**Webslut Madison**

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**Webslut Madison Ch. 15**

Madison stood up, took a deep breath and exhaled. She stood at the mall food court, at the mall where she worked, with her friend Hannah.  
  
"Are you ready?" Hannah asked.  
  
"Yeah, I guess," Madison said, still not entirely sure that she could do her task. Truthfully, much of that uncertainty came from not knowing exactly what she would have to be doing - Hannah knew, but Madison only knew what she was allowed to know at this point.  
  
It had only been a week since Madison had stripped naked at work, sucked Hannah's feet. and given a blowjob to a customer in one of the fitting rooms. Of course, she had sent the video she made of part of her escapade to her blackmailer - the online one - and he had tasked her again.  
  
This particular escapade had begun when Madison received an overnighted package at her apartment containing, in essence, three things. The first was a remote control bullet vibrator which Madison was instructed to wear during the task, and Hannah would be able to control using an app on her phone. The second was a set of instructions for her, and the third was a sealed envelope with instructions for Hannah.  
  
This time, all Madison was allowed to know is that she would be asking questions to strangers. The questions were already written, in Hannah's envelope, and Madison was instructed to enroll a friend to assist - and the blackmailer suggested Hannah.  
  
Of course, this came with its own set of problems for Hannah. She was already suspicious of "Dan," as she referred to him, and didn't trust him. She told Madison that again and again over several days. Now he knew who she was, and she knew he knew, and she didn't much care for that. But when she realized Madison could be in big trouble if she didn't help her friend, and when she saw he actual instructions and realized it would only be risky for Madison, she reluctantly decided to go along with it.  
  
"Madison, I don't know him I've never met him, and I don't trust him," Hannah explained to her friend.  
  
"Yeah, I know, I mean - I guess - you know he has all the videos right? Like the snow angel video. I did it all for him. It's just - it's exciting to me to be - to lose control like that, be ordered around a little, be made to do things that give me a rush. You know?"  
  
"Yeah - but do you realize that the more material you give him, the more he has to use against you to make you do more? I'm afraid you're going to get in over your head."  
  
"Yeah," Madison had said, her imagination taking off. The thought was already making her wet.  
  
"And besides - what happens when he - I mean, he already knows who I am. And apparently knows that I'm helping you make the videos. I mean - what else does he know about me? What happens when he starts to try to blackmail me too?"  
  
"He wouldn't," Madison said, although the thought did frighten her a little. She still didn't have the guts to tell Hannah that she was actually being blackmailed not by Dan, but by a guy she had never met. It may as well have been a woman for all Madison knew - and for that matter, Hannah had never met Dan, the college classmate who had been blackmailing and humiliating Madison toward the end of the most recent semester.  
  
"I mean, you could be really - you'd be in deep shit if he got pissed off. You know?"  
  
"Yeah. But like I said. I explicitly gave him the green light for this. He wouldn't push anybody too far or get you involved against your will. He wants me to keep it up, humiliating myself for him. Right?"  
  
"You're asking me?" Hannah said, laughing. And even though she didn't fully trust Dan, she did trust Madison not to put her too much in harm's way. But she did have a word of warning for Madison. "You know - just so you know, you are going to take the fall for this if you're wrong. I'm not going to ruin my life to save your ass when I'd just be digging us both into a hole we'd never get out of. As long as you understand that."  
  
"Yeah, I get it. I'm not going to let him hurt you. I'd do anything. Okay?"  
  
"Okay."  
  
And so it was that a few days later, in the food court, with the camera on her phone rolling and Hannah holding it, Madison stood up, and reluctantly expressed her desire to get out there and ask her questions - if only she knew what they were.  
  
Hannah remembered one of the blackmailer's instructions for her: "if she seems reluctant, just turn up the vibrator for a few seconds. It will make her more aroused, which and when she is aroused she will want to behave like a perfect little slut for us." Hannah took out her phone and gave Madison a little jolt.  
  
"Are you ready to ask a question?" Asked Hannah.  
  
"Oh! Oh, Hannah!" Madison said loudly, trying not to make it obvious what was going on inside of her. "Yes, Yes, I - I'm ready." Hannah turned the vibrator down and handed Madison a card with her first question on it. "This is going to be fun," she said.  
  
Madison looked at the card and read it. "Do you think I look like a slut?" It said.  
  
"Okay. Now the rules are, I have to pick out a stranger for you to ask it to. You have no say. Okay?" Hannah looked at Madison for approval. "If only she knew I'm supposed to pick out really humiliating people for each question," she thought.  
  
Now, for this occasion, Madison had chosen a navy tie-front top with inch-thick straps. It might as well have been a tie-front bikini top with straps and a little extra fabric in the back. She wore a short denim skirt and brown ankle boots. With this, outfit, she did not wear a bra or panties. Of course, her rules given to her by Shawn prohibited her from wearing panties anyway, but the outfits she wore had become more daring over time.  
  
Hannah wore a pair of high waisted shorts and a cropped off-shoulder top. Hers, unlike Madison's, only showed an inch or two of her midriff.  
  
"How about her?" Hannah asked. She pointed to an elderly woman, slightly hunched over, carrying a bag that seemed to drag the ground.  
  
"Oh my god. Are you serious?" Madison asked.  
  
"Yeah. Well, he told me to make it humiliating," Hannah said, laughing. She gave Madison a quick buzz from the vibrator.  
  
"Ohhhh," Madison moaned involuntarily. "Oh, okay, I - yes, her." Hannah filmed her as she approached the woman.  
  
"God, I can't do this!" Madison thought. The woman reminded her of her grandmother, and she wasn't even dressed appropriately enough to be in the vicinity of someone her age, let alone humiliate herself. "She's going to think I'm such a whore!" Madison thought.  
  
"Hi, um - excuse me," Madison began.  
  
"Yes?" The woman asked, stopping.  
  
"I - um - I have a question," Madison said. She stopped, however. She turned to Hannah and started shaking her head. Hannah, understanding that Madison was having difficulty processing what she had to do, buzzed her with the vibrator again.  
  
"Mmmm," Madison moaned.  
  
"Go on," the old woman said, oblivious.  
  
"I - um - I have a question. Can you give me your honest opinion?" The woman nodded. "I - do I - I mean - do I look - like - a slut?" Madison asked nervously.  
  
"If you want my honest opinion you look like a cheap hooker," the woman said, expressing her disdain for Madison's outfit. "You need to go put some clothes on. All the boys are going to think you're easy."  
  
"What if I am easy? What if I like it?" She asked. She was getting too turned on to stop, and Hannah was buzzing her with the vibrator again. It just made her want the degradation even more.  
  
"Get some help! What's wrong with you anyway?"  
  
"Well, I mean - what do I do?" She asked. She was getting more turned on by the second.  
  
"Go buy some clothes that fit you! This is why I never bring my husband. Little tramps like you running around half naked!" The woman walked away angrily.  
  
"God, I feel like such a slut," said Madison as soon as the woman was out of earshot.  
  
"You really look like one too," Hannah said, smiling. She panned the camera over Madison's exposed midriff, showing off the curve of her hips, and lingering a little too long on her pierced navel.  
  
