**Webslut Madison**

by[Rockwellray0](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3027860&page=submissions)©

**Webslut Madison Ch. 13**

Madison woke up a couple of hours later, rolling over in bed. "Wow," she thought to herself as she sat up and looked in the mirror. "I knew I looked like a whore, but - whoa!" She stood up, looking at her body in the mirror.

"What am I going to do now?" she wondered aloud. "I have the whole summer before I go back to school," she thought. "Maybe I should take it easy for a day or two and relax and let off some steam."

She stood up, still looking at her body. As a girl who was mainly attracted to men but shyly attracted to other girls, she did admire the look of her own body. She wondered if her desires to be a slut had anything to do with the fact that she was aroused by women as well as men. "Maybe I just like sluts so much I want to be one?" She wondered.

"Dirty slut," she said to herself. She leaned in close and playfully kissed her reflection in the mirror. For a brief moment she wished that she could be someone else, another girl, so she could fuck herself from another person's perspective.

"Why am I so horny?" Madison wondered aloud. All the fucking she had done in the past 24 hours should have been more than enough - she had three different cocks inside of her and swallowed cum from a fourth. "I guess I went a little overboard yesterday. I am actually turning into a slut," she thought. She remembered her commitment yesterday to keep her activities confined to the internet for the time being - she was afraid she was getting out of control.

"So if I'm going to be a slut, I guess I should be an online slut today she said. Madison picked up her phone, put the jacket back on that she had taken off before bed the night before, and took a picture. She then took the jacket back off and took a picture of herself in the bra and garter skirt.

"Ohhh, yes, I can't wait to post these and show everyone what a slut I am again!" Madison moaned. She snapped a picture of her pussy and upper thighs, with "slut" still written on each one.

"Oh god, I - I'm really craving exposure today," she moaned as she started to touch her pussy. "I want to be shown off really bad, in a really slutty way."

"Do you like this boys?" She asked as she slowly removed her bra in front of the mirror. "My tits exposed for you, mmmmm. I'm webslut Madison, want to spread me around and humiliate me? That's what I want more than anything," she continued. She slowly slipped her panties down, leaving just her stockings on and nothing else.

Madison picked up a lipstick. "I can't believe I'm actually doing this again," she said as she stared down at the tube in her hand. "But I feel slutty, and after last night, I really need to tone it down a little," she thought.

Madison looked at her reflection in the mirror. "Besides," she said out loud, "I really do want to be an exposure slut. And be exposed all over, and have everyone know that Madison Holt is a dirty little fucking slut. And have everyone see me naked and be exposed to everyone I know! Ohhhh, god, that would be so hot!" She began to stroke her pussy as she looked at her body in the mirror.

"Why do I want this?" She asked her reflection in the mirror. By now, her little act of wanting to not go through with what she had planned was just that - it was an act. She knew damn well she was going to do it, but feigning reluctance and 'forcing' herself to go through with it was just so much more arousing for her. "Why do I want this kind of risk? I know I could ruin my own life. And that's okay. I'm a slut and I need to accept it."

Madison looked down. "What to write?" She wondered. "Oh, I know." She pulled the lipstick out of the tube and wrote "Webslut Madison" on her chest, just above her tits. "Ohhhh, that looks nice," she said approvingly, looking at her reflection again. "Someone could see this and really fuck me over. I really hope I get fucked over," she continued. "Why do I want to be ruined so bad?" She asked her reflection. "Please? Will you make me famous and ruin my good girl life?"

"Ohhhh, God, what if I wrote my name on my body, like I did for the dice game?" Madison quickly scribbled "Madison Holt" on her stomach, below the word "slut." "Perfect. Now they will know exactly who I am," she said. "Maybe one more thing. Just to make it clear what I want." She put the lipstick away and pulled a black sharpie out of a drawer and quickly wrote "expose me" on her lower stomach, below her hips. "There. All ready to be ruined," she said, smiling. "I hope I get it this time. Will you ruin me?" She playfully stuck her tongue out at her reflection, as if if were a real girl she was trying to seduce into exposing her.

