**Webslut Madison**

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**Webslut Madison Ch. 12**

Madison closed the door behind her, having just said goodbye to her parents. She let out a long sigh and shook her head in disbelief thinking of all the things she had done that day. She had walked across the stage at her college graduation with nothing under her gown except for a pair of nipple clamps, clothespins on her pussy, and the word "slut" written in marker on her stomach. She got up from the table where she was eating dinner with her parents at a restaurant and got throatfucked in the men's room by classmate. And she had sat around the rest of the day in a moderately sexy outfit, including a skirt and no panties. This had all made Madison incredibly wet. Her pussy starved for attention.

"Hey Dan," she texted. She had already sent him a picture to prove that she had taken her panties off.

"Parents leave?" He guessed.

"Yep."

"So what are you doing now?"

"Not much. I was actually wondering if I could maybe come over?"

"After what I did to you this afternoon? I can't believe you even want to be around me."

"I liked it," Madison wrote back. "I'm a slut."

"And why do you want to come over?"

"I want you to fuck me. I'm so horny. I want your cock. I want you to degrade me and I want to be your slut."

"Damn," Dan thought as he read the message. "That girl - she really does like it. I can't believe how filthy she is!"

"Okay," Dan texted back. "Come over. I have a surprise for you."

"Me too," Madison texted back suggestively.

She went to her closet and pulled out a bag containing an item she had never previously worn. It wasn't her usual outfit for going out and getting perved on, that was for sure. Usually she would just wear a pair of tight jeans, or short shorts, or skirt, with a top that revealed a little too much of her midriff or cleavage. Oh, sure, she sometimes wound up taking her clothes off, taking pictures, and posting them online, but she usually started off decently clothed, even if her outfits looked a little too slutty.

No, this was different. And Madison had been waiting for the right time to use it. She had been waiting for a time when she was quite literally too horny to give a shit, and now was that time.

Madison put the bag on the bed, then slowly pulled her sweater off, revealing the word still written on her stomach. "I'm glad I left that there," she thought to herself. It really did make her feel instantly degraded. Even when she was just watching television with her parents, just thinking of the word she had secretly written, the one that described her so well - instantly humiliated her, which instantly made her wet.

Madison slowly slipped off her skirt after kicking off her ankle boots. She closed her bedroom door after turning on the light, and unfastened her bra and tossed it into the bottom of her closet with the skirt.

"Wow," she said aloud as she emptied the contents of the bag onto the bed. There, right in front of her, were the clothes she couldn't wait to put on - or, at least, the lingerie. Madison picked up the pieces - one red bra, one set of back stockings, and a garter set. The website she bought them from actually described it as a "garter skirt" but Madison knew just by looking at the pictures of them online that this wasn't a skirt by anyone's definition. When she stretched it out, it still didn't quite cover her pussy in the front, coming up about a half inch too short, or her ass in the back, leaving an inch or so of cheek out. Instead, she needed the attached thong just to cover herself.

"Garter skirt my ass," Madison said aloud to herself, then laughed at the humor she found in her unintended pun. "My slutty little ass," she said. Just thinking of putting the clothes on was making her wet.

Not wanting to waste time, Madison started with the stockings. They were sheer black lace top thigh highs, and as she sat on the bed, rolled them up one at a time, and pulled each up her leg, she saw that they sat perfectly at her mid-thighs when she had pulled them on. "I still can't believe I'm actually doing this!" Madison thought to herself.

Next, Madison pulled on the simple red sheer thong. The whole garment, if you could call it that without laughing at the implication that it was somehow more than an ultra-thin strip of see-through red material designed to only make a nominal attempt to disguise what lie beneath, was sheer except for the strings encircling the waist. It could best be described as a red low-rise micro g-string with breakaway clips.

Madison pulled the thong over her ass and positioned it, which took a moment to do properly, as the thin material was barely wide enough to cover her labia. She traced her finger over the thin material, and just feeling the sensation of touch in her pussy made her want to rip the thong back off, flip open her webcam, and do a show for whoever might want to watch at that moment. But she knew what she had planned would continue to heighten her excitement until she exploded, so she continued with her plan.

After the thong was in place, Madison pulled the sultry red "skirt" on over her feet and up, past the stockings, past the thong, and adjusted this as well. It was really a thick garter belt, measuring perhaps eight inches from top to bottom, with alternating half-inch bands of opaque silk and bands of sheer thin spandex in between. The effect was similar to cheap horizontal window blinds, covering up rows and leaving rows completely exposed in between. And, of course, nothing aroused Madison quite like exposure.

Madison looked in the mirror. The garment was on the verge of being high-waisted, rising to about two inches below her bellybutton. Her sheer thong just barely peeked out of the bottom of the "skirt," or belt or what have you. Madison hooked the garters into the stockings and turned around to look at the back. Her ass cheeks were clearly visible in the half inch bands of spandex, and farther down, about an inch and a half of her ass was completely uncovered below the lower hem of the garter belt.

The last piece of her ensemble was the bra. Madison picked it up and put it on, adjusted it, and looked at herself in the mirror. The bra was red, and its basic shape mirrored a basic underwire bra with several notable exceptions.

First, a piece of fabric about a half inch thick - similar to a strap but slightly thicker - encircled the bottom of the bra and comprised its bottom hem. It connected to only the very bottom of each cup, the cups having a more or less circular design, and it was also sewn to a strap that connected it to the main strap in the back. All in all, there was about a half inch gap in between this bottom strap and the "main" strap in the back.

The cups were really only circular on the bottom and, however. On the top end, the "circles" were rounded off, the rounded off portions aimed at the bottom of Madison's neck. The effect was that the cups barely covered her nipples. An unnecessary yet certainly pleasing strap, the same thickness as the shoulder straps, encircled the top of each cup in a quarter circle, connecting to the shoulder strap about an inch above where the cup connected to it, and encircling the upper portion of each breast and connecting to each other in between the breasts, where the two cups were already connected by a thin piece of spandex. It almost looked as if there was a cutout about an inch wide in each of the bra cups, but perhaps a better way to describe it would be that the cups didn't cover much and they were encircled by a strap.

"Damn," Madison said as she looked at herself. "Dan is going to have some fun with this tonight!" She raised her arms in the air, stretching out her body, striking an inviting pose. To a mostly closeted bisexual like Madison, the sight of her own body very much aroused her. She looked in the mirror at the slut she was. The word "slut" was in plain sight just a couple of inches below the bottom strap of her bra. Farther down, her sparkly navel piercing dangled from her bellybutton, falling about two or three inches from where it was seated snugly in the hole under her skin, it's bottom grazing the top of the garter skirt.

"You filthy little slut," Madison said, as if she were looking at someone else. "I want to see you get fucked. Used. Exposed. I have a soft spot for girls like you. Will you go out and be a total slut for me?"

"Of course. I am the filthiest little slut! I'm going to get this body all used up! But first, I'm going to put on some makeup so I really look like a whore, and then I'm going to take some pictures. Maybe Dan will see them once they make the rounds on the internet and he'll realize what I am and ruin me. That is what I really want, you know?" Madison said in response to her own query. "I mean, look at me! The only way I could look like more of a whore right now is if I put on a trashy amount of makeup!"

Of course, the way Madison felt at this moment, there was no way she could have a realization like that and not follow through on it. She sat down at the desk in her bedroom, which doubled as a makeup station, and opened a drawer as she looked in the mirror.

Madison started with liquid foundation, spreading it across her forehead, cheeks, chin and nose to even out her complexion without really altering it. Then, she dug around her drawer for a pinkish-purple eye shadow. Madison didn't go easy on it like she normally did; she instead layered it on thick, preferring to look more like a cheap, trashy prom date overdoing her makeup as opposed to a classy teacher-to-be wanting to add a subtle layer of color to her eyelids.

Next, Madison added a layer of blush to her cheeks, to the point that they almost looked like she had been slapped repeatedly, and finally, she chose a sultry red 24-hour lip stain, the kind that is supposed to stay on basically no matter what, and applied a thick layer, careful to paint her lips to the edges and no more, wiping up where she had colored outside the proverbial lines.

Madison stood up and looked at herself. She wondered how much her body would fetch on a street corner at that given moment. Truthfully, Madison was about to go into another one of her states of complete and total self-degradation fueled by her own hyper-arousal, like the ones she had been so fond of lately, beating her face and calling herself the nastiest names out loud and filming it, but she stopped when she got a text from Dan.

"Are you coming or not?" He asked.

"Shit," Madison thought. She had taken far too long to get ready already, preferring to stand in front of the mirror and fantasize about her own destruction, building up her sexual tension, than to actually walk over to Dan's place and revel in it at his hands.

"Just getting ready. Be there in a few!" Madison texted back.

"Now, what should a slut like me wear over this outfit?" Madison said to herself, turning back to her closet. She pulled out a black blazer and shook her head. "No, this will look weird," she thought. "Maybe some kind of jacket and skirt?"

As she turned back to the closet, Madison pulled out the same denim skirt that she had been wearing earlier. "No, too long," she thought, and instead reached for the shortest denim mini skirt she owned. She also pulled out a black leather jacket, not too short but not too long, one that was just barely big enough to cover her tits if she pulled it tight and fastened the buttons.

Madison placed the garments on the bed and turned back to the mirror. "But - then I'll be wearing two skirts at the same time!" She protested to herself as she pondered her selections. "No, I can't - damn, you slut - could you?" Madison said at once. She wondered if she could really follow through with the idea that had just entered her head. "As crazy as it sounds, what if I just wore the one skirt, with nothing over top of it - the garter skirt!"

Madison's mouth was wide open as she looked at herself in astonishment. Could she, Madison Holt, possibly, even slightly, be considering the idea of wearing a skimpy piece of lingerie, going out in public, walking down the street, accepting the honking horns and catcalls and disapproving glares from other girls - and potentially even the shame and embarrassment if one of her classmates happened to be out? Of course she was. Madison was so turned on that she didn't even have to slap herself in the face, pretend to force herself, or make herself submit.

"I'm a nasty little slut," she admitted to the mirror. "This is what I am, and this is what I deserve. I made myself a total slut, and now I have to live with the consequences." Madison picked up the jacket and put it on. It was smallish, especially in terms of getting it buttoned, but it wasn't cropped and buttoning it was manageable. It was tight, and when Madison had fastened the black leather material, she saw that it barely covered the bra, as it was somewhat low cut, and it barely covered the bottom hem of the garter skirt in the back.

In the front was somewhat of a different story. Madison noticed that, since the bottom button of two was about a foot from the bottom of the jacket, and each side of it was tapered toward her hips and away from her navel as it fell, it did not entirely cover the garter skirt in the front, leaving a triangular strip of the skirt visible, about eight inches high and four inches wide. And of course, since the skirt rode up a little too high to cover her thong, the red sheer thong was visible at the very bottom of this section, giving any potential viewer a glimpse of what Madison's true intentions were.

"Oh. My. God. Fuck. Yes!" Madison exclaimed as she eyed her own body. She turned around and bent over, and only had to bend a few degrees before the jacket rode up and revealed the red garter skirt underneath. She turned around and looked at the front again, indescribably aroused by the fact that, for all the layers she was wearing, the only thing standing between her cunt lips and the cool night air was a too-short garter skirt which didn't really cover her pussy anyway, and a thin sheer thong which, if Madison were honest with herself, wasn't much better.