"Thanks, I - I love being told that - like by strangers, oh god, it makes me want to -"  
  
"Want to what?" Hannah asked. She watched as Madison backed into a small corner where she was mostly hidden from the view of other mall goers. Slowly, she raised her skirt, showing to the camera her perfectly shaven pussy with the antenna of the vibrator slightly peeking out.  
  
"Want to lift up my skirt and stroke my pussy," Madison explained. She bent her neck back and closed her eyes as she touched her moist, waiting slit. "I think I want an audience too," she practically moaned.  
  
"Okay, not yet," Hannah said, laughing in disbelief. "You have some more questions to ask. And I think you're going to like them." Despite Hannah's protests, Madison let her finger slide along her wet pussy alongside the vibrator.  
  
Hannah had to grab Madison's hand and lead her away before she came right then and there. "Come on, are you ready for your next question?" Hannah asked.  
  
"Y-yes, What is it?" Madison asked.  
  
"Here it is: Do you want to see my tits?" Hannah replied.  
  
"Oh god - so I have to - and then I have to -" Madison's voice trembled a little as she realized she would be flashing a complete stranger right in the middle of the mall. As horny as she was, though, she wanted nothing less, and the vibrator softly buzzing in her pussy only made her want it more.  
  
"There, those two!" Hannah pointed out a couple of guys looking in Madison's direction. They really weren't hard to find. There were a lot of guys checking her out that day, which came as no surprise given the outfit she was wearing.  
  
They probably wondered why she would wear that - did she like the attention? Was she a slut? Did she like showing off her body, or was she just oblivious? Does she like to think of herself as a slut, or does she just like to tease? Does wearing that outfit turn her on or is it completely non-sexual for her? Or maybe she's just hot and is trying to stay cool? Or maybe she's easy and wants everybody to know she's down to fuck? Madison chuckled a little bit as she thought about how she really had become easy lately - with Dan, Shawn, Dan's friend - what was his name again? Oh, and the stranger from a few days before - she really had become easy.  
  
"Hi there," Hannah said, getting the guys' attention while Madison was lost in her thoughts about how much of a slut she had been.  
  
"Hey," one guy said. "What's up?" The guys were probably a couple years younger than Madison - maybe nineteen or twenty. They looked a little dweeby to Madison. They weren't at all her type - one was rail thin and despite his lack of ability to grow facial hair, was seemingly making his best effort. The other was pushing 300 pounds and looked like he was sweating profusely.  
  
"My fried has a question for you," Hannah said, smiling. "Go on."  
  
Madison froze. "These guys are gross!" She thought. She shot a pleasing glance at Hannah, as if to say, "Please, can you find someone else? I have to ask these guys?"  
  
"Now," Hannah said. She turned the vibrator up again, and Madison took a couple of quick, short breaths in response.  
  
"Okay, Okay!" Madison practically moaned. She knew she was about to moan uncontrollably if the vibrator wasn't turned down. Besides, she was getting so turned on - did she - could she - could it be that she actually liked the idea of those two ogling her?  
  
"All kinda of guys are looking online," she thought to herself. "And I really like that too." She really couldn't help herself anymore. She wanted it. She wanted these nasty guys to look upon her body with lust. She wanted to make herself into a slut for them. Her pussy was dripping wet as she realized that all men deserved the ability to use her body for their pleasure.  
  
"Um - Okay - so, guys - do you, um - do you want to see my tits?" She asked. Her fave suddenly washed over in a shade of bright pink. Her fingers toyed suggestively with the straps of her top as she awaited their answer. An answer, however, didn't come - the guys just looked at each other. Madison didn't feel like waiting on them to figure out that this was a real offer, there was no catch, and she was ready.  
  
"I mean it! I'm serious! Please? Can I show you? I want you to see. Right here. I want to show off!" She almost moaned.  
  
"Okay, Yeah," The skinny guy said. He just sort of watched her, waiting to see if she was really going to do it.  
  
He didn't have to wait long. She pulled down the top. Her melons came into full view, buoyed by the tight top underneath. She let go of the top and grabbed her breasts, squeezing them simultaneously before submissively placing her hands behind her head.  
  
"Do you like my body? My slutty little body? Like the way I display it for you?" All they could do was nod in unison, bewildered. "Good. Like my trashy little slut outfit? The way it - doesn't cover much? I wear shit like this because I love being looked at. And called a slut."  
  
There were people looking now. A woman was giving her a dirty look. A couple of girls were pointing. Guys just looked at her and stared, some with open mouths. There were probably ten or twelve people who had seen her in addition to the couple of guys she was actually flashing. Madison was being ogled by some and degraded by others, but she legitimately didn't care. She wanted more. She craved it. She felt like a trashy dumb cunt and her pussy was throbbing.  
  
"Y-Yeah, I like it," said the fat guy.  
  
"I mean it. Call me a slut," she said teasingly.  
  
"You - you are s slut," said the skinny guy.  
  
"Oh, come on. Say it like you mean it!"  
  
"Okay, you're a dirty, nasty slut showing off your tits in a mall and you seem like so much of a slut you actually like it." The fat guy replied.  
  
Suddenly someone shouted. "Cover then up! Not everybody wants to see that!" It was a woman, maybe in her early thirties. She shook her head as she walked by. Madison realized it had been the better part of a minute that her tits had been out, and Hannah nodded at her, letting her know it was okay to put them away. She lifted her top into place, adjusting it so her tits were covered but not by much.  
  
Madison kissed each of the guys on the cheek before walking away. "Bad, dirty sluts like me don't deserve to cover up. I want everyone to see me. I want you all to see me, and I want everyone to know how much of a slut I am!" She said to the camera.  
  
"Okay, how about those girls over there for your next question," Hannah said quickly, pointing to three girls sitting on a bench.  
  
"Okay, what's my question?"  
  
"Ask then if they want to see your pussy."  
  
"Oh, god," Madison thought. They looked like bitches, for one thing. Like the sort of girls that would have given other girls a tough time in high school just to stay at the top of he heap. "They're going to rip me apart!"  
  
"Oh, look, it's college party slut Barbie!" Said one of the girls as Madison approved them and stood on front of the bench.  
  
"I was going to say stripper Barbie," said another. Madison's pussy was dripping wet. The girls were just openly discussing how trashy she looked, and Madison was getting more turned on by the second.  
  
"My friend here has a question for you," Hannah interjected. "Go on."  
  
"Oh, fuck," Madison thought to herself. "These girls are just going to - keep going - keep degrading me if I ask them that!" She felt a jolt to her pussy again. "God, that is hot! I want them to talk down to me, humiliate me - destroy me!" She took a step closer, her fully exposed midriff pointed at the girls and her navel piercing glistening.  
  
"Yeah - umm - I was wondering if - if you girls would want to see my cunt?"  
  
"Hahaha! Oh my god, she really is a stripper!" The girl who initially suggested it said.  
  
"I bet it smells and looks like hell. She probably spreads her legs for a different guy every day! Don't you?"  
  
"No, n-not every day," Madison stammered. Her pussy was soaked.  
  
"Oh, just every other day, then?" The girl retorted.  
  
"I bet it's all loose and stretched out," said the third girl. "Go on. Show us that sloppy mess."  
  
