

RAISING THE PERFECT SLUT (1/7)

(Blackmail, M+/F, humiliation)

A Story by Lara Cataluna

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Disclaimer : Read No Further If You Are Under The Age Of 18 Or If You Are Offended By Graphic Descriptions Of Sexual Activity.
All Characters, Situations, And Locations Are Purely Fictional.

I write these things for one purpose alone: Hearing from readers. Please let me know what you think...

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Michelle Cataluna: Feminist TV personality, anti-porn activist, famous attorney
Luici Simone: Owner of pornography firm, Pink Compassions
Sammy Milano: Simone's man in LAPD
Lara Cataluna: Daughter of Michelle Cataluna
Kelly Van Ryan: Lara's friend from high-school
"Hammer": Black Gang Leader and Pot provider for Lara and Kelly

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SUMMER OF 93:

Saturdays 7:30 PM meant "The Liberation Front" on MSMBC, one of the most controversial programs on the news network's line-up. The program was dedicated to Feminist values, and above all against "pornography" - due in no small part to the host of "The Liberation Front", Michelle Cataluna. Not only was Michelle the most prominent feminist lawyer in the Country with monumental courtroom victories, she was also the founder of The Women Liberation Front, the only feminist organization dedicated exclusively to the eventual abolishment of pornography. Yet, while the popular program was an extension of Michelle Cataluna's feminist philosophy, no doubt that was not the only reason for her celebrity status and cushy job as a very high-profile TV host. Despite being in her early forties, Michelle was a stunning beauty, who could provoke men with her looks and words alike. And in the age of Nielsen Ratings, the host's looks mattered every bit as much as the content of "The Liberation Front". Not that the content went unnoticed: The program generated heated debates every week. Usually a Conservative - always male - was invited to appear, for the expressed purpose of turning him into a bloody pulp on air. With ratings climbing every week, Michelle Cataluna was becoming a celebrity feminist: Notorious enough to be the woman most men loved to hate, hip enough to attend the Oscars.

It had all started four years ago when one of the most closely watched legal cases occupied the airwaves. A lawsuit brought against a pornographer by Michelle Cataluna, alleging that "Pink Compassions" was responsible for the rape of her client, who had been raped by a frequent renter of Pink Compassions products. Michelle was already successful having won numerous cases as a young attorney. She was already rich, having successfully sued her first employer for sexual discrimination. And she was already a well-known figure in the feminist circles as the Founder and President of Women Liberation Front, aiming at the demise of the Pornography industry through legal suits. But it was during this televised lawsuit against Pink Compassions that Michelle Cataluna caught national prominence: The attractive lawyer attacked like a snake; mesmerizing with her looks, delivering deadly bites with her cross-examining. She argued Luici Simone, the owner of "Pink Compassions", was responsible for this heinous crime.

Yet, the Pink Compassions case was a well-calculated double-hit for Michelle Cataluna. She had first confronted Richard Rostock a few years before the case. Michelle's army of angry feminist lawyers usually focused their attentions on the Porn Industry but folks like Richard Rostock - rich, successful, powerful white men - also made the target list. He was quickly hit with a sexual discrimination lawsuit.

That first discrimination suit against Rostock Enterprises had become a defeat

for Michelle. Richard Rostock was cleared of any wrong-doing. Of course, Michelle was not one to take defeat lightly. She sought other female employees from Rostock's Investment Conglomerate, dug up every piece of dirt she could find, every time making a big fuss about it in the media. Despite all her efforts and her growing personal despise towards Richard Rostock, she wasn't nearly as effective as she wanted to be: The two new lawsuits after the original one were both settled on terms very favorable to Rostock Enterprises.

The strange twist in the Pink Compassions trial came when Richard Rostock was called to the stand. He denied Michelle's accusations that he had a working relationship with Simone and that he frequently had weekend sex parties with Simone's girls. He was lying. Richard and his friends frequently visited Simone's mansion for parties with the Porn King's finest pick of girls. Naturally, the girls were compensated handsomely.

By the time the trial was over, Michelle had walked out of the courtroom with one of her most remarkable, and most satisfying victories ever. Pink Compassions was hit with a huge monetary verdict that was more than enough to terminate its operations. Richard Rostock was proven to be lying under oath. His wife, assisted by a lawyer from Women's Liberation Front, had filed for divorce and, given her husband's sexual escapades, she fully expected to clear out his bank account. Simone's girls were also filing lawsuits, with their eyes on Rostock's significant wealth. Worst of all, Richard would eventually head for a short jail term, having been found guilty of perjury.

Michelle had thrown a victorious smile at Richard Rostock as she walked out of the courtroom. She had never been shy about rubbing in her victories, and destroying this arrogant bastard had been the most fun she had had in a long time.