"I'm ready to be forever exposed, to lose any right to my own body," Madison said. She picked up her phone, took a picture, and set it down. "God, I - I want to post this - I'm so afraid - I've never just posted anything like this before," she said. "I always send the really risky stuff to the blackmailer. But this, I want it for myself."

Shaking, afraid, Madison logged into her porn site account and began to touch herself. "I'm going to have to be really turned on to actually do it," she said. Slowly, she started to rub her pussy and fantasize about her own downfall.

"Oh, yes, Dan - did you find my pictures?" She asked him in her fantasy. "What did you think?" She slipped a finger inside her pussy. "I wanted it - I begged for it - I made it happen," she went on. I want it - I want to be exposed - I want to - I want to be destroyed!" She said as she touched herself.

All of the sudden Madison had an idea. She stood up, went over to the nightstand, and picked up the used condom from that morning. She took a deep breath before sitting down. She smacked her lips seductively, sighed, and lowered the condom to her pussy. Slowly, gingerly, she pushed it inside.

"Ohhhh, fuck," she moaned. This time, instead of clenching it with her fingers, she pushed it deep inside. "Yes, Madison!" She squirmed as she laid on her back, really getting into it. "I want whatever's in here to - to be inside of me, way up inside of me!" She moaned.

Madison stopped all of the sudden, picked up her phone, and hovered her thumb above the "submit" button. "No, no, I don't want to do this to myself!" she thought. But as she pressed the condom into her pussy, she knew that she had to. She did want it, despite a part of her that just wanted to be a good girl with a normal life.

She pressed the button to post her photo. Tossing the phone aside, she picked right up where she left off. "Oh, God, I just fucked myself! I just exposed myself as a Webslut! God, I hope anyone that googles my name sees my slutty ass begging to be exposed, oh, oh, ohhhh God I'm cumming again!" Madison shrieked as she came, shuddering. Quickly, she pulled the condom out of her pussy, brought it to her lips, and licked it, pushing it into her mouth while she sucked her juices off her fingers.

"Mmmhmmm," Madison moaned to herself. She placed the condom back on her nightstand and sat up. "I need to throw that away", she thought, "or this is just going to keep happening.

She approached her computer, ashamed and excited at the same time. Opening it up, She navigated to a search engine and started typing. "Madison Holt" she searched. Nothing. "Webslut Madison" also revealed nothing. "Where are these pictures and videos?" She wondered. After her blackmailer had started giving her tasks, she had pretty much stopped posting them on her own, instead relying on the blackmailer to expose her all over - but he, whoever he was, seemed to be keeping them to himself. Either that, or she just wasn't famous enough for a search engine yet.

Her breath slowed as she sat at the computer. "Well, I guess that means I can still probably be a teacher," she thought, giggling. Why was it that she was in school studying to be something that, if her secret got out, she would never be able to be? Most days she couldn't decide what she wanted more - to go through with her education and be a teacher, or to continue on her downward spiral and end up with no future. Here lately, the spiral was definitely winning.

Madison checked her e-mail while she had the computer open. "Oh, fuck, more blackmail," she said, feeling a twinge in her pussy as she saw the title of the message. She had no choice but to open it.

"Great job Madison!" He began. "You really took that farther than even I had imagined you would. I know you graduated yesterday, so I'll give you a day or two to blow off some steam before your next task. But I thought I'd give you the task now so that you can lay any necessary groundwork."

"It's summer time. And that means you need a summer job. Whether you do or you don't or even if you already have one, you need to get one because I said you needed to get one. And you wouldn't want all those videos you've sent me going viral, would you now? "

"So here's your task. You have ten days to get a job. Not just any job, it has to be at one of those trashy stores in the mall all the teenagers shop at. I don't care which one, but you know the kind I'm talking about because you're always wearing their outfits. At least, in your Facebook pictures."

"Oh, speaking of Facebook, I also found your Instagram and twitter accounts. I feel like we've known each other for years. But I digress. Get a job, slut. With a body like yours, any store manager should want you in his store every day. It doesn't need to be every day, though - just enough for you to have time to completely humiliate yourself at work at my command."

"I've said too much already," he wrote. "Your time starts now."