"Yeah, I mean you're obviously a total slut. Show us. I need something to write about for my science paper."  
  
Madison bowed her head and reached for the bottom of her skirt. She slowly pulled her skirt up, exposing her perfectly shaved pussy to the girls.  
  
"What did you shove up there?" Asked one of the girls.  
  
"Shit!" Madison thought. She had forgotten that they were going to be able to see the antenna on the vibrator. But knowing that they had seen it - and knowing there was no going back - was just turning her on more.  
  
"It's a vibrator, see?" Hannah said. She turned it up - all the way up. Madison's legs began to shake as she froze in place, her mouth falling open before she could force it closed and bite her lip. "Mmmmmm," she moaned to the girls.  
  
Madison whisper- moaned some more, unable to help herself. "Ohhhh, yes, Hannah - Hannah, I'm a slut, I'm a - slut, I - I'm a fucking slut! Look at me, look at my used up pussy, I'm a slut!" She raised her skirt even higher, closed her eyes, and legitimately tried to orgasm. But just when she was about to cum, Hannah cut the vibrator, leaving Madison dripping but unsatisfied.  
  
"Oh, fuck! Hannah! I want that on please. I want to cum for these girls. I want - I want you to tell me I'm a slut and I want you all to use me!"  
  
"Oh my god. You are like - nasty as fuck. I'm not touching you. I can smell you from here. Go take your used up pussy and cum somewhere else."  
  
Madison blushed, lowering her skirt. "Thank you," She said to them. "For watching me." The girls were speechless as Madison dropped her skirt all the way, which isn't saying much as the hem was only about three or four inches below her pussy anyway. She walked away, blushing and smiling.  
  
"Ohhhh, Madison, your next question will be fun!" Hannah said as they walked.  
  
"What is it?"  
  
"Ask someone to write the word 'slut' on your stomach where everyone can see it."  
  
Hannah took out a sharpie - which had clearly been sent with the materials Madison had received days before - and handed it to Madison.  
  
"Oh, God, she's serious! What the fuck?!" Madison thought to herself. All of the sudden her state of arousal seemed to diminish at the thought of what she had to do. It was as if she had forgotten that, just moments before, she had begged two random guys to call her a slut while she flashed them, and then she had moaned it out loud uncontrollably in front of a couple of girls as Hannah tortured her with the vibrator.  
  
"Hannah, everybody's going to see!" Madison protested loudly. Hannah just looked at her slutty friend. Secretly, she wanted to see Madison do it. She wanted to see her humiliated publicly, shown off, and she knew Madison would love it despite her protests.  
  
"I think that's the point, babe," Hannah said, smiling. "And don't complain to me, I didn't come up with the questions. Besides, you got yourself in this mess and I'm just here to help you record it. Remember?"  
  
"But, Hannah, I - I'm going to have to walk around and ask more questions with SLUT written across my stomach?" Madison asked rhetorically. "I mean, I - like - everyone's going to know I'm a huge slut! And then our shift is going to start and I - I'm going to have SLUT on me and everybody - oh God, like, our boss and the customers and everybody at work - they're all going to -"  
  
"Like they don't already?" Hannah asked. She zapped Madison with the vibrator again before she could manage another complaint. Looking around, Madison could see that Hannah had guided her into a quiet corner of the mall and not many people were nearby.  
  
"Ohhh, ohhhhhh," Madison half whispered and half moaned as she shock waves from the vibrator pulsates through her body. "Hannah, I - I -"  
  
"You're going to do it, aren't you? You know you want everybody to see it, don't you, you little bitch?"

"I - ohhhh, I want it bad, I -"  
  
"You love being exposed, don't you, you little slut?" Hannah continued. "Exposed, degraded, humiliated for all to see. It's what you crave, isn't it?" Hannah was getting really into it now. She was as aroused as she had ever been at the thought of pushing Madison over the edge.  
  
"Yes, I - I want everyone to see!" Madison whispered to the camera. "I want everyone to know I'm nothing but a slut. I'm just a body to use. I want to be stared at. I don't want to be normal, I want to be a slut!" Hannah focused the camera down, showing that Madison had slowly lifted her skirt and was gently touching her swollen slutty clit.  
  
"Okay," said Hannah. "Ask him." Hannah pointed around an older guy - well, older than the girls anyway. He was probably about sixty, bald on top with a short hair cut and a souvenir T-shirt. Although he was older, he looked to be in decent shape, as if to suggest he worked with his hands - a mechanic, maybe, or a landscaper. Madison just nodded and walked toward him with the marker. She watched as he stole a glance at her body before he sat down facing the opposite direction. Nobody else was around.  
  
"Wait," she said, turning back to Hannah. She was too turned on to stop herself.  
  
"Wait what?"  
  
"I need to - like - I need to feel like a whore for this one. Like - bad."  
  
"And you don't already?" Hannah asked, puzzled.  
  
"Not enough. Like I want to feel like I'm worthless."  
  
"So, um -"  
  
"So slap me."  
  
"Slap you?"  
  
"Yes. In the face. Please, Hannah? Quick. And hard. Make it hurt. Please?"  
  
"Madison - right here? Umm -"  
  
"Now, please, before he goes," Madison begged. Her heart was racing and her pussy was throbbing. Her horny thoughts were going faster than her inhibitions, completely overwhelming any power she had to reject what she knew she needed. She was completely overcome by her arousal, her sexual needs, and she couldn't help herself. As she begged her friend to slap her, she felt like she was a different person - as if she was having an out of body experience of sorts, floating above herself and watching the pathetic slut begged to be slapped in the middle of the mall.  
  
"Please, fucking slap me!" Madison begged. "Hard. Give me three, right here. I'm a cunt, Hannah. Make me feel like it. I need it, p -"  
  
WHACK! Madison's pleas were stopped mid sentence by a fast and furious blow to her right cheek.  
  
"Like that?" Hannah asked.  
  
"Yes, miss. Two more for my slut face. Please, don't stop, I -"  
  
"Slut!" Hannah calmed out as she struck her friend again.  
  
Madison stared at the floor. "Harder. Please, harder," she begged.  
  
Hannah was unexpectedly aroused by her friend begging to be hit in the middle of the mall. Her pussy throbbed. "If Madison only knew how badly I want to drag her into a bathroom and ride her face and drench her in my juices," Hannah thought. Aroused, she unleashed her strongest slap yet, almost knocking Madison backward as she stepped into her blow.  
  
Madison sniffled. Tears welled in her eyes from the harsh treatment. "Thank you," she whispered. "A slut like me should be slapped until I cry."  
  
"Do you feel worthless enough yet?" Hannah asked. Madison nodded and started walking.  
  
"I'm such a slut it's like I'm not even a real person," Madison muttered to the camera as she slowly approached her target. She held the marker nervously in both hands, just below the button of her skirt, as she stood in front of the man, her bare stomach easily catching his eye. He looked at her longingly, seemingly wondering why a half-dresses young woman would perch herself right in front of him.  
  
"Hi, um - I'm Madison," she introduced herself. She wondered what he saw when he looked at her. An attractive young woman? Or a slut? Or both? She wondered if her face had turned a deep shade of pink - was it obvious that she had just been slapped almost to the point of crying? Were her eyes watering noticeably?  
  