This famous case brought Michelle Cataluna into the national scene. Soon, she wrote her first book, detailing her passionate fight against the Pornography Industry. And soon after that, she was given her own talk-show on MSMBC - which quickly became a hit. Somewhere in there, the Pink Compassions verdict was overturned, based on a technicality Michelle genuinely believed to be overrated: The First Amendment. But it hardly mattered. Michelle was already the postergirl for the fight against pornography industry, and Luici Simone was destroyed, his company in shambles. And Richard Rostock was in jail.

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Richard walked out of the Federal Penitentiary four months later. The jail punishment wasn't a park in the walk, especially for a wealthy man accustomed to his luxuries. But that wasn't his real problem. The 48-yr old corporate powerhouse had lost most of his fortune to his wife and the lawsuits.

The driver stepped out of the limo and greeted his boss with respect. Richard stepped into the limo. He still had enough money to enjoy a few luxuries - he even had enough money to get back into business. He'd been down before, and he knew how to make a come-back. In fact, he enjoyed the challenge.

Yet, business wasn't his foremost concern. HE HAD REVENGE IN HIS MIND.

"Steven" he called for his driver.

"Yes Sir?"

"Get me Luici Simone on the phone! You can still locate him, right?"

"He had to move out of his mansion, Sir but yes, I can still locate him".

"Good..."

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After two books about the evils of sexism and pornography, Michelle had dedicated her latest book to the one person she genuinely loved and adored with all her heart:

HER DAUGHTER, Lara. She had been artificially impregnated in the first year of law School. It was a well-calculated decision. If she was going to have a child, law school seemed like the right time: She was sure as hell not going to disrupt her career at a future time!! And she was determined to show the world she could charge \$500 an hour and raise a daughter at the same time. Her daughter would be her finest accomplishment!!

"IT TAKES A WOMAN WITH CHARACTER TO RAISE A WOMAN WITH CHARACTER" had stayed on top of the charts weeks after weeks and many feminists embraced it as a premier source in raising children. In the book, Michelle gladly talked about feminist principles and how a strong woman, like herself, did not need a "husband" to raise a proud girl.

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Luici had asked Sammy Milano to "arrange" something. That's what Sammy usually did: He "arranged" things for Luici. Sammy owned a very nice house and a very nice car for an LAPD officer. Few ever questioned it though; the rumor was he had inherited some money.

Sammy was waiting in a dark alley. That's where he was supposed to meet with Marcus - also known by his Gangname, "Hammer". The young black man was a drug-pusher and the leader of his gang. Sammy had met him through a "friend".

"Hammer" came out of the dark as always. Sammy nodded with his head, greeting the young man. He thought Hammer was the kind of guy who wouldn't expect to see his thirtieth birthday. That was the kind Sammy was careful about...

"She called me." informed Hammer.

"When are you meeting her?"

"Tomorrow night. 7 PM."

"It's like we talked before.."

Hammer nodded: "You know my price for this..."

"Yeah. You do understand... you can't keep her after summer!!"

Hammer looked at the Cop without expression but his cock was probing in his pants. The possibility was enough to excite him. Ever since he had met Kelly Van Ryan, he had imagined the spoiled white bitch on her back, twisting around his black cock. He had imagined the gorgeous teenage-queen sucking his black cock, serving ghetto-boys like a whore. He had imagined making Kelly Van Ryan of Beverly Hills his own white bitch. It was all

imagination of course, nothing else. He knew Kelly was just a teenage customer with dough, one who couldn't wait to get away from an inner-city savage: She was untouchable. Or so Hammer had thought... Until Sammy came along with his proposition...

"I understand" the black guy replied.

"Good..."

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You could tell Lara Cataluna was the daughter of the most notorious feminist in the country, though not because she looked anything like a militant feminist. Instead, she simply shared her mother's beauty. She attracted boys like flies, and apparently Lara did not have many of her mother's hick-ups about men. She frequently dated boys from the Football team and the like. Not that she was an airhead! To the contrary, in accordance with Mom's plans, she had proven to be the most active girl in her posh prep-school: She was in the student government, on the Board of the yearbook, member of the debate team, editor for the school paper, member of high-school democrats... Yet, despite being the subject of "IT TAKES A WOMAN WITH CHARACTER TO RAISE A WOMAN WITH CHARACTER", she did not stand out as a raging bitch: Apparently, despite all her rhetoric, Michelle Cataluna held her daughter too dear to turn her into a walking, talking mascot of feminism.

Lara was seated in her best friend's Jeep Wrangler in a deserted parking lot. Kelly Van Ryan and Lara had been best friends in highschool. Soon after Kelly's arrival from Florida, the two girls had become close. They were very different in many ways: Kelly had no extracurricular activities other than cheerleading and boys. But they were the same in what mattered the most - they both stood out in a crowd!