"Damn," she said out loud as she placed her hands on her inner thighs. At this point she would do just about anything to feel any sort of sensation on her body anywhere remotely approaching her sex. She looked at the garter straps, emerging from beneath the bottom hem of her jacket, their full length nearly visible as they stretched their way south, connecting with her lace top thigh-highs at a point at least six inches below the jacket hem. "So much skin," she muttered. "And these garters, out, sticking out for everyone to stare at, mmmm," she moaned lustfully.

Madison needed no further encouragement. She quickly put on a pair of her highest heels. They were black, with five-inch heels, but they were not platform shoes. After all, she did have to walk, and although she liked looking like a whore or a stripper, she knew six-inch platforms were a bit extreme for a potentially uneven sidewalk. The shoes had a thin ankle strap and a thin sandal strap going over from left to right, and a rhinestone-embellished strap connecting the two.

She stood up, realizing that it was now just a bit harder to conceal what lie beneath her jacket after adding the heels. She would have to keep adjusting the jacket just to keep her garter skirt from becoming exposed in the back, now that her ass was pert and flexed tight, compliments of the tall heels.

Madison was pleased with herself. All in all, she knew what she was about to do was wrong. She knew it was perhaps dangerous, potentially humiliating, definitely risky, and above all, slutty as hell to even set foot outside in that outfit. But all his excited Madison. She could not control herself any more, and did not want to. Without a second thought, she bent over and gave herself five hard slaps to each ass cheek for good measure, whimpered, stood up, and adjusted her jacket. She picked up her phone and her apartment key, needing nothing else, and opened her bedroom door, and then her apartment door, locking the latter behind her. She took a deep breath, and knew that there would be no going back now.

Madison quickly walked down the stairs leading from her apartment. Hers was on the second floor, so she did not have far to go, and soon she was in the alleyway leading to the main road. Looking around, she saw that nobody was near, which was both a relief and a disappointment to her. Her pussy continued to drip as she thought about how she would look to a passerby - clothed in a jacket, garter skirt, garters, stockings, and heels - with the very bottom of her ass exposed and a thin thong covering her pussy.

"I wonder which way I should go?" Thought Madison as she reached the main road. She could go up the main road to the next intersection, and then down a usually busy street a couple of blocks to Dan's apartment, or she could stroll straight across the first street and through campus before cutting across the busy street.

"Hmmm," Madison thought. She didn't really notice, but she had stopped on the sidewalk as she thought about her dilemma, which could only increase the odds that someone might see her. "If I go the first way," she thought, referring to walking up the main toad and then down the street, "Cars will see me. Probably not as many people. But I don't know if I want to walk down the street dressed like a hooker."

"If I go that way," Madison thought, "no cars, but maybe people." A sultry smile crossed her face as she thought about the second option a little more. "Maybe I could even have a little fun on the way - sort of like when I was walking to class the other day," she thought. Madison reached down, feeling her swollen pussy lips through the sheer fabric. She hiked up her skirt and jacket in the back and gave herself two hard slaps to each ass cheek. "I think I'll take the second way," she said. "That's what a real slut would do."

Madison turned to cross the street after a car passed. She wasn't really sure if anyone inside saw her, but she made sure she was completely across the street before she would allow herself to adjust the garter skirt or jacket and cover her ass up. Madison then walked towed the middle of campus, wondering what sort of mischief she might get into on her way to Dan's apartment.

The night was quiet. Madison only saw two her people walking anywhere on campus, and neither of them realized what she was up to. They were far enough away that she could barely decipher whether they were male or female. "Everyone must be either staying in or already out," she thought, "or maybe some of them packed up and left."

She continued along the path, looking around her, occasionally touching her throbbing clit or pulling up her garter skirt to show her ass, although it seemed that nobody was around. Soon she found herself in an open area, near where she had flashed her tits a few days before, and she found a bench and sat down.

Truthfully, Madison wasn't sure why she sat there at first. She didn't really think about it much, she just sat. But if she had dug a little deeper, she would have realized that she had begun to feel the urge to do something outrageously slutty again. Madison spread her legs, caressing her puffy cunt, meaning softly, thinking about how wonderful it would feel to be taken, abused, and made into her sluttiest self yet.

"How about a rule?" She thought to herself. "No - damn, Madison, that's too much - you have a hard cock waiting on you, just go take it!" She continued. In the meantime, her hand left her pussy and was tracing up her jacket, past her midriff, past her tits, until all of the sudden, WHOOSH! Madison's right hand pounded her right cheek, near her mouth, like a meat tenderizer pounding a steak. It was the hardest Madison had ever slapped herself.

Madison looked around again. She would be mortified if anyone had seen her do that to herself. But that level of mortification only made her pussy throb. Soon she raised her left hand and gave her left cheek he same treatment. "I'm a slut," she said, actually saying it out loud even though she sat on a park bench in the middle of campus. "And if anyone sees me abuse myself, I deserve it! I deserve to be forced to show everyone what a slut I am."

Madison's right hand rushed through the air and pummeled her right cheek again. There was no stopping her now. She quickly lifted up he garter skirt in the back, exposing her ass through the slats in the back of the park bench even though she was entirely unable to see if anyone was behind her without turning around.

WHAM! Madison practically punched herself in the left cheek before challenging herself. "Okay, slut," she said to herself, again out loud. "You have to prove you deserve that hard cock. You have to stay here until someone sees your pussy and someone sees your tits!" Immediately, she realized what this meant, that someone would be seeing that she had written "slut" on her body. What if it was a classmate? What if it was a friend? "Shit!" Madison thought when she realized all that could go wrong.

Slap! Slap! Slap! "Take it, you dumb cunt, or you don't get that hard cock!" Madison told herself forcefully. She was ready, physically. Her cunt was throbbing, ready to perform whatever sinister, sultry task was required to gain access to a hard cock. She may not have been ready emotionally, but she knew she was going to be able to force herself.

She knew there was no going back. Madison scooted forward until her ass was near the very front of the park bench. She leaned back and reached up near her hips, grabbed the strings of her thong, and slowly pulled it down over her feet. Looking around, she repositioned her ass so that she could lean back on the bench and easily expose her pussy, picked the panties up and put them in her jacket pocket.

"Ohhh," she moaned as she felt a combination of the cool night air and the soft touch of her hand on her pussy. She hiked up her garter skirt as much as she could before the garters tightened, leaned back, and placed her thumbs beneath the strings of her thong at either side. Slowly, she pulled the thong down, and off, and picked her right foot up off the ground and bent her knee until her foot was positioned on the seat of the park bench. "Ohhhh, you slut!" Madison thought as she looked down. She was quite exposed, her skirt now resting about two inches above her pussy and her legs spread open to give passers by an easy view of her.

Suddenly she had an idea. She thought back to the restaurant, and how she had strapped her ankle to the chair, and realized that she could do the same thing here, now, on this bench, and that it would surely prevent her from fully closing her legs of anyone happened by.

"No, Madison, you can't!" She quickly replied to her thought. She slapped herself in the face again. "Fucking cunt, you know you need to!"

Madison looked around. There was nobody within view except, off to her right, two girls coming down the same path Madison had traveled a few minutes before. She couldn't even be sure that they were coming her way or if they were going to veer off in some other direction before they reached her, but she knew one thing for sure - as mortifying as it would be, the thought of threes two girls being the ones to see her pussy, spread and exposed, while her ankle was tethered to the bench, made Madison's pussy drip.

Slowly, Madison swallowed out of nervousness. She inched her foot over to the far right edge of the park bench, unfastened her ankle strap, wrapped it around the handle of the park bench, and fastened it as tightly as possible. She scooted her ass forward until her right heel was practically in contact with her right ass cheek, and her pussy was thrust toward the sidewalk, in plain view.

Madison looked to her right. The girls were now at a fork in the path, and as Madison watched, she saw that the girls did not veer one way or the other - no, they were headed right at her. They were a good fifty yards away, but coming nonetheless.

As she kept looking down the path, Madison slowly raised her left leg, forcing it higher and farther back until her left knee was in contact with the back of the park bench. This knee was not bent as much as the right knee, which was fully flexed, but it did not matter. Her pussy was wide open and on display, ad Madison could not help but stroke it once or twice as the girls approached her, now only twenty yards away.

Madison could see that one was a tall brunette, about five feet eight inches and maybe 120 pounds. She was wearing jeans, and a smallish tube top under a cardigan, the sort of outfit Madison might wear if she wanted to show off a little bit not be excessive. About four inches of the girl's midriff were exposed.

The other girl, a shorter blonde but probably of the same weight, had an extremely low-cut top that also parted just above her navel, giving Madison a glimpse of her never-pierced bellybutton, and a short skirt. Both girls were heavily made up and looked hot - so hot, in fact, that Madison's first thought was that she hoped hey would slap her around and force her to bury her face in their slutty little cunts, one after the other.

"Ohhhh, fuck, yes!" Madison thought to herself. The girls had barely noticed her sitting there up to this point, although they were now a mere ten yards away. Madison quickly brought her hand to her mouth, tasting her juices, imagining that they were not hers, but those of that tasty little blonde in the short skirt. Madison wondered what sort of panties she might be wearing, or if maybe she wasn't wearing any at all, as the girls continued their approach to just a few feet away.

All of the sudden it happened. The brunette saw first, as soon as she could see past Madison's hiked up right knee, she caught a full-on show of Madison's glistening pussy.

"Oh my god!" Said the brunette. She froze, staring at the pussy on display before her. Her friend quickly followed suit.

"What? Oh my god, oh my god!" Said the blonde. Madison hadn't realized before, but she blonde was very bubbly, but also had a bitchy, queen bee attitude about her. Madison could hear it in her voice. Her pussy was throbbing, but all Madison could do was lick her juices off her hand and look up at the girls.

"Well, someone likes showing off," said the brunette, more to her friend than to Madison.

"Yeah, she looks like a cheap hooker," the blonde said, again more to her friend than to Madison. Madison was already feeling that both girls saw themselves as somehow being superior to her.

"Yeah, did she get tired of selling it at parties and start doing it on campus?" Said the brunette. The girls giggled.

"Seriously, how much, baby?" The blonde asked Madison, with a demeaning attitude.

"Twenty? I'm guessing twenty bucks. That looks like it's been hit quite a bit!" The blonde said to her friend.

"You know most college guys dont have that much money, Lexie! I'm sure she'd do it for ten!" The girls laughed, a little buzzed. Madison looked down, and finally, said her first words to the girls.

"Yeah, she looks cheap, anyway, Sarah," the blonde replied.

"I'm not a -"

"You're wearing a garter belt and no panties and sitting on a park bench," the blonde, who was apparently named Lexie, replied. "I think it's so obvious."

"Yeah. So obvious!" Sarah said.

"You're clearly like, a ten dollar whore in denial," Lexie replied.

"Seriously," Madison said, becoming more turned on by the second, a byproduct of how she was being treated. "I - I'm just a slut!"

"Oh, she's just, like - a slut, Lexie!" Sarah said mockingly.