Madison could practically see him grinning at the other end of the internet as she scowled on her end. "Oh, fuck you," she thought for a minute. She thought about how completely he could control her, even down to where she worked. Slowly, her finger traced a line from her neck down to her pussy. "Ohhh, control me!" She whispered. She could not believe how little resistance she put forth. Madison was already thinking about how she would go about getting a job. She knew Hannah was her best bet.

"Hey babe," she texted her friend.

"What's up?" Hannah answered back. Hannah always got excited when Madison texted. It usually meant she was about to have a fun time with her favorite girl - at least her favorite girl in a sexual way.

"I have a weird favor to ask," Madison texted back.

"What?"

"I am really desperate for some money to get me through the summer," Madison lied. "I need to get a job, even if it's just a few hours a week. I was wondering if your store is hiring?"

"I haven't heard anything lately," Hannah texted back. "But I'll definitely see if I can get you an interview. Just go online and fill out the application and then I'll talk to my manager."

"Awesome, Hannah, you're the best!"

"Just one thing -"

"What?"

"Send me a picture of that delicious pussy. And promise you'll let me taste it next time you're out this way."

Madison quickly snapped a picture of her pussy, leaving the word "slut" on her thigh for Hannah to read but not showing any of the other writing. Less than ten seconds went by before Hannah had the picture.

"Damn. How did you get your clothes off that fast?! Hannah asked. And you look like you had fun last night!"

"Lots of fun," Madison texted back. "And I was already naked."

"Wow. What a slut!"

"Hannah you know how much I love it when you call me a slut!"

"I do know. Why else would I do it?"

"Because it's true?"

"Yeah, that too. Want to talk?" Madison was getting extremely turned on again.

"Can't, I'm at work."

"Shit," Madison thought. "I was hoping we could at least sext or something!" Just as Madison was about to ask Hannah for a picture, she got another text. It was a selfie of Hannah in a mirror at work, wearing a pink one-shoulder top and a pair of denim shorts with a white belt. About three or four inches of Hannah's midriff were exposed in between.

"Oh damn you look hot," Madison texted back. "Hopefully soon I'll be staring at that body at work. You should go into the dressing room and send me something naughty." Madison smiled as she laid back on the bead and awaited Hannah's response.

"I can't wait until I can see your slutty ass in outfits like this every week," Hannah texted back. "Hang on."

"Oh, I'll be wearing less than that," Madison texted. She had seen the outfits the girls working there wore. It seemed like half of them had crop tops on. They all had on tight shorts, skirts, and jeans. Once she even saw a girl with a top that was so short it barely covered her bra - that was going to be the look Madison would wear.

"Here you go," Hannah texted. It was a picture of herself in the fitting room, pulling aside her top to expose her right breast, which was easily done given the fact that her top lacked a shoulder strap on that side.

"Thanks babe," Madison texted back. She added a winking emoji before putting the phone down for a minute to touch her pussy again, looking at the picture of her friend.

"Oh - go do the online application. Like now," Hannah texted. Madison was annoyingly brought to a halt. "So I can talk to Shawn, my manager, while I'm here."

"Just when things were getting interesting," she moaned. But she did as Hannah said and filled out the application. It only took her ten or fifteen minutes, and she clicked "submit" on something non- pornographic this time, and then let Hannah know she was done.

"Cool," said Hannah. Then a few minutes later another text came. "Shawn says we aren't really hiring right now. We have a few people we just hired for the summer. But he will interview you anyway, and if you're really convincing he will see what he can do."

"Oh, shit," muttered Madison. "What am I going to do? If I can't get this job?" She thought of trying to apply at some other stores. Maybe she would get lucky?

"Shawn found your app," Hannah said. "He wants to set up an interview tomorrow. You'll get an email about it, I assume that is okay?"

"Yep, sure is," Madison wrote back. "Maybe, just maybe I won't have to apply to a bunch of random stores after all," she thought. She decided to wait on the other applications. Instead, she took a shower. She really needed it, with all the writing on her body and all the filth of the three cocks she had taken still on her skin. "I'd better get ready for tomorrow," Madison thought, "since I need to be

really convincing." She wondered how she would do it.

