to her. "Here, you must be freezing," Hannah said. She gave Madison a kiss and wrapped her arms around her as Madison sipped her coffee.

The girls sat on the couch for several minutes, embracing without much conversation. Finally, it was Hannah that broke the silence.

"Are you still cold?" She asked. Madison nodded. "Maybe a hot bath would warm you up?" Madison nodded again, and Hannah took her hand and led her upstairs to the jacuzzi tub.

Hannah pulled off her T-shirt and jeans as Madison watched. She leaned in to kiss Madison as the tub filled. At first the kids was soft and sensual, but it evolved into Hannah forcefully nibbling and biting Madison's mouth until the tub was full.

"Get in, slut," she said with a smile. Madison obliged, and didn't even really react to the pet name Hannah used. Hannah soon followed. In a matter of moments the girls were wrapped in a warm embrace, heads poking above the top of the water, hands exploring each other's breasts. Hannah had to get Madison back in the mood for what she wanted to do next. She gently pulled on Madison's left nipple, eliciting a deep breath from her friend. Then, without warning, the gentle pull turned into a forceful pinch, causing Madison to moan loudly, and Hannah knew she had her.

Hannah continued to play with Madison's nipples as Madison soaped Hannah. Madison was seated toward the back of the tub, knees up and legs spread wide. Hannah was seated toward the front of the tub, near the drain, and was kneeling, leaning forward.

"Want me to wash you?" Hannah said with a wink.

"Sure," said Madison, smiling.

"You need it. You're a dirty girl!" Hannah said. Hannah opened a bottle of body wash and squirted some into her hand before rubbing Madison's shoulders, which were peeking out of the water. Then she moved on to her breasts, and then her abdomen, and then her legs. Madison sat, eyes closed, her breathing becoming heavier and heavier as Hannah's touch ignited her inside piece by piece.

Hannah soaped Madison's knees at the same time before running her hands up Madison's inner thigh, down under the water, farther up Madison's leg and farther underwater, until finally, Hannah's hands converged on Madison's pussy. Madison did not object in the slightest as Hannah slid two fingers inside.

"Ooohhhh," Madison moaned softly.

"I have to get the snow out of there," Hannah said with a chuckle.

"You're going to have to - to go deeper, for that," Madison whispered. "Fuck me like the nasty slut I am."

Hannah flicked the switch to start the water draining as she shoved three fingers inside Madison's pussy as far as they would go. The water aided her cause, and allowed her to slip a fourth finger inside with virtually no resistance. Soon Hannah was sliding her hand in and out of Madison's pussy up to her thumb.

"God, yes, fuck me! Fuck me! I'm such a dirty slut, taking your whole hand inside my cunt! Mmmm, yes!" Madison moaned loudly. She barely noticed that Hannah had reached behind her back and was giving herself a similar treatment.

With the water draining slowly, Hannah submerged her head in the water, licking Madison's clit as she moved her four fingers back and forth, back and forth. She could not hear Madison's moans of ecstasy as she came hard, but she knew when Madison tensed up and held her head down on her clit that she had done her job.

Hannah came up a little short of breath. "I always wanted to do that to you," she said with a smile at last. "So, do you want to take this to the bedroom?"

Madison didn't need to be asked twice. She stood up, neglecting to dry off as she stepped out of the tub. Hannah followed, and the two wet girls headed straight for Hannah's room, Hannah leading Madison by the hand.

"Get on the bed," Hannah said, "and spread your legs." Hannah faced Madison, crawling into bed, her feet near Madison's head as she lowered her pussy near Madison's. Hannah's right leg and foot was behind Madison's back, and Madison's left leg and foot were behind Hannah's.

"I want to feel your pussy grind against mine," Hannah said softly. She thrust hers forward, and sparks flew as the soft flesh of Hannah's engorged vulva connected with its counterpart between Madison's legs.

"Ohhhh, God," Madison moaned at Hannah.

"Yes! Yes, you like that don't you, you fucking slut!" Hannah said in return.

"Oh, fuck yes, I like that, I like - grinding our pussies together!"

"Yeah, and you like being a slut and showing off for everyone too, don't you?"

"Yes, and freezing my ass off, and - making snow angels and - ohhhh, god, Hannah!"

"You want to be even more exposed, don't you, slut?" Hannah continued to grind on Madison as she spoke. She grabbed Madison's left leg with her right hand, thrusting against her body as she used her left hand to pinch Madison's nipples, softly at first, but increasing in intensity in response to the feedback she was getting from her friend.

"Oh, yes! I want to be totally exposed, and recognized, and completely ruined, oh yes! Grind me Hannah! Grind me! Hannah, please - please do something for me baby - please? Promise me?"

The grinding between the two girls' bodies was getting ever more intense. It was less of a metronomic brush back and forth and more of a rhythmic rough hammering between the girls bodies, thrusting fast and hard together and pulling away a little more slowly, before thrusting fast and hard at each other again.

"What do you want me to promise you?" Hannah asked.

"Never let me stop, Hannah! I want you to help me expose myself and - make me famous and - get me recognized and ruin me, oh god, Hannah, please, ohhhh! Don't ever let me stop or take it back!"

"Oh god, you're such a slut!"

"I mean it, Hannah, I mean it!"

"I know you do, baby!"

"Then give it to me!"

"Are you sure?"

"I'm a whore, Hannah! A whore! I want to be ruined for real! Please Hannah, I'm a slut! I'M A SLUT!" Madison collapsed backward as Hannah slipped her fingers inside of Madison's pussy, sliding her body aside Madison's and giving Madison a deep, wet kiss as Madison came hard. She shook on the bed as she wrapped her arms around Hannah and held her tight. And it was a long time before the girls let go.

Madison waited until Hannah fell asleep, and as soon as she did, she picked up her phone. Without even watching it, Madison sent the rather long video to her blackmailer without a second thought, whoever and wherever he or she happened to be. She crawled into bed next to Hannah, both still naked. Madison smiled, wondering what her next task would be. She could only hope that it would be even more intense and even more rewarding than the last.

**Webslut Madison Ch. 10**

Madison stared blankly at her computer screen. She was wearing a pair of tight destroyed jeans and a t-shirt that she had quite literally cut in half so that almost her whole midriff was exposed. She never wore the shirt anywhere but to bed, but she did quite like sitting in her bedroom, looking at herself in the mirror, and thinking about how much of a slut she had become, even if nobody saw her in it.

"Well done, Madison," began the message from her blackmailer. "You really outdid yourself with that video. I knew it would be arousing, but you really went all out. You humiliated yourself far more than I instructed or even anticipated - I suppose there really isn't any stopping you when you get horny enough, is there?"

Madison read the message, looking for her next task. She had truly begun to accept that her fate was to be an exposed, humiliated webslut, shown off online for the world to see, with her real name and city, just waiting for her entire world to get turned upside down the instant she was recognized by someone she knew.

It wasn't mere acceptance, however. Madison was regretful at times about what she had become. In fact, most of the time when she wasn't aroused by her own behavior, she was humiliated and ashamed of herself. She sat in class wearing a slightly more revealing top than usual and felt ashamed. She ate lunch with her friends and sat there feeling regretful about what her life had turned into.

But, every time she thought about changing her ways, two things happened - first, she became fearful that her mystery blackmailer would really follow through with his threats. Second, she would eventually become so aroused that she couldn't help herself. She wanted more and she knew it. She was helpless to stop herself. And the more she began to accept it, the less she tried to overcome it. She knew she needed the addictive rush brought about by digging herself into an ever deeper hole, an ever expanding web of humiliation that could only end with her own ruination. And the more she felt that addictive rush, the more she craved it, regardless of the consequences.

Over the next several weeks, Madison completed several tasks. First, she had blindfolded herself and stood nude in front of her bedroom window for ten minutes. It was not the most difficult task except, of course, if anyone she knew happened by the window, it would have been quite embarrassing, although she would not have known, because her instructions were to make a video of it and not to remove the blindfold until she had waited ten minutes, masturbated to orgasm, and closed the curtains.

Of course, Madison filled the bulk of her several minutes of masturbation with dirty talk, begging out loud for any potential onlookers to call her a slut, watch her, humiliate her, and expose her.

After that, Madison had written "I will fuck anyone" in large letters on her stomach and worn fairly normal attire - jeans and a sweater that only gave a peek of her stomach and did not reveal the words written on her body - to a grocery store. She had been instructed to place her phone on one side of an aisle, raise he sweater to expose the writing, hold it for ten seconds, and replace her sweater. She did this, as instructed, at three locations in the store.

"I will fuck anyone," she told the camera. "I mean, I know it's not exactly true, but like - if someone saw me like this, I - it would be - I would die!" She continued, "And I would get off so hard." In fact, she got so horny she unbuttoned her jeans in the car and removed her sweater for the ride home, filming herself as she talked to the camera the entire time, occasionally flashing her nipples. She talked about how she needed this - needed the humiliation and exposure, how she needed to be a slut, how she thought in that moment that she really would fuck, literally, anyone.

Yet another task took Madison to the school library, where she sat in a short skirt and no panties and flashed the camera five times, for thirty seconds each, in between stacks of books before giving her breasts, with the words "public fucktoy" and "exposed slut" written on them, ten smacks each with a ruler. She repeated this five times as well before begging to be ruined and exposed once again, sending the video to her blackmailer immediately afterward.

And yet another time, Madison was instructed to go shopping with a butt plug shoved up her ass, which she did before masturbating in her car. The video, including her insertion of the plug in a mall restroom, was a half hour long.

Finally, warmer weather arrived, and with it, the moment Madison both feared and wished for - the moment when she would be instructed to engage in a humiliating video session in class.

"Hello again, Madison," the message began. "It's good to see that you have been keeping up with your task assignments so well. You have been doing so well, in fact, that I think I need to raise the difficulty a bit.

With that being said, your attire for this task will be as follows: a v-neck crop top, the hemline of which may be no longer than the point halfway between the bottom of your breasts and your bellybutton. The color does not matter. You will wear jeans, and they may be slightly high-waisted, but your pierced navel must be exposed along with at least two fingers' width below it. You may wear a cardigan or jacket but may not button, zip, or otherwise close it to obscure your midriff at any time. Your bra and shoes are your choice. Your ass will be plugged and I want video proof of this.

After you have dressed yourself as instructed, you will record yourself as you lift up the hem of the top and write the word "slut" in one inch letters, the bottoms of which shall be no more than the width of your pinky finger higher than the bottom hem of the top when it is in its ordinary position.

You will then attend class wearing this attire, with the word "slut" barely covered and your ass plugged. When you arrive in class, you will remove the cardigan/jacket and leave it off for the duration of the class. You will record yourself walking to class and removing the cardigan/jacket. You will excuse yourself during class to go to the restroom in the classroom building and masturbate to orgasm with the top raised to expose the writing on your body. You will record yourself as you exit the classroom, walk to the restroom, masturbate, and return to class.

Once you begin to masturbate, you cannot stop for any reason, including, but not limited to, the entrance of another person into the restroom. You may masturbate inside a stall. You must use the word "slut" out loud at least once per minute until you are finished. Once your class ends, your task is over, except that you must record yourself exiting the building.

Good luck, and I have no doubt that you will enjoy yourself."

Madison froze. "Oh my God - I can't do that!" She thought. "Go to class wearing - THAT? With slut written on my stomach? Barely covered? Holy shit, what if my top rides up? What if someone hears me? What if - shit, what if -" There were so many what ifs, Madison could hardly consider them all.

Madison legitimately did not know if she could bring herself to go through with it. She spent most of the rest of the day, when she wasn't busy with something else, dwelling on the task she had been commanded to perform. "This is crazy," she thought. "And the really crazy part is, I go to class and I sit there looking innocent, well - I mean, more innocent than I actually am, and - deep inside of me I know I'm exposed all over the internet, and I never really know who knows about me, but I try to keep it a secret from everyone."

She thought about what would happen if she went through with it. And, of course, she thought about what would happen if she didn't. She thought about the blackmailer, sitting behind his (or her) computer screen, sending links to the video proof of all of her filthiest exploits to her friends, maybe even her family.

Madison seriously considered messaging her blackmailer and begging him to reconsider. Perhaps she would offer to do something in private, but more extreme in other ways? Or she could offer to do something more humiliating, in a public place, but somewhere far away from campus where she would not be recognized. Somewhere where her professors, at least - the very people who would eventually be recommending her for a teaching job - would not see her dressing and acting like a trollop.

However, she also knew that she could likely pull off the task without being caught - it would be humiliating, sure, but if she acted carefully, she wouldn't expose the writing on her body or get caught masturbating. Finally, she knew that the idea, as crazy as it was, was arousing to her, and there was definitely a part of her that craved the risk she was taking for the sake of her own arousal. At last, she decided not to beg for another task.

"I'm really fucked," she thought as she sat and considered her predicament the following day. "Either I go to class dressed like a complete slut, risk my shirt riding up and everyone seeing the word slut written on my body, risk someone hearing me call myself a slut while I fuck myself in the school bathroom - or I risk having people I know find out all about me."

Of course, there was a part of Madison which was genuinely enjoying the situation, and that part was seemingly growing by he hour. Finally, two days after she received the message, she could not take it anymore.

"What if I - I just dress up and pretend," she said out loud. She already had on jeans that fit the blackmailer's orders, and she quickly went to her closet and pulled out a short, white crop top matching the remainder of the order, along with a long, olive green cardigan. In a matter of seconds, she pulled off her T-shirt and replaced it with the crop top.

"Slut," she said out loud as she grabbed a marker. Lifting up her top slightly, she meticulously scribbled the four letters onto her tanned flesh. She stood before her mirror and placed her arms behind her head, causing her shirt to ride up and the letters to become visible. "Slut," she continued, "what if someone sees me like this? What if I secretly want them to?"

At that moment, seeing herself dressed in that outfit, she knew there was no going back. "God, I'm fucked," she said out loud. "And the fucked up thing is, I actually want this. I actually want to be forced to do this. And I know that I'm just giving him more material to use, to force me to do even more, and God, I want that too. I asked for this and I got it and I want more."

Madison was so aroused it was all she could do to keep from ripping her jeans off and fucking herself right there. "I'm going to do it," she said, "whether I completely want to or not, I don't really have a choice. And that's exactly how I like it." Madison smiled at her reflection in the mirror. "I really am a slut."

Madison unbuttoned her jeans for added effect before sitting down on her bed. "God, I want to fuck myself right now," she thought. "But this will be so much better if I make myself wait - build up anticipation - and have the orgasm of my life in the school bathroom. God, am I fucking nuts or what? I actually hope somebody hears me - comes in - tells me I'm a nasty slut and forces me -"

Madison shook her head. She knew if she let these fantasies run rampant any longer, she really would be fucking herself in the next minute. "Tomorrow," she thought. "Tomorrow I wear this to class and make the video and do exactly as I have been told, and I do not cum until I'm in that bathroom." For one thing, she wanted the extreme rush that would be increased by not touching herself too soon. For another thing, she knew that she needed to cum quickly in that bathroom - the quicker the better, because the longer she remained in there, the likelier she was to get caught.

That night, Madison slept fitfully. She hasn't even bothered to wash the writing off her body, reasoning that the permanent marker would remain fresh on her skin the following day. She awoke almost hourly, pulling up her slightly longer, cropped T-shirt to look at the word on her body before going back to sleep, well aware of what she was about to do.

Finally, morning came. Madison carefully scrubbed off the writing in the shower, although it did not completely disappear. She made her way to the bedroom in only a towel, and after closing her door she threw the towel aside. She reached for her phone, and after sighing deeply, flicked on the camera and began recording.

Madison picked up a black bra and put it on. It was mainly lace, and it perfectly outlined her cleavage, slightly pressing her breasts together and leaving the flesh between her perky tits exposed. She then pulled out a medium sized silicone butt plug from her dresser drawer, watching in the mirror as she first lubed the plug and then carefully slid it into her ass.

"Oooh," she moaned softly as she forced the plug in until it came to rest in its natural position, with the bulb inside her rectum, which had tightened around the narrow bottleneck of the plug, and the wide, flat end of the plug pressed against her hole. "I can't believe I'm actually about to go to class with a plug in my ass," she said to the camera. "Just the thought of it is making me wet. I feel like such a slut."