"Oh, well that just means she's free. She'd probably open that pussy up for anyone!" Lexie said.

"Yeah, like - clearly - look at her! Why do you think she's spread open like that? So pathetic!"

Madison slowly lowered her hand to her pussy. The two girls watched, their opinion of Madison's reputation becoming more negative by the second. But Madison could not help it. The girls were too much for her. She stared at Sarah's midriff, wishing the girl would lean in and let Madison feel it, maybe even lick it.

"Yeah, so pathetic!" Lexie chimes in as she leaned over Madison. As she did, her low cut top dipper down even lower, and Madison could not help herself as she indulged in the view, even letting loose a soft moan as she stroked her pussy, watching the blonde in front of her.

"You can't take your eyes off my tits," Lexie said. "Or off Sarah's stomach. Believe me, I saw the way you looked at her. Do you really think I would let you touch them? Come on. In your dreams. I mean, I don't even let Sarah touch them unless I'm really drunk. Right Sarah?"

"Lexie! You make it sound like I'm trying to grope you all the time!"

"Sarah, you do always try to grope me!"

"Well they are always hanging out"

"And they look sexy as fuck, don't they, Sarah!"

That seemed to shut up the brunette, who raised her hands, exasperated, and put them behind her head. However, when she did this, her shirt rode up, and Madison noticed the couple extra inches of midriff right away. Sarah took note, taking a step closer to Madison, stretching out to give her a slightly better view.

"Just give the pathetic bitch what she wants, why don't you?" Said Lexie sarcastically. She had noticed what was going on.

"Yeah, I think what the slut really needs us a PSA on the fact that she needs a good dicking!"

Lexie laughed. "I think she's into girls, for one thing!"

"I'm actually bi," Madison piped up.

"Yeah. And I think it's time to say bye!" Lexie cooed. "But I have a parting gift first!" Without any more warning, Lexie leaned over Madison's body and spit directly onto her face. Madison did not react, but just far there, stunned, wishing she could fuck herself blind at the thought of what just happened.

The girls turned to leave. Madison could not help herself. Lexie was a couple feet down the path, but before Sarah could completely turn around, Madison raised her right hand again and slapped herself, hard enough that both girls heard.

As Lexie turned around, she saw Sarah, now leaning over Madison, ordering her to open her slutty little mouth, and spitting directly inside. She slapped Madison in the face and then turned to walk away with her friend.

"Thank you," Madison said earnestly. The girls heard, but would only acknowledge Madison's presence for another moment.

Lexie turned around again. "Seriously, you should be thanking us, slut. So pathetic!" The girls turned and walked away, leaving Madison to pleasure herself on the bench, her ankle still strapped to the arm rest.

"Hey boys!" Lexie shouted as she walked away.

"Lexie, shhh!" Sarah said, laughing. Lexie didn't listen.

"There's a nasty little slut over here on a park bench!" Lexie shouted for all to hear.

Sarah finally joined in. "Yeah, come get her, guys!" She shouted, maybe even louder than Lexie.

"She really wants some dick! Lexie shouted.

"Yeah, she'll fuck you for ten dollars! Any of you!" The girls drunkenly laughed as they walked down the path toward their dorm room.

Madison, still on the bench, had to slap herself several times to keep from touching her pussy. She couldn't believe her ears, but she actually liked the things the girls were saying about her, and she was still fascinated by the fact that Sarah, that hot brunette in the crop top, had spit right into her mouth and slapped her! God, that was hot!

"Ohhh, come back here Sarah," Madison moaned softly. "Come back here and spit on me and slap me, treat me like a whore!" Madison slapped herself again, knowing she needed to keep from touching herself. After all, she still needed to show her tits to someone before going to see Dan.

Madison did not have to wait long. Soon, a guy came wandering down the path from her left. Looking from a distance, Madison could see that he was about five feet, six inches tall, and he was thin. His hair was short on the sides, but longer on the top, and he was wearing glasses.

Slowly, Madison inserted two fingers into her pussy, and then pulled them out, bringing them to her mouth, tasting her juices as she waited for him to come closer. She noticed that, as he approached, his eyes kept darting to her still exposed pussy, and then away again, as if he didn't want to get caught looking at her. He was walking more slowly, taking his time as he stole glances at her.

"Hi," Madison said as he stepped directly in front of her. It had become apparent that he was going to walk right by her, keep stealing glances, and not say a word. When she addresses him, he immediately turned to face her, staring straight at her exposed pussy.

"Do you like it?" She asked him.

"Y-yeah, that's really hot," he admitted.

"You don't have to pretend not to look," she reassured him.

"Okay," he said. He had begun to tremble in arousal at the sight of her, and the words she was saying to him was just making him more horny. "Thanks," he said shyly.

Madison couldn't help but laugh a little. "Look, when a girl spreads her pussy open like this, it means she wants you to look, you know. I want you to look."

"You do? That's - awesome! You are really hot, just saying."

"Yeah, actually, I - I have something else I want to show you," Madison said with a smile. Slowly she reached for the buttons on her jacket, undoing the bottom one, and then the top. "Are you ready?" She asked.

"Yeah," he said. He was practically panting waiting for Madison to open her jacket. She could tell that he was quite shy and inexperienced, and likely a nerdy type. She wouldn't have gone after a guy like that - he just wasn't her type. But the exhibitionist in her was so aroused at the thought of completely exposing herself to him, and in no way did she want to stop.

Madison trembled a little as she opened her jacket for him, revealing her sultry red bra, and also, of course, revealing he writing still on her upper stomach.

"Does that say slut?" The guy asked as soon as he could get a hold of himself.

"Yes," Madison said softly. It was all she could do not to beg him to slap her, to take out his cock so she could suck it, or even to start madly fingering her pussy. Instead, she choked her breasts through her bra, implying to him that she wanted him to have a good look at those, too.

The guy was staring at Madison's cleavage, now, then shifting his gaze to her spread pussy, then to the word "slut" written on her body. "Well, are you?" He asked, finally. "A slut?"

"You're catching on," Madison said, smiling. "See, I'm doing this because I like it. And yes, I'm a slut." She could see a bulge growing in his pants, and it seemed to double in size when she said those words. She knew she was getting to him, but she still had to make sure he saw her tits.

Madison leaned forward a little, lifting up her perky breasts as if to offer them to the guy.

"C-can I see them?" He asked nervously."

"Yes," said Madison, smiling. "For a minute there I thought you were not going to ask me, and then where would I be? But I want you to do something. Don't ask me politely. Demand me."

"Ok, but - what's your name?"

"This is hotter if you don't know, and if I don't know yours," she replied. "Just use the one written on me. Most guys do."

"Slut?" He said shyly. It was more of a question, asking Madison if that was what he should call her. Of course, to Madison, this was a little annoying. She just wanted to have a guy take the lead a little, call her what she was, demand that she expose her tits. So she pretended like he was addressing her. This, she knew, would both answer his question and provide him with a segue into whatever he was going to say next. Perhaps most importantly, it would allow Madison to continue to fantasize about him actually being in control as opposed to her.

"Yes, sir?" She said demurely. At that moment, all of his questions were answered. He knew she needed more of a dominant force, and he knew he could say whatever he wanted to her.

"Slut," he began again, "Pull that bra down and show me those tits."

"R-right here?" Madison asked, feigning shyness.

"Yes. Now."

Madison spoke not smother word. She sighed, then reached to her bra cups and slowly pulled them apart until her tits were completely exposed, quickly hardening in the cool air.

"Like this?" Madison asked innocently.

"Yes," said the guy. "Wow. You really are a slut, aren't you?" He reached out his hand, about to touch Madison's left breast.

God, Madison craved his touch. He wasn't really attractive, but Madison was so horny, so desperate, just aching to be touched by anyone at this moment. She really had a tough decision to make - should she do something with this guy, or should she continue over to Dan's house now that she had fully exposed herself as she told herself she had to do?

"Ohhhh, okay, okay," she told the guy. While Madison was thinking about what to do, the guy had started feeling up her breast, caressing her nipple, exciting her. She had to get out of there, and now.

"I'm a slut, yes, a slut for showing off and maybe being touched a little. But I'm really shy, too," she lied. "I have to go touch myself thinking about this."

"You're leaving?" The guy said, disappointed. "well, I mean, I -"

"Take a picture," Madison said.

"Seriously!" The guy asked, all of the sudden excited again.

"Yes. Keep it forever. Show your friends, you know? They'll never believe you if you don't."

"Yeah, good point," the guy said, pulling out his phone.

"Go home, put a condom on, and rub one out in the condom looking at me. Tie the condom. Tape it to the bottom of this bench and I'll come back in the morning, ten o'clock, and get it. Okay?"

"Okay," the guy said. Madison, tits and pussy on display, smiled as the guy took a picture, then when Madison made no effort to stop him, he took another, and another, as she spread herself wide. Unable to control herself, Madison's pussy began to drop. She needed Dan's cock and she needed it now. There was no way this nerd was going to make her feel like one tenth of the slut she wanted to be. Dilemma solved.

"Okay, look, I know it seems weird, but I'm more of a slut for showing off my body and stuff instead of having sex with a guy I just met, you know?" Madison half-lied. She slowly adjusted her bra back into place, buttoned up her jacket, and unfastened hr shoe from the park bench, fastening it around her ankle again once she was free. "Plus, I never know what you're going to do with those pictures. I mean, you have to show your friends. I get that, but a lot of pictures like that wind up on porn sites, you know?" Madison smiled. "If he only knew I'm just trying to put ideas in his head," she thought.

"Thanks," Madison said. "I had a good time." She kissed the stranger on the lips, then walked away toward Dan's apartment, her exposed ass cheeks following her, still attracting the stare of the guy she just met. "Remember, condom. Tomorrow, ten o'clock!" Madison winked suggestively as she turned around to catch one last glimpse of him before walking away, unable to keep his eyes off her ass.

Madison took a deep breath before raising her hand to knock on Dan's door. She knew what waited for her inside, or at least she thought she had a good idea, but she paused for a moment. Slowly, Madison raised her right hand to her right cheek and, as had started to become her custom, she slapped herself hard. She wasn't even sure why she was doing it anymore. She had probably slapped herself at least ten times on her way over. She didn't care if anyone saw. The last three or four she didn't even look.

Madison was so horny she almost felt drunk. She was breathing heavily, unable to think about anything except how she just wanted to be a complete slut, how she wanted to be fucked and used.

In days to come, Madison would start slapping herself in the face for quite literally no reason at all. She would stand in her bathroom, home alone, and slap herself. Or, she would be driving in her car, stopped at a traffic light, and get a sudden urge to feel a hand on her face, to feel worthless. And for now, it really did make her feel like trash - and that only made her more aroused, thinking that she really was trash. One day she would even slap herself ten times across each cheek, each hour on the hour, to remind herself of her place.

But today, Madison had just recently discovered that being slapped in the face turned her on for reasons that she could barely explain, but explain it or not, she knew that if she needed a sudden spark of arousal, especially to force herself over the edge, to make herself do something that her normal, sane, house-with-a-white-picket-fence self would never do, all she had to do was slap herself a few times and she felt like such a cheap whore that she would do anything that her naughty, exhibitionist, slutty side demanded. Anything.