Sure enough, when she got out of the shower, she had an email asking her to come for an interview at noon the following day, which she immediately accepted. "That's it," she thought. "Now let's work on the convincing part."

Madison arrived for her interview right on schedule, about fifteen minutes early. For the occasion, she had worn a short denim skirt and a simple white cropped shirt. The shirt was white with blue polka dots, had spaghetti straps, and revealed a fair amount of her cleavage. She wore a blue cropped cardigan over the top. "It's funny," she thought, "how covering up my shoulders can make showing off my bellybutton and my tits seem so much more modest." Not that modesty was necessarily her strong suit.

"Hi, um - I'm here for an interview," she said to the girl at the counter.

"Oh, you must be Hannah's friend," the girl said. "She told me all about you."

"All about me?" Madison asked. She wondered if Hannah had told the girl about their sexual experiences together - or even about Madison's proclivity for exposure.

"Oh, nothing bad! She just said you were a lot of fun, that's all. Come back this way," she said, leading Madison through a door at the back of the store. "Shawn will be in here in a minute. Good luck!" Madison suddenly found herself all alone in the room, but not for long.

"Hi, I'm Shawn," said a man as he opened the door with a quick swing and walked in. He was probably in his early thirties, Madison figured, and he was a touch over six feet tall, a little on the athletic side, and dressed in a white polo and grey pants. He had a little stubble on his face, and his hair was light brown.

"Hi, Madison," she replied.

"You're Hannah's friend, right?" Shawn said as he sat down. The table was a little awkward, for an interview anyway, it was more or less a big plastic picnic table. Madison was seated toward the left side, and if she sat straight, her back would have been more or less toward the door. Shawn sat on the same bench Madison was on, closer to the middle, whereas Madison was closer to the left end.

"Yeah, that's me," she said.

"Awesome," said Shawn. "How long have you known Hannah? I see you're from Naperville. Where do you know her from?"

"Oh, about a year, maybe?" Madison said. "We actually met here, believe it or not. I was shopping and we met."

"Wow, sounds like you guys really hit it off then."

"Yeah," Madison replied. "I wonder if he knows about us - about our lesbian tendencies," she thought. Shawn, however, changed the subject in a hurry.

"I have a copy of your application here, but why don't you tell me a little about yourself. Are you going to school? What are you studying? That kind of thing.

"Sure, well, I graduated just a couple of days ago. But I'm going back for my masters. I'm studying to be a teacher."

"That's great," he said. "I have enough trouble with young adults, never mind kids! So yeah, I have a lot of respect for that. So, what makes you want to work here?"

"Well, I don't know if Hannah told you, but, I'm - I'm actually kind of desperate," Madison said, clasping her hands in front of her, swaying her body as if to suggest to Shawn that she knew she shouldn't be telling him that. "I - it's easy for me to find some sort of work in a school or something, you know, during the school year. But school is almost out, and I need to be able to make my car and phone payments. So anything would help, even just a few hours or a couple days a week. But why here? I guess I love the clothes. And I could really use the discount!"

"Yeah," said Shawn. "I can tell, the skirt and the shirt are both ours." Madison could feel his eyes diverting down to her breasts, lingering for a moment before moving farther down to her pierced bellybutton, before fixing themselves on her legs for a moment. He wasn't looking at the clothes at all - he was looking right at her.

"Good eye," she said to him. "If only he knew what I meant," she thought. She loved the way he looked at her. She felt like a little bit of a slut, or maybe a tease, but it turned her on.

"I can see here you have a great GPA," Shawn continued. "That's really important to me, you know - every once in a while I get someone in here that tries to back down, shy away, hide around and try to avoid doing work. I like the GPA because it tells me you're willing to work."

"Yeah, I do put a lot of work into school, that's for sure," Madison said.

"So yeah, Madison, you seem to check all the boxes here - you look the part, you're nice and talkative, you aren't afraid to do some work when you have to. The only thing is, and I really hate to have to tell you this, but - like I told Hannah yesterday, we really don't have much to offer you right now. We just have all the work we need at the moment."

"Oh, that really sucks," Madison said. She looked defeated. "Did I tell you how desperate I am?" She asked, giggling at her own joke. She knew if she had any hope of turning it around, she had to be a little more likable, or maybe even flirty. But all she got was a disappointed head shake from Shawn.