Madison reached for a lace thong to match her bra. It was not much more than a string around her waist and a string between her legs, and it certainly did not hide the plug as it protruded from her ass. It was a little too tight, to the point that it must have been a little uncomfortable. She bent over, showing her ass to the camera. "See?" She said. "We my poor, slutty, plugged ass? I feel like such a whore wearing these panties with this plug."

Madison next reached for her jeans. In accordance with her instructions, they rose to about two inches below her navel, leaving her dangly piercing exposed. She pulled them on before turning her ass to the camera again. "Can you tell?" She asked. "I wonder if anyone will know I have the plug in? What do you think?" She turned her face to the camera and smiled.

The next step was to put the white crop top back on. Its hem was just a little higher than the midpoint of the line between the bottom of her breasts and her navel. Between the jeans and the top was about seven inches of Madison's exposed midriff.

"God, I look like such a slut in this," she said. She wheeled her desk chair in front of the camera and sat down. The back of the hair was to her left, and the camera was behind her. In that position, her top rode up in the back and her jeans rode down, virtually doubling the amount of exposed skin. "My whole fucking back is out," she moaned. "I really do look like a cheap slut. The whole class is going to think I'm a whore!"

Secretly, Madison was beginning to like the idea of going to class dressed like that, and of her classmates and professors thinking of her as nothing more than a slutty fuck toy. That secret would not remain a secret for long. Madison turned to the camera and smiled. "I actually like the idea. Like - there's a part of me that wants the whole class to think I'm a slut. To know what I am. I just hope they don't find out about me - like, being exposed - god, oh god, maybe I - maybe I just need to be ruined like that." Madison chucked, a little nervous and a little embarrassed, but highly aroused.

She stood up and lifted her top. Just above the bottom hem, Madison re-traced the mostly washed-off letters of the word "slut" with permanent marker.

"There. Slut." She said to the camera. "That's what I am. A slut." Madison raised her arms above her head, causing the shirt to ride up and the flesh bearing the humiliating inscription to be exposed to the camera. "God, I can't raise my arms - I can't raise my hand in class, or - or - well, let's just say - everyone can read this." The sudden realization that she could not so much as raise her hand in class without revealing her humiliating marking sent shivers down her spine. "How can I possibly keep this covered?!" She wondered to herself.

Madison lowered her arms and adjusted her top back to its natural position. She then shrugged her shoulders slightly, causing the bottom half of the word "slut" to appear from under the top. "Shit," she said to the camera. "I basically can't move my arms!" It might have only been half of the word, but it was enough for anyone with a brain to tell what it said.

Madison's heart raced. She was now fully aware that the slightest misstep, the wrong movement or body positioning would immediately reveal the word she had written on her own body - to her classmates as well as to her professor - and if she forgot for a split second and allowed that to happen, there would be no taking it back. She would be forever remembered as the girl who went to class in a revealing top with the word "slut" written on her exposed body.

She was nervous - she would have to mind her clothing the entire time she sat in class, lest she completely humiliate herself. As Madison stood there, looking at what she had done to herself, she started to become aroused. "What have I become?" She thought out loud. "I can't believe I'm actually wearing this top to class, let alone going with a plug in my ass and 'slut' written on my stomach, barely covered and at risk of coming out at any minute."

"God, it would be so hot if my top rode up and everybody saw it - just - the sheer humiliation would be incredible!" Madison admitted to the camera. "I mean, I'd be standing there, people pointing, turning red in the face, completely destroyed, and I don't think anything would turn me on more, oh, God, I'm so horny just thinking about it I mean I like - as much as I would like it, it would be horribly humiliating at the same time, and there's no way I'm going to let that happen, but - God! I mean, I'm front of strangers, fine, but - these are people I go to school with!"

Madison lifter her arms again. "I'm a slut," she told the camera. "See? Slut. I'm Madison Holt and I'm the class slut. God, I wish I could just let this happen, and stand there and raise my arms and announce what I am!"

"It's a hot fantasy," she continued, "but it would be so humiliating and embarrassing that I could never I mean, I like it but - not in class - that's why I'm showing you," she said to the camera. Slowly, she picked up the green cardigan and put it on. It didn't help her situation much, because she wasn't allowed to close it. It just focused the attention on the center of her stomach - where the letters would be if they peeked out.

Madison looked at the clock on her nightstand. It was just about time to go to class. She picked up her bag, which was of the brown leather one-shoulder variety, and picked up her phone. She took a deep breath. "I still can't believe I'm actually doing this," she said "Any of this." She tugged on the hem of her top and stepped slowly out from her bedroom. Her roommate was sitting on the couch and looked over at Madison as she exited her bedroom.

"What's up with your outfit?" She asked.

"Why what's wrong with it?"

"You're going to class dressed like you're going to a club or something," she said. "Is there a guy? In your class?"

"No," Madison said. "Just felt like finally breaking out of my comfort zone. How do I look?" She was careful to keep a hand near the bottom hem of her top, ready to tug on it at a moments notice, not wanting the word written on her body to become exposed.

"Well, honestly - you look sexy, but like a bit of a - you know - a bit slutty too."

"Thanks," Madison said awkwardly. She hurriedly left before her roommate could say anything more or notice the phone she was holding in her hand and using to record herself.

"I feel like such a slut," Madison told the camera once she was outside and out of earshot. "See? Slut." She lifted up her top briefly to show the writing to the camera. "I love feeling like a slut. And looking like a slut." Madison smiles at the camera. "I am a slut," she said. "A horny, exposed slut. I really hope nobody notices that I have slut written on my skin. Or my butt plug. But this outfit will draw attention and - knowing people are staring at me, knowing I could be exposed as a slut to my whole class today - God, it makes me want to touch myself."

Madison walked toward her class. She had readjusted her top so nobody could see the writing, and continued toward class, crossing the street. She felt vulnerable, knowing how she looked, knowing that she would have to sit through class with the cardigan off, knowing that it would be difficult to take it off without showing everyone the writing on her body, knowing that she would look like a trollop, and knowing that she was being forced into all of it - including masturbating in the bathroom. She knew she craved it, though, and knew that she wanted to be forced and compelled to do all of it.

Madison didn't say much the rest of the way. She was on time this time and there were too many people around. She wondered if anyone noticed the video and wondered what she was doing. And of course, she noticed eyes darting to and from the exposed skin between the left and right sides of her cardigan. She felt trapped and exposed, and wondered if anyone knew what she had written on her body - or what she had stuffed in her ass.

As she walked, the plug began to become more noticeable. She could feel its pressure inside her rectum as she took each step. As she approached her class, she knew she wasn't walking as she usually did. She was swaying her hips a little more and taking shorter steps with her feet a little farther apart, trying to stifle her arousal as well as the uncomfortable sensation of a long walk with her ass filled. She wondered if anyone noticed the difference in her gait.

"Okay, here goes," she said to the camera before entering the building. She quickly maneuvered into the lobby. A group of several guys standing in the center of the wide room seemed to feast their eyes on her body. A couple of girls walked by and gave her a disgusted look. "I feel like such a cheap little slut," she thought. "And that's good, that's what I deserve. Because that's what I am. I need this. I need to feel like a slut. I need to look like the class whore."

Madison stepped into the classroom. She could feel the conversation die as she walked in. Guys stopped mid-sentence, unable to focus their attention on the conversation they were having before they saw her outfit. "Oh my god, look!" She heard one girl exclaim to a friend. The friend turned and looked, and Madison could see the two whispering as she then turned away, and although she couldn't hear what they were saying, she knew it couldn't be nice.

Madison walked up the middle aisle of the classroom and approached her usual seat right in the center of the room. Oh, how she longed to just lift up her shirt and blurt out what she was, blurt out that she was exposed all over the internet, beg everyone to stare and to ultimately ruin her. She needed it. She craved it so badly. She desperately wanted to kneel on the floor and slide her jeans down, exposing her plugged ass to the room. She wanted to be pinned to the floor as she was forcibly stripped, teased, and tormented.

Madison's mind drifted away to a land of fantasy. There she was, nude, plugged, "slut" written on her stomach. She was lying on her back on the floor. Half the class had their phones out, taking pictures of her. A girl asked her how she expected to become a teacher when she acted like such a whore. "I don't - I won't - I want you all to ruin me," she said in her fantasy. "Ruin my reputation. Post those pictures online and tell everyone that I'm a worthless slut. I don't expect you to have any respect for me. Use me, please!"

A guy bent down and spat on her face. A girl took off her flip flop and rubbed her bare foot on Madison's cheek. Then, she felt something warm on her stomach. She looked up, and - oh my god! A guy had pulled his cock out and started pissing on her! What the fuck! Madison wasn't into that - or was she?! Now she could not be sure.

The thought of someone pissing on her, as humiliating as it was, was off-putting enough to snap her out of her fantasy world and bring her abruptly back to reality as she realized she had to bring her mind to a halt and fast. She quickly realized that she had been standing at the front of the class for several seconds, allowing the occupants of the room to have a much longer, lingering stare at her body than even she was comfortable giving, at least in this situation. Thankfully, she had at least absent-minded my kept tugging downward on her top as she stood there, at least she thought she had.

Madison walked to the third seat in the row. She felt like she was walking down a runway the way people stared at her. She reached the seat and saw Dan, the guy who always occupied the seat to her left. Madison placed her bag on the floor next to the seat. She didn't look at anyone at this point - she didnt want to see their reactions. She could feel their reactions, and that was enough for her to become immensely aroused.

"How's it going?" Asked Dan.

"Oh, uh - good, not bad," Madison replied as if she had awoken from some sort of stupor.

"Don't take this the wrong way, but you look really cute today," he said. Madison thanked him, blushing a little. Dan was about six feet, two inches tall. He was thin, probably weighing about 170 pounds, and Madison liked to imagine that he had a six-pack hidden somewhere under his polo. He had dark, curly hair that was neither long nor short, and he always seemed to have a five o'clock shadow. Madison thought he was cute, but had never tried anything with him.

At that moment Madison remembered that she had to take off her cardigan. Holding her top down with her left hand, she first placed her phone in her bag. She leaned it up against some of the contents of the bag so that the camera portion was sticking out and continued recording her every move from inside of the bag.

Madison then held her top with both hands as she shrugged her shoulders, trying to get the cardigan to fall off her shoulders and onto her arms on its own. It didn't work very well. She then tried holding her crop top with her right hand and pulling the cardigan off of her right shoulder with her left hand, by that didn't work either, because her right elbow was keeping her from pulling the cardigan off enough to let it fall off her arm on its own. It was somewhat of a spectacle, and people were starting to notice. Of course, all of this was an effort to keep the markings on her midriff hidden.

"What are you doing?" Dan asked with a snicker.

"Oh, um -" Madison began, a little embarrassed that he had noticed. "I'm trying to take this off, but I don't want my top riding up," she admitted. "It's a little revealing."

"Here, let me help you," he offered. Madison held the front of her crop top with her left hand and turned her back to Dan, offering him her right hand behind her back. He pulled the cardigan off her right shoulder and down her arm, finally removing it from the right side of her body altogether. She then held her top with her right hand and Dan repeated his actions on her left side.

"Thanks," Madison said nervously as Dan handed her the cardigan. "What do you think?"

"It looks cute," Dan replied.

"It's not too - you know, revealing - is it?"

"No, not at all," Dan lied. "It's cute - but I mean, it's not inappropriate or anything." Of course, Dan knew that it wasn't an appropriate outfit for a future teacher, but he was so excited to see a girl like Madison wear that outfit to class that he didn't dare do anything to discourage her.

Madison sat down in her chair. She was not comfortable at all. Her top rode up in he back, and she could feel the guy behind her locking on to her exposed flesh with his eyes and not letting go. She felt exposed. She knew she was being looked at, checked out by the guys and judged by the girls. She also could feel the plug pressing into her ass now that she was sitting down, and it not only became uncomfortable, but became arousing as well.

Madison tugged down on the front of her top again. The last thing she wanted was to expose "slut" to anyone - not here, anyway, and not now. She shifted her position in her seat, slouching to allow her skimpy top to cover more of her exposed midriff. The camera kept rolling, capturing the whole thing. Madison's heart began to race. Se knew what the next part of her task was. She took a deep breath, trying to keep her hands and thighs from shaking - she needed to appear composed in her class, and she didn't want to give away the fact that she was a nervous, horny mess inside.

The professor came in and started his lecture. He didn't even notice Madison's outfit, or if he did, he did his best not to stare or draw attention to it. It didn't matter. Madison could feel Dan sneaking glances t her exposed back and left side from his seat to her left. She tugged nervously on her top again. She looked to her right once to see a cute girl giving her a disgusting look, and the girl quickly turned away when Madison looked. And she knew the guy behind her, an overweight, slobby type, was piercing her back with his eyes. She wondered if her thong was exposed in the back, but she didn't dare check. Giving that guy an eyeful of her panties was the least of her worries.

She kept tugging on her top every minute it seemed as class went by. Madison realized that she wasn't paying the least bit of attention. She was becoming aroused like she had never been before. She could feel herself press her legs together, slouch her shoulders, and move one leg against the other in hopes of feeling something, anything, between her legs. She leaned forward, spreading her legs, trying to force the plug deeper into her ass. She needed this. She needed some sort of sensation that would add to her arousal.

Madison leaned back, tugging down on her top to keep the filthy scrawling covered. She looked over at Dan, who was now ogling her exposed midsection. She adjusted her top again, and could sense that he knew she was uncomfortable and began stealing glances at her as opposed to staring. Madison lifted her feet off the floor, again trying to shift the position of the plug in her ass ever so slightly. She spread her legs and then closed them again.

Finally, Madison couldn't take it anymore. It was time. She wasn't scared of what she was going to do anymore - she had become so aroused that she craved it. Quickly, she stood, bent down to pick up her bag, and threw it over her left shoulder with her left hand.

"Shit!" She thought. She had forgotten to make sure the word "slut" didn't pop out from under her top! That was a risky maneuver and she knew it. "Fuck! I hope it didn't - I hope nobody saw!" She felt like a tramp, a tease, and a trollop as she walked to the front of the class, took a hard right, and headed for the door. Every eye in the room focused on her as she marched her tight, exposed body to the door and left the room.

As soon as she was outside the classroom, Madison pulled her phone out of her bag and was once again talking to the camera. She looked around, looked back at the camera, and began.

"God, I - I'm not sure if - I hope nobody saw the writing on my stomach, I picked up my bag and - I think my top might have come up. I don't know - I hope nobody saw. But I guess if someone did, then I - then The whole class will know what I am. God, that is so hot, all those people knowing I'm a slut and knowing all about the fact that I'm exposed everywhere - forcing me to give them blowjobs to keep their mouths shut - God, I would really be a slut!"

Madison kept walking to the bathroom. "I really hope nobody saw it, though, I mean - it would be hot, and one of these days I really do want to be completely ruined but - I want to have a lot of fun first, you know? But I'm really not sure - someone could have seen it." Madison looked around to make sure nobody was in the vicinity. "Someone could have seen this," she said as she pulled her shirt up to expose the word "slut" as she walked through the hallway. "Hell, someone might see it now. They might see that I'm a slut, if they didn't already know based on my outfit.

"God, I love that too, just - being forced to dress up and up to class looking like a whore. All the guys were staring, the girls scowling - I want them all to fuck my ass, one after the other, tell me I'm a no good whore and I'm such a stupid slut for destroying myself online - and I want them to leave me there covered in their cum and post a video of them forcing me, forcing me to take their cocks and eat their pussies, forcing me to be a huge slut. And I want to be forced to wear even less to class than I did today. Forced. Please, please, someone do this to me. I want someone out there to literally ruin me."

Madison had reached the restroom. Thankfully, she hadn't encountered anyone on the way. She quickly entered a stall and threw down her bag. She hung her phone by a piece of string that she had run through the case ahead of time, by hooking the string to the coat hook on the back of the stall door. She wadded up some toilet paper and stuck it between the phone screen and the door so that the phone would tilt downward and capture her every move from the best angle - above.

Madison's shirt was still pulled up to expose the writing on her body as she quickly took her shoes off and then pulled her jeans off, putting her shoes back on only because of where she was. She turned her ass to the camera, bent over, and gave a show as she pulled down her thong. She pulled it off, over her shoes, and put it in her bag.