"Hi, I'm Steve," he said, drawing her out of her self-conscious musings. "How are you?"  
  
"I'm good," Madison said with a wide grin. The normalcy of the conversation between two strangers meeting just served to raise Madison's nervousness a notch, as she was about to take the conversation in a direction that was decidedly not normal in the context. A couple of awkward seconds passed as Steve seemingly waited for Madison to explain why she had introduced herself so eagerly. For all he knew, she was going to try to sell him something, or worse - tell him he could be a model!  
  
"So, um - I just came over here to ask you for a favor actually," Madison said nervously. Her arousal crept back and took over, her inhibitions diminished as she danced around, waiting to get to the point. Hannah buzzed her vibrator a little and she knew it was now or never, as she crossed her legs and bit her lip, silently bearing the stimulation.  
  
"A favor? Oh, sure, what is it?" He asked.  
  
"Well," said Madison, starting slowly. She wanted him to take in her body, to really drench himself in the sight of her. And she was so aroused, and wanted nothing more than to tease him a little - and turn him on. "You see, I - I wore this outfit. Do you like it?"  
  
"It's very cute on you," he said, remaining neutral, unsure what reaction she was hoping for.  
  
"Well, I, um - you see how, like - my whole stomach is out? Like every inch of it? And my cleavage too?"  
  
"Um, yeah, I can see that," he said. She watched as his eyes slowly raised from the hem of her skirt to her pierced navel, all the way up to her breasts.  
  
"I was hoping you'd say it looks sexy," Madison teased. "Just between you and me, maybe even a little slutty."  
  
"Yeah, that's - honestly, it's very slutty," he said. "I just didn't know how you'd take it if I came right out and said that." He looked up into her eyes.  
  
"You can look all you want," she said. "In fact, I kind of like it. Being looked at, I mean."  
  
"You've made my day already," he said with a smile. His eyes were glued to her - her stomach, her legs, her breasts. "So what's this favor?"  
  
"Well, I want everyone to stare, like - to look at me. It makes me so horny, like - I wore this to like - to show off and honestly to feel like a slut, and it's - it's like this. I need it. I need more. So I want to write something so everybody knows, and - you know, it's hard to write on yourself. So I was like, wondering if you could write something on my stomach with this marker."  
  
Steve's eyes opened wide. "Sure, definitely" he said, excited. It was as if he hadn't touched a woman in months, much less an attractive college girl. "I'll need to hold you like this, though," he said, reaching out and lightly gripping her right hip with his left hand. "You know, to hold steady," he said with a smile and a wink.  
  
"Sure you do," Madison said, smiling, giving him a look that told him she knew he was looking for an excuse to touch her body. "But go ahead, it's the least I can do. You know, I like being touched just as much as I like being looked at."  
  
"Oh do you now?"  
  
"Mmhmm," she said, biting her lip. His hand grazed along her hip. It was so erotic being touched that way by a man almost three times her age. He took the marker from her as he caressed her body, and she made no effort to stop him.  
  
"So what am I writing?" He asked.  
  
"Okay, so here's the thing, like - I want you to write what I am, and like - if you can't tell by now, I -" Madison stammered nervously, her heart raced as she tried to find the words.  
  
"You what?"  
  
Madison took a deep breath and looked at the floor. "I want it to say SLUT." She announced. "Big letters."  
  
"Slut?" He asked, shocked. "A hot young thing like you and you want that written on your body? Holy shit!"  
  
"Well, I - I'm a slut," she announced to him. "And I want everybody to know."  
  
"Wow," he said. "You're serious."  
  
"Mmmhmmm," Madison said, handing him the marker. "Hurry up, before I change my mind. No going back, you know. It's not like I have anything with me to cover up with."  
  
"Okay," he said, taking the marker.  
  
"Right here," she said, pointing with both hands to the large exposed area above her navel.  
  
Steve took the cap off the permanent marker and held her right side firmly with his left hand as he touched the tip of the marker to her skin, sending shivers down her spine. It took him several seconds, but he made a letter S about four inches tall.  
  
"S," he announced.  
  
"Mmmhmmm," said Madison. "Three to go!"  
  
"So what are you trying to get out of this?" He asked as he started on the next letter. "I mean, I always thought of a slut as a girl who sleeps with everybody," he said. "You seem like you are one hell of a tease, but I don't know."  
  
"Are you saying I'm not enough of a slut to wear this?" She said. "And yeah, I have my moments. Usually I just never know what I'm going to get into until it happens, but I mean, like - I've been pretty bad lately actually," she said, a little embarrassed.  
  
"L," he announced.  
  
"I can't wait," Madison told him. This is going to be so humiliating."  
  
"U," Steve announced. "One more letter. You sure you want this? Once I put the T on there, it's there."  
  
"I want it," she said. "I'm a slut."  
  
"There," he said. "Done." Madison slowly pulled down her top, exposing her breasts again. "This is just to say thank you," she said.  
  
"Wow," he replied, handing her the marker. She turned around and faced Hannah and the two began walking away, leaving Steve stunned by the events that had occurred.  
  
This time, Madison was too aroused to help herself. "Get out in front and film me," Madison said. "I want to tease a little, get some attention." She raised her arms above her head, stretching out her newly- adorned midsection. She started to strut, shaking her hips with every step. Madison could feel every eye in the mall looking at her body as she walked.  
  
"Hey look - Shit - it says SLUT," a guy announced to a group of his friends. Madison smiled at them and lowered one arm briefly to point at the markings on her stomach before moving on.  
  
"Okay, you have one more question," said Hannah.  
  
"Let's do it," Madison said.  
  
"Here it is - would you like to touch my tits or my pussy?"  
  
"Oh, god!" Madison said. "That's, like - perfect - I need it, Hannah, I need to be touched right now."  
  
"Only one thing," said Hannah. "You have to ask a group, and everybody that wants a feel gets one."  
  
"Ohhhh," Madison moaned. "I want hands all over me."  
  
"Let's go back to that group you were teasing a second ago."  
  
This time Madison needed no extra encouragement. She made a 180 degree turn, walked up to the group of five guys, and cut right to the chase.  
  
"Hey, I saw you guys looking at me. And honestly, it made me crazy horny, so I - I have a question - for all of you - would you like to touch my tits or my pussy?"  
  
"Holy shit," the ringleader said. "She's serious! Let's see," he said, reaching his hand out. "I'll go for your tits," he said. He slowly brought his hand to Madison's breast and she bent forward a little to encourage him. Soon his hand was cupped around her breast.  
  
"I, um - I meant under my clothes, actually," she said with a smile. She slowly pulled her top down again, exposing both breasts, as he caressed her breasts before squeezing them, downright groping her.  
  
"Wow, she really is a slut!" One guy remarked.  
  
"Does somebody want to touch my pussy or am I going to have to do it myself?" Madison asked, raising her skirt. She lightly stroked her labia.  
  
"Damn, she's got one of those vibrators in there," one guy said. He reached out and touched it, feeling that she was insatiably wet. He easily slipped a finger inside her alongside the vibrator.  
  