"Time for plan B, I suppose," thought Madison. "I'm serious though," she said. "I would do anything to get this job."

"Madison, look, I would love to hire you, I really would -" Shawn's voice was stopped short as he watched Madison's reaction to what he was saying.

"Anything. I mean anything," Madison said with a nervous sigh. She swung one leg over the picnic table bench, her legs open and facing Shawn. As she did this, she hiked the top of her skirt up a little, showing even more of her legs.

As he watched, she continued to show him exactly what she had in mind. She reached down to the bottom hem of her skirt, slowly pulling it up. Shawn, for his part, was speechless. In his time as a manager, he had never had a prospective employee do anything so suggestive. His eyes were wide as all he could do was sit there, watching her, astounded. "Madison..." he started, but did not finish.

There, before his eyes, was Madison, looking up at him with doe eyes, biting her bottom lip, holding her skirt up and showing him exactly what she was wearing underneath - nothing! It was the most glorious pussy he has ever seen. His mouth hung open as she continued to lift her skirt, showing him what she had written just above her delicious pussy in red marker - "fuck me."

"Anything," Madison said again, giving him a sultry gaze. She looked like a model looking at the camera.

"Madison, just - Wow, that's an incredible offer, really, believe me," Shawn said, still in disbelief. "But you know I can't do this."

"Why is that?" Madison said, disappointed. She gave Shawn her best puppy dog pouty face.

"You know what kind of world we live in, Madison - I could get accused of sexual harassment - I could get fired," he said.

"Here, give me your phone," she said. He had laid it on the table when he walked in, but she picked it up and flipped the camera on. "Hi, I'm Madison Holt, and I want Shawn to fuck me," she said. "This is not harassment, he is innocent, and I started it by being such a cock tease. See?" She said. She filmed the writing just above her pussy. "See? If there's ever any doubt, I wanted this and I asked for it." She flipped the camera off and handed the phone back to Shawn.

"Wow, Madison, I just -" he began.

"You have nothing to be afraid of. I can see how much you want me," she said. She scooted closer to him as he moved his left leg over the bench. She was motioning to his hardening cock, of course, and she slowly reached out and began to touch it through his pants. This time, he did not stop her.

"You know I might not be able to give you a job, no matter what you do, right? I mean, I'm only supposed to have a certain number. I would have to clear it with corporate," he told her. "I just don't want to lead you on."

"Give me a job, don't give be a job, just make sure you give me your cock," she told him. "I just wanted to give you an extra incentive in case you were interested in me. I mean hiring me."

"Okay, tell the camera you aren't fucking me for a job," he told her, opening his phone again.

"I'm not fucking for a job," she repeated, still stroking his cock.

"Then why are you doing it?"

"Oh, God, I want to tell him I'm a slut. I'm a whore. That's why I'm sucking dick for a job I don't even really want that's almost an hour commute," she thought. But really, even if she didn't want the job, she knew she needed it. She didn't want to give Shawn any reason not to hire her, so she went for something more appropriate for the workplace, even if only slightly.

"I guess just because I'm a dirty girl," she said. That was all he needed to hear. He shut off the camera as she leaned forward and unzipped and unbuttoned his pants.

"Just how dirty of a girl are you?" He asked.

"I'm going to suck your cock," she said. She pulled his cock out of his pants, taking the head and touching it to her lips. "Can this dirty girl have a taste?"

"Yeah, suck it, baby," Shawn said, standing up. He pulled his pants down past his knees as Madison took the entire length of his hardening shaft into her mouth, sucking him as she went.

"Mmmmm," she moaned. "Do you like the way this dirty girl sucks your dick?" She started stroking is hard with her right hand.

"Oh, yeah, baby, you're definitely giving me an incentive," Shawn half-whispered, his cock growing each time she moved it in and out of her mouth. "I'm going to do everything I can with corporate."

Madison stood up momentarily. She removed the cardigan, then raised her arms as Shawn pushed his fingers under her top, raising his arms with the bottom hem until he had pulled it over her head.