"I just wore a butt plug in class," she said as she spread her cheeks, giving the viewer a nice look in between them, before she straightened up and turned around. She smiled at the camera before continuing, "because I'm a filthy little slut. And I liked it, and it turned me on, and now I came here to fuck myself." With that, Madison slipped two fingers into her swollen, wet pussy, which might have been as wet as it had ever been. Madison could smell her pussy as soon as she took off her jeans, and it only made her feel like even more of a slut.

Madison sat down on the toilet and leaned back, spreading her legs and facing the camera. "Ohhhh, yes," she whispered at the camera. "What if someone comes in here, and catches me? Ohhhh God, please come in here and catch me. Make me do filthy things to keep you quiet, ohhhh yes!" Madison fantasized about a heavyset butch lesbian girl hearing her moan and kicking her way into the stall before forcing Madison to eat her pussy, leaving Madison a horny, slobbering mess on the floor before leaving as if nothing had happened.

"God, ohhhh, what if it's someone from my class? Oh god, I fucking want someone to - to fucking catch me! Fucking humiliate me! Fucking tell everyone I'm a dirty nasty filthy slut who wears butt plugs to class and writes "slut" on my stomach and goes to class dressed like a whore and likes it so much I leave and fuck myself in the school bathroom! Fucking tell everyone what a nasty slut I am! Humiliate me in front of my - my friends and make them see what all my dirty little secrets are! And tell them I'm exposed all over the internet and I can't help it anymore and I want to be ruined!"

Madison was now vigorously pounding her cunt with three fingers. Her hand slapped against her pussy loudly enough that she briefly wondered if it could be heard out in the hallway. And her left hand was wrapped under her left leg, occasionally reaching for the plug in her ass, pulling it out and shoving it back in again so she could feel the sensation of her ass being stretched as she fucked her pussy. "Mmmm, fuck, I'm such a slut!" She moaned loudly.

Madison quickly pulled her top off with her left hand only, remembering her instruction not to stop masturbating, and threw it in her bag, which was sitting on the floor. "Yes, mmmm," she moaned as she pressed a fourth finger into her pussy. "I'm webslut Madison, and I want you guys to watch me fuck myself and ruin me! Ohhhh, I'm not getting spread around fast enough! I need to be destroyed, to be ruined! Ruin my reputation and ruin my life! Please!"

Madison closed her eyes. Just then, she heard the unmistakable sound of someone opening the door and entering the bathroom. She opened her eyes wide, continuing to fuck herself slowly but forcefully as the girl took a stall two stalls down from her. "Oh, shit, I wonder if she knows I'm in here." Madison thought.

"Oh, god, this is so hot!" Madison mouthed to the camera. "I'm so fucking horny I just want to cum!" Madison closed her eyes and leaned her head back. She thrust her fingers back inside her pussy as she moved her hips forward to accept them. She allowed her fingers to escape her pussy before thrusting them in slowly again.

Knowing that there was another girl in the bathroom only made Madison that much more aroused. She removed her fingers and thrust them in again. She could now hear the girl urinating. Madison just couldn't take it anymore. She had reached the point that she did not have the will to hold back, her aroused state had won, it had taken her over one hundred percent and there was no return. "Ohhhh," Madison let out a soft moan.

"Hello? Is there someone in here?" Madison heard the girl say.

In her stall, Madison was no longer slowly thrusting. She had been busted, and to her amazement, she loved it. She moaned again as she thrust her fingers into her cunt again as she pulled the plug out of her ass and thrust it in hard. Fueled by desire, she was thrusting her fingers in and out forcefully, at a rate of about three thrusts back and forth each second. Her hand slapped against her labia, creating the unmistakable sound of sex.

"Umm, are you okay?" The girl asked.

"I'm fine, I just - I'm -"

"Are you - you know?"

"Yes, yes, yes! I'm fucking myself, I'm - I don't care - fuck! I'm a slut! I'm a slut fucking myself in the school bathroom, ohhh, can you hear me, I'm -"

"Oh my GOD!"

"Yes, yes, you fucking caught me, oh, God, I wanted this, OHHH I'M SUCH A FUCKING FILTHY SLUT!" YES! YES! FUCK! YES! Madison screamed loudly as she came. Her hips were rocking back and forth on the toilet seat. Her fingers were shoved sideways in her pussy as she went. "Fuck yes, stay and listen, I fucking love it!"

Madison had never been so humiliated in her life, and she had never been so aroused. She shook violently as she heard the toilet flush in the other stall. "Ohhhh, god, yes, that was a good one, ohhhh yes!"

"Did you just cum?" The girl asked.

"Yes, I did. God, was that good." Madison removed her fingers from her pussy at last and began to lick them clean for the camera.

"So do you, umm, do this often?" The girl asked. Madison was starting to worry that she wasn't going to leave.

"No, I mean - first time in a school bathroom."

"Yeah. You should try to do it in a more crowded place without anybody hearing you sometime. It's hard. Really hard, but hot."

"Oh, thanks," Madison said. She couldn't believe anyone would think of that, especially not the one girl who happened to come in while she was in the act.

"You know, come to think of it, I - I'm going to go do it in the main cafeteria bathroom. 12:30, next Wednesday. It's my favorite place because there are always a ton of girls coming in and out. You should come join me - either just listen, or do it too, up to you."

"Okay, maybe," Madison said.

"Here," the girl said as she stuck her hand under the stall door. She held out a twine bracelet with beads on it. "So I can find you if you decide to come."

"Thanks," Madison said. She was starting to calm down and her heart rate was returning to something moderately resembling normal. She picked up her panties and put them on as she heard the girl run water to wash her hands.

Madison then picked up her top and put it back on as she heard the girl remove a towel from the dispenser. And as Madison took off her shoes and pulled her jeans back on, she heard the girl exit the bathroom.

"Whew," Madison thought. "I thought she was going to hold me hostage in here until I came out." Madison picked up her phone and opened the stall door.

"Oh my god!" She said as she realized that she was face to face with the girl who had listened to her orgasm. "Shit, she heard everything! Oh, my god, this is so humiliating! I thought she left! This girl heard me beg for it, oh god, no!" Madison thought all at once. Her expression said it all - her eyes were wide, her mouth open, one hand over her mouth and the other pulling down on her top. Madison was mortified and, for some reason, aroused.

"Sorry, I - I just wanted to see what you looked like, that's all," said the girl. "You're like - way cuter than I would have thought."

"Yeah, you too," said Madison. She watched as the girl blushed. She was a little on the short side at maybe five feet, two inches. She was thin, blonde, and had palish skin. Her breasts were barely a B-cup, and she wore a mid-thigh skirt and an off-shoulder top that was cropped to expose about half an inch of her midriff. Her skirt was high waisted, and covered her navel.

"You weren't kidding," the girl went on. "You really are a slut. At least, you really look it. I can't believe you would wear that to class."

"Thanks," Madison said, blushing. "I - I like it - looking like a slut, I mean. It helps the whole - you know, this process," she said, pointing to the stall from which she had come.

"Yes it does."

"I'll see you on Wednesday," Madison said, smiling. "I have to go back to class."

Madison left the restroom, forgetting to wash her hands, and the girl followed her out. They went in different directions to Madison's relief, as she was starting to worry that the girl was going to try to figure out who she was so she could humiliate her further.

Madison walked back to class, careful to tug on her top to keep the word "slut" from coming out as she went. "Fuck, that was hot," she whispered to the camera. "That girl came in and caught me fucking myself and - god, she was cute! I can't wait to see her in a few days. God, that was humiliating! I am such a fucking slut and I want more!

Madison approached the door to her classroom. As she did so, she lifted her shirt up to show the camera, once again, the writing barely hidden by its threads. "I'm a slut," she whispered. "I want to go in there and walk to the front of the room and lift up my shirt and show them what I am, and then prove it to them by fucking myself in front of all of them while they ridicule me. God, I want to be exposed!" She said to the camera.

"But I really can't because - then the fun would stop," she said as she stuck her tongue out slightly and smiled, flirting with the camera. "The fun of knowing there is more humiliation out there and wanting it and knowing I will eventually be completely ruined in every imaginable way but not knowing when."

"Anyway, I have to get back to class," Madison said to the camera. She lowered her top, put the phone back into her bag, opened the door, and walked in.

Madison entered the classroom. Again, it seemed that every eye was on her body as she stepped toward the center of the room. She wondered if her face was still a little red, or if her clothes were maladjusted in some way that would give away what she had been up to. She tugged on her top again to keep from revealing what lay beneath it. She looked at the floor as she hurried, in her embarrassment, back to her seat.

Turning clockwise, Madison sat down in her seat. The plug shifted inside her ass. She leaned forward to ensure that the writing on her body was hidden, and in doing so, she no longer wondered if her thong peeled out of her jeans in the back. A quick swipe of her hand and she knew that it did, not that she really cared. Dan and the guy behind her, whatever his name was, could enjoy the view all they wanted as long as they didn't know what she had been doing or what was written on her body.

Madison felt Dan's gaze on her back and side. She shifted back in her seat, ashamed at her attire. That only caused the plug to dig into her ass, adding to her predicament. Madison felt like a cheap tramp. She shifted forward again, inviting Dan to resume stealing sideways glances at her, before shifting back again and noticing that his gaze had shifted to her pierced navel.

It didn't take much longer for Madison to give up trying to get comfortable. It just wasn't going to happen. Anyway, she was starting to feel the flames of arousal burning inside her again, and she stopped wanting to hide and started wanting her situation to be prolonged. When she reached that point, she continued to shift in her chair, but for the opposite reasons. She shifted back to give Dan a better view of her midriff and to feel the plug shift inside her ass, and she shifted forward to give the guys a better view of her exposed back and thong. One thing didn't change - she kept periodically tugging down on her top.

Finally, class was over. Madison stood up and looked around, taking in the eyes on her body one last time. She tugged on her top as she picked up her bag and slid it over her shoulder, walking out the door.

She had one destination in mind - her apartment, where she could finally remove the plug that had become a literal pain in her ass. She wondered if she was walking any differently as a result of its presence as she meandered through the building toward the exit. As she walked, she could feel guys looking at her body. She wished she could just pull up the top and announce what she was. "Fuck, I'm horny!" She thought to herself. It was too humiliating, though, to reveal her true self to a group of her classmates, as much as she desired nothing more.

Madison sat down on a bench outside. She picked up the phone, smiled at the camera, and blew a kiss before finally turning off the recording. This had been her longest video yet - just over an hour. She briefly considered taking the cardigan out of her bag and putting it on for the walk home, but then realized that if she was enough of a slut to sit through class without it, she could walk home without it too.

As she stood up, Madison suddenly noticed Dan approaching her. "Hey, Madison," she heard him say.

"Oh, hi, Dan. Umm, what did you think of class today?" She asked awkwardly.

"Oh, it was okay," he said. Madison could feel his gaze shift from her face to her exposed midriff and back again. Damn, it felt good to be looked at like that, to be ogled and checked out. She knew she looked like a living sex toy, and the way he looked at her was fueling the fire of arousal inside of her. She wanted more. All of the sudden, she couldn't take it anymore.

"So, Dan, what did you think of my outfit?" She asked.

"It's cute. It looks good on you."

"Cute?" She asked, puzzled. That really wasn't what she was going for.

"Okay, if I'm being honest - you look sexy. I like it."

"Thanks," she said She smiled at Dan nervously. "You don't think it's too - you know -"

"Revealing? No. I mean - no. It's sexy but not like - too slutty or anything." Dan shifted his gaze to Madison's midriff again. She loved it. She knew he was lying, and although she hoped he would tell her the truth, she was just satisfied she could draw attention to her body and get him to look again.

"I have a question though, actually, if you don't mind?" Dan said.

"Sure, ok, what is it?"

"Well, it's about your outfit. There's something I don't really understand."

"What do you mean?"

"Well I've seen girls - and you did it today - wear these outfits, these belly shirts, and then go out in public, whether it's class or the mall or the movies - and keep pulling down on the shirt. Like, you know - you put that on, you looked in the mirror, you knew what it looked like and you were okay with that. So why keep adjusting it like you're uncomfortable, you know?"

"Oh, yeah, I don't get that either," Madison said, feigning confusion.

"Like, make up your mind, you know? You either want to show your belly or you don't, so I mean - either just own it and enjoy it, or wear something that covers it, you know? So I guess my question is - why do girls do that? I mean, do you get out in public and change your mind about wanting to let it - for lack of a better way to put it - show off?"

"No," Madison replied. "And first of all, a lot of girls don't really do it to show off, like you said. Girls don't make sense. Most of the time they - we - are just trying to look better than our friends, as In, hotter. And sometimes we're just trying to be cute or flirty or trendy. But I - I actually do like showing it off a little." Madison blurted our this truth before she had a chance to stop herself. Realizing what she said, she was humiliated again, and becoming terribly horny. She had just admitted that she liked showing her body!

"Okay, then why pull on your shirt? You're doing it right now! I mean, do you like the idea of showing off and then see people staring and want to cover it up?"

"No, and - I almost never do this," she said, tugging on her top again. "I usually just show what the top shows, I'm not desperate to cover it up or anything, you know? I agree with you - in the sense that - if I was, I would wear something else."

"Okay, but then - why do you keep doing that?" Dan asked, giggling. "Like, it doesn't make any sense. What, do you have something under there you don't want anybody to see or something?"

Madison froze. "Did he see the writing?!" She wondered. Her heart leapt into her throat, and she could feel a rush of adrenaline as she felt more humiliated than she ever had before. She also felt more aroused. "That would be so hot if he saw," she thought. In a weird way, she started to hope that he did, if for no other reason than because she could go home and make herself cum harder than ever knowing that the cute guy next to her saw "slut" written on her body, and she had messed up and let him and now he would never see her as anything more than - well, a filthy slut.

"I mean, I just don't get it," he said. "It just seemed like there should be some sort of reason," Dan said, breaking Madison's train of thought.

"Maybe he didn't see?" thought Madison. "Damn, and that was - I wanted him to. I needed it. Well - well, fuck it. If he didn't see it before, he's going to see it now!" Madison could not believe what she was about to do.

"Hey, can you keep a secret?" Madison asked.

"Sure," sad Dan.

"This really isn't a sure kind of moment. I mean can you keep a secret and not tell a soul what I'm about to show you?"

"Yes, I won't tell anyone."

"Okay." Madison took Dan's arm and led him around a corner to the left, where large bushes obscured them from the view of people walking to and from class on the sidewalk.

She still could not believe that she was about to intentionally show him the writing on her stomach, but she was far too turned on to stop. She craved the humiliation, craved the embarrassment, and craved the feeling of knowing that he knew what she was and what she was for.

"I have something under my shirt," she said at last. "That's why I kept adjusting it."

"What is it?" Dan asked. Madison slowly lifted up her top, revealing the four letters that formed the word "slut."

"Slut," Dan said. His mouth was gaping open as he stood there in disbelief at what he saw. "You - it says 'slut' on your stomach." He smiled at her, still in shock. Madison held her top up for several seconds longer than she needed to to get her point across, and this time Dan's gaze did not leave her midriff area.

"Slut," Madison aid as she finally adjusted her top to cover it again. "It says slut." Her legs were beginning to twitch, losing strength due to the extreme level of arousal she felt as a result of what she had done. She was humiliated, and mortified, and yet - she had never felt so alive, or so aroused! She caught herself just before she started to touch her pussy through her jeans.

"I don't get it - why - I mean, did you do that yourself?" Dan asked.

"Mmmmhmmm," Madison said, smiling coyly. "Sure did."

"Damn," Dan said. "You really wanted to do it, then - but why? And why so close to - like - why not write it higher where it's easier to cover up?" Dan asked.

"Honestly," Madison explained, "I like the way it makes me feel. Like, the thrill of almost showing that to everyone in class - the thrill of wearing these clothes and drawing attention to it - and just, you know?" Madison stopped her explanation abruptly before Dan pressed for more.

"No, I really don't know - I mean, why is that a thrill? Isn't it - degrading?"

"Yes. And humiliating, and embarrassing - and just - shit, I didn't really want to get into this but I guess I have to now," Madison began. Her knees began to tremble in excitement as Dan coaxed out her confession. She was going to have to admit that she liked the humiliation, that she liked the degradation, and everything! And to her complete shock, she wanted it! She wanted to stand there and be humiliated in front of him, by him, and for him!