In truth, there would come a day, only weeks from now, that Madison would grow bored with slapping herself and virtually stop altogether, save for the most intense of circumstances. She would still relish a quick hand to her cheek from a sexual partner on occasion, but when she started to realize that it was becoming something that she did out of routine and not out of a need to be punished or used, and that she began to feel desensitized to it just as she had been desensitized to most forms of pornography except that which she created herself, she would almost completely stop.

But that day was not yet here. So, Madison slapped herself three more times, raised her hand again, and knocked on Dan's door.

"Hi there," Dan said. "What brings you by tonight?" Dan noticed her immediately - noticed the stockings, the garters, and the jacket. He noticed that Madison didn't seem to be wearing any bottoms. But he was patient, preferring to allow Madison to humiliate herself, especially seeing how willing she was to do so. So he waited for her reply.

"I have a surprise for you," Madison said. She looked sideways into his eyes, the way a woman looks at a man to let him know that she had noticed him noticing her from across a room.

"And what's that?" Asked Dan. Their eyes locked for a moment as Madison took another step inside the door.

"Here, let me show you," she said. Slowly she raised her right hand to her top jacket button, but paused when her hand reached the hardware, thinking it might add something extra if she asked for permission. "May I?" She asked seductively. He just nodded his head.

Madison slowly unbuttoned the button, then allowed her hands to fall slowly to the second button. That one she unbuttoned as well before slowly pulling the jacket apart, showing off her lingerie and the writing still on her upper stomach.

"I don't think that counts as a skirt," Madison," Dan said, smiling at her.

"I know," Madison said. "And I - I want you to know, I - I showed my pussy to three people on my way over here. And my tits to one."

"Fuck," Dan said. "You just can't help yourself, can you?"

"No," Madison said. "Two girls and a guy. I'm pretty sure the guy would have fucked me right there on a park bench in the middle of campus."

"And why didn't he?" Dan asked. "You at least sucked him off, right?"

"No," she replied. "I honestly thought about it, but I had to come over here."

"And why is that?"

"Because - he wouldn't have given me what I really need." As Madison said this, she allowed he jacket to fall down her arms, and half- tossed it into the corner behind her.

"And what's that?" Asked Dan.

"I want you to treat me like a whore," Madison blurted out, unable to help herself. "He was shy. I want to be slapped and just - degraded," Madison said. She looked into his eyes seductively. "Will you treat me like a whore? Please? Use me?"

"Get on your knees," said Dan as he closed the door. Madison slowly knelt before him, waiting for him to use her, to ravage her any way he wanted.

"You want me to treat you like a whore?" Dan asked as he slapped her face. " Look at you - you couldn't even bring yourself to wash off the word 'slut' that you wrote on your stomach."

"Yes. Please. Treat me like a whore," she said, looking up at him with fluttering eyes. He slapped her again.

"I'm going to fuck you," he began. "And slap you, and degrade you, and show you off. Is that what you want?"

"Ohhhh, yes," said Madison. "I want all of that!" She watched as he began to unzip his pants and take out his cock, thrusting it in front of her face. She knew what to do, and began teasing the head of his penis with her tongue. Meanwhile, he pulled a choker out of his pocket, placed it around her neck, and fastened a strap to it - he now effectively had her on a leash.

"Suck my cock, slut," he said, watching as she teased him with the tip of her tongue. "Suck it hard." He slapped her in the face, apparently not satisfied enough with her efforts, and she squealed as he hit her again. "Oh, come on, slut!" He said demeaningly. "You know you fucking love it when I do that!"

"Mmmhmm," was all Madison could say as she opened her mouth, sucking on his shaft as she traced her lips down toward the point where his penis connected with his lower stomach. She looked into his eyes, wanting to look like as much of a slut as was possible, as she slowly backed up, sucking his cock, until the head was all that was left.

Madison circled her tongue around the head of Dan's penis, like she was trying to get to the center of a lollipop. The look on her face was one of pure bliss at being allowed to suck him - to please him.

"I do love it when you do that," she said as he paused, allowing her to catch her breath, if only for a moment. "I feel like a whore when you slap me." Quickly, in response, Dan slapped her three times in rapid succession.

"Mmmmm," moaned Madison. "I fucking love that. Hit me again!" Dan obliged, giving her another three quick slaps to the other side of her face before thrusting his cock all the way into her throat again.

Dan bent at the waist as she sucked his cock, reaching down, grabbing her elbows, he pulled them behind her back and picked up a roll of extra-strength duct tape that was on his coffee table. He began to wrap her arms in tape, and she did not object or struggle as he taped her arms together behind her back.

Dan grabbed the back of Madison's head. She was literally helpless now, and he grabbed her head and thrust his cock in as far as it would go. "Ohhhh, fuck yes, you little cunt! You little cocksucking whore!" Madison gagged as his cock hit the back of her throat. He grabbed her neck, choking her. She could barely breathe but, in spite of this, she dutifully bobbed her head on his dick.

"Ohhhh, fuck!" She said when he finally relaxed his grip and pulled his cock out. He quickly slapped her, this time extremely hard. He swung his whole hand back and furiously swatted her cheek. Over and over again he slapped her.

"Mmmm, mmmm! Ow! Mmmm!" Madison called out.

"Fucking thank me, you dumb ungrateful bitch!" Dan commanded.

"Oh, I'm sorry! Thank you!"

"Thank me for what?" Dan asked, beating her again.

"Thank you for - for hurting me - for hitting me - for slapping me. I'm sorry and I'm a whore and I deserve to be slapped even harder. Please slap me. Please hurt me!"

Dan did not hesitate. He brought his hand back again and furiously beat the side of her face, leaving a mark he was sure would make her cheek purple by the morning. He stopped, looking down at her, watching a trickle of blood escape her lower lip, before he did it again. This time, he knocked Madison back onto the floor, where she lay, in tears, unable to prop herself back up.

"T- Thank you, s-sir," she said, trembling. She was starting to become legitimately afraid, not necessarily of Dan or what he might do to her, but afraid of her own desire to be abused and afraid of what she might want him to do if left unchecked. She licked her swollen lip, tasting the blood as she cleaned it with her tongue. "T-thank you for busting my lip," she said.

Dan reached down and grabbed a fistful of her hair. Madison shrieked as Dan dragged her across the hard wood floor by the hair on her head. "Up here," he said, pointing at the middle cushion on the couch. On your knees! Ass up! Now!" He commanded.

Madison did not need to be told again. As he pulled her to her feet, mostly by her hair, she put her right knee up on the couch. He let go of her hair and half pushed, half threw her face into the corner formed by the cushion and the back of the couch as she lifted her left knee onto the cushion. Dan reached out, touching her dripping cunt.

"You wet fucking slut. I fucking slap you until I bust your lip and you turn into a dripping wet slut. You're a real piece of shit, Madison. You know that?"

"Yes, sir," Madison said.

"Fucking piece of trash slut."

"Thank you, I-"

"You get fucking wet when I treat you like trash, is that it?" Dan asked. He pulled her thin thong to the side and thrust his cock into her pussy with no warning whatsoever. Her bra remained on, along with her tights and her garter "skirt" which was now riding up near her hips.

"Yes, I - Ohhhh, yes, please, don't stop - don't stop fucking me! Don't stop using me, I - ohhhh, fuck yes, spank me, slap me!" Madison moaned.

"Are you trash?" Dan asked as he pounded her cunt. "Are you a dumb little slut?"

"Ohhhh, yes, please, I'm a piece of trash, I'm a dumb fucking slit, ohhhhh, I'm a stupid bitch, use me!" She shrieked.

"Suck my foot, whore," he commanded as he raised his left foot onto the couch near her mouth. "You want me to use you, and hurt you, and show you off to my friends while I humiliate you, don't you, slut?"

"Oh, yes, please - show me off - I want you to humiliate me and show me off," she moaned as he fucked her. She began to suck his toe as he continued to berate her.

"Oh yeah? You want me to force you to show off what you really are deep down, don't you? You want me to really humiliate you? You want me to show other guys what a slut you are?"

"Yes, ruin me, Dan, destroy me! Make me regret, ohhhh, yes! Please, don't stop, please, I mean it, please, I want this!" Madison almost shrieked as Dan pounded her pussy.

"Adam, come out here," Dan said all of the sudden.

"Adam? What the fuck, Dan? Who?"

"Madison, meet Adam. Adam, this is the girl I told you about," Dan said as Adam walked into the room. Madison's heart raced. Was this someone she knew? Someone from class? Someone from campus? She gulped, fearful of what Dan had done. Hurriedly, she sat up on the couch, as best as she could, She shoved Dan's foot out of the way and sat there writhing, her hands taped behind her back.

"Tell Adam what you are, Madison," Dan ordered. Madison looked up at Adam. Thankfully, he wasn't someone she knew. But she was still terrified that he was a student at her school or that he somehow was from the area. As arousing as it was, she knew she couldn't possibly want have her reputation ruined - could she?

"Now!" he said, forcefully. he slapped her in the face, and she fell back against the couch as she tried to back away.

"Ouch, Dan!" she protested as she backed away. She could not believe that he would do that to her - slap her - in front of this guy she had just met, this guy who, for all she knew, was going to go out and tell the whole campus about her if she didn't act extremely put off by his behavior.

Dan knew better than to let her off easy. For one thing, he knew that, deep down, she wanted him to abuse her in front of this guy. He leaned in close and whispered to her, "Don't you embarrass me like that again, slut. Tell him what you are. Unless you want our whole class to see all the nasty, filthy pictures I took of you. You know I have the mailing list for Professor Dudley's class. And I'm going to text them to your dad and show him what a filthy whore you are. Is that what you want? He released her hair and awaited her response.

"N-no, please, Dan!"

"Then tell him!" Dan commanded. he raised his foot and rested it on the left side of her face, burying it into the crevice between the back and the seat of the couch, before he heard a muffled utterance from Madison's mouth.

He relented, pulling his cock out of her and pulling her up by her leash until she was leaned forward on the couch. "Say it. Louder!" he commanded.

Madison was in a state of utter humiliation. There she sat, on Dan's couch as he literally abused her for hid friend to watch. She knew she looked like hell by now; she could feel it. Her eyes welled up with tears as a result of the slaps she had taken to the face, spilling over and running her mascara down her cheek. Her bottom lip was busted and blood had been drawn, if only a little. Her hair was tousled from Dan's pulling on it. "Slut" was still written on her stomach. Her clothes were nothing but a collar and trashy lingerie. She looked used. She was so ashamed she couldn't make eye contact with either of the guys as she looked down and said, "I'm a slut." She loved hearing herself say that, and she was already becoming even more turned on.

"Now, say it to Adam. Look him in the eye and tell him what you are!" Dan urged her as he pulled her hair toward his friend. Madison turned to look up at him. He was somewhat attractive, maybe a little beefy, with short blonde hair and a big smile. She just looked at him, unable to say the words she knew she wanted to say to the guy she had just met moments prior.