"Mmmmmm," Madison moaned in delight. She was too turned on to stop. "You guys want to - to help a horny girl out? Come on, touch me. I'm a slut. Feel me up, finger me, I'm going to cum!"  
  
Madison now had two guys groping her breasts and a finger in her pussy. "Ooh!" She said in excitement as another of the guys slid a finger into her pussy alongside that of his friend. The fifth guy looked at her, feeling left out.  
  
"I do have another hole, you know," she said to him. "Want to put a finger up my ass?" He quickly maneuvered around her, hiked up her skirt and slipped a finger inside.  
  
"Come on, guys, I'm a nasty little slut. Did you like my slutty little outfit? Do you like the way I show off for you? And humiliate myself? I fucking love it, I - I - God, I love being a slut!"  
  
"Yeah, you're nasty, baby," one guy said.  
  
"Yeah, filthy slut. Shown off all over the mall!"  
  
"I like the way you wrote on your body."  
  
"A - a stranger did that, I - I asked for it, ohhhh God I wanted to show off! I want everyone to know. I want to be used, I - I'm a slut, ohhhh fuck! Put another finger in my ass, I'm going to cummmm!"  
  
As soon as the finger shot up her ass, Hannah hit the vibrator, and Madison exploded with the intense sexual energy of an orgasm.  
  
"Ohhhh yes finger me, feel me, touch me, I'm a slut! I love being groped by strangers - and used and, ohhhh!"  
  
"Okay, okay, I, um - I have to go, I'm going to - I have to go to work," she announced. Fear crept back inside her head as she realized she just had a huge orgasm as she was fingered inside a busy mall. "Seriously, guys, thank you, I needed that!"  
  
"Thank you, sweetie," one of the guys said as he kissed her cheek. "We did too." Madison pulled her skirt down and adjusted her top to cover her breasts and off she walked with Hannah.  
  
"Wow, Madison. Just wow." Hannah said. She turned off the recording and handed Madison's phone back to her.  
  
"Wow what?"  
  
"You took that really far - I mean, I can't believe you just got groped and fingered to orgasm - here!"  
  
"Yeah, I mean, once they started touching me, I couldn't help myself."  
  
"I know. I mean, Madison, you're really - I mean, it's hot and all, but damn. You're always flashing and now you're blowing guys and getting felt up and fingered - I mean, if you keep this up, you're going to get us both arrested!"  
  
"I know - but it's like - when I get horny I just don't care, I need it, you know?" Madison noticed she was attracting lots of stares as she walked through the mall with Hannah.  
  
"I really am a slut," she thought. "After what just happened. I deserve this."  
  
"Yeah, I mean - you really need to find an outlet for all your sexual energy, you know?"  
  
"Yeah, something like that," Madison half-agreed.  
  
"So what are you going to do about work?"  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"You're not seriously going to go through your shift with SLUT written on your stomach, are you?"  
  
"Shit, I - I probably shouldn't," Madison admitted. All of the sudden she had an idea. "Why don't we switch tops? Yours would cover it up."  
  
"Madison, I mean - I don't mind showing a little skin, but I mean - I'm not wearing that top for an entire shift, it's too -"  
  
"Hannah, what the hell am I going to do?"  
  
"I was thinking we stop at a different store and buy you a new one. Wouldn't it be hot if you wore something that barely covered up the writing, but showed your belly off a little?"  
  
Madison nodded. Hannah was right. It would be hot to go through an entire shift trying not to slip up and let the writing come out. She remembered her experience doing this in class and how much she loved it. And besides, she really didn't deserve to wear something that only showed an inch or so of her midsection - it was too tame for a slut like her.  
  
"Come on," Hannah said and pulled her friend into a store. Several minutes later, the girls emerged, and this time, Madison was wearing a loose- cropped, low-cut sleeveless top that covered up the writing but left her navel exposed, and off to work they went.  
  
"Hi, girls!" Shawn said when the pair walked in for their shift.  
  
"Hi Shawn!" Madison said, smiling.  
  
"So, you two - I don't know how to say this, but before you get started, I need to see the two of you in my office. Okay?"  
  
They nodded, wondering what this could be about, and followed him into the back, where he closed the door.  
  
"Have a seat," he said.  
  
"So what's this all about?" Hannah asked.  
  
"Well, um - actually, it's about the other night. When you girls closed up together."  
  
"Okay, what about it?" Madison said. Hannah looked at her nervously, remembering what happened that night. Madison reached under the table and placed her hand on top of Hannah's to comfort her.  
  
"Well, there were a couple of things that were a little messy - one of the tables was a mess - and you know we can't have that. We need everything ready to open up the next day. So, um - I went back and looked at the security footage just to see what happened."  
  
"Oh - wait, there's security footage?" said Hannah. A lump formed in her throat. "That must have been the table Madison was sitting on when I ate her pussy," she worried to herself.  
  
"Yes, there is," said Shawn, snapping both the girls back to reality. "And I watched it." He turned the girls' attention to a computer screen where an image of a topless Madison and a partially-clothed Hannah was displayed.  
  
"So how much did you see?" Madison asked nervously.  
  
"Everything. All of it."  
  
"Oh, God," Hannah thought. "He saw Madison eating me out and - licking my ass and my feet and then me eating her out?" She wondered to herself. "Shit!"  
  
"Are we in trouble or something?" Madison interjected. "I mean, nobody was around or anything."  
  
"Wait - is there audio?" Hannah asked all of the sudden.  
  
"Yes, there is audio. I heard everything too."  
  
"Shit," Hannah said out loud.  
  
"Yeah, so I mean - I'm not going to make this any more embarrassing than it already is for both of you. But we have to do something about this. You girls - I don't care what sort of crazy shit you get off to on your own time, but you can't use the store as a sexual playground, you know?"  
  
"So what are you going to do?" Hannah asked nervously.  
  
"Well, technically I could terminate you. We're going to have to send all the merchandise on that table back to the warehouse or something. I mean, who wants to buy clothing that was basically used as a bedsheet for someone else's sexual encounter?"  
  
"I'm sure I could find a few people," Madison said with a laugh.  
  
"Not funny, Madison," Shawn said with a stern look. I just want you both to know how serious this is."  
  
"So wait - you saw the writing on me? And watched me - you know - go down on her, and - heard us dirty talking each other?"  
  
"Yeah, I heard it all. Never pegged you girls as interested in each other, but anyhow. We have to do something about this. I think I need a personal apology from both of you and - we need to make it clear that this is not to happen again or you will not be working here."  
  
"Please, Shawn," Hannah pleaded. "I really need this job, I'm very sorry and I'm sure Madison is as well. Please don't fire me or anything."  
  
"Well, I mean, I was thinking something a little more meaningful as far as an apology."  
  
"I have an idea," Madison spoke up. "An idea about how we could apologize."  
  
"Go on," Shawn said.  
  
"What if Hannah and I - you know - let you in on the fun?"  
  
"Madison!" Hannah protested.  
  
"I mean - what if we - you know - took our clothes off and we apologize with our bodies?" Madison said.  
  
"Well, I was thinking more of a written apology, but I think - it sounds like we could work something out, as long as Hannah's OK with it. Hannah?"  
  
Hannah was stunned. Her friend had now seemingly roped her into having a threesome with their boss. She was shocked and in disbelief.  
  