"So is it true?" Dan's question interrupted her train of thought.

"Is what true?"

"It says 'slut' on your stomach - are you really a slut?" Dan was just as aroused as Madison as he pried at her.

"I - I mean, not in the sense that I go around sleeping with everybody - I mean, I sleep with guys, but - I mean - I don't know how to say this, but - Dan, I like feeling like a slut. It really, really turns me on. And I like being degraded. I don't know why, but I crave it. And I like risking that someone might see it and I might be completely humiliated - I honestly get a sexual rush out of it."

"Wow. That's really hot," Dan admitted. "But - wouldn't the best way to feel like a slut be to actually be a slut?"

"I don't know, honestly," Madison admitted. "Usually I just go home and finger myself after I do something like this, but now..." Madison trailed off as Dan reached a hand out and touched the hem of her top. In doing so, he grazed his fingers against her stomach, sending chills down her spine.

"Let me see this again," Dan said, hinting that he was going to lift her top.

"Okay," Madison said with a smile. She stood motionless as he lifted her top and ran his fingers over the again- exposed letters on her upper stomach.

"Here, let me help you," she said as she lifted her arms above her head, lifting the hem up high enough that Dan didn't have to hold her top up to see it. "Do you like that?" She asked as he ran his fingers down the center of her stomach and back up to the hem of her top, which was how a couple inches higher than it had been previously.

"Slut," said Dan. Just hearing the word, come live out of his mouth, made her tingle.

"Slut," she said in reply. "I'm a slut," she whispered to him softly.

"You want to feel like more of a slut?" He asked as he continued to caress her stomach.

"Yes," Madison whispered.

"Want to make that statement come true?" he asked. "I want to make you into a slut for real. You want to feel like a slut, then act like one."

"And how would you do make it come true?" She asked in a flirtatious tone.

"I would take you back to my apartment and fuck you," he replied in a whisper.

"Okay," she said softly. Without another word, he took her hand and led her down the sidewalk as she pulled down on her top again. "Dan?" He looked over at her. "I'm a slut," she said. She smiled at him seductively.

"You sure do look like a slut in that outfit," he said, smiling back.

"Good. I hoped I would," Madison admitted. "I was hoping you would tell me that earlier, even if I can see why you didn't. Unlike knowing that I look like a slut."

"I like the fact that you like it."

Madison showed Dan her inscription again when nobody was looking. He continued to occasionally stroke her exposed skin softly. The sexual tension built higher and higher as the couple made their way to Dan's off-campus apartment. The plug was seriously grinding into Madison's ass during this walk. It was only turning her on more. She had decided by now to just leave it in, saving it as a special slutty surprise for Dan when he removed her jeans.

"This feels a little strange, doing this in the middle of the day, I have to admit," Dan said.

"What? Picking up some half-dressed chick and bringing her home?"

"Yeah - I mean, not that I do it often, but when I have, it's two in the morning and we're both a little tipsy."

"Yeah, same here. But I like this, like - we're going to hook up and I want it and I'm not doing it just because I'm drunk and emotional or something."

Finally, they reached Dan's apartment. He unlocked the door and led her inside, tossing his backpack in a corner before he took Madison's bag and gave it a similar treatment, but not before she took the permanent marker out and stuffed it into her jeans pocket. Dan kicked off his shoes and Madison followed suit.

In an instant, he had his arms wrapped around Madison's exposed midsection and back, kissing her deeply. Madison kissed back, wrapping her arms around his neck, feeling his hands on her back as he reached up the back of her top. Madison's mouth could not open any further and Dan's tongue could not get any farther in as Madison sucked softly on his tongue, and he sucked softly on her bottom lip.

"Mmmm, I want to see it... I want to see the word," Dan growled as he lifted up Madison's shirt. He felt her upper abdomen with his thumbs as he did so. Mmmmm, slut, that is so fucking hot!"

"Dan, I - I want you to talk dirty to me," Madison said, carting her pitch to speak in as sultry a manner as ever. "Like - don't just say slut to my stomach. I want you to call me a slut, and everything, and I want you to mean it too. I want to know you mean it and I want you to degrade me."

"Wow, Madison, you really are a dirty little slut asking for that," Dan replied. She lifted up her arms and he happily pulled the tiny top off over her head.

"Keep going," Madison whispered. "Make it sting. Make it humiliating. Make me regret this, and I'll get so turned on, I'll do whatever you want."

"I like the sound of that," said Dan. He lifted his arms after another short kiss, and Madison practically ripped his shirt off.

"Mmmm, I just knew you had a six pack under there!" Madison cooed. She pressed her stomach against his, at least as well as she could. It was really her middle abdomen grinding on his lower abdomen as they kissed again. She softly tugged on her bra strap to let him know that was a garment she was willing and ready to part with, and he obliged by reaching behind her back and unclasping it. She lowered her arms and backed up just enough to allow it to fall to the floor.

"Ohhhh, you fucking slut, these look amazing," Dan growled. He cupped each of Madison's breasts in one of his hands, feeling her already-hard nipples in the palms of his hands.

"Just so you know," Madison said after they kissed again, "when I get fucked, I like them pinched more than rubbed. Hard. Make it hurt a little," she whispered.

"You really are a nasty little slut, aren't you?" Asked Dan after another kiss.

"Mmmhmmm," Madison replied. "And I have a little surprise for you," she said. "Where's the bedroom?" Dan quickly led his topless conquest to his bedroom, wondering what sort of surprise might await him there. He was already having one hell of a day by any measure - was it going to get even better?

In the bedroom, Madison got down on her knees as soon as the door was closed. She kissed Dan's stomach softly as she unbuckled his belt and unsnapped and unzipped his jeans, pulling them off one leg at a time, leaving only his boxer shorts.

"Are you going to suck my cock, slut?" Dan asked assertively.

"Yes, this slut is going to suck you until you are rock hard," Madison replied. Dan looked down to see Madison pulling his cock out of the opening in his shorts and teasing the head with her tongue. He was already halfway there, having been especially aroused by the way Madison referred to herself as "this slut" as if she were a nameless, faceless set of holes for his use.

"Is this the surprise, slut?" He asked.

"No, the surprise is - better," she replied. With that, she opened wide and moved her head forward, allowing half of Dan's shaft to penetrate her willing mouth before closing her lips around his dick and beginning to suck.

"Ohhhh, fuck yes. Suck my cock you little slut!" Dan was starting to get a little more aggressive. The more he realized Madison was into it, the more comfortable he became doing as he liked - degrading her, ordering her, using her.

Madison looked up into his eyes as she sucked on his cock. She closed her lips around the latter half of his shaft as she pulled them backward toward the head. "Mmmm," she moaned. "Do you like the way this slut sucks your cock?" She asked submissively as she reached the end, moving her lips over the head and removing his cock from her mouth for just a moment.

"Ohhhh, fuck yes, and I - ohhh! I like the way you call yourself this slut!" Madison, instantly ignited by his response, forced her wife-open mouth over his shaft as far as it would go, taking it nearly all the way in, until his head poked her throat. Dan moaned loudly as she licked the bottom of his shaft, sucking vividly before pulling her lips over his head again.

"This slut likes doing it," she said. She took his cock and slapped herself in the cheek with it, then again. "Slap me with your cock and force it in," she said.

"Can you say please?" Dan asked, teasing her.

"Please, please, slap my face with your cock and force it in as far as it will go. This slut needs it!" Dan didn't need to hear anything more. He took his cock in his hand, slapping Madison hard on her left cheek. He repeated the motion again while Madison looked up at him, doe-eyed, and batted her eyelashes.

"Is that what you want, slut?" Dan asked. Madison moaned in approval as Dan grabbed the back of her head and forced his cock inside as far as it would go. He rammed her throat slowly at first, then thrust his cock into her mouth with unrelenting fury.

Dan pulled his cock out of her mouth. A long string of saliva and phlegm connected his cock with her mouth as he pulled it out and slapped her face again. "You actually fucking love this, don't you, slut?"

"Yes, please, don't stop" she begged. He slapped her face again before ramming his cock into her throat. Madison, overwhelmed by her arousal at being treated like such scum, slapped her own face on a whim as Dan thrust his cock into her mouth.

Dan didn't miss a beat. He forced his cock in and left it there, slapping Madison hard enough to bring tears to her eyes, "you little fucking slut," he said. "Who knew you were such a cock hungry little slut?"

Finally he removed his cock from her mouth. "I think you're ready for your surprise," she said. Madison stood up and leaned over the bed on all fours. "Im going to take off my jeans."

Madison supported her weight with her knees and shoulders as she unbuttoned her jeans. She reached behind her ass, looking back at Dan as well as she could as she slowly lowered her jeans beyond the globes of her ass cheeks. Dan, watching, suddenly saw the object protruding from Madison's ass and the sorry excuse for a piece of fabric in between.

"Oh, shit!" Dan exclaimed. "You - you have a butt plug shoved in your ass!" He smiled wide in his excitement as Madison looked behind her to see the expression on his face. "How long - I mean, did you have that in the whole time you were in class?"

"Yes, I did. I felt like such a slut sitting there in half a shirt and with slut written on me and with my ass plugged."

"Do - I mean, is this something you do a lot?" Dan asked.

"No, well - first time doing it in class," Madison replied.

"And you like that? I mean, wouldn't that be uncomfortable?"

"Yes, and yes - but it's a nice little constant reminder that I'm just a filthy little slut."

"Damn, you really are."

"Dan, I don't know what you're waiting for. Get over here and fuck me. Fuck my pussy while my ass is plugged!"

Dan needed no more encouragement. He dropped his boxers to the floor before flipping Madison onto her back and ripping off her jeans, tossing them next to her on the bed. She had her panties halfway off before he could reach them, and she lifted her legs into the air so that he could easily finish the job.

"Put that cock inside of me!" Madison said. She gasped as the tip of Dan's cock slid easily into her waiting, throbbing cunt.

"Fuck, you're wet," Dan said.

"Mmmhmm, I'm a wet little slut and I want you to fuck me hard." Dan slid his cock slowly inside of her before thrusting in and out, amazed at how wet she was. "That's it, use me, Dan. Use this little fuckslut hard!" Dan ran his hand over the writing in her stomach again. "Talk dirty to me. Tell me how filthy I am, tell me what a little whore I am for the way I acted today!" Madison begged. Dan could not take it anymore as he plunged deep into her pussy, thrusting mightily as Madison began to move her hips in rhythm, accepting his cock happily.

"Oh, fuck, Madison, you dirty fucking slut. I knew you were a nasty little fucking slut the minute you walked into that classroom. Who goes to class wearing half a shirt? Dumb fuckslut Madison, that's who. Why? Because you like looking like a slut for the whole class, don't you, bitch?"

"Oh, fuck! That's it, Dan! That's how you talk to a dirty fucking cunt like me! Yes! I wanted it! I wanted to look like a slut for the whole class today! I wanted to wear that tiny little too and show off my whole stomach!"

"And you wanted to sit in class with that plug shoved up your ass, reminding you every minute that you're just a nasty, needy fucking whore, didn't you?"

"Yes, yes! I shoved it up there! I walked to class in it! I wanted to feel like a dirty, nasty, filthy little bitch while I sat in class! Ohhhh, mmmm, I'm such a dirty fucking slut! Tell me what I am, Dan! Please tell me!"

"You're a dirty fucking cunt, Madison! You're the nastiest, sluttiest, dirty smut bitch I ever met! You wrote slut - ohhhh, fuck, you wrote it on your body and barely covered it up with your skimpy little outfit, and went to class! You fucking little cum dumpster!"

"You liked it, didn't you, Dan? You liked when I showed you what I wrote on my body? Well guess what? I - I liked it more. I wanted that. I needed it. And I fantasized about accidentally showing the whole class that I'm a slut! I want everyone to see next time, Dan, I want to be forced to show them!"

"You really want to be completely humiliated, don't you, slut?"

"Oh, yes, please!" Please do that to me! Please do that to this slut! This slut needs it!" Madison shouted as Dan throttled his cock into her pussy, pounding her furiously. All of the sudden, Madison pushed his abdomen, causing his cock to come out of her. She sat up.

"You really liked that, didn't you? The degrading writing?"

"Yes - that was the hottest thing I've ever seen - in that outfit - "

"Good, here," she said. She reached into her jeans, which were still st her side, and fished briefly into the pocket before pulling out the marker and tossing the jeans on the floor. "Mark me up, Dan. Write the most degrading shit you can think of. If you don't think it's too degrading, think of something nastier. Use me like a blank canvas while you fuck me."

"Fuck, you're a hot little slut!" Dan said. He thrust his cock back inside her as he ripped the cap off the marker with his teeth.

"Tell me what you're writing," Madison said, "it'll make it better."

Dan continued to thrust his cock in and out, in and out as he scrawled "dumb fuck toy" above her left breast. "What's it say," Madison asked.

"It says 'dumb fuck toy' you dumb fuck toy!" Dan sneered.

"Oooh, mmm, yes, I am just a dumb little fucktoy. Use me, Dan, use me!"

"Oooh, good one," Dan said. He picked a spot just under her right breast and wrote just that. "It says use me," he informed Madison.

"Oooh, yes, God, that's fucking hot! I like how it's coming from me, like - use me, fuck me! Humiliate and degrade me! Slap me! Cum in me!" Madison was getting exceptionally aroused now.

"Here," Dan said. He quickly wrote "slut" in huge letters about six inches tall right across her stomach. "Slut, and you can't cover it up with that flimsy top you had on earlier!"

"Ohhhh, fuck yes, make me show it off! I don't want to cover it up! I want everyone to know what I am!"

"And what are you?"

"I'm a dumb fuck toy! A slut! A cum dumpster! Ohhhh, yes!"

"Fuck me," Dan said after he pulled out briefly to write the letters just above her pussy.

"Ohhhh, yes! Fuck me! Fuck me like the slut I am! Ohhh!" Madison moaned loudly.

"Madison, ohh! You slut! You get off on being degraded, don't you, slut!"

"Yes, I fucking need it! Hurry, please, write something on my face - so I can't hide it, please, I'm about to cum!"

Dan held Madison's forehead down as he pounded her relentlessly. As he did so, he scrawled "cum" on the right side of her face, or his left as he looked at her. He then quickly wrote out "slut" on the opposite cheek, so that her face read "cumslut."

"That's it, ohhh! What's it say? Please tell me! I want to know what everyone's going to see when they look at me!"

"They're going to see a cum slut, Madison! You're a cum slut!"

"Ohhhhh, fuck me, fuck me, harder! Fuck me! Fuck I feel like such a whore! I'm a cum slut! Cum slut! Ohhhh!" Madison came hard, her legs shaving violently. She closed her eyes as she came so hard she thought she was going to black out. Her hands gripped Dan's bare sides, and her arms shook as she dug her fingernails into his flesh.

"Don't cum yet, please, don't cum yet!" Madison begged as she regained awareness. She had been lost in an orgasmic trance, barely aware of her own existence as her orgasm shook her entire soul. "I want you to cum all over my face," she said.

Madison grabbed the edge of the bed as she pulled herself forward. When her feet hit the floor, she allowed her knees to buckle underneath her until she was in a kneeling position with Dan's penis directly in front of her face. Madison grabbed it with her right hand, stroking it while she cupped his balls in her left hand. She flicked her tongue seductively across the head of his cock.

"I want you to cum on my face," she said. "Please, please give me that cum. I'm a dirty cum slut and I need your cum all over my face and then I'm going to taste it."

Madison took his cock, balls deep, into her throat once again. Dan slapped her in the face, twice on each side, before she slowly stroked his entire shaft with her lips from the balls to the head. She began stroking again with her right hand as she looked up into his eyes.

"Please, give this cum slut what I need! I crave your cum. I need cum! Please, please!"

Dan had heard enough. He couldn't take anymore, having held out as long as he could in hopes of giving her maximum pleasure, and in hopes of seeing how far he could get her to plumb the depths of her own degradation. He simply couldn't take any more and exploded with a loud grunt all over her face.

"Ohhh, yes!" Madison said with a giggle and a smile. "Mmmmm, that's what this slut needs! Mmmmm!" Madison continued smiling as he shot her in the face over and over again. The first couple of splatters hit her in the forehead, and the next several hit her nose and upper lip area before she wrapped her mouth around his cock, collecting the remainder on her tongue.