Slowly Madison slipped into a fantasy again. "I'm a fucking cocksucking whore," she said. "I'm Webslut Madison Holt and I want you to make sure I get ruined. I want you to take nasty, filthy videos of me and, ohhhhh, spread me around! Post me everywhere! Ruin my reputation forever!"

Madison was returned to reality by three hard slaps to the face by Dan, who was obviously unsatisfied with the time she had taken to respond. She thanked him quickly, looking up at Adam. She opened her mouth, not quite believing what she was about to say, even though she knew it was completely true. "Hi, Adam. I'm a slut," she said. She smiled at him, watching his eyes as he ogled her body, barely noticing her face.

"You fucking loved that, didn't you, slut?" Dan asked her.

"Yes," she admitted with a shy smile. She looked down at her dripping pussy. She slowly began spreading her legs, looking at Adam, knowing that he was watching as she exposed her swollen, puffy, wet pussy beneath her "skirt." She really could not contain herself now.

"Tell him more. Tell him what turns you on, slut," Dan ordered.

"Do you like that?" she asked him as she spread her legs more. "I'm a slut, and I get off on being slapped, humiliated, degraded and exposed like the slut I am," she told Adam, locking eyes with him. "But my biggest turn on is being humiliated beyond belief. And shown off.". She smiled, looking down, seeing the bulge in his pants.

"Well, since you like showing off so much," Adam began. He reached his hands to the clasp on Madison's bra and tugged on it, separating it. Madison did not offer any resistance as Adam pulled the garment off and tossed it to the side.

"Do you like my tits?" Madison asked him seductively. "Do you want to slap me? Like Dan did?" she even began to touch her slutty wet cunt as she offered her face to Adam for more abuse. "I fucking love it. It makes me feel like such a whore."

No sooner did she get the words out of her mouth than Adam landed a hard slap on the right side of her face. "Mmmm," Madison moaned in both pain and pleasure. "Thank you. I feel like a whore already."

"I don't think he really gets it," Dan jumped in. "Why don't you tell Adam what you did today?"

Madison looked down, embarrassed. She smiled, though. Being embarrassed, she was discovering, caused her to become inexplicably turned on. Dan began to rub her clit as he watched, as she thought about what she had done that day.

"Well, I -" she began, as Dan pinched her clit for added effect. "I graduated - and I was naked under my gown," she began. "In front of a thousand people. I walked across the stage with a plug in my ass, ohhhh," she moaned at the thought of what she had done, "and clamps on my nipples, and just a gown and I - and I -" His movements came faster before dying out altogether, leaving her horny as hell but unsatisfied, shivering and shaking from excitement.

"I fucking want you to fuck me," Madison moaned. "I sat there in agony, okay? I havent cum all day. Please, God, one of you fuck my fucking cunt, okay?! Please?! Please please please!!!

"I like it when you're desperate," Dan said. "Keep begging. You're a piece of shit whore begging for cock like that! And you fucking love it when I call you nasty names like that, don't you, cunt?"

"Fuck yes," Madison moaned as Dan pinched her clit between his thumb and forefinger. "Fuck, I'm a piece of shit whore and fuck, I love it when you make me admit it!"

"Whores get slapped, cunt!" Dan shot back. "Whores get slapped around before they get passed around!"

"Then fucking slap me," Madison groaned. "And make it fucking hurt!"

"Keep telling Adam what you did today while we fucking turn you cunt purple," Dan hissed. He reached his hand back, wailing down on Madison's spread-open, bald cunt. The slap made an echo that reverberated back and forth off the walls several times.

"Ohhhh, fuck, YES!" Madison moaned. At this point she was just happy to feel anything on her cunt, even if it was pain, and the abuse just aroused her more anyway, and the more aroused she was, the more she craved the abuse and humiliation and, yes, exposure.

"And I wrote slut - ohhhhh, fuck yes!" Madison wailed as Dan motioned to Adam who delivered a hard cunt slap this time. "I wrote it and wore it and Fuuuck!" Madison screamed as she was slapped again. "I went out to eat like that, the plug and the clamps and the writing and the gown and Shit! Fuck! Ow!" Madison moaned in mixed pain and pleasure as Adam slapped her cunt again.

"Then Dan fucking blackmailed me into sneaking off and fucking in the restaurant bathroom, but I fucking wanted it, I fucking loved it, and - Fuck! Fuck! Yes! He used my fucking mouth and I walked out to my parents' table with a mouthful of his cum and - and - Fuck, please please please use me! Please expose me! Bring the whole fucking class in here! Text my fucking dad! I want to be fucking exposed and fucked, ohhhh please!

Dan and Adam looked at each other and smiled. They had never seen such a filthy slut. Slowly, Adam removed his belt and unbuttoned his shorts, letting them fall to the floor. He grabbed Madison's exposed right breast and removed his already hard cock from his boxers.

"Please fuck me. Double team me! Video me and show everyone what a whore I am! Please, please!" Madison moaned as Dan stroked her clit again.

"Here," said Dan. "You film her. The slut knows we can make her do whatever the fuck we want and she fucking loves it. I want to keep teasing her for a while but eventually I want to show her off beyond her own imagination. Maybe have her completely humiliate herself in class or something. You'd love that, wouldn't you, slut?"

Dan slowly inserted his hard cock into Madison's cunt as Madison started to lick the tip of Adam's cock. Adam took the phone and was now taking a video recording of everything.

"Ohhhh yes, fuck me," Madison moaned. "Treat me like a whore. Use me. I'm a piece of shit whore," she said, looking at the camera. "Show me off. Make me dress like a slut and strip - Ohhhh, make me take it off for the class! I want to be up in front of the class getting fucked and screaming about how much of a slut I am! Or - fuck! Show me off on the internet! Ohhhhh, Fuck!"

Madison almost came as she said these words. She was in disbelief that she had just confessed a small part of her ultimate fantasy to be exposed online to her real-life classmate. She knew she was going to regret it later. She was just too horny to stop herself. Madison needed to cum - now.

"Fucking pound me! Use me!" she moaned. "Im going to cum so hard!"

"No you aren't, you filthy fucking cunt!" Dan retorted. "You are going to make sure you don't cum or believe me, your dad WILL see this video. You are going to make sure we both get off before you even think about it!"

"Ohhhh, Fuck!" Madison moaned, partly in anger, mostly in arousal. "Just fuck me then!". Her begging was soon replaced by Adam's cock pounding its way into her throat.

"Take it you fucking slut!" Adam demanded. He was a little bewildered. He had never met a girl who liked being talked to that way before. "Take my cock. Take it so we can show everyone what a nasty slut you are!"

"Here, I'm going to fuck the slut in the ass," Dan said as he lifted her and crawled under her. "You fuck her cunt and record her. He placed his hands around her neck and squeezed.

"Fuck ME! FUCK! ME!" Madison wailed. She had a cock in her ass and a cock in her pussy. She could not remember who was who and she didn't care. All she could remember was that she had to get both of them off before she could cum, unless she wanted the video sent to her dad. And as much as she liked being exposed, she wasn't ready for that sort of humiliation. Madison felt the hands tighten around her neck as she moaned.

The next thing she knew, she was begging for more. "Fuck me! Fuck my ass, I'm a stupid, filthy fucking whore!"

"Yes, fuck my ass and make me suck you off!" she found herself screaming. "Treat me like a piece of shit, ohhhhh, I fucking need it!" She felt the hands tighten again and drifted off to either being choked out or some fantasy, and truthfully, as aroused as she was, she couldn't tell for sure which it was.

"Oh, fuck, I'm Webslut Madison and I'm already shown off all over the internet," she wailed. "I want you to post this video! Spread me around and ruin me! Make me go to class and strip and tell everyone I'm a slut and I'll fuck any and all of them! Ohhhhh, yes, tell them all about my videos! Ruin me, ruin my life and my reputation and make it so I can never get a job and . . ."

"Here, slut. Suck." Dan commanded. She opened her mouth and he rammed his cock in. She knew instantly that he had been fucking her ass, because she could taste her ass on his dick. She liked it. Madison liked knowing that she was really being reduced to a lowly ass to mouth slut, even if she found it a little repulsive.

"Swallow, whore," Dan said. He was holding the phone now. "Do you like tasting your own ass?" Dan asked.

"Mmmhmmm," she muttered. He slapped her face, holding her neck in the other hand, as he filled her mouth with his cum.

"Ohhhh, fuck, I'm cumming," Adam grunted. Madison had barely noticed that somehow he was now under her, fucking her ass.

"Mmmm, cum in my ass," Madison begged, her mouth still full of cum. She showed it to the camera and then swallowed it down. Adam quickly finished in her ass and then pushed her off of him, standing up and thrusting his cock in her face for her to scrub with her tongue.

"Okay, can I please fucking cum now, guys?" she asked.

"Sure," Dan said. "But you are going to do it by masturbating for us," he said. He pulled off the duct tape still binding her arms together. "And yes, it's all going to be on video. And you are going to tell us how much of a slut you are while you fuck yourself. Got it?"

"Okay, I mean, I thought -" Madison began. She really wanted to be fucked to orgasm, not to do it herself.

"I don't really care what you thought. You are a cunt and we are being nice and letting you cum. We know you need it. But a whore like you takes dick for the pleasure of the dick. Not for your own pleasure. Right? I'm not working to get you off. Not when I have you acting like a bitch in heat on video and could show whoever I wanted. Plus I want to humiliate you."

"Okay," Madison said, still a little puzzled.

Adam stepped in. "Did you hear him, slut?" He said, slapping her across the face. "Masturbate. Now." But, all of the sudden, Madison didn't even know if she was in the mood anymore.

"Tell us what you are," Dan said as Madison sat on the couch, spread her legs, exposing her pussy, and began to softly touch herself.

"I'm a slut," she admitted softly, ashamed. "See? Says so right here," she pointed to her stomach.

"Helps, doesn't it?" Dan said, chuckling.

"Yes, it helps," Madison said. She closed her eyes. "I'm a slut," she said softly as she leaned back. She felt her pussy becoming more moist.

"Today wasn't the first time you wrote that on your body, was it?" Dan asked her.

"No, I - I wrote it and went to class," she admitted.

"And what were you wearing?"

"A short shirt that barely covered it. I felt like such a whore, ohhhhh, fuck I loved doing that," she moaned. "I want to do it again. But you know what I really want? That's so be force to show it off to people. To strangers." Her fingers were moving faster now, and Dan and Adam could hear the sounds of her wet, sloppy cunt being manipulated by her fingers.

"You'd like that?" Adam asked.

"Ohhhh, yes," Madison admitted. "And i kept trying to cover it up even though I really just wanted to stand up and strip and show the whole class what I am. And then Dan asked me why I did it and I took him outside and showed him...this," she said, pointing at her stomach.

"I think you're a fucking slut for sucking him off in a restaurant bathroom," Adam chimed in.

"Ohhhh, god, such a fucking slut!" she moaned.

"What happened after you showed me what you wrote on yourself?" Dan asked.

"I admitted that I am a slut, ohhhh, and you took me back to your place and fucked me, ohhhh, fuck yes!"

"And took some pictures and wrote some more filthy shit on you, right?"

"Ohhhh, god yes, and it was all my idea!" Madison admitted. "I wanted it all. I wanted you to have me - to use it all - against me, ohhhhh, to force me!"