"Wow," he remarked, looking at a lacy, white, strapless bra.

"I came in here looking for a position, do you have anything available? My favorite is on my knees," Madison said seductively as she knelt down. "You can undo my bra while I suck your dick."

"We can try you out in all kinds of positions," he remarked. He became a little more forceful now, thrusting back when Madison opened her mouth and began to suck him. It wasn't quite a throatfuck, but it was a bit more than just a casual blowjob where the girl does all the work. Shawn bent forward a little and unclasped her bra, letting it fall to the floor.

"I have to tell you, if corporate makes an exception for you, they're going to make me do a second interview once they open up a position," Shawn warned.

"If it's anything like this one, sign me up," Madison replied. "Just tell me when to come."

"Oh, you make ME want to cum," he replied. "Come on baby, stand up, pull that skirt up and let me see what you wrote on there," he said.

Madison did as she was told, standing up and pulling her skirt up. She sat on the top of the picnic table, spread her legs and read it out loud: "it says fuck me," she said. "And I need it. I'm so wet."

Shawn moved forward, lining up his cock with her perfectly shaven pussy. "I'm just going to follow the written instructions then, baby."

"Ohhhhh, yes, Shawn, take me!" Madison moaned. "Take me and fuck me, oh, fuck - fuck my dirty little cunt, Shawn!" Madison felt shame wash over her face as, for the first time, she realized she was taking the third new cock she had taken in as many days. Plus Dan. Plus eating the cum out of the condom from the other guy.

"Oh, fuck, I'm turning into a slut. For real!" She thought. Didn't she tell herself just yesterday that she needed to focus more on her online exhibitionism and less on slutting around in real life?

"Fuck me! Fuck me like the dirty girl I am!" She moaned.

"Oh, shit, I'm going to fill you up with my cum, baby! Just tel me you're a dirty girl one more time!"

"I'm a dirty - I'm a - dirty - dir-ty girl!" Madison screamed under her breath, trying to be quiet enough that she could not be heard through the door, as Shawn grabbed her hips, digging his nails into her as he filled her with his sticky cum.

"Ohhhh, Madison!" Shawn exclaimed as he emptied his balls into her. "I've never - believe it or not, you're the first girl who ever tried anything like this to get a job here."

"I guess none of them needed the job as badly as I do," she said as she felt him pull out. "But then again," I need it pretty bad." She turned around and faced his cock as he spoke, taking it into her mouth, licking him clean once she had finished speaking.

"So, um - yeah, obviously I'm going to recommend it to corporate," he said as he pulled his pants back up. "And then if all goes well, we will see you in here for another interview."

"Sounds good to me," she said. "About how long should that take?"

"A day or two," he replied. "I'll have to email you to set it up."

"I'll have to make sure I come prepared. I hope it's a really intense interview, Shawn," she said with a smile.

"Me too. Okay, we'll talk, and - thanks," he said.

"Thank you," she replied, with the emphasis on the "you." And out the door she walked, cum dripping down her thighs, careful not to make eye contact with the employees. "Do they know?" Madison wondered. "Did they hear?"

It didn't really matter. Madison, somehow, knew she would have to step it up a notch to have any hope of getting the job, but she still wasn't convinced. "Am I even being considered?" She wondered. Truthfully, she was curious if Shawn was just using her body and then tossing her aside once he got what he wanted.

Four days later, Madison made the drive back to the mall for her second interview. Whether she was going to wind up with s job, or not, she was going to blow Shawn's mind, she decided.

She sat in the parking lot in the outfit she had chosen. It was a light orange high-waisted two piece tie-front flare dress, essentially meaning that the top was little more than a large knot in the front, with more fabric on the sides, and the skirt was high waisted but barely covered her ass. A good portion of her upper midriff was bare. She slowly pulled her panties down, and off, as she sat in her car, leaving her with no clothing except for the dress, which had built-in bra cups, and her shoes. But she wasn't ready quite yet.

Madison grabbed her handbag and headed into the mall, thinking she would have more space to get ready in there than she did in her car. Her hair blew in the wind as she walked inside. Even though a sizable portion of her midriff was exposed, and nearly all of her legs, she didn't feel terribly awkward about it. Maybe she had just been getting used to the idea of wearing less clothing, or maybe knowing what she was about to do took her mind off of her outfit.