Madison briefly spit it out, allowing cum to collect on her chin. It was running down her cheeks and almost into her eyes. Dan had truly shot a heavy load.

"Take a picture," Madison said as she reached into her bag and handed Dan her phone, camera loaded and ready to go. "I want to have something to remember this by." Dan smiled and shook his head in disbelief as he snapped three photos of Madison, first of her smiling on her knees, cum and marker all over her face and more marker on her body. The next picture was a close up of her face, and the third was a picture of her, sitting on the bed, spread eagle, open for all to see, covered in humiliating markings and cum, the plug still protruding from her ass.

Madison took her phone back just long enough to switch the camera to video mode, start recording, and hand it back to Dan. When Dan looked back at her, he saw a smiling slut beginning to scoop the cum off her face, lick it off her fingers, and swallow.

"Mmmmm," she said. "I really like cum on my face. And I love swallowing it."

"Taste good, slut?"

"Mmmhmm," Madison replied. "And swallowing always makes me feel so slutty."

To Dan's amazement, Madison did not object at all as he kept recording her as she began sucking his cock again. "I'm a filthy little cum slut," she told him. "I want more. I'm going to suck until you're ready to go again"

"And then?"

"Well, then - you've had my pussy and my mouth. I want you to take that plug out and put it in my ass." With that, Madison was back on her knees, quickly progressing from a tease of the head of his dick with her tongue to forcing her mouth over his shaft as far as it would go, destroying her throat. Dan wasn't really even trying; Madison was doing it, deepthroating his cock virtually all on her own. She even stopped and looked up at him before slapping herself in the face and continuing again.

Madison was unbelievably horny. She was so horny that she wanted to be destroyed in every way possible. She wanted the humiliation, the degradation, the exposure. She even wanted a little pain. And most of all, she wanted the explosive orgasm that she knew would only come if she sank to previously unexplored depths of depravity.

"I fucking love sucking cock," Madison said. "I'm such a cheap little shown off, filthy cum whore." And she meant every word. She stood up, falling backwards onto the bed, and raised her legs in the air as she pulled the plug out of her ass. "I just wanted to get it nice and spread open for you. Put it in my ass, Dan. Take my ass. Hard. Make it hurt."

Dan did not have to be told twice. He shoved his hard cock directly up Madison's backdoor as she grabbed her ankles with her hands, spreading his ass for him.

"You like showing that body off, don't you, slut?"

"Yes, I - I love showing off my slutty little fucking body, I love - I love dressing like a whore in class! I love showing it to everyone! I love feeling exposed!"

"You want to be exposed, you little slut?"

"Yes! Dan! Please, I want to be exposed! And not just in class! Everywhere! I want to be shown off - ohhhhh, fuck! I want to show everyone! I want to be looked at like a stupid little bimbo slut! Yes! Ohhhhh I want to be exposed! I want everyone to see me - all of me!"

"You want everyone to see you, exposed, like a little slut? Is that what you want?"

"Yes, ohhhh, that's exactly - that's what I want! To be exposed like a dirty little slut!"

Madison's head began to drift off into a land of fantasy. She closed her eyes as she held her legs in the air, accepting the anal pounding that Dan was giving to her. The plug had loosened her ass in such a way that it was not all that difficult to take, but she could feel her body tense up with each thrust into her ass, only to relax again each time Dan's cock mostly exited her back door.

"Fuck yes, expose me!" Madison shouted in her fantasy. "Expose me, Dan! More than I already am!"

"And how exposed are you already, slut?"

Back in reality, Madison heard herself aid both the reality of being anally fucked and her erotic fantasy. "Dan, I - Dan, oh, yes! Fuck my ass! Fuck my ass while I tell you what a dirty girl I am!"

"How dirty of a girl are you, slut?"

"Can - can you keep another secret?" Madison asked in her fantasy.

"Yes, tell me, slut. Tell me now!" Dan said in her fantasy.

"I'm a dirty little fucking exposed, shown off slut, and I love showing my body off to everyone!" Madison said out loud. If Dan only knew what she meant.

"Fuck," Madison thought quickly to herself. How she wanted to shout in his face that her naked photos and videos were plastered on several open sites! Oh, if he only knew that she had begged to be exposed and s ad around and ruined! Madison, as aroused as she was, was actually toying with the idea of blurting it out! God, she would cum harder than ever! But she would risk him telling half the campus! Or her friends! Oh, what to do?

"I'm an exposed webslut! I'm - ohhhh, I'm - I've posed nude and my pictures are all over the internet! And videos! With my real name and everything! Oh, God, I'm such an exposed little whore! I want you to know! I want you to know how nasty I really am! I want you to know I'm just a worthless three holed slut who loves being shown off to everyone! Ohhhh!" Madison imagined that she told Dan everything as she felt an orgasm building.

Madison shook violently as Dan plunged his cock into her ass. Her eyes were still closed as she rocked her body back and forth. She could feel Dan pull out of her ass and shoot his load all over her cunt, all over her stomach as she endured an orgasm that paralyzed her from head to toe.

"Ohhh, Dan, cover me in your cum!" Madison begged, back in reality. "Cover me and take a picture!" Dan wasted no time doing as he was asked, as Madison smiled, the writing on her body glistening under a fresh coat of sweat and cum.

"God, that was fucking hot!" Madison said as Dan crawled onto the bed next to her. Neither one touched the other. They were both exhausted, sweaty, and pleased. Madison's Head swirled. She had come so close to completely humiliating herself! She had been so aroused - so ready to admit the truth about herself,, and about her online adventures, to someone she knew from school! To someone who could literally take her ruination to the next level, to make it reality!

Not long after, Madison and Dan exchanged numbers and Madison left. She walked back to her apartment without bothering to wash the writing off of her body. Dan had offered to walk her back, but after an afternoon as intense as the one she had just had, she really didn't feel like making awkward conversation while she made small talk with the classmate she had just hooked up with - and not only hooked up with, but engaged in raw, animalistic, degrading sex with!

Madison had to admit she even felt a little used as she walked back to her apartment. She just hadn't ever done anything quite like that before - well, sure, she had hooked up with a couple guys from school before. But she had never invited one of them to slap her face while she sucked his cock, and she had never allowed herself - no, invited herself - to be degraded and used. She had never quite acted like that much of a slut in front of a classmate.

Madison trembled a bit as she walked, using the cardigan to cover the not-so-subtle additions to her degrading scrawlings. "God, that was close," she thought. "I can't believe I almost told him - everything!" Madison began to worry that it was only a matter of time before she got so caught up in a tryst that she blurted out the reality of the depths of her sluthood, humiliating herself completely in a way that she could not reverse.

Is that what she wanted? She wondered if she really craved that sort of humiliation, to be recognized around campus as he girl who exposed herself online for all to see. The thought was definitely arousing, but was her sensible side enough to overcome her perverted craving? Madison was actually a little scared of what the answer might be.

Of course, Madison sent her blackmailer the video she made before and during class as soon she returned to her apartment. She then masturbated to another intense orgasm during which, once again, she seriously considered telling Dan (by text this time) that she was naked and exposed online, but once again, she came before she could bring herself to actually do it.

Dan sent Madison the short video and the few pictures he had taken that night. Madison told her that she wanted copies, but also told him to keep them. He was legitimately surprised that she was okay with him keeping them, telling her that they were humiliating and that she would be embarrassed if anyone she knew ever saw them, even by accident on his phone.

"Yes, I want you to keep them," she texted him.

"Are you sure? I mean that was a little intense. And degrading," he texted back.

"I know. I like knowing that you have them."

"Why?"

"Because. I like knowing that you can look at me whenever you want and I like knowing that someone else could see them."

"Is that something that you want? Other people seeing them?"

"It depends. It's a hot fantasy but in reality I would do quite a lot to keep you from showing them to the wrong person."

The conversation ended here for the night. "Does she mean - what would she do, exactly?" Dan wondered. "Who is the wrong person? And - does this mean she likes the idea of being forced to do things to keep these away from people?" Dan wondered. Based on everything he had seen so far that day, he thought she might like it. But, he was also afraid he would be crossing a line and pissing her off, and he was worried that would abruptly end their communication at best, and get him into serious trouble at worst.

In the end, Dan decided to drop it and merely fantasize about it. That worked until they saw each other in class a mere days later.

"Hi there," Madison said as she walked in.

"Hi," said Dan, smiling. "What's going on?"

"Just the usual," she replied with a smile.

Madison sat through most of the class worried that Dan had told someone about their tryst, about the words written on her body, and about the humiliating acts she had so willingly performed for him. Of course, she also knew that he had pictures and videos of her acting like a complete whore in his bedroom. However, she seemed to make it through class without anybody giving her any weird looks or making any comments.

"Whew," she thought as class went on. "Maybe he didn't tell anybody about anything." Her outfit that day was only mildly slutty, with just under two inches of her midriff exposed and none of her cleavage Her shorts were short but not ultra-short. This, she knew, might also contribute to her ability to blend into he class.

She kept looking at Dan, though, and every once in a while he would steal glances at her as well. Nothing happened, though. But as they were walking out of class, she sent Dan a text which was nothing more than a picture of her with the words "filthy cum whore" written on her stomach. "Under my shirt today" she texted him.

"Wow, that's hot. Too bad I have to work right now or I would be all over you."

"Yes that's way too bad :(" Madison texted back. She didn't hear anything from him for a few hours.

"I was watching the video we made. You really are a filthy cum whore," he said that evening.

"Thank you. I liked doing it. And now you can use that in other ways," she hinted.

"Like what?"

"Figure it out." She said.

"Like, i get the sense that you want me to show it to somebody or something like that. Is that why you keep saying you want to be shown off?"

"Please don't do that! Please, I can't have anyone I know finding out about this. Believe me, I would do anything to keep you from showing these to anyone."

"People you know?" He replied. "What about people you don't?" He was starting to get the sense that maybe she would rather be shown off to strangers.

"Like who?"

"Like random people online?"

"Please, Dan, oh my god! I can't have those online! I would be mortified! Please, you can't!" Madison feigned innocence as she teased him.

"Oh come on, you know you want to be shown off, you little slut!"

"I know I do, but please, don't! Not like this!"

"Then how?"

"I would do a lot of things to keep you from showing anyone at all, online or not. As in, for example, if you were to tell me to come over and suck your cock or you were going to show the pictures you took to people in our class..."

"Isn't that harassment or something? It seems a little dangerous. And hypothetically, if I said, that, what would you say?"

"It's only harassment if it's unwanted. And I would say two things. Hypothetically, I would beg you not to show them and ask you when you would like your cock sucked. And realistically, if you're going to blackmail someone, you don't ask for their permission first, you just do it. And before you chicken out, just know that I sort of like the idea. So if you are hypothetically thinking about doing something like this, just do it, but maybe make it a surprise or something."

The phones went silent at that point. Dan couldn't believe what Madison was telling him - she wanted it! He at last knew that. And Madison couldn't believe that she was actually encouraging Dan to kick their experience together up a notch. She wondered if he had the balls to actually do anything about it.

Madison didn't have to wait all that long. In fact, later that week, she arrived in class wearing a mid-thigh skirt with no parties, as Dan had instructed her to do or risk her pictures being sent to several members of their class. He had even shown her ext messages that he was ready to send to their classmates if she did not comply.

And Madison, completely, ridiculously aroused but wanting her endeavors to continue into the future rather than actually be exposed to the rest of her class, sat down in her usual seat next to Dan, turned toward him, and slightly spread her legs, giving him an unhindered view up her skirt, allowing him to see her pussy as well as the word "whore" which she had written just above it in tiny letters.

If only that had not been their last class session of the year. It is difficult to tell what Dan would have made her do next. Madison was set to graduate in less than a week, but she had informed Dan that she would be returning in the fall to work on post-graduate education in hopes of obtaining a masters degree on her way to becoming a licensed educator.

Madison masturbated that afternoon. She came hard thinking of Dan and all the ways she had opened herself up to him, both literally and figuratively. And she thought, as well, of her online blackmailer, and wondered what her next task would be. Whatever it was, she was ready for more.

**Webslut Madison Ch. 11**

"Very good, slut," read the first line of the message on Madison's computer. "You really enjoyed humiliating yourself in class like that, didn't you?"

Madison really had enjoyed it - all of it. She enjoyed showing off her body, she enjoyed revealing herself to Dan, and she enjoyed letting him fuck her brains out in the most degrading of ways. She also enjoyed wearing a skirt and no panties to class, and of course, she enjoyed a mutual masturbation session with a girl she had met only a week before - in the cafeteria bathroom, surrounded by girls going in and out constantly.

Madison was a little disappointed by one thing, however. She couldn't help but notice that none of the pictures and videos that she sent to her blackmailer ever seemed to be circulated around the internet - well, they were being posted, but she hadn't been spread around and ruined quite yet. There she was, literally begging strangers on the internet to ruin her reputation and destroy her life, to tell the whole world that she was nothing more than a worthless, exposed slut. Yet nobody had quite managed to do that.

When she wasn't sexually aroused, she was actually kind of relieved. She still had reservations about whether she wanted to be a truly exposed webslut. However, when she was turned on, there was no question in her mind what she wanted. And that was to open up her computer and see all of it - the pictures and the videos - of her at the library, standing at her window, going to class, telling the camera what a nasty slut she was - posted on every porn site she could find. She wanted to see degrading messages directed at her - and she wanted to find it all by simply googling her own name.

Thankfully, she had been having an easier time lately orgasming to the things she was actually doing - the standing at her window nude, getting fucked and degraded by Dan, showing him the body writing she had worn to class, barely covered by her skimpy outfit.

However, Madison wanted more, she fantasized about more exposure, and she knew it was just a matter of time before she opened up her computer again and begged her blackmailer to make it happen.

Madison spent the time before graduation doing things most college students do when they are preparing to graduate. Well, sort of. Madison had already decided to stick around campus for one more year and work toward a master's degree in education, as she had planned to become a teacher. So, she was not moving out of her apartment and she was not looking for work. But she was saying goodbye to friends, and helping other people load up to move to all sorts of far-off places.

And, of course, Madison completed the next task ordered to perform. She was ordered to go to her college graduation wearing only her gown with nothing underneath but some clothes pins on her labia, nipple clamps, and a butt plug - with the word "slut" written on her stomach in large letters - and walk across a stage and receive a college diploma in front of thousands of people, a degree that suggested that she was an educated, successful person - all with an outfit designed to make her feel like she had been spread around and ruined.

She had taken a video of herself in the restroom, unzipping the gown to show off what she had done to herself and what she wasn't wearing underneath. She rolled the camera as she walked out and sat down among the throng of fellow graduates. And then she walked across the stage with a huge smile as the clamps, which had been on for an hour that point, pinched her nipples with an intensity that did not make her wince in pain, but did not let her forget of their presence.

She smiled wide as she took her diploma, the plug digging into her ass as she received her four-year degree. And she felt sublimely exposed as the campus photographer snapped a picture of her, wearing nothing but her gown, smiling wide. Madison walked quickly back to her seat after the dean congratulated her, her thighs soaked in pussy juice.

The other part of her orders, however, were that she could not put on any additional clothing until she had returned to her apartment. She was allowed to remove the nipple clamps only, but was not permitted to wash the writing off her body or take the plug out until she returned home. Her blackmailer has agreed to allow her to remove the clothespins from her labia occasionally, under the condition that they must returned to her labia, perhaps in a slightly different position, within ten seconds, until she returned home. Madison had, in fact, taken advantage of this allowance twice during her ceremony, reaching subtly under her gown to reposition the pins just before she walked and after she returned to her seat.

"God, what if someone hears these clicking together while I walk?" Madison had fretted to herself as she prepared for her ceremony. It was a fear worth considering; however, when she was actually walking, the clicking was drowned out by applause. However, what most stunned Madison was what happened immediately after the ceremony.

"Madison, oh, congratulations! Your father and I are so proud of you!" Her mother had said.

"Yes, we are - in fact, we'd like to treat you to dinner," her father had replied.

"After we get a picture with our graduate in her gown, of course!" Her mother said excitedly.