"Madison - I - I mean, do what you want, but - you can't just go around offering me up to whoever you want, you know?"  
  
"Hannah, relax, it'll be fun. I mean, if it really bothers you, I mean - Shawn could just fuck me only. And I could eat that delicious pussy of yours. But then again, I think it would be hot if I licked your ass with his cock buried in your pussy while you pull on my tits and call me a five dollar whore."

"Madison!"  
  
"Relax, Hannah. He already saw and heard it all, remember?"  
  
"Fine," Hannah said finally in disgust.  
  
"So when would you like your apology?" Madison asked. "Two sets of holes for you to use. Two dirty filthy little sluts. Two apologetic little -"  
  
"Madison, I think I'd like it now, if that's ok." Shawn stood up and locked the door. He approached Hannah first, the one he had not previously fucked. "Hannah, this is OK with you, isn't it? Working this out sexually and all?"  
  
"Yes," Hannah admitted. "It does turn me on. As long as it never leaves this room, you know?"  
  
"Oh, I can keep a secret. Isn't that right, Madison?"  
  
"Of course you can, Shawn," Madison said flirtatiously.  
  
"Madison, what's going on?" Hannah pointed from Shawn to Madison and back.  
  
"Oh, I might have worked something out with Shawn to get the job here," Madison said with a wink.  
  
"She's eager to please," Shawn said of Madison. "I hope you're the same way. Let's get that shirt off and see what we're working with, Hannah."  
  
"Did you see where I had that hanger on my tits?" Madison asked.  
  
"Sure did," said Shawn as Hannah reluctantly removed her top.  
  
"I liked it, you know."  
  
"Yeah, she likes having her face slapped too, Shawn. Just so you know. I know all of Madison's dirty little secrets, starting with the fact that she likes a little pain and a ton of humiliation."  
  
"i sure do," Madison said. "Here, Hannah, won't you help me with my top?"  
  
Hannah walked over to Madison and slapped her hard in the face. "That's for getting me into this!" She said harshly. "And this is for making me fuck my way out of trouble when a written apology would have been fine!" She slapped her friend again.  
  
"Ow, Hannah!"  
  
"Shut up, I know you like it, you whore. Besides, you deserve it. You don't go around telling guys they can fuck your friends. You might be a loose pussy slut that spreads your legs for anything that moves, but some of us are a little more modest!" Hannah reached down and pulled up Madison's shirt, ripping it off over her head.  
  
"See? It says SLUT. Why don't you tell Shawn how you got that?"  
  
"I, um - I begged a stranger to write it on me."  
  
"Because you wanted to strut around the mall and show it off, right?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"See, Shawn? She's just a stupid little slut."  
  
"Okay, I know I can do what I want with her. How about you. Why don't you loosen that bra, let's see those tits."  
  
Hannah reluctantly unhooked her bra and let it fall to the floor. She looked over to see that Madison had removed hers as well without even being asked.  
  
"Babe, I'm sorry," Madison said to her friend. "Can I make it up to you?"  
  
"How?"  
  
Madison embraced her friend. "How about I take these jeans off and eat your pussy. And slap me as hard as you want, babe. I deserve it. And I want you to make me feel like a whore while I please you."  
  
Hannah pressed her lips to Madison's. She opened her mouth and Madison dove in for a long, deep, wet kiss.  
  
Madison continued. "And then we can get all warmed up for Shawn and he can fuck us both together. Into your pussy and then mine and back into yours. And he can fuck my ass while you pull my nipples and I eat your pussy." Hannah said not a word. She was too turned on, and her tongue was busy scraping the inside of Madison's mouth.  
  
Madison slowly broke the kiss and pushed Hannah back into a desk. "We're just two sluts to use, Shawn. Let me just warm her up for you." She pulled down Hannah's jeans and hiked up her own skirt for easy access as she removed Hannah's remaining clothing.  
  
"I don't know if I can do it, Hannah," Madison teased. "I don't feel like enough of a slut."  
  
Hannah knew exactly what this meant. She pulled Madison's hair and struck her face hard. And then slapped her again.  
  
"Mmmm," thank you. I love the way you slap me."  
  
"Shawn, you want a turn? She loves it, you know." Shawn stepped over and grabbed Madison's hair.  
  
"Look me in the eye when i slap you, slut," he ordered. As soon as her eyes met his, he struck her hard in the cheek. Madison's eyes began to tear up and she softly thanked him for the privilege. "You be a slut and eat her pussy, or this apology is worthless." He struck her again.  
  
"Eat it, whore!" Hannah ordered. "Eat my pussy like the five dollar whore you are."  
  
"I think five dollars is too much for me," Madison said softly as she reached her tongue out to start her task. "I want to sell myself for two, it just fees so dirty."  
  
Shawn walked around Madison's backside as she got to work. Hannah began moaning in pleasure as Madison forced her pussy open and slid her tongue inside.  
  
"So, you know how to follow orders. No panties, as instructed," Shawn commented, feeling Madison's swollen clit. "But what's this, a vibrator? You dirty slut. You like wearing vibrators to work? No wonder you fuck anything that moves."  
  
"Mmmm," yes, I love getting slutty at work. Want to punish me?" Shawn did not need any more encouragement. He spanked Madison's ass hard before slowly pulling her skirt down and off her body. The two girls were now completely nude. Shawn watched as Madison eagerly sucked Hannah's clit, while he slowly took off his shirt, his shoes, and then quickly stripped off the rest of his clothing. The girls could easily see that he had a raging erection.  
  
"Why don't you put this on your tits, Madison?" Shawn said as he handed her a hanger. She stood up and connected the hanger to her nipples, moaning, before resuming her position at Hannah's pussy.  
  
"Mmmm," Madison moaned. "You like hurting my slutty nipples?" She asked Shawn. "I like it. I like it when they're pinched and pulled and - ohhhh!" She moaned as Hannah pulled on the hanger, sending a wave of pain and arousal through her body.  
  
"Mmmm, eat my pussy, you little slut, ohhh!" Hannah moaned. Shawn positioned himself behind Madison and, without anything more than a firm grip on her hips to announce his presence, pulled out her vibrator and thrusted his hard cock into her waiting, wet pussy.  
  
"Mmmm, ohhhh, fuck me, Shawn!" Madison moaned in surprise as he entered her. "Fuck me like the dirty little slut I am!"  
  
Shawn did not hesitate. He tightened his grip on her hips and thrust deep inside of her, pounding her. Hannah grabbed Madison's hair and forced her face into her pussy.  
  
"Ohhhh, that feels so good, Madison!" She moaned. "Eat my pussy, you little slut. You like that, don't you, whore? Being rammed from behind while your face is in between my legs?"  
  
"Mmmhmmm, ohhhhh!" Madison moaned. It was all she could muster.  
  
"Why don't you eat her ass like you did a few nights ago, Madison?" Shawn said, egging her on. "I want to see you do it - in person this time."  
  
Hannah raised her legs higher and Madison obediently obliged, her head rocking back and forth as a result of Shawn's thrusts as her tongue danced around Hannah's back door before hitting home, eliciting an enticing shriek from her friend.  
  