"You wanted me to blackmail you?"

"Ohhh, yes!"

"You like it, don't you?"

"Ohhhh, I fucking love being blackmailed into being a slut!". She meant it, too. She was rapidly fingering herself now, unable to stop the admissions that flew out of her mouth. "I fucking - love - love this!" she practically shouted. "I love it so much I begged to be blackmailed and forced! And I have another one -"

"Another what?" Dan said. He was getting horny again, too, listening to and watching Madison degrade herself. He slowly approached her, phone in hand, and thrust his cock into her slick, wet pussy.

"Another blackmailer," she admitted without hesitation. "I fucking love it. That's why I wrote this, and plugged my ass, and clamped my nipples, and ohhhhh, that's why I was naked under my gown!"

"You dirty fucking whore!" Dan said as he thrust into her again.

"I AM a dirty fucking whore. Blackmailed, controlled fucking whore and I love every second of it!"

"You're going to get destroyed one of these days, slut," Dan said. He pounded her angrily.

"I - can't - fucking - wait!" Madison screamed loudly. He pounded her as a million fantasies of what that would be like - to be completely destroyed inside and out, her reputation ruined, her videos everywhere - went through her mind. "Ohhhhh, God, I'm cumming, I'm cumming I'm c-" she moaned.

"You're a fucking slut getting off to that, I'm going to fill your cunt, I'm going to - ohhhhh, fuck!" He moaned, squirting furiously into her waiting pussy.

"Ohhhh, fuck, I'm a slut, I'm a SLUT!" Madison screamed as she came again. She was shaking wildly, having finally earned the release, washing away the heightened arousal that had made her act like more of a whore that day than was normal, even for her. She laid on the couch, her head in her hands, ashamed of herself.

"We're going to bed," Dan said finally. "I want you to stay over. No sense in walking around looking like a whore at this time, you'll either get raped or arrested," he said.

"Dan, I -" she began to protest.

"If you aren't here in the morning, your dad is going to see the video we just made. Do you want him to know what you were doing in the bathroom for so long?"

"No, I'll stay, but - but why?" she asked finally.

"I want to use you as a slut again in the morning," Dan told her. And with that, he turned around and went to bed, leaving Madison to sleep on the couch. Adam went upstairs, and Madison drifted off to sleep not long after.

The next thing Madison knew, she was being awakened by the sound if a door opening and closing - the front door to the apartment. The sun was streaming in. Without a doubt, it was morning. Squinting, she looked across the room at the cable box under the television - 8:36 A.M. She shifted her gaze to the door, where a guy stood. A guy she didn't recognize.

"Hey," she said. It was quite the informal introduction. Madison sat up. Clearly, she was not awake enough to comprehend what she must look like to this guy. She had slept on the sofa, with no blankets, and most of her clothes were still lying in the corner behind the door. The only garments still clinging to her body were her stockings, garters, a garter skirt, which managed to laughably cover her legs and, quite literally, the skirt had ridden up as she slept and was bunched just below her bellybutton, not even close to hiding her pussy from plain sight. Madison was topless, braless, and still had "slut" written on herself in plain view.

Yet, she made no effort whatsoever to cover herself. Not that it would have done much good, but as he stood there looking at her, the guy wondered why she didn't at least drape an arm over her tits or something, and try to feign a little bit of modesty. Her body was a very nice conversation piece, he thought. If she had been clothed, he probably would have continued on his way, but no, he wanted to look at her a bit longer.

"Um, hi," he said slowly. He watched her for a moment, appreciating her body, while she still made no effort to hide it. Finally, after several long seconds, he spoke again. "Can I - um - do you, like - need some clothes or a blanket or something?" He pointed right at her bare chest as he spoke.

"Oh, shit!" Madison exclaimed, realizing her state of dress all at once. She was more than a little embarrassed, but did not want to impose, so she stammered around. "No, I, um -" she stood, giving the guy a better view without even really thinking about it, her pussy now on full display as she made a half-assed attempt to cover her tits with one arm. "No, I - I mean, shit, I just woke up," she said, trying to explain herself. "Where the fuck is that bra?" she asked out loud. Secretly, as she awoke, she liked the thought of showing off for him, but she didn't want him to know how much of a slut she was. Of course, he saw that written plain as day across her stomach.

"Fuck, they took it off right - ah! Found it!" she exclaimed, and turned around, her ass and pussy both completely hanging out, as she put it on and clasped it.

"So, you had a good time last night?" the guy asked. Madison turned around, her arm now draped across the word "slut," even though she knew he had to have seen it already. Her pussy was still completely exposed, but if she knew, she really just didn't care. She realized, all of the sudden, that she didn't even know who the guy was.

"Yeah, I - sorry, who are you again?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said, realizing how it must look to her. "I'm Travis. One of Dan's roommates. I live here."

"Oh," Madison said, a little embarrassed.

"And you?" the guy asked.

"Oh. Madison. I, um - I - I slept over last night," she said, once she had found a way to tell him she was an invited guest without making herself sound like a total slut, despite how she looked.

All of the sudden, Dan appeared from his bedroom door. "Morning," he said to both of them. "Tony, Madison," he said, quickly introducing them. "But it looks like you already met."

"Yeah," Tony replied. "And I gotta admit, first time I ever managed to see a girl naked before I even knew her name," he said, laughing. "Well, you know. Except for a strip club or something. But even then you usually hear a name of some sort, even if it's a made up stage name like Candy or something."

"Destiny," chimed in Dan.

"Yeah, good one," laughed Tony.

"Speaking of naked - Madison, I can't help but notice you're wearing more clothing than you were last night when you went to bed. Why is that?"

"Ummm, well, your friend - I mean roommate - walked in and my tits were hanging out. Honestly, I was too asleep to even realize it until -"

"I asked if she needed any clothes," Tony chimed in. "She started fishing around for that bra. Like that was going to help!"

"Haha," chuckled Dan. "Yeah, you know that skirt doesn't cover your ass or your pussy, right?"

"Well, I mean -"

"Oh, come on. That's how you were flashing guys on that park bench last night right?" Dan asked. He just seems to want to really embarrass Madison in front of this new guy. Madison was really feeling it, partially wishing he would stop, and partially becoming aroused all over again as a result of Dan teasing her.

"Dan!" Madison protested.

"Oh, shit, sorry, Madison," Dan said, feigning concern for her embarrassment. "I forgot. Guys and girls. You were flashing girls too, weren't you?" he asked.

Madison looked around the room. Tony's eyes were fixed on her now. She looked back at Dan. "Well?" he asked.

"Y-yes, I did," she admitted.

"And you liked it? Didn't you? You liked the way the guys and girls looked at you, isn't that right?"

"Yes, okay, yes," Madison said quickly and nervously.

"You love being looked at. Shown off. Naked. Don't you?" Dan probed. Madison looked at him, begging him with her eyes not to make her do this.

"Well?" Dan asked her.

"I mean - yes, I - I like showing off, naked, being exposed. There, I"

"It turns you on, doesn't it, slut?" Dan asked. Madison's legs began to quiver. She couldn't believe it. He just called her a slut - right in front of Tony, the guy she had known for a whole five minutes! She knew he wasn't wrong, but even so - she was completely humiliated. And even worse - better? - worse - her body betrayed her. Her nipples stood at attention, her exposed cunt dripped and her legs were visibly quivering. There was no mistaking how much this was turning her on, despite her humiliation.

"Yes, it turns me on. Obviously, I'm fucking shaking here. Being exposed turns me on. Are you happy?"

"Not yet," Dan said, chuckling. "Why don't you show Tony how turned on it makes you? Slide that bra off and show him your tits."

Madison just stood there in disbelief. She didn't move. She couldn't believe her ears. "Did he seriousy just order me to take it off - show off - to a guy I just met?" she thought aloud. "Dan?" she asked aloud, looking at him.

Dan snapped his fingers at her. "Bra off. Now" he ordered, more forcefully this time. "She likes being controlled," Dan explained to Tony as Madison slowly raised her hand, revealing the word written on her stomach, and unclasped her bra.

Madison's feet and hands were trembling beyond control as she slipped the bra over her shoulders. "I can't believe Dan is treating me like this, like I'm - some sort of cheap stripper! For this guy I just met a few minutes ago!" Madison thought to herself. "God, this is so humiliating, ordering me around like some kind of - like a sex slave or something!" she thought. Yet her legs and arms trembled greatly, and she knew she horny as ever.

"Now your garter and skirt," Dan ordered. Madison, without a work, took a deep breath and looked down, hiding her face in shame as she unhooked the remaining garters and slid them, with the skirt, down her legs to the floor. Only her stockings remained.

"Tony, you have to feel her cunt," Dan prodded. "You won't believe how wet and horny she gets from this shit.". Madison spread her feet apart, inviting him in as he stepped closer to her. She was beyond shame now. She needed to be touched, felt, and fucked.

"Let him touch you, you dirty fucking slut!" Madison thought to herself. "I am such a slut, such a whore for loving this - stripping, being forced, being groped with no control over my own body. I'm such a slut!" she thought.

"Mmmm," Madison let out a soft moan as Tony softly fondled her clit.

"Damn. She's wet as hell!" Tony exclaimed. "This must be true, then?" he asked as he pointed to the "slut" on her stomach.

"Madison, tell Tony what you are," Dan ordered.

"I'm a slut," she whispered softly as Tony rubbed her cunt.

"Louder. Like you want the whole school to know!" Dam commanded.

"I'm a SLUT," Madison said loudly. "It's true," she said to Tony. Her legs wobbled a little as Tony slipped a finger inside her, but he pulled it back out and tasted it rather than give her the pleasure she craved.

"Don't stop," Madison begged. "I want you to - I want to feel you. I want you to fuck me."

"Not just yet," Dan said. "Let's go to the kitchen. I always wanted to watch a naked slut make me breakfast. Don't worry, Madison, we will keep teasing you."

Madison sighed and followed Dan to the kitchen and watched as he set out a box of pancake mix, a bowl, a spatula, and a nonstick skillet.

"So, Dan, how come she just does whatever you say?" Tony asked him.

"Madison, why don't you answer that question for Tony?"

"Because, I - I like to," she said as she poured the mix into the bowl.

"Don't lie, Madison," Dan said. "Tell him the whole story."

"Dan has some, let's say - compromising pictures and videos of me," Madison said. She added water to the mix and started to stir it up. "And he also has my dad's phone number and he knows a lot of my classmates. So he, um - he has threatened to share them with my dad and with my classmates if I don't do as he says."

"Wow," Tony said.

"Yeah. But it started when I told Dan that I would like it if he, you know - used the pictures and the video to force me to do things - you know, threaten me. To make me act like a slut. I basically told him I wanted this, so really, it goes back to me liking it."

"Because you are a slut and it turns you on?" Tony asked.

"Yes," Madison said. Tony approached her, feeling her swollen cunt from behind as she poured the batter into the skillet.

"So what sort of compromising shit does he have on you?" Tony asked.

"Just me acting like a total whore," she said, "begging to be humiliated, nasty shit written all over me, me sucking his cock in a restaurant bathroom when i was supposed to be eating with my parents, me dressed like a slut - me telling him what a whore I am, you know," she replied. She flipped the pancake.