"Shit!" Madison thought to herself. She now had not one new problem, but two. What if her parents wanted to have dinner now, as in without going back to her apartment? How would she keep her gown on and zipped the whole time without raising their suspicions? And perhaps worse, how would she make it through a picture without her clamps being discovered? They were thin clamps, and she had strategically pointed them toward the ground so as to not draw attention to them, but still, all it would take was one wrong move and an accidental brush of her body against one of her parents' hugging arms, and the cat was out of the bag.

"I - sure, but I need to pee first," Madison stammered quickly. She remembered her rules - the ceremony was over, and she was free to remove the clamps. At least that would solve one of her problems.

Madison quickly waded through a sea of fellow graduates and their parents, darting off to the bathroom before her parents could respond. She only briefly paused for a hug and a picture with one of her female classmates, and she wondered of the hug had given away the fact that she was wearing clamps, or the fact that she wasn't wearing anything else under her gown.

"God, that was fucking hot!" Madison thought to herself as she considered the possibilities. She really dreaded her parents finding out about her, but she had really gotten used to fantasizing about being exposed to friends and classmates. "I'd be such a mess," she continued to think as she walked. "God, I'm a filthy little slut!"

Madison entered the restroom and chose a stall away from the door. She sighed in relief as she closed the door, noticing that her hands were a little shaky from the rush. She slowly unzipped her gown, revealing her perky breasts, with their clamped, erect, tortured nipples a darker than usual shade of red. But she did not stop there. Madison continued to unzip her gown until she could clearly see the four letters that made up the word "slut," feeling that she deserved to be reminded of what she really was inside.

Madison didn't bother removing the clamps right away. Instead, she unzipped her gown a little more and softly stroked her pussy. "God, I'm fucking wet," she thought. It was true. Her juices, with nothing to hold them back, we're running down both legs, and the aroma of fresh pussy filled the stall as Madison collected her liquids with her hand, depositing them on her tongue.

"I'm a slut," she said out loud, hoping nobody in another stall could hear but perhaps fantasizing about the possibilities if someone did. She looked at the writing on her body again. "I deserve this," she continued. "To be humiliated and to suffer." Quickly, Madison ripped the clamps off her nipples, eliciting a wince that almost caused her to shriek. She doubled over, leaning against the toilet, mouth open, but accepting what she knew she deserved. Luckily, she was able to maintain her composure and avoid complete humiliation for the time being.

However, Madison was far too aroused to simply let herself off the hook now. She looked back down at the writing on her body. "I'm a slut," she told herself again. As she often did when she was horny, Madison soon began to have fantasies of deep and extreme humiliation.

"Mom - Dad - I - I know you're proud of me and all, but - I - I have to show you something," she said in her fantasy. They had just arrived at a restaurant, her parents quizzing her about why she wouldn't take off the graduation gown, when Madison couldn't take it anymore.

"What is it, honey?" Her dad asked.

"Well, I - umm - I" Madison stammered. She was so nervous she couldn't even get the words out. "I'm just going to show you," she said finally.

"Show us what?" Her mom asked, puzzled.

"I - I'm going to show you what - what I am," she replied. Her heart was pounding, racing really, and she knew there was no going back.

"What you are? I don't understand," her father replied. "What do you mean?"

"Well, the reason I - I wouldn't take off my gown, umm - like I said, I'm just going to -" Madison began. She felt her eyes close as she reached for the zipper on her gown. Already she felt like she was going to explode into orgasm, and her parents quite literally hadn't seen a thing yet. Slowly she pulled the zipper down, opening her eyes, locking eyes with her father as the zipper made it down just slightly below her breasts.

Her mom gasped. "Madison! You're naked under there!"

"Oh, that's it, makes sense now," her dad said. Obviously, he was referring to the fact that he had pieced together why Madison still had her gown on. "Must have been a prank or something," he thought to himself.

"Well, that's part of it," Madison said. She could feel herself about to start shaking from excitement and nerves, knowing what she was about to do. Her hand continued its journey down her body, the zipper being pulled along in tow.

"Madison, we get it, you don't have to take it off, we believe you!" Her mother scolded. "Come on, let's go. Zip that back up!"

"Wait," was all she could say. Her parents both turned to look at her. "Time to rip off the band-aid," she thought. She quickly, nervously pulled the zipper down below her navel, stopping to grab either side of her gown and spread it open. There, in front of the very people who had brought her into the world, Madison's breasts fell out of her gown, sore, red and erect from the clamps that she had been wearing for most of the morning. And farther down, glistening in the sun, was the very word that was the essence of who she had become: "slut."

"Madison, wha - why on earth would you do that?" Her father said, harshly this time. "Hello! Answer me! Why would you write that on yourself?"

"You shouldn't be proud of me, dad," she said. "I'm a slut."

"Wh -" her dad couldn't even speak. He turned away, throwing his hands up, not wanting to see what his daughter had become. He shook his head, turning back to her finally. "So what's the idea, you go show - that - to all the guys or something?" He said as he pointed at her still bare stomach. Madison's tits were still exposed for all to see, not that she cared. At this point, the humiliation was making her shake, and she was afraid she might have an orgasm just standing there.

"I'm a slut," she said again. "And I like it."

"What do you mean by "slut," her mother asked. "You had a couple of one night stands, or are you having orgies at a frat house?"

Madison did not respond, but just grabbed the zipper and continued pulling it down, knowing the clothespins on her pussy were next.

"Stop it, now!" Her mother ordered. Madison didn't listen.

"There's more," she said. Quickly, she unzipped her gown some more, pulling the bottom up until she could reach it without bending down, fully unzipping her gown and allowing it to fall to her sides. The clothespins, still attached to her engorged pussy, were now in plain view.

Madison did her best to contain her excitement. She also had to contain any reaction to the looks of utter bewilderment on her parents faces as she began to speak. "Dad, I - to answer your question, yes, I let all the guys see it," she said as she hung her head in shame. "But not - not like that, I don't - I usually don't just run up to them and start stripping, and I don't sleep with just anyone, either," she said, seeing her father's concerned look.

"So you're not really a slut?" Her mom said, hopefully.

"Oh, no," Madison said, her gaze meeting her mother's as she gladly accepted what she knew had been a long time coming. She had fantasized about this moment too many times. Madison already knew what she was going to say, having practiced her lines many times, sometimes before her high school teachers, her old friends, her college classmates, and yes - perhaps most often of all - her own parents, the people who would be humiliated almost as much as she would be by her ruination.

"I am definitely a slut. I -"

"What kind of slut are you?" Her mother asked.

"I am a webslut. An exhibitionist. I get off on showing off my body, and most of all, being and feeling humiliated for it. I actually - I don't know how else to say this - I'm naked all over the internet."

"Naked?" Her father chimes in. Completely naked?"

"Yes - well, I mean, yeah, but - not - not just naked. I humiliate myself. I beg to be passed around. I call myself webslut Madison Holt and I beg for my reputation to be ruined, and to be made famous, and - and I do it all for free because I love being a slut so much I can't stop myself and I know I'll never get a job because I'm all over the internet begging, using my real name, but I love it and I -"

All of the sudden, Madison's fantasy was cut short. As she flashed back to reality, she realized all of the sudden how real her fantasy had become. She had transported herself to such a far away land that she didn't even realize that, in reality, she was standing in a bathroom stall, wearing nothing but her graduation gown, with her left foot on the floor and her right rested on the toilet seat. She was twisting her nipples with her left hand and furiously fingering herself with her right and, although she had not reached orgasm, she was so close she didn't think she could stop herself.

"Madison, are you in here?" She heard. It was the voice, the one that had ripped her out of her fantasy land and found her agonizingly aroused in a bathroom stall, and it was none other than her mother's. "Fuck!" She thought to herself.

"Yes, I'll be right out!" Madison called as her mind raced. She hit her lip as she twisted the clothespins on her labor, extracting an additional jolt of pain to keep herself on edge just a few seconds longer as she paused ever so briefly before pressing the two opposite ends of her zipper together.

In that moment, she actually considered a couple of things that, had she not been aroused, she would have found vile and disgusting. First, she contemplated pressing the cold steel toilet flush handle into her pussy, pressing as far as it would go. But she would not stop there. She would create photo proof of her deed and post it, showing the world how filthy she really was before having a chance to take it back. She would beg to be humiliated and degraded for doing it, for forcing a germy, infected, uncomfortable piece of metal, filled with the filth of dozens or perhaps even hundreds of hands, into her most intimate cavity.

Second, Madison briefly considered pressing her body against the wall behind the toilet, pressing her lips to the tile backsplash as she began to make out with a reflection of herself in that tile that was so faint it was barely visible. She would think about the fact that she was kissing a bathroom wall, wondering if by chance some cute, dirty girl had run her tongue over that exact spot before, just as she was doing now. She would even wonder if a girl had - whether by purpose or mistake - splashed some saliva or urine over that spot, and she just happened to be wiping the last remnants up with her tongue. She would press her tongue hard against the tile, wanting to feel like a whore, wondering what it would feel like if Dan - or even her mystery blackmailer - forced her to lick a bathroom floor.

But Madison just shook her head, slightly disturbed that she would even think of such things in a moment where her mother was waiting just feet away. She looked at the word "slut" on her stomach one last time as she zipped her gown up, past the clothespins, past her sparkly, dangling bellybutton ring, past the degrading adjective she had been forced to write on her body to describe herself. She zipped it up past her sore, erect nipples, and finally brought the zipper to rest just below its highest possible point - high enough that nobody would suspect that she had no clothes on underneath, and low enough that it wouldn't look like she was hiding anything.

Madison took a deep breath before locking her juices off her fingers. She told herself that she needed to get the smell of her pussy off of her hand before she left, but deep inside, she knew it was a lame excuse. She would have done anything to taste a fresh pussy at that moment. It just made her even more aroused, and she briefly considered lifting up her gown and fingering herself all the way to orgasm before she shook her head.

Madison took a deep breath again. She needed to calm down, and wondered if the shaking she felt - the rush, knowing she was not only nude, but completely exposed for all she was under her gown - knowing she was a slut, knowing what she really craved - really, wondering if it was visible to anyone but her. She felt as if everyone could see right through her gown, knew what she was without even having to look or ask. Madison took yet another deep breath. She really just wanted to be fucked right there in the bathroom, she didn't care who did it. She wanted her hands up against the wall of the stall while her pinned pussy was fucked from behind, and then perhaps the guy would leave and Madison would just bend over and wait for a new fuck to take his place - one after the other, calling her a slut, inviting the next round in, until she was completely debased.

"God, what is wrong with me?" She thought. "I've had some sick fantasies, but damn! I am really horny today!" Madison shook her head again, sighed, and opens up the door to the stall. "I wonder what kind of trouble I'm about to get into," she thought to herself. As aroused as she was, she knew this day was going to lead to more humiliation of one sort or another, and part of her just couldn't wait. She knew she needed it.

"How long does it take you to pee?" Madison's dad asked scornfully as she and her mother approached.

"Oh, come on, now, she just graduated from college. I think you could be a little nicer to her today!" Madison's mother shot back at him. Slowly the trio walked toward the car, surrounded by other graduates and their families, all leaving the arena. The plug, still in Madison's ass, reminded her that even today, she was nothing more than a slut.

"I guess there's no point in going back to your apartment, right Madison? Her dad asked.

"Ummm," Madison said aloud as she thought. She tried thinking of an excuse to go back, as she knew that once she walked through that door, she was free to wash the writing off her body, to remove the plug from her ass, to take off the clothespins and to put on "normal" clothes - which at this point meant short shorts and some sort of mildly revealing crop top. Truthfully, though, she wasn't sure she even wanted to go back. The clothespins gnawed at her pussy as she walked. If they did nothing else, they kept her aroused, kept her on edge, and kept her secretly in the mood to be humiliated.

"Well, where do you want to go? We'll go anywhere you want," Madison's dad said finally as they reached the car. Madison still really hadn't thought about whether she truly wanted to go home first and dispense with the risk that she would be truly humiliated, let alone coming up with an excuse to do so.

Madison opened the back door of her parents' car and sat down. The plug shot into her ass, and without even thinking, the slut spread her legs and relaxed her sphincter, allowing the plug to press farther into her ass. She knew she deserved it as the clothespins squeezed her labia.

"Fuck, I'm a filthy little slut!" Madison thought to herself as she felt these sensations. She raised her right hand to her face, about to slap herself reflexively, when she remembered that her parents were there and would not have any idea why their smart, successful daughter would be slapping herself in the face. Slowly she dropped her hand to the side. "God, I don't deserve to go back," she thought. "I'm a little whore. I was made to suffer. and if I wind up totally humiliated, then I deserve it."

Madison reached her hand, instead, underneath her right buttock, which was closest to the door she had entered. Slowly, she lifted the back of her gown, bit by bit, until she could feel her bare ass. Thankfully, her deeds went unnoticed by her parents in the front seat, and the seat back and seat bottom covered up Madison's extracurriculars. Madison slowly pulled on the tip of her plug, feeling it slide past her sphincter as she quietly began to pull it out of her ass. However, after about an inch, she stopped, reversed direction, opened her sphincter and forced the plug slowly back inside her ass.

"Fuck me, I'm a filthy little slut," Madison thought to herself. "I don't deserve to go back home. I deserve to sit through dinner st a nice restaurant baked under my gown, plugged, and humiliated. I deserve to be fucking humiliated!" She reached her arm farther under her ass until she came to the clothespins still squeezing her labia.

Madison squeezed the clothespin on the left side, letting the blood flow into the pressed area and giving her a sensation of pain and pleasure that she probably should not have given to herself in her parents' car, at least not with them inside. She shuddered a little as she enjoyed the sensation, her mouth hanging open. "Fuck, I want this, ohhhh, fuck, I need this. Fucking humiliate me!" Madison thought to herself. She probably would have continued playing with her clothespins and plug until she was drooling in the backseat, but her mom snapped her out of it.

"Madison, is everything okay today?" Asked her mother.

"What?"

"Didn't you hear your father? Where do you want to eat?"

"Oh I, um - sorry," Madison stammered as she released the clothespin on her labia and moved on to the right side. Thankfully, her mother was seated directly in front of her and did not turn around. Her dad had started the car and had begun to drive, so his eyes were focused elsewhere. Neither of her parents had any clue what she was doing in the backseat.

"There's a really good new seafood place, it's - it's called - just turn right and it's about a mile down the road," Madison said. She had finally done it - she had assured that she would, in fact, be going to eat nude under her gown. She squeezed the clothespin on her right labia, feeling the pain and pleasure only for an instant before allowing it to snap closed on her pussy. Madison winced as she felt this, but she knew how much she needed it. She had never been so horny in her entire life.

Madison reached for her plug again. She pulled on it, pulling more of it out of her ass now. She wasn't sure if she had just become more comfortable with the fact that she was unlikely to get busted, or if her arousal was finally starting to drive her over the edge and make her act like a crazed, horny, worthless little slut.

"Fuck yeah," she thought to herself. She pulled the plug two inches out of her ass, and then rammed it back inside, hard. "Fuck, I'm a dirty little slut, naked under this gown, plugging my ass and making myself take it while my parents are right up there!"

Madison pulled the plug out again, a little farther this time. She extended her middle finger, forcing it into her asshole with the plug. "Yes, fuck, yes!" She thought to herself. "I need to take it even more up my ass! I need it! I need to be an even bigger slut!"

Madison forced the plug back into her ass before sliding her finger out. Slowly, she removed her hand from her gown and raised it to her face before checking to make sure her parents were not watching. Satisfied, Madison slowly licked her finger seductively, knowing where it had just been.

Of course, Madison had not nearly had enough, and the car was only halfway to its destination. Slowly, Madison pulled her gown with her left hand until she was no longer sitting on it. Her bare ass was now nestled against the bare car seat, and her gown was bunched up behind her low back. Madison reached her left hand under her gown, near her left hip, leaned back, and spread her legs.

"New rule, slut," she thought to herself. As she thought this, she imagines a somewhat older woman, bossing her around, telling her what her rules were, threatening complete humiliation if she did not comply. "Play with those clothespins until you get there. Don't cum, and no matter what, don't stop! Follow your rule, slut," Madison thought. The woman was now gone, and instead, it was Madison enforcing her rule because she craved it.