"You like fucking your boss to save your job, don't you, you dirty slut?" Hannah teased.  
  
"Mmmhmmm, fuck me," Madison begged. "Use me. Hard! Oh please!"  
  
"You're a little five dollar whore, aren't you? Isn't that what you said?" Shawn said as he pounded Madison's pussy.  
  
"I was, but I - ohhhh, I changed it, I fuck for a measly two dollars now, ohhhh, I'm just a filthy two dollar whore!" Madison said before inserting her tongue back into Hannah's ass, then greedily lapping at her pussy again.  
  
"Is that all you're worth?"  
  
"I - I just -" Madison began. As she did, was transported into a fantasy world of sorts, where she was forced to sell her body to make ends meet. "I like to force myself to - to - ohhhh, to fuck fifty guys a day just to make rent! I, ohhh, I did this to myself to make myself a bigger slut!" She closed her eyes and dreamed about a line of dozens of guys waiting to use her for her cheap price.  
  
"How much for your ass?" Shawn asked as he pulled out of her pussy and pressed up against her asshole.  
  
"My ass is included, Shawn," she said as she spread for him.  
  
"You're only a dollar a hole, you dirty whore!"  
  
"Even less if you use her mouth too," Hannah piped in.  
  
"Mmmhmmm," Madison agreed.  
  
"Ohhh, you dirty nasty bitch!" Shawn said as he pushed into her ass.  
  
"Ohhhh yes, yes, I -"  
  
"You need to fuck fifty guys a day, don't you, cunt?"  
  
"Will you help me whore myself out, Shawn?" She begged. "I can't find enough cock, I'm - ohhhh, I'm going to get evicted, ohhhh, yes! Whore me out for two dollars, ohhhh please! Please make me a whore! I'll - I'll fuck anything - I'll do it, I'll be nasty for you, ohhhh, please sell me cheap!"  
  
"I'll find a shitload of cock for you, slut," Shawn said as he rammed hard into her ass.  
  
"Fucking pull that hanger, Hannah, oh, hurt me, ohhh yes! Whore me, I'm going to cummmm!" As Hannah pulled on the hanger, Madison shrieked and shuddered as her legs went weak. She began shaking uncontrollably and moaning, and both Hannah and Shawn knew she had one hell of an orgasm.  
  
Madison fell to her knees and turned around, taking Shawn's cock into her mouth. "Did you know I'm an ass you mouth whore too?" She asked in between thrusts.  
  
"No, I never would have guessed," Shawn said. "And how much for this fine service?"  
  
"It's included," said Madison with a smile. Shawn smiles approvingly and ripped the hanger off Madison's breasts. Hannah sat on the desk stroking her pussy, almost in disbelief at what she was witnessing - although she knew Madison too well by now to really be shocked by anything she did or said.  
  
"Hey, Shawn, she's pretty used up, why don't you give her a break for a minute and fuck me instead?" Hannah suggested.  
  
"I thought you didn't want Madison making your decisions for you?" He teased.  
  
"I changed my mind. Besides, you guys made me really wet and horny." Hannah spread her legs, inviting Shawn to enter her.  
  
"What about her?" Shawn asked, pointing at Madison.  
  
"She doesn't care. Besides, if you want her again, she's only two dollars, right Madison?"  
  
"I think I'm having a buy one get one half off sale," she said from the floor. "That way I force myself into constant use." She stroked her pussy as she reached over into her skirt pocket and pulled out her marker. "$2 whore," she said as she wrote it across her tits. "All holes included. Buy 1 get 1 half off."  
  
Shawn's cock was as hard and thick as ever as he thrust it into Hannah's waiting pussy. Hannah moaned loudly as she felt him inside.  
  
"Ohhhh, God, this is so wrong. Fuck me, Shawn. I'm just fucking you to apologize. Fuck my little pussy and teach me a lesson, ohhhh!"  
  
"You really like watching your little friend be a dirty slut, don't you?" Shawn asked. "I can tell."  
  
"I'll help you whore her around if you want," Hannah said.  
  
"Good girl. If every guy goes for the sale price, she'll have to fuck nonstop."  
  
"She's a slut, she wants it," Hannah moaned.  
  
"Now what about you, Hannah? Fucking to save your job. Does that turn you on?"  
  
"Ohhh, yes, it - it turns me on because - because I - like -" Hannah stopped, not knowing how to explain herself.  
  
"Because you don't really want me, do you, Hannah? You don't want to ride my cock. You'd normally never let me fuck you, would you? But you secretly love this, don't you - being forced to take my cock to save your job, don't you?"  
  
"Yes, yes!" Hannah shrieked. "That's it. Force me, Shawn! Force me!"  
  
"You like to be forced to fuck guys you aren't attracted to, is that it?"  
  
"It's so - ohhhhh, it's so nasty, I love it!"  
  
"I'm sure we can hook you up with a few guys you will find absolutely repulsive, isn't that right?"  
  
"Ohhhhh, god yes! Please! Please, don't stop!"  
  
"Don't stop what?"  
  
Hannah was now transported to the same fantasy land Madison had been in only moments before. Only in her fantasy, she was tied, spread open for a much older unattractive man.  
  
"Don't stop giving me your nasty cock," she begged. "Ohhh, fuck me - use me, please! Make me do it, ohhhh!"  
  
"You turn into a slut when you're horny, don't you Hannah?"  
  
"Yes - I'm a slut! I don't want your cock, Shawn, I - "  
  
"But you told me to fuck you, didn't you, slut?" He practically shouted.  
  
"Yes I - I don't want it - I want you to hold me down and force me, I -"  
  
Shawn took his hands and pushed Hannah down by her shoulders and held her there. "Take it, slut. I know you get off on being forced. You're not going anywhere. You're just a hole!"  
  
"Ohhh, god yes, yes! Don't stop fucking me! I fucking - I hate it - hate you - I hate that I love this, ohhhh!"  
  
"You're worse than your friend. She's a two dollar whore. You'll fuck anybody as long as they force you. For free. Isn't that right?"  
  
"Ohhhhh god yes! I'm such a nasty cunt, ohhh I'm cumming! I'm cumming!" Hannah shrieked. She shook as she pretended to fight back, knowing she needed the pounding to continue. "Ohhhh, god Shawn, I'll take your cock any time! Please, just make me keep fucking to save my job, ohhhh! I'm cumming again!"  
  
Hannah closed her eyes and nearly blacked out as her whole body convulsed on the desk. When she opened her eyes she saw Shawn over her, breathing heavily. And Madison had stood up and was stroking her pussy to the scene before her, watching in delight.  
  
Madison quickly climbed on top of the desk where Hannah sat. She placed her ass on top of Hannah's hips, practically sitting on her friend's lap, leaning back, spreading her legs.  
  
"Put it back in my pussy, Shawn," she begged. "Back and forth, like I said.". Shawn needed no further encouragement. He plunged his cock deep into Madison's pussy, pulled it out, and then drove it deep inside of Hannah without so much as stopping. Back and forth he went between the two girls in front of him.  
  
"You girls like sharing cock, do you?"  
  
"I just like anything coming out of her pussy," Madison said. "It makes me feel so slutty to get fucked with her like this."  
  