As she walked, she realized that a fitting room in one of the large anchor stores might be a better choice than a bathroom, mainly because there weren't any mirrors inside the stalls in the bathroom - and she needed a mirror in a private place. She had time to spare though, so she headed for an anchor.

Once inside the room, she hung up the garment that she had brought with her to "try on" and started taking off her clothes. The bottom half of her two-piece set came off easily and quickly, leaving Madison standing in a pair of tan strappy heels and the top.

"Okay," Madison said, taking a deep breath. "Here goes." She reached into her handbag and pulled out a small butt plug. She held it up to the mirror, looking at it, thinking about what she was planning to do with it. "This is so I can get my ass ready to offer it to him," she said. "Either that, or to have something in my ass while he fucks me. Whichever way he wants it."

Madison watched her reflection in the mirror as she placed the plug to her lips and began to lick it, moaning a little. Once it was sufficiently lubricated, she watched in the mirror as she bent over, spread her ass cheeks, and pushed the plug into her asshole, until the thickest portion had been swallowed by her tight sphincter, leaving only the tip visible. She moaned, enjoying the sensation of the plug entering her ass.

Next, she stood up. She took out a red marker from her bag and looked in the mirror as she began to write on her stomach. She chose a spot below her bellybutton, one that would be concealed by her attire but provided a sufficient blank slate for her to write on. In big letter, at least four inches high, Madison slowly and deliberately drew the word "slut" on her body. Never before had she written it that big, but she was really craving the humiliation.

Madison replaced the marker and slowly pulled the high-waisted skirt back up. The bottom barely covered her ass, it was so short. And of course, she wasn't wearing any panties, and now she had a plug in her ass. Her top was tied in the front, and showed a lot of cleavage. The knot was basically the only stitch of fabric between her neck and the top hem of her skirt, at least in between her breasts. It covered a lot more skin on the sides and the back, but it was revealing where it counted, showing at least six inches of her upped midriff between the skirt and the knot and at least two inches of skin all the way around the skirt hem.

"Okay, here goes," Madison said. She applied a lip stain and walked out of the fitting room and toward the store where her interview was. Once there, she was greeted and escorted back to the back room, just as she was a few days prior, and once again, she was informed that Hannah had the day off.

"Hi, Shawn!" Madison said excitedly when he came into the room several minutes later.

"Hi, Madison," he replied. "I've been looking forward to seeing you again."

"Oh really?" Madison said. "Me too, actually. And I hope you'll be seeing a lot of me today." She stepped closer to him as he closed and locked the door.

"Me too," said Shawn with a smile.

"Can we just cut to the chase this time?" Madison asked as she wrapped her arms around Shawn's midsection.

"And what do you want to cut to, exactly?"

"The part of the interview where we get naked and you pound the shit out of me," Madison whispered into his ear.

"Of course," he said with a smile. "Let's get you out of these clothes." The two shared a passionate, but brief, kiss before Shawn was tugging on the top half of Madison's two piece set, trying to take it off.

"Do you like my outfit?" She asked. "I wore it just for you." She was, of course, naked from the waist up.

"Yes, you look amazing," Shawn replied. He slowly caressed her bare breasts. "Looking at your body is going to be one of the best perks of finding a job for you here."

Madison giggled. "Wait till you see what's underneath," she said before kissing him again.

"What's that?" Shawn asked.

"A little surprise. Want to see?" She stood next to the picnic table in the interview room, smiling, as she motioned for Shawn to take off the bottom half of her two piece set.

Shawn ran his hands down her sides until he got to the top of her skirt, which was just at her natural waist. He slowly rolled down the top of the garment, rolling it again, until Madison's bare belly was exposed and he could see her dangly navel piercing. "Mmmm," he moaned. "Madison, you have the sexiest bellybutton."

"Thanks," she said. "I try to show it off a lot. I can show it off pretty much every day I come to work here."

"Oh, that's going to be a rule," Shawn said. "I find you a job here, you have to show off they sexy bellybutton every day. Actually - show off enough skin that my four fingers can fit between your top and your bottoms. Okay?"