Quickly Madison flicked the clothespins attached to her labia, over and over, under her gown. Her pussy lips were pulled left and then right with each flick, giving her arousing sensations with each movement. Madison could feel her clit beginning to swell as her flicks became more forceful, turning into light swats as she continued.

"Fuck, you little slut! You know you want it! You know you deserve it! For all the shit you've posted online! For posting your nude pictures with your real name! For begging to be ruined and humiliated! You deserve it, slut, for dressing up like a whore and going to class and letting Dan completely degrade you and film it while y got fucked!" Madison swatted her clothespins a little harder as she thought about how much of a whore she had been, and how disappointed her parents would be if they knew a tenth of what she had done.

"We're here," her mom announced as the car pulled into the parking lot. It was probably the only thing that kept Madison from cumming in the backseat, as if she had continued for even a few more seconds, she would have been powerless to stop herself. She would have wanted it so badly that even the presence of her parents would not have stopped her. The car stopped in a parking space, and Madison stopped playing with her clothespins and her pussy. It was both what she needed more than anything, and what she dreaded most - she was spared total humiliation, but left dripping wet and unsatisfied.

"Madison, aren't you going to take off your gown?" Her mother asked as the family of three stepped outside the car almost simultaneously.

"Shit," thought Madison. Her mind began to play over all her fantasies from earlier that day, when she had been in the bathroom fingering herself. She knew she had to come up with a plan, not only a plan that would keep her humiliated and wet, and allow for more extreme scenarios to play out later, but also one that would keep her from just stripping herself down in the parking lot and confessing right there. As horny as she was, Madison actually found this difficult to do.

"What? Sorry," Madison asked her mother, buying some more time.

As her mother began to repeat herself, Madison's mind drifted away. "Fuck, I'm so horny!" She thought to herself. "But I seriously can't just do it - here- now - because as good as that would feel, it would all be over. I need to keep this going!"

Madison thought about texting Dan, telling him she was a slut and needed to be used. She thought about telling her blackmailer, whoever that was, to stop going so easy on her and to seriously ruin her, forever, for real. She knew she could get at least let if what she wanted if she did either of those things.

However, she also knew that either option would take something away from her relationship with Dan and her blackmailer - she would essentially be taking back some control of the relationship, asking for and begging for certain things. She didn't want that. She wanted to feel used and humiliated because that was what the other person wanted, not simply because she had begged for it. She wanted her consent to be used and blackmailed to be stretched until she regretted it, until she no longer wanted it - and then she wanted it to continue until there was no going back.

"I know!" Madison thought at last. "I'll send some of my pictures - the really humiliating ones - to random numbers. Five numbers." It was the text of that had given her the idea. If she wasn't going to send anything to Dan, or to her blackmailer, then she was going to send them to a random number and see what she got.

"Mom, I - no, I'm not," she finally responded to the question. "I'm just - I'm excited and I just graduated and I don't want to take it off," she lied.

"Oh, well you should be proud, sweetie, even if you don't want to admit it!" Madison's mother said with a big smile. "Okay, wear your gown! We are so proud of you too!"

As she walked behind her parents, Madison adjusted the plug in her ass. "Proud of your little cum slut, webslut of a daughter?" She thought. "You should be ashamed of me. I'm such a dirty fucking whore."

The trio made their way inside and sat at a corner table. Of course, as soon as she sat down, her plug shifted in her ass, and she was reminded again just how much of a filthy slut she was. She reached under the table and adjusted her clothespins again.

The conversation shifted to her parents' upcoming vacation to the Bahamas, and Madison's thoughts drifted away again. "God," she thought, "what would it feel like to be completely stripped naked in here - to just stand up and take off my gown and let everyone see what I am, to walk out - to try to walk out - ohhhh god!"

In her mind, Madison was forced back inside by a strong, strange man. Her ankles were bound to chair legs, she was tied to the chair back, and slapped across the face. "Tell them! All of them!"He shouted.

"I'm a slut! In webslut Madison Holt! Go look me up and ruin me!" She shouted, loud enough that the restaurant could hear.

Madison shook her head. She tore herself away from her fantasy long enough to nod along at some comments her parents were making. Looking down, she noticed the one article of clothing that she was wearing in addition to her gown - her high heels - had ankle buckled that were the perfect height for strapping to the thin chair legs.

She did not hesitate. Madison reached down without so much as looking around to see if anyone in the restaurant was watching. She unfastened the right ankle strap, wrapped it around the chair leg, pulled it as tight as she could, and fastened it again. There was barely enough room, and her ankle was pinched tight in between the strap and the chair leg. She couldn't move it at all, except that her ankle was fastened to the chair leg just above the brace connecting the front and back legs, and perhaps if she really made an effort, she could have slid her ankle up the chair leg.

Of course, she could not stop there. Madison quickly did the same to the other leg, then sat up and focused her attention back on the conversation. Luckily, her parents were both sitting across from her and, other than wondering why she had bent over a couple times, hadn't noticed a thing.

"Ohhhhh," yes, I'm a slut. All tied up to this chair, so anyone can use me," she thought.

"Come and take pictures of me," she shouted, back in her fantasy. "Madison Holt. That's my name. Cum on me. Use me. Fuck me. Please, do this! Please ruin me! Fuck me and then take pictures and show the whole world how much of a nasty slut I am! Ruin my life, ohhhh, please!"

Her fantasy fast forwarded several minutes. She had blown two guys and fucked another, and had cum on her face and stomach. "Webslut" was scrawled on her face, and "Madison Holt" was on her tits. The same big guy stood over her taking pictures.

"Please, sir, please?"

"Please, what?" He asked.

"Please don't seriously ruin me. I'll do anything. Literally, anything." Madison began to struggle. She needed to get away. She tried loving her legs, but they were fastened tight to the chair.

In real life, Madison lifted her gown slowly. She lifted it up as she looked around, making sure nobody was watching. At first, she lifted it past her knee. Her heart raced as she lifted it up higher, wondering how much of her leg the tablecloth kept hidden. She lifted it up to her thigh, knowing that, if she lifted it any higher, she would be revealing the fact that she had no skirt or dress on under her gown.

Madison took another look around. "Fuck, I need this!" she thought. She pulled her phone out, recording herself, smiling at the camera.

"What are you doing?" Her mom asked.

"Just seeing if there is anything in my teeth," Madison replied. She quickly winked at the phone when her mom was not looking, then appeared to put the phone down at her side.

What Madison actually did was stick her phone under the tablecloth, filming as she lifted her gown even higher, spreading her legs to show that she was bare underneath. She shook her hips slightly, shaking the clothespins still attached to her labia. Madison then focused the camera down, on her tied ankles, before returning it to focus on her pussy.

Madison had gone completely nuts with her arousal. "Do it, slut," she thought. "You're not stopping until the camera sees the writing."

"Hi, my name is Mark, I'll be taking care of you today," said a waiter who seemed to appear from nowhere. "Are you all set to order?"

"Fuck!" Madison thought. "Just when this was getting good. I wonder if he saw anything?" Madison knew that anyone standing to her immediate right would have a view of her tied-up right ankle, and could have even seen a bit too much of her right thigh as she had been lifting up her gown. Slowly, Madison looked up at the waiter, wondering if he had seen anything. If he had, he certainly wasn't letting her know.

"I'll take a lobster tail, please," Madison said. She knew on this day her parents would not mind whatever she wanted to order. Her parents ordered, while Madison just looked at the waiter every few seconds, wondering if he knew what she was up to. Her mom ordered shrimp primavera, and her father ordered a lobster mac and cheese. The waiter was gone as soon as he had come.

Slowly, Madison lifted her gown, up past her pussy, to her bellybutton. She was sure her ass cheek was visible on the right; thankfully, her left side was protected by a wall. Her gown draped down across her upper thigh, and the higher she lifted it in the front, the higher it rose on the side.

Madison raised it above her bellybutton, pinning it against the table as she filmed. "Spread your legs, slut," she commanded herself. "Show it off. You know how much you need it. Slut." Madison obeyed her command, spreading her legs, placing the phone on between. Although she could not see it, her phone screen showed her pussy, spread open, with the clothespins attached to her labia and the word "slut" in large letters on her stomach. She smiled to herself, knowing that her parents had no idea what she was doing to herself under the table.

Madison looked down at her tied up ankles. She struggled against the chair, the feeling of being restrained only adding to her arousal. She might have even let a soft moan escape as she struggled, a little harder this time. "Fuck, if I could only slap myself in the face right now!" She thought.

Madison lifted her right leg, looking over to the right again, making sure nobody could see. Not that she cared that much - it was the risk of being caught that drove her to act like such a little tart in the first place. She raised her knee, struggling against her ankle restraint, until her knee came to rest just underneath the table. Her right ankle was now restrained to the upper portion of the chair leg, just below the seat. The gown was raised so high on the right side that her right pelvic bone was exposed. Her clothespinned pussy was wide open and on display. Madison rotated her knee out to the right, spreading herself for anyone to her right to ogle.

The slut did notice one person looking - an older gentleman having dinner with his wife. He was staring straight at her, seeing everything she had done to herself. His eyes almost popped out of his head. Madison just smiled a little smile, winked, and went about waiting for her meal. But inside, she was a raging ball of hormones, wishing that man would bend her over a table and punish her for being such a tease.

Madison was sure to catch all this on camera. She quickly closed the camera and took a couple pictures of herself, turned to the right, gown raised up to her waist, pinned pussy exposed, her parents across the table having no idea. She then dropped her gown, allowing it to fall back to her upper thigh before pulling it down to her knees. She snapped a couple more pictures of herself looking much more modest, so that she had something to send to her parents, who no doubt were wondering what the hell she was up to. Of course, they couldn't see what was going on, as it was happening under and to the side of the table, but when Madison cropped out her tied-up ankle and sent them the pictures, it relaxed them.

Everything seemed like it was back to normal. Madison was horny as hell and would have to deal with that later, but now she was having dinner with her parents. Then, she got a text. It was Dan. "Having dinner with your parents, slut?" He asked.

Madison looked around. Sure enough, two tables behind her, Dan was sitting with a group of guys and girls Madison had never seen before. She smiled, then turned back around.

"Yes," she replied. A few seconds went by with no response. She was wondering what Dan was thinking. "Maybe I should tease him a little," she thought.

"With my ankles strapped to the chair," she texted Dan.

"You really are a filthy little slut, aren't you?"

"Yes I am. You should see what I have on under this gown..."

"Okay, slut. Enough teasing. You are going to unstrap those ankles and meet me in the bathroom, now."

"Dan, I'm here with my parents!"

"All the more reason to come. You wouldn't want me walking over to your table and showing them this, would you?" Attached to the text was a photo from days before, of Madison, nude, legs spread, with "slut" written on her stomach, "cum slut" on her face, and "dumb fuck toy" near her pussy.

"No...please don't, Dan" Madison replied.

"Do they know what a little whore you are?" Dan asked. "And why the fuck are you teasing me if you don't want this?"

"No, please, I want to keep it that way! And who said I didn't want it? ;)"

"Then come to the bathroom. Now." Madison froze. "Is he serious?" She thought. "Is he really doing this right now?" Madison barely got the thought out when she got another text. "NOW, SLUT!" She didn't have a choice. Quickly, Madison unstrapped her ankles, not bothering to even re-do the buckles on her heels before she got up from the table.

"I - uhh - I have to pee," Madison explained as she stood. Her gown fell to the floor, and the only trace of the sex-crazed slut that had been sitting at the table was the wet spot she left on her chair. Inside her mind though, all Madison could think was "I, umm - I'm a huge cum slut and I have to go suck some guy off so he keeps his fat mouth shut. That's okay though, because I'm a slut and I like being forced to suck cock like that."

"Didn't you just pee?" Her dad quizzed.

"Sometimes women have to go - for other reasons!" Her mom scolded. "And unless you want to hear all about it, just let her go!"

Madison turned and wakes quickly away. She wasn't exactly certain of what she was about to do, but she had a fairly good guess that it would involve giving Dan sexual pleasure, and she couldn't look her parents in the eye. She marched straight to the back of the restaurant and turned the corner toward the restrooms, where Dan was waiting with a smirk on his face.

"I thought you'd never come, slut. I was just about to go show this to your parents," he said, the smirk still on his face. Holding up his phone, he showed Madison the video the two of them had made. She couldn't bear to have it played in public for more than a second.

"What do you want?" She asked.

"Come with me." Dan grabbed Madison's arm and, despite her half-hearted protests, dragged her into the men's room. "Last stall," Dan said once they were inside, preferring to see Madison succumb to taking the last few steps on her own.

"Dan, what the fuck?! You - "

Dan just smiled and held up his phone again, still playing the video. "I - I - don't really think you have a choice," he said, pointing to the open stall door.

"What a fucking asshole," thought Madison as she slowly turned to step inside. It truthfully wasn't just the fact that she was being blackmailed - that fact alone was highly arousing to her. But she didn't think it was very nice of Dan to choose the middle of a dinner with her parents to force her into sex.

"Whatever you want, can you just make it quick, please? I've been acting weird all day in front of my parents, and they're going to know - I mean, they're going to know somethings up."

"Acting weird? How?" Dan said, intrigued.

"Just, like - I've had to come up with a lot of excuses today, you know? And now the longer you take to - you know - the more I'm going to have to think of."

"Excuses for what? And what exactly do you think I'm going to do, anyway?"

"Honestly, Dan, I'm just going to show you. Excuses for this." Madison blurted this out just as she unzipped her gown, and in the span of about two seconds, the nudity under her gown became visible, as did the "slut" written on her stomach and the clothespins still clinging to her labia. "See? I have to explain to them why I can't take this off, which gets more difficult the longer it goes!"

"Jesus fucking Christ, Madison!" Dan exclaimed as he saw what Madison had done to herself, what she was wearing under her gown. "You really can't go half a day without turning yourself into a complete slut, can you? And what's up with those clothespins? Why don't you take those off so I can -"

"No, please, Dan - not the clothespins! And yes, I -"

"Geez, you fucking piece of trash!" Dan said, bewildered, as he reaches his hand out, touching Madison's waiting cunt. "These fucking things - and you're soaking wet!"

"Yeah, Dan, please - Don't take them off! I can't!"

"Oh yeah? Just can't stand the thought of not acting like a trashy little tramp, huh? Tell me, do you ever go a day without marking yourself up? Writing 'slut' all over your body, hoping maybe someone will catch you? Jeez, you just can't live without the constant reminder that you are nothing but a little fuck toy slut, can you?" Dan said. He caresses Madison's stomach as he said this, feeling her soaked pussy, and teased her by pulling the clothespins attached to her labia. It only made Madison wetter and more aroused.

"No, I just - can't. I can't explain either, but I need you to leave those alone!" Dan knew something was wrong, and was beginning to understand that perhaps Madison still had even darker secrets, ones that she had not revealed to him yet.

"Who says?" Said Dan. He grabbed Madison by the throat as he spoke. "Tell me."

"Dan - remember how I - I asked you to keep a secret once about be writing on myself?"

"Yes."

"Well I need you to leave this alone now. Just as much as I needed you to keep that secret. Okay? I might tell you, sometime - but only if and when I decide to. Okay?"

"Okay, but you're going to have to do something for me in return."

"You're - like - I mean, the whole reason you brought me in here - you've going to use me - as a slut - right?" Madison's exposure to Dan, coupled with the words she was saying, sent a jolt of blood straight to her clit. She was starting to become aroused again, and starting to care less how long Dan took.

"Say it more seductively, slut," Dan ordered. "Like you actually want me to do it."

Madison looked around and cleared her throat. "I was hoping that you would - use me - use me like the filthy little slut I am," Madison said demurely.

"First things first," said Dan, "I've got to save this image for later." He flipped his phone over to camera mode, and Madison shyly closed her gown as Dan took the first picture. Without even having to be told, she began to take it off bit by bit, smiling wide as she exposed her tender breasts, then her written-on stomach, then her pierced navel, and finally, her pinned pussy.

"Make sure you send these to me," Madison said as she turned around to show Dan her butt plug as her gown fell to the floor.

"You filthy little slut!" Dan said. "You just can't get enough of this, can you?"

"No," Madison said shyly as she sat on the toilet.

"On your knees, slut!" Dan commanded. "You're not sitting for this!" He grabbed a fistful of the slut's hair and. As she looked up at him, he gave her a condescending stare.