"So ladies, one more part of the apology," Shawn said. "You girls need to make me cum. And then we're good. I'm ready, just tell me where you want it."  
  
"Cum up her pussy and let me eat it out of her," Madison suggested.  
  
"Madison! Fuck! You don't get to say who cums in my pussy, okay? I missed like - a week's worth of the pill!" Hannah said, sitting up. "Why don't you cum in her pussy and then make her leave it up there it all day?"  
  
"That could be fun. Or we could share it," Madison said with a smile.  
  
"Get down here," Hannah," Madison continued. "My mouth and then hers. Back and forth. We'll suck you off as a team."  
  
Madison took his cock in her mouth, slowly pushing her head forward until she could nearly lick his balls. "Mmmmm," she hummed as she reversed, pulling it out. "Hannah, your pussy tastes delicious on Shawn's cock," she said.  
  
Hannah got onto her knees and opened her mouth. "Ohhhh, just like that," Shawn said as he pushed his cock into her hole.  
  
"Both you girls hold your mouths open. I'll take turns thrusting it into your mouth as far as I can," he said. Madison and Hannah both obliged without another word, and Shawn forced his cock as deep into Madison's mouth as he could. He pulled out and grabbed Hannah's head and gave her the same treatment, nearly gagging her.  
  
"Oh, that's it, baby, gag on my cock!" He rammed it into the back of her throat, causing her to actually gag a little. Her eyes watered and she left a long trail of not-quite-clear saliva on Shawn's penis as he removed it from her mouth.  
  
Madison didn't mind at all. Shawn grabbed her head and forced her down into his cock, and she lowered her head and moved it forward, plunging his dick into her throat, impaling her throat on his dick as she did. Soon she was gagging, choking, coughing. She smiled as he pulled his cock out of her mouth.  
  
"My turn!" Hannah said eagerly, smiling.  
  
Mmmm," please, Shawn, give us your cum!" Madison begged.  
  
"You girls really know how to share, don't you. You don't mind sharing a little spit, do you?" Shawn said as he thrusted into Hannah's mouth, gagging her harder this time. She choked and left a trail of watery goo on his cock as he turned back to Madison.  
  
"I think that's called swapping phlegm," Hannah pointed out. "But I don't mind. I want some of hers. And then I want your cum, Shawn."  
  
Shawn thrusted his cock deep into Madison's mouth, grabbing the back of her head and gagging her hard. She coughed and choked violently and her eyes tested up as she allowed her throat to be used.  
  
"Mmmm," said Hannah as she positioned her face next to Madison's. A sloppy collection of goo emerged from Madison's mouth with his cock, which Hannah licked up with her tongue as Shawn removed it from Madison's mouth. Her tongue was a mere inch from Madison's mouth. Hannah opened wide and Shawn thrusted his penis into her mouth again, and she greedily accepted, wiping his cock clean of Madison's saliva and swallowing.  
  
Madison, meanwhile, positioned herself under Shawn's balls and began to suck them. As Shawn removed his cock from Hannah's mouth, Madison, kneeling up the left of Hannah from Shawn's perspective, licked the length of the left side of his shaft.  
  
Soon the girls encircled their mouths around Shawn's hard cock, Hannah to his right and Madison to his left. Their tongues met as they took opposite sides of his shaft, licking and servicing him. "Mmmmm," he moaned. "Beg for it, sluts!"  
  
"Oh, Shawn, give us your cum! We're just a couple of dirty cum sluts!" Madison begged.  
  
"Please, Shawn, we both need your cum, ohhh please use us to cum!" Hannah chimed in.  
  
"Where do you want it?" He asked.  
  
"We want to spit it back and forth like a couple of cum crazed little bimbos," Madison pleaded.  
  
"Cum in my mouth, Shawn," Hannah begged, taking the lead. "I want your cum so bad!" She took the head of his cock in her mouth and began stroking it as Madison licked his shaft near his balls, sucked his balls and moaned.  
  
"Ohhhh, here is comes, you dirty, dirty little slut!" Shawn moaned as he released a huge load of cum into Hannah's waiting mouth. Madison knelt below Hannah, waiting for her portion of the reward.  
  
"I need some too, please, spit it in my mouth, babe," Madison begged. Hannah knelt over her and opened her mouth, letting the contents spill out and directly into Madison's waiting mouth. She finished it off by closing her mouth and spitting the remnants.  
  
"That's all of it, now I want it all back," Hannah begged greedily.  
  
Madison stood as Hannah opened wide, and Madison responded by bending close to Hannah's mouth and opening her own. The thick wad of cum and spit ran out of Madison's mouth and back into Hannah's.  
  
"Ahhhh," Hannah said. Both girls were incredibly aroused by what they were doing.  
  
"Here, give me half of it," Madison begged. "Let's share." Hannah pointed to her mouth as if to suggest that Madison come and get it. Madison knelt next to Hannah and both girls opened their mouths, and Shawn's cum and a mixture of the girls' saliva ran out of Hannah's mouth and into Madison's, some cum running down their chins as they turned to face Shawn, showing their open mouths to prove that they were, indeed, sharing the reward equally.  
  
"Swallow it," he said. Hannah went first, her chin bobbing as she savored her half of the prize, and Madison followed suit, moaning in delight.  
  
"Your cum is delicious, Shawn," Madison said. "Thank you. I might have to start doing quickie blowjobs for just a dollar."  
  
"Mmmhmm, delicious," Hannah agreed. "Here, babe, let me clean you up," she said to Madison. She eagerly licked Madison's chin, and even her cheeks, and then Madison returned the favor, slurping up leftover cum from her friend's face before the two shared a passionate kiss and swallowed the last of their reward.  
  
"Apology accepted, ladies," Shawn said with a smile as he dressed himself. "Now, go get to work."  
  
The girls shared one last kiss before they started to get dressed, and they did wind up switching tops after all - to allow Madison to cover up the "$2 whore" markings on her chest which would have been partially visible in her top.

"Just - you know - no sex in the store without my permission," said Shawn with a smile.  
  
"You mean your involvement?" Hannah asked flirtatiously.  
  
"Yes, exactly."  
  
"Okay, next time we'll make sure we invite you." Said Madison.  
  
"And next time I'll think about letting you cum inside me. And Madison will clean up the mess," Hannah added.  
  
The girls fixed their hair and makeup and went to work as usual, and Madison sent her latest video to her blackmailer.  
  
"I really do need to stop acting like such a slut, though," she thought. Shawn, Hannah, her customer, Dan, Dan's friend, the guy from the bench, the group at the mall - she had four cocks and several fingers, a pussy and an ass and a load of cum out of a used condom from some combination of these people. "If I keep this up, I'll wind up with a fifty partners before the year is over!" She thought.  
  
Madison stroked her pussy softly as she laid in bed. "I guess it is a hot thought though - after all, I did fantasize about taking fifty cocks a day," she thought. "But how am I going to stop myself?" She wondered. Maybe she really did deserve to be a two dollar hooker. "I mean, I guess I could lay off the skin to skin stuff and just be more of a slut over the internet. After all, that is how this all got started."  
  
If Madison knew what was coming next, however, she might have realized that she just might be better off sleeping with every stranger she came across. But that was simply not her chosen outlet for her desires.