"Of course, mister boss," Madison said seductively. "But if you want me to show more, you'll have to buy me something exceptionally slutty to wear."

"Oh, I can do that for sure," Shawn said. He grabbed Madison's skirt and pulled it down, and off, revealing the writing on her lower stomach.

"Wow, you - Wow, it says slut!" Shawn said in disbelief.

"I know. I wrote it there just for you, because - you know," she said, teasing him. She knelt down, now nude except for her shoes, and unzipped his pants, pulling out his hardening cock.

"I don't know, actually," he said. "Why don't you tell me?"

"Because, I - I'm a slut," she said, looking up at him. "I want you to call me a slut while you fuck me. Nothing turns me on more than hearing how dirty I am."

"Ohhhh, god, you little slut, suck my cock," Shawn moaned. She did, slurping his shaft, forcing her slutty mouth to accept most of its length, bobbing up and down as she pleasured him.

"I have one more surprise for you," she said as she stood up, slowly jerking his hard cock. Slowly, shyly, she turned around and bent over, thrusting her ass in the air, showing Shawn what she had done to her asshole.

"Ohhhh, baby, you have a plug in your ass!" He exclaimed.

"I sure do," she said. "I'm a slut and I take it up the ass. And I wanted to get nice and ready for you."

"Ready for me...to fuck you in the ass?"

"Mmmhmmm," Madison said. She climbed up onto the table, placing her elbows on the top and her knees on the seat. "Call me a dirty little slut and fuck me in the ass," she begged.

Shawn slowly pulled the plug out and looked into her gaping asshole. The gape was getting smaller as Shawn pressed his cock up against her back door and pushed it inside.

"Oooohhhh," The slut moaned as she felt him force his way inside her ass. "Fuck my ass," she moaned.

"Oh, you filthy, dirty, little slut!" He said. She was so turned on she almost came hearing him say that. "No panties again - how about another rule - no panties at work, ever, once I hire you? How does that sound, slut?"

"Mmmm, ohhhh, sounds good - good to me!"

"And wear these slutty little skirts and let me look up and see your tasty pussy and your tight little ass,"

"Oh, yes, sir, I'll always show you my pussy and ass, ohhhhh, I love it when you look!"

"And write that slutty shit on your body and show me every day!" He was fucking her ass hard now, pushing it all the way in, and bringing it almost all the way back out. She could feel his cock, still getting bigger, stretching her tight asshole.

"I'm going to be the best little slut of an employee you've ever had!" Madison moaned loudly.

"Ohhhh, fuck, I'm going to cum inside your ass!"

"Ohhh, yes, I love getting fucked in the ass to get a job! Oh, fuck me, cum in my ass!" Madison was so horny she was shaking as she took his cock, rocking back and forth as he slid into her tight asshole. "Oh, Shawn, make me cum, make me cum, make me, oh, I'm a dirty little slut and I love getting fucked in the ass!"

Madison shook hard as she came, the mix of pain and pleasure sending her over the edge. Not long after, he unloaded into her asshole, thrusting his cock deep inside her ass, stopping and watching as the cum leaked out of her gaping hole after he pulled out of her.

"Want the job?" He said at last.

"Of course I do," she replied, smiling.

"Then do one more thing," he said. "Lick that up and swallow it and it's yours."

Madison first took his cock deep into her mouth, encircling it with her lips as she used her tongue and lips to wipe the taste of her ass and his cum off of his shaft before licking his head, making sure to get his cock properly clean. And finally, with a sultry look, Madison bent over and looked him in the eye while she licked the creamy cum off the table with her tongue, showing him her prize before swallowing it down.

"How did I do?" She asked.

"Great," he said, smiling. "Your training is on Wednesday. And don't forget your rules, okay, you little slut?"

"No panties, exposed belly," she said. "Got it!" She smiled and thanked him before walking out of the door to report to her blackmailer. Of course, she stopped to masturbate under the table in the food court, recording it, telling the camera how she just let herself get fucked twice to get a job and loved every second of it. She left the mall satisfied, but wondering what sort of devilish thing she would have to do next.