"First, I need your dad's phone number. Just in case you change your mind and I have to show him what a filthy little whore you turned out to be!"

"Dan, no! This is going too far, don't you think?" As soon as the words left her lips, Dan landed a stinging, open-handed slap to Madison's left cheek, eliciting a shriek. "Please, Dan? You know I'll do anything - I'll be your little slut, Dan -"

"You'll be my slut if I have the number too!" Dan slapped her again. "Only difference is, you won't have to go out there and explain why you went to pee and came back with a sore, red, beaten face! And, as an added bonus, if you give me the number, I'll let you leave these on!" Dan grabbed the clothespins and gave them a little shake. He didn't really know why she had to leave them on, and he was damn curious. But he knew he could extract that out of her bit by bit.

Madison knew that there was no way out for her. "Fuck, I don't want a way out!" She thought to herself. She knew she needed Dan to have the number. She also knew that she needed to leave her clothespins on, or risk even more extreme and perhaps even unwanted humiliation at the hands of her online blackmailer. And, perhaps more than anything, being pulled down to the floor and slapped across her face on a restaurant bathroom really did make her feel like a slut. And that turned her on, which made her want more.

"Okay," she said at last, defeated. Madison had a hard time not enjoying the humiliation she was feeling. She looked down. Dan still had a fistful of her hair, and she was naked and kneeling on the floor after having taken two hard slaps to the face. "Ohhhh, fuck, I want him to hit me again!" She thought as she looked at the floor. "God, why the fuck do I want this? Why am I so fucking turned on by this? Why am I such a fucking slut?"

"Okay," she said again. "But can you please slap me really hard one more time? Please?" She begged. Dan did not even reply, he just pulled her hair, pulling her head up with his left hand so that it would meet his swiftly moving open right hand. The two connected with a loud smacking noise, and Dan let go of Madison's hair.

"Mmmm," said Madison. She was too horny to argue with the fact that she enjoyed humiliation, enjoyed being treated like a whore. She handed Dan her phone after pulling it out of her small handbag and unlocking it.

"I want you to take it," she told Dan. "So that you know you have the real number. So you can really use it against me."

"Wow, you are serious, aren't you, slut?"

"What did you expect, a fake number?"

"Sort of. You know that I'm going to make you do way worse than strip naked in a restaurant bathroom now, right?"

"Good," said Madison, smiling. Dan quickly took a screenshot of the number and sent it to himself. He then grabbed Madison's hair with his left hand and told her exactly what he wanted.

"Good. Now take out my cock. Pull down my pants and take it out. You're going to suck it. I'm going to fuck your little mouth like the slut you are. And then I'm going to cum in your mouth and you're going to hold my cum in there until you get back to your table. Got it?"

"Yes," said Madison. She didn't need any more instructions. She already had Dan's pants halfway off. His boxer shorts were pulled down to his thighs, and Madison looked him in the eye as she took his hardening cock into her mouth.

"Mmmmm," I love sucking cock," she said after she sucked him momentarily, just enough to get him hard. "Use me, Dan. Use me like a filthy slut. I am a filthy slut, aren't I? Sucking cock in a restaurant bathroom? While I'm supposed to be having dinner with my parents?"

"Yes, you filthy fucking slut," Dan said. "You little piece of trash cunt. Now I'm going to throat fuck you. Hard."

"But, Dan - my makeup - my parents -"

"Oh, fuck your parents, Madison! You really think they aren't wondering what is taking so long already? Do you want to have a mouthful of my cock when your dad walks in here or do you want to be finished? Now what about your makeup?"

"It's going to get all messy -"

"Good!" Said Dan. "Now are you a cock slut or not?"

"Yes," said Madison. She looked at Dan's cock, and then down at the floor. She really meant it too. Madison had never felt like this much of a cheap whore.

"Then act like it!"

"Please, give me that cock, Dan," Madison said at once. "Use my throat as hard as you want. Just make sure you give me a good slapping and make me feel like a whore."

"Is that what you want, slut?"

"It's what I need. Fuck my throat, please. Fuck my makeup. Fuck my parents. I'm a slut and I want this!" Madison looked into Dan's eyes and let him know with hers that she meant every word of what she was saying.

Dan did not need any further encouragement. He grabbed Madison's hair with his left hand and her throat with his right. She willingly opened her mouth as wide as she could, and he thrust his cock hard into her throat.

"That's it, you fucking cunt. Your mouth is just another cock home, isn't it?"

"Mmmhmmm!" Madison replied. Dan slapped her hard in the face. "Mmmmm," Madison moaned.

"You fucking like that, whore?" Dan asked as he thrust his cock deep inside and slapped her again. "You like getting slapped in the face?"

"Mmmhmmm," Madison replied again. She was so horny now she could not allow herself to refuse a good, painfully humiliating slapping even if she had a large audience. She was a slut, and she knew it, and the more humiliation she accepted the more turned on she became.

"You nasty little cunt," Dan said, employing a new word of choice for the day. "You go to graduation naked under your gown, with 'slut' on your stomach and clothespins on your pussy, and you stand there like that. Then you fucking come in here to get slapped around and throat fucked and humiliated and blackmailed in a restaurant bathroom. Right, slut?" Dan had grabbed Madison on both sides of her face, and was holding her mouth open with his thumbs while he fucked the back of her throat. Madison had tears in her eyes now, and mascara running down her cheek as she was used.

"Mmmhmmm," she said. She was now so aroused that she had lost her ability to care about what she looked like when Dan was finished. She just needed his cock down her throat. Madison needed to be treated like a slut. She needed to be made to feel in the pit of her mind what she really had become. As Madison took his cock down her throat and another slap to the face, all the word that she had written on herself over and over suddenly came to life. "I really am nothing more than a slut," she realized. "All my hopes and dreams were a past life, this is my new life now - my new purpose - to be used hard," she thought.

Dan rammed his cock deep into her throat. Madison's head tilted backwards as she looked into Dan's eyes. Whether it was because Dan had pulled her hair again, or because she instinctively knew his cock would slide balls deep into her throat more easily, Madison tilted back. She greedily accepted three quick slaps to her face in rapid succession before Dan gave her a minute to breathe.

"I want you to fuck my throat," Madison said in between breaths. "I'm a whore. Use me. I've heard if you squeeze my throat while you throatfuck me it makes the sensation better. Can you try it?"

"If you want me to fucking choke you, just say it," said Dan.

"If that's how you want to think of it, fine," said Madison. "Just use me. Hard. Don't stop until your done. Don't pretend to give a shit about me, just fuck my throat."

"Fuck, you little slut!" Dan exclaimed as he thrusted his dick into Madison's waiting hole. He grabbed her neck with both hands and even squeezed a little as he fucked her. Dan could even feel the head of his penis moving through the slut's throat, with his thumbs, as he pounded her.

"Ohhhh, God, yes, you've got a tight little throat, slut! You fucking love this this, don't you?"

"Mmmhmmm," was all she could say.

"You're a filthy little fucking slut, are you?"

"Mmmhmmm!"

"You like getting choked and slapped and throatfucked and forced, don't you, cunt?"

""Mmmhmmm."

"Get your fucking hand out of your pussy, slut! I'm the one getting off here! I don't care if you want to stay in here and fuck yourself silly when I'm done, but don't swallow, and wait your turn. Got it?"

"Mmmhmmm."

"God, you're a filthy little cum slut. Filthy. Little. Piece. OF! TRASH! CUM! SLUT! FUCK!" Dan moaned loudly as he shot a huge load of cum into Madison's mouth. He pulled about halfway out just before he shot, not wanting to cum so far down her throat that she had to swallow it immediately.

"Show me, slut," Dan said. Madison opened her mouth, showing Dan the huge load he had deposited. He looked at her face. Madison was literally crying from the slapping and the choking, and her mascara had streaked down her cheeks. Dan chuckled a little, wondering how the slut was going to explain this to her parents. He reached for his phone and took a picture for good measure.

"Fuck yourself, go back to your table, I don't care," said Dan. "But no swallowing until you sit down with your parents." He pulled his pants up and left without another word.

Madison really felt used. She wanted to fuck herself crazy in the bathroom stall, but she was terrified at how long she had been in the bathroom already. And it was the men's room, which was even worse! So she picked up her gown, put it on, repositioned her clothes pins, and zipped it up. Before she left the bathroom, she picked up her phone.

"Dan, I - like - if you get me this horny and my parents aren't around, you can literally use me harder. Like slap me until my face hurts for a week and everything. Really abuse me."

"You need a hard cock," was Dan's reply.

"You could have given me one, asshole! Or at least let me touch myself!"

"What's stopping you now?"

"Parents. Duh." Madison was still in the bathroom, cum in mouth, wiping makeup and tears off her face. She couldn't believe what a slut she was. In an instant, she picked the phone up again.

"But seriously. Use me. humiliate me. Threaten to show my pictures to everyone and make me literally fuck you in front of your friends. And make it rough."

"Damn. You're a slut."

"I know. I like it."

Madison walked out of the bathroom with a mouth full of cum and a plug eating away at her asshole, reminding her exactly what she was. Her heart raced as she approached the table where her parents sat. They saw her coming and saw exactly what she looked like - like she had been crying up a storm.

"Madison! Are you okay?" Her mother asked. Madison's father just looked at her, stunned. Madison did not say a word, lest the cum spill out of her mouth and remove all doubt as to the nature of the activities in which she had most recently been participating. Instead, she shook her head, trying to hide her face with her hands.

Madison sat down. She swirled Dan's cum in her mouth as she looked across the table, at her parents. Slowly, she tilted her head back, feeling the slimy goo collect at the back of her throat before swallowing it all at once. "Damn, I'm a slut!" She thought.

"I'm sorry," Madison said. "I know this is stupid, but - one of my friends went home today and her parents told her her dog has been dead for six months and they never told her! I cried my eyes out, I'm sorry, I don't know why I reacted this way!"

"Oh, that's ok, sweetie, that's awful!" Her mother replied.

"Anyway, our food is here," her dad chimed in. Madison hadn't even noticed, and for good reason - she was still trying to figure out whether her parents were at all suspicious of her.

She didn't speak much for the rest of her dinner, but mostly looked down at her plate of food and thought anxious thought about what she had done. At this point, she thought, the less she said, the better. Her parents seemed content to leave her alone, not wanting to upset her any more. Madison sensed that her parents knew she was acting irrationally, but couldn't figure out why.

"No, if they thought I was up to something this weird," Madison thought at last, "they'd keep pestering me until they got an answer, and then they would criticize me until Christmas," she decided. She looked up just as her father finished his last bite.

"Well, is there anything you'd like to do today, or just go home?" He asked.

"No, that's fine." Madison replied.

Her dad sighed. "Okay, then," he said. "Any room for dessert?"

"No."

As Madison rose to leave, she felt an overwhelming sense of shame at what she had done. Her parents had taken her out to a nice dinner to congratulate her on her achievements, and she couldn't truly be appreciative. Instead, she had snuck into the men's room to suck cock and be used like a whore. And what was worse, she liked it!

She walked out of the restaurant, her plug now more painful than exciting, and her labia swollen and sore. She had adjusted the clothespins two more times after she sat back down at the table, and she couldn't wait to take them off.

As she sat in the backseat of her parents' car, Madison couldn't help but feel like she actually deserved what she had gotten. She was the one who started it all, who wanted to be exposed, who had teased Dan - and the online stranger - into blackmailing her. She was the one who had put herself out there as a slut. And as ashamed of herself as she was, all Madison really wanted in this moment was someone to take her away, to slap her in the face, to truly make her feel like a whore.

"Madison, are you okay?" Her dad asked, breaking a long silence. "You seem like something is really eating you today."

"Yeah - no - well," Madison stammered, thinking of something to say. "It's just sort of a bittersweet day, you know? I mean, on one hand I feel happy and proud, but I - my friends are going their separate ways and people already have jobs lined up and some people still don't have a clue what they're doing."

"Yeah, I know what you mean," her father replied. "The best friends I've ever had were the ones I met in college. But then we graduated, and wound up saying goodbye. And one of us, thankfully not me, wanders aimlessly for a few years before he found his way."

"Yeah," Madison said.

"But I thought you at least had decided to come back next year?" Her dad quizzed.

"Oh, definitely. But most of my friends are going to be gone. It's going to be so different!" This comment was followed by another long silence, while Madison thought about other ways that next year could be different - maybe Dan would actually force her to show off on campus. Maybe her online blackmailer would make her a household name all over the globe. She could only hope.

"Well, we're back," Madison's mom said as the car pulled into the apartment parking lot. Without too much dialogue, Madison exited the car and walked up the stairs to the apartment and let her parents in.

"I think I'm going to change," she said quietly as her parents sat down on the couch. Her dad nodded, and Madison turned and entered her bedroom, careful to lock the door, before she began undressing.

Madison, of course, opened in her phone to make a short video as she unzipped her gown, proving that she had gone through with the task. She even commented, whispering so as not to be heard, that her pussy was red and swollen and that she really wanted to get fucked.

She stopped the video once she was completely nude and had taken off the clothes pins, and quickly sent the videos to her blackmailer, making sure to thank him and say that she was eagerly awaiting her next task. Madison briefly thought about fucking herself silly, but a couple self-inflicted slaps to the face convinced her that, for one thing, it would be inappropriate to do this when she could finally act like her normal self in front of her parents, and for another thing, she was a true slut and a true slut did not deserve to satisfy herself sexually, and that she was so horny and slutty that the only way she would be allowed to cum would be by riding a real cock.

"Okay, so - what to wear?" Madison wondered. She slapped herself again. "Nothing too plain," she whispered to herself. "Even though my parents are here, I can still be a little slutty. Just not like what I wore to class the other day."

Madison carefully selected a mid-thigh denim skirt. It wasn't her shortest, but it was by no means her longest. The bottom hem was just below her fingertips. She also selected a pastel off-shoulder knit sweater that was slightly cropped to show an inch or two of her stomach.

Madison put on a red lace thong, and then the skirt. It was tight, tighter than she remembered, but this just made her more confident in her choice. She spread her feet as she stood in her room, if for no other reason to feel the sensation of her legs being bound together by her clothing. She looked back at the top after she had put on a bra that was styled similarly to her thong.

"What I like about this is that it's not so extreme that Dad will say anything. I mean I don't look like a total whore. But he will think it. I will feel like a slut. And I will stay turned on until I go out and get me some hard cock tonight! Madison looked in the mirror as she pulled it over her head and positioned it properly on her body.

Madison's shoulders easily protruded out of the top hem, exposed to the world. Her navel was barely exposed, in between the top and skirt, and the piercing was barely exposed along with it. All of he sudden, Madison realized that maybe she looked like more of a slut than she had intended, and started having second thoughts. She also realized she still had "slut" written on her stomach, just higher up and not in an area where it was in danger of accidentally being exposed in this outfit.

"Slut," she said, slapping herself hard in the face. "You wanted it, and now you're going to wear it!" Slap, slap, slap went Madison's hand, bullying herself into compliance. "Fucking whore. You know what you get for second guessing yourself? For wanting to be a good girl? You don't get to wash this off now," she said as she pulled up her swearer to expose the writing. "In fact, you're going to go over it again!"

Madison took out a marker, black this time. She slowly traced over what she had previously written in red. Then, for good measure, she traced next to it in red marker, making the letters bolder, wider, more humiliating, and perhaps most importantly, harder to wash off.

Madison gave her face one more good slap before she pulled down her sweater, put on a pair of leather ankle boots and opened her bedroom door, ready to wear an outfit that dared to show her parents what she really was on the inside, but without any real danger of making them think too poorly of her. Instead, it just served to remind Madison what she was on the inside.

Madison actually enjoyed the rest of the time with her parents that day. She also enjoyed turning her back to them, lifting her sweater to expose the "slut" written there, smiling, and taking a selfie with her parents in the background. She sent that one to Dan. Madison also enjoyed Dan's text back instructing her to remove her panties until she was alone. She went into the bathroom, took then off, and spent the afternoon with nothing under her skirt.

Madison did really enjoy her day, though, I'm between the hidden suggestive acts she performed. She even went out for a brief shopping trip with her parents when they were all in a better mood. However, her kind was starting to wander by the evening, and she couldn't wait for her parents to return to their hotel - after all, she was sexually starved and had a big night planned.