Tony started caressing her soft, puffy pussy as he asked the next question. "What kind of shit does he make you do?"

"Shit like this," she replied. She took the one pancake out of the skillet and set it aside, pouring another. "He made me suck him in the bathroom at the restaurant. He made me - he - I came over and he showed his friend Adam what a slut I am and, God, Tony, just finger me already I fucking want it in my pussy!" Madison begged as he rubbed her clit.

"Go on," Dan said. "Not yet."

"And I begged him to treat me like a whore and slap me," Madison went on.

"Spread your legs, slut," Tony demanded. Madison complied eagerly, forcing her feet apart on the floor. They must have been two and a half feet apart as Tony started to caress her ass cheeks before reaching in between her legs and touching her clit. Madison backed her ass up, yearning for his hand against her sensitive pussy, as she flipped the second pancake.

"And do you enjoy it, slut?" Tony asked her. Dan sat on the other side of the kitchen island, on a barstool, watching with delight.

"Y-yes, I do," she replied.

"You like being made to show off?"

"Yes, I like it. I loved the way Dan forced me to strip for you and tell you how much of a slut I am," she added. "It's very humiliating. But I get really turned on by being humiliated."

"I can see that," said Tony. "I have to tell you, Dan, I could just toss her onto the island and pound he shit out of her."

"Okay," said Dan, "But she's going to suck your cock first, to get you good and hard, isn't that right, slut? And then Tony can have either your pussy or your ass while you suck my cock and balls."

"Oh, please, God that would be so hot! I want you both to fuck me!". Madison bent down as Tony turned the stove off. She unbuttoned his shorts, letting them fall to the floor with his boxers, and looked up at him with a sultry gaze as she began to lick the tip of his dick.

"Stop teasing him and show him how much of a cock slut you are!" Dan demanded.

Madison looked up at Tony as she stroked his already-hard cock. "Can I please deepthroat your dick and show you how much of a slut I am?" she asked, batting her eyelashes at him.

Tony couldn't take any more teasing. "Do it now, slut!" he said, grabbing the back of her head. He tried to pus, to force her head onto his dick, but she was already taking his cock balls deep into her mouth.

"Mmmmmm," Madison moaned. She backed off his dick and smacked her lips as it exited her mouth, watching as a string of saliva connected her mouth and his dick. She opened wide and noddeed at him as he grabbed her head and rammed his cock inside.

"Mmm, mmm, mmm!" Madison moaned as he thrust his cock back and forth. Without even realizing it, Madison began stroking her clit, craving the orgasm she could already feel building inside of herself.

"Up on the island, slut!" Tony ordered finally.

"I thought you'd never ask," Madison said with a smile. "Are you guys gonna double team me like a dirty slut?"

"Would that make you feel like a whore?" Tony asked as he picked her up and lifted her bare ass onto the island. He pushed her back until her elbows made contact with the other end of the island, and picked her feet up and placed them at his end, touching the edge of the island but spread far apart.

"Mmm-hmm," Madison replied.

"And would you like that?" Tony teased.

"I always like feeling like a dirty little whore," she teased back with a smile.

Dan approached the other end of the island. He grabbed her hair and pulled her head back. Somehow while Madison and Tony were teasing each other, he had removed his clothing, and he placed his balls directly into Madison's mouth as he pulled her head back. There she laid, on her back, her feet spread apart and Dan's testicles entering her mouth.

"Lick my balls, slut!" Dan ordered. Madison let out gasp as Tony thrust his cock into her pussy. She couldn't believe what she was doing - letting a guy she had just met fuck her pussy raw while another guy tea bagged her. "How degrading!" she thought. "I've been a huge slut online, but I've never been this much of a slut in real life before," she continued thinking.

Overcome with arousal, Madison took a testicle into her mouth and started to slurp on it as if she thought it might break free. "Mmmmm," she moaned.

"Take my cock, you hot little fuck hole!" Tony said as he started to thrust harder.

"Okay, the other one. Clean it. Suck it good!" Dan commanded. Madison moaned loudly as she took his other testicle into her mouth, running her tongue along its curvature, savoring the arousal she felt at such a humiliating task.

"I want you to use me. Both of you. Take what you want, treat me like an object, a fuck toy!" Madison moaned as soon as she had use of her mouth. "I want to feel like a used-up dumb little slut!"

Dan pulled her hair, pulling her head back, and rammed his cock into her throat. A perfect line was formed from her mouth through her chest, down to her bellybutton, much like a sword swallower. Dan reached into the drawer in the island and pulled out a sharpie.

"Fuck, you're a filthy fucking whore!" Tony said as he thrust into her harder, faster.

"Here," Dan said, handing Tony the marker. "Re-do the writing. I don't want that coming off for a while!". Tony took the marker and, as well as he could, re-traced the writing on Madison's stomach, sending shivers down her spine. She did nothing to object or to stop him.

Tony then wrote "slut" on each of Madison's legs, from left to right, above the top of her stockings but below her hips.

"Fuck, you fucking slut!" He said to her as he rammed his cock back inside. She could not respond. Her head was tilted back and her mouth was stuffed with Dan's cock. "I just wrote slut on both your thighs. I didn't think once was enough."

"Mmmhmmm," Madison moaned at him. She sucked hard as Dan pulled his cock out of her mouth. "Dan, I want you to slap me while you facefuck me," she begged.

"Oh, yes, you dirty fucking slut!" Dan said as he thrust his cock back inside Madison's mouth. He shoved it in deep, pulling her hair with his left hand. Quickly, he pulled his right hand up and slapped Madison hard in the face, on her right cheek. "You love that, don't you, you dirty little whore?"

Madison's face burned. It was quickly turning pink as Dan slapped her again, and then again. Worst of all, or perhaps best of all, she really did feel like a whore, on her back, being used by two guys and slapped by one of them. "Mmmhmmm," she replied. "I feel like a whore," she said as he took his cock out and let her breathe. "Use me, please, use me!" She moaned. "And make it hurt! Ohhh, yes, Tony, fuck my dirty little cunt!"

Tony thrust his cock in and out of her, in and out. He leaned forward, feeling her perky breasts, running his hands over her nipples before giving them a good squeeze. Hearing her moan in response, he squeezed a little harder. Madison was on fire, both literally and metaphorically, as Dan thrust his cock back into her mouth and slapped the other side of her face, even harder this time.

Madison knew she needed it. She was too turned on not to love this. She grabbed Tony's hand and placed it over her right nipple with the thumb and forefinger on either side, and then she pinched the two together, pinching her own nipple in between. Tony did not need any further assistance. As soon as she moved her hand, Tony pinched her nipple. Madison moaned heavily at this, and Tony responded by twisting. Madison could not resist this, moaning loudly even as Dan's cock was thrust into her throat and her face was slapped again.

"Oh, fucking take it, you whore! You fucking nasty slut!" Tony was practically panting as he fucked her, pinching her nipples as he thrust into and out of her. At the same time, Dan was fucking her throat and slapping her face.

"Ohhhhh, yes, you want this, don't you you filthy bitch!" Tony continued.

"Mmmhmmm," Madison moaned, her mouth full of cock. She shrieked as Dan slapped her especially hard.

"Ohhh, I'm going to fucking cum inside your slutty cunt. Would you like that?" Tony went on.

"Mmmmhmmm," Madison moaned again. She lifted her legs up and placed her feet on Tony's shoulders as he pounded her.

"Give me those feet, slut!" Dan ordered. "Open your pussy up wide for him!" Madison lifted her feet again and Dan grabbed them, forcing them back near her head. Her belly ring jiggled back and forth as Tony plowed into her.

"Ohhhh, take my cock, you fucking, you fucking, nasty - filthy - dirty - slutty little fucking whore, ohhhhh! I'm cumming, I'm blasting your fucking cunt!" Tony moaned as he came in Madison's wide open pussy.

"Mmmm," Madison moaned. Dan let go of her legs and focused on ramming her throat some more. His dick was getting bigger. It was filling her mouth up, almost more than she could handle. She felt like such a slut it was indescribable. She leaned her head back as he pounded her mouth, slapping her face. Her whole face was a mess, covered in slobber and drool.

"God, I feel like I want to gag, or even vomit!" This was the toughest throatfucking she had taken in her life. To make matters worse, Tony started slapping her breasts. It hurt - but - could she actually like it? "Ow, Fuck - why is this turning me on?" Madison wondered. "Why is ANY of this turning me on?" For a brief moment she just wanted to be an innocent college girl studying to be a teacher, before she had taken the plunge and become Webslut Madison.

Then she almost vomited again. Her eyes welled up with tears. Dan slapped her face, which was bruising by now. Tony slapped her tits again. "Oh, fuck, I fucking deserve this!" She thought to herself. "I need to be used and treated like scum!"

Madison adjusted her head back even farther. Her face pointed toward Dan's body, her back on the island and her head twisted back about as far as it could go. "Ohhhh, yes, you dirty fucking cunt, swallow my cum!" Dan was ready to blow his load at the sight of the disgusting slut making a mess of herself in front of him, and when she tilted her head back submissively, he could not take any more and exploded into her mouth.

Madison struggled to keep it all in. Her tongue felt up and down Dan's shaft, searching for any cum that remained there, not wanting to waste it. He pulled his cock out of her mouth, and she closed her lips around its entire length, retaining the cum inside as Dan suddenly left the room. Tony, the nice guy that he was, was about to help Madison sit up on the table, but to his surprise, she started fingering her pussy instead.

Dan came back in, however, holding a fistful of Madison's clothes. "All right," he said. "This was fun, but we have shit we have to do. And since you are a slut, we don't have to cuddle, do we?"

"No," Madison said, a little surprised. She really felt like an object. "Are they - I just let them both fuck me and slap me around and - I made them both cum," Madison thought to herself. "And now they're just going to throw me out? Without even getting me off too, or even watching me finger myself?" She wondered. She had never felt so objectified and used.

"Okay then," Dan replied. "Here. Take these. Out you go. I'll text you when I want to use you again."

Madison was too dumbfounded to speak. She took her clothes and walked toward the door as Dan led her there. He opened he door, shoved her out and closed and locked it behind her.

"What the fuck was that?" She wondered. Of course, the humiliation just made her even more aroused. And there she was, standing naked on Dan's front porch. "Oh, shit," she thought. "I guess I had better put these on!"

Madison sat down and started with her garter skirt, pulling it up to her waist. Her tits hung in the air as she bent down, stepped into the skirt, and pulled it up. A couple of cars drove by on the street, and Madison wondered if they saw the naked girl on the porch with "slut" written on her stomach and, now, on both legs. She then put on her bra, fastening it, and then put her jacket on. Her shoes had never been taken off. And those were all the clothes she had. Somewhere in this process the thong that she was wearing the night before was lost. "Maybe I left it near that park bench last night?" She thought.

As Madison fastened the jacket, she could not help but notice that the word "slut" was ever so slightly visible on each leg under the jacket - enough that someone meeting her on the sidewalk would be able to tell she had writing there, but not enough that they would be able to read it. Thinking of the park bench made her remember a promise she had made to a young man the night before - to collect a used condom full of his cum. So she set out to see if he had followed through.

Madison felt like a completely wrecked slut. Her hair was a mess, her makeup was destroyed, she had cum leaking out of her pussy and she was dressed like a prostitute. She was wearing lingerie and a jacket that barely covered her ass, and one wrong move of a leg or an arm and she would be completely exposed. "Fuck, I'm glad school is out," she thought. She certainly did not want to be caught out in that outfit. It was like the walk of shame times ten, the way she looked - good thing there were very few people out. The ones that were out just looked at her in disbelief. Madison took in their disapproving stares and it just made her all the more aroused.

Madison made her way to the park bench. She was shaking, highly turned on, sorely unsatisfied. Sure enough, the guy had left a condom full of cum - enough cum, in fact, that Madison thought he must have cum inside of it two or three times before taking it off. It was sitting right here at the foot of the bench.

Madison looked at it. She couldn't believe her eyes. "My god, do I really have to do this?" She thought to herself. She was so disturbed by what she had agreed to do that she could barely even bring herself to think about the act, or even the words to describe it - "to swal - to swallow that?" She thought at last, swallowing air inside of her mouth out of nervousness.

"I really have become a slut, haven't I?" She said to herself sadly as she sat down on the bench. She looked around. If she was really going to do this, she thought, she certainly wasn't going to allow anyone to bear witness to it. "Or, maybe - if nobody is around - I can just pick it up and toss it. Ewww. I can't believe I even thought about swallowing that!"

Just as Madison was becoming more disgusted with herself, she heard a voice from behind her and to the left. "Hi," it said. She turned to look, and sure enough, it was the guy from the night before.

"Shit!" She thought. There was really no way out without completely disregarding what she had said the night before. As disgusted as she was, Madison was incredibly turned on by what was transpiring. "Hi there," she said back, putting on a calm facade for him.

"I didn't think you were coming there for a minute. As you can see, I came already," he said, winking at him and pointing to the condom.

"Wow, what a sleazy little pervert," she thought to herself. "I can't believe that's whose cum I have to swallow now."

"But since you are here, and I am here," he began again, "I thought I'd sit here and watch you, you know - open it up and swallow it."

"Fuck," she thought. "I have to do it in front of him? Right here? What a sick bastard!"

"Oh, I, um-" Madison began.

"That's okay, isn't it?" He asked gently but creepily. He sat down next to her and started to touch her leg, above the knee. She let him, just for a second, craving the attention, knowing that it was turning her on to be touched, even by a creep.

"Um, I -" Madison began, nervously. "I - yes, but - no touching me, okay? I'll sit here and you sit over there and watch while I - you know."

"Swallow my cum?"

"Yes. And basically completely humiliate myself. Okay?"

"I can't help but get the feeling that you're enjoying this, despite the humiliation?" He asked.

"Yeah," she said. "I am. So just watch, okay?" She watched as he sat down slowly on the bench opposite hers. Madison was immensely aroused by the situation. She was so horny, she wanted to fuck herself for him - right there. Her heart pounded as she gave in to her urges, spreading her legs. Her jacket opened at the bottom, exposing her pussy in broad daylight. The lingerie did nothing to cover it. Only then did she lean forward and pick up the condom, sitting back up in her spread-open position, watching him as his eyes darted back and forth between the condom full of cum in her hand and the show she was putting on between her legs.

"Do you like it?" She asked him, pointing to her pussy. "God, it turns me on so much to - to show you - to show off like this, to show you my - my pussy, God, isn't it so swollen and puffy?"

"I can see how excited you are," he said from his bench. "Does thinking about drinking cum from a used condom turn you on that much? Or is it showing me your pussy?"

"I think it's both, honestly," she said. Having to answer that question, the humiliation, it all went to her head. Madison was quite literally so turned on that she was incapable of rational thought. She slowly untied the condom in her hand, unable to wait to taste what was inside.

"I want you to watch me swallow all your cum," Madison said once the condom was untied.

"Good. Good, I like knowing that you want me to watch," he said. He was undoubtedly creepy, a skinny, slinky little bit of a guy, and he was breathing like a hog as he waited in anticipation.

"Want to tell me what to do?" Madison said flirtatiously. As miserably disgusting as he was, flirting with him was just making her more and more horny.

"I want you to press that condom to your lips and swallow my cum," he said. Slowly, Madison raised the condom, looking him in the eye, before she tipped the end up and let the contents spill into her mouth.

"Mmmmm," she said. A little bit ran out of her mouth and down her chin, but she was quick to scoop it up with her finger and push it back into her mouth.

"Good girl," the guy said. "Now swallow, and then I want to see you suck out the rest, as if there isn't enough cum in the world to satisfy your craving."

Madison closed her eyes. It must have been the worst cum she had ever tasted. "Holy shit," she thought. "What does this guy eat?! Or is it just stale?" But it turned her on like nothing ever before. The horrid taste was even a turn on for her. "My god, I am really a slut for enjoying this so much," she thought to herself, hating the taste itself, but craving what it was doing to her, making her head dizzy. Then, uncontrollably, she said it out loud: "mmmm, delicious, I am such a little cum slut!"

Of course he heard it. "Good, now drink the rest of it. Every drop."

She closed her eyes and put the condom to her lips again. She sucked and slurped, drawing cum out of the bottom of the plastic wrapper, sticking her tongue inside the condom, making sure she got every drop. "Mmmm," she moaned with her eyes closed. She swallowed again. "So fucking delicious," she said, even as she knew that in reality, the taste was awful.

"I love swallowing cum," she said as she spread her legs even wider. "I'm such a little cum slut."

"Ohhhh, you look so sexy swallowing my cum," he said with a smile. "And your pussy looks delicious."

"Oh, yes, it - I - I can't help it - can you - can you please watch me?" Madison stammered as she set the condom down on the bench and started to spread her pussy open with her fingers and caress it. "I want to - ohhh, I want to cum, right here, and I want you to watch, ohhhh."

"That's it baby, I want to watch you cum," he said.

"Oh, yes, watch me, ohhhh, I love it when guys watch me cum," she said. "Especially in public, like this. Do I look like a slut?"

"You are a slut," he said. "It's written on both your legs.

"Ohhhhh, fuck," she said. She had forgotten all about this, but it instantly made her ten times hornier. She began rubbing her pussy harder. It was swollen and puffy, and he could see this from where he was with no doubt or mistake. "I love showing guys what I really am, a dirty cum swallowing slut, and ohhhh, it turns me on so - so much - knowing that you - you can see it," she moaned. She was far too aroused to turn back. At this point, she wasn't even looking around to see who else, if anyone, might be watching, and she was too turned on to even care.

"Ohhh, you look good stroking your pussy, baby," he said.

"Oh, th-thank you, I want - I want to cum, right here, like a little slut!" She was literally saying this on a park bench, so horny that she was oblivious to the fact that anyone walking by would have seen her and heard her. What a sight that would be!

"You know what would be really hot?" He asked.

"Ohhhh, what?" She moaned.

"Take that used condom and rub your pussy with it until you cum."

"Oh, fuck!" Madison exclaimed. "That's so nasty and disgusting, I can't do that! I can't even!" The thought of pressing a used condom, from a guy whose name she didn't even know, against her pussy and masturbating with it was truly repulsive to her. But she could not get the thought out of her head once it was placed there. It just would not go away. As horrid as the thought was, Madison knew that it would literally give her the most intense orgasm of her life. So as she continued to press her fingers against her pussy, she found herself actually entertaining the idea.

"It would be so hot, though," the guy said.

"I - I know it would," Madison admitted. "Ohhhh, fuck!" She picked the condom up and held it in her left hand while she rubbed her cunt with her right.

"Just do it, baby, you know you want to."

"I know I do, it's just too nasty, I don't know if - if I can."

"If you want it then just do it."

"Ohhhhh, fuck, oh, I -"

"Come on, just for a second?"

"Okay," Madison relented. Somehow he idea of only touching it to her pussy for a second was more acceptable to her, and so she briefly placed it against her clit. The nastiness of her own actions was terribly arousing, but she did as she intended and removed it after only a second of rubbing it against her clit.

"Oh, fuck, okay, that was too hot, ohhhh, fuck I need more. I need more. I need it again!" Madison said. She pressed the condom against her pussy again, pressing hard, pushing it against her swollen, tender cunt. She didn't even try to pretend to remove it this time. "Ohhhh, yes!" She closed her eyes and rubbed it back and forth, up and down, grasping it, smashing it between her fingers and her pussy - and then the unthinkable happened. All at once, she slipped her fingers and the used condom inside her pussy, deep inside.

"Ohhhh, fuck this is so hot, I'm fucking myself with a used condom up inside me and I'm so nasty, oh I love it, oh this is - oh - I - I'm such a - such a slut! Ohhh I need this, ohhh, this is so nasty!"

"Come on baby, I want to see you get off to this shit," the guy said, egging her on. He didn't have to wait long.

"Ohhh, I'm getting - I'm cumming - I'm getting off!" She moaned. She had the condom wrapped up in the four fingers of her right hand, and she was forcing her fingers and the condom in and out, in and out. The sight of the condom entering her pussy and then coming back out again, reminding her of the filth she was accepting into her most sensitive organ, sent her over the edge. She came hard, and for the first time in her twenty two years, she squirted.

"Ohhhhh, I'm cumming - I'm - I'm - squirting!" She squealed in surprise. The squirt left a trail halfway across the sidewalk to the bench where the guy was sitting. Seeing herself squirt actually made her cum so hard she came again, repeating the process, as she moaned.

Madison arched her back, which was pressed squarely against the back of the bench. Her legs were spread apart wide and her whole body convulsed. Anyone who walked by and didn't understand what was going on might have thought she was having a seizure - that's how heavily she was shaking.

Soon after Madison closed her legs and curled them together on the bench, her right hand stuffed in between her legs and the condom still in there somewhere. She watched as the guy stood up, walked over to the trail of squirt on the sidewalk, pushed his finger into the liquid, brought it to his nose and sniffed it before tasting it.

"Ohhhh, fuck that was so embarrassing!" Madison said. All of the sudden things were starting to return to normal and she realized that she had taken things farther than she ever intended. "God, I hope I didn't make too much of a scene," she said.

"No," said the guy. "But I did get this test cool video of it on my phone."

"Oh, shit!" Madison said.

"Don't worry - it's for personal use only."

"Mine too," she said. "Text it to me?" He agreed. She knew it meant he would have her number, but that was a small trade off for getting to watch herself later as she did - well, what she did.

They said goodbye and she stood up, adjusted her jacket so that it at least barely covered her ass again, and began to walk toward her apartment, with the condom still inside of her. She didn't remove it until she got home. At least her roommate wasn't there. She would have had a ton of explaining to do.

"Fuck," she said when she got inside. "Never again. Never. Again. Too much, too far," she said out loud. "But damn, I needed that. I just hope next time I can keep it online instead of fucking myself on a park bench."

The thought of showing off online made her think of her online blackmailer. Madison quickly uploaded the videos and sent them, with the exception of the park bench video, to her blackmailer behind the screen. Exhausted, she placed the condom at her bedside and flopped down, face first, into bed, wondering what her next task would be.