They were both freshmen now - freshpersons as Lara's Mom would have said. Kelly was close to home, studying at UCLA, unlike Lara who was at Harvard. Lara was glad she was home for the Spring Break. She really enjoyed being on the East Coast but it felt good to see her best friend again and hang out around Beverly Hills even if for a few days before she'd have to head back.

Lara had been known as uptight and stock-up in highschool, "too serious to have fun" - but her natural beauty had the boys swarming all over her regardless. Besides, her best friend wasn't nearly as serious:

"Kelly, are you sure we should do this?" asked Lara, seeming nervous.

"Come on... It's just Pot!"

" Marijuana is illegal!"

"Oh, please... Do you know anyone who's gone to jail for a little pot??"

"I guess not... Do you really know this guy?"

"Well, yes... I mean he is very scary looking but I've bought from him before. He looks, you know, mean and everything but I guess you can't find drug dealers among the boyscouts...."

"God, this makes me nervous..."

"Come on, we'll just pay, get the package, and get the hell out of here!"

Suddenly there was a knock on the window - which made both girls jump in fear. Looking at the side window, Lara almost screamed again. It was a young black man with a hardened face, mean looks. Lara felt nauseating. She wanted so badly to get it over with as soon as possible.

Kelly lowered her window to talk:

"Hi..."

The black guy just nodded his head. He handed over the brown package: "The usual!"

Kelly never checked the package. It always had the same amount of Pot in it, and besides she was eager to get away as quickly as possible. She handed the money to the black guy. Hammer didn't say anything, and just as he came out of nowhere, he disappeared back into the darkness.

Anxious to leave, Kelly started her Jeep, heading for the exit. That's when the Sirens came alive. A car that was apparently hiding in a deserted corner suddenly blocked the exit, with its Sirens and lights turned on. A tall man stepped out of the car, began walking towards the BMW.

The two girls were hysterical in fear.

The man took out his gun and flashed his badge.

"Please step out of the car, Ma'am!!"

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Lara had been crying for two hours when she heard her jail cell's door open. In walked two men. The cop who had arrested her, and a middle-aged man she didn't recognize.

Richard walked over to the girl, checking her out. She was indeed gorgeous.

Smoking his cigar, he looked directly in her eyes:

"My name is Richard Rostock."

The shaken girl managed to mutter: "Hi"

"You know, Sammy here found heroin on you."

Lara was so scared she resumed crying. The cop had explained to the girls that it was heroin they found in the car - a lot of heroin! Enough to qualify the two teenagers as drug-pushers. Enough to take the girls from their college dorms and place them in a Federal Penitentiary for a long long time.

"You're looking at a minimum of 15 YEARS in jail".

Richard smiled in satisfaction, exchanging looks with Sammy Milano. He simply loved seeing a beautiful girl like Lara shaking in fear.

"However" Richard began his proposal, "you are not yet booked in". "Meaning, unless my friend here decides to formally record tonight's events, you haven't even been arrested for anything".

The blonde girl raised her head in surprise. She was still whimpering desperately, but was there some hope?

"Don't get me wrong. I'm not here to offer you a walk in the park. But I do have a deal for you. I understand your summer break starts in a short while. I want you to work with me this summer. As a secretary...."

"Secretary?". Lara had imagined doing something more in-line with her qualifications this summer, she already had internship offers from CNN, White House and Goldman Sachs - and her mother had invited her to work at WLF. But under the given conditions...

"Yes, yes, sure" she answered enthusiastically.

"Calm down" interjected Richard. As my secretary, you will run errands, type up letters, make coffee - and when I feel like it, you will suck my cock!! If you accept my proposal, you'll work hard at the type-writer - but you'll work even harder on your knees."

Lara couldn't believe what she was hearing. The candidness of the man was shocking. No hidden implications: The man was straight-out telling her she'd have to be his sexual toy for the summer if she didn't wanna spend the next 5 years in prison. But what choice did she have? "This... This is blackmail" she protested in a broken voice.

Richard laughed. "Well, you just might be the brightest secretary I'll ever have. Yes, it is indeed blackmail. You either agree to it, or you'll be licking some fat bitch's stinking cunt for the next 15 years. And imagine how your Mom would love to hear about her precious little daughter's NARCOTICS problem."

"What about Kelly?"

"Your friend!... Well, she'll be fine... She might have to earn her freedom in some other arrangement but there will be no deal unless you agree to it."

Lara sniffed. "I'll do it" she said.

"Clever choice. But I wouldn't want you to smart up as soon as we walk out of here. So Sammy will hold onto the evidence, and he will record your signed confession - just in case you try to get out of our little agreement."

Unable to speak, Lara nodded her head in defeat.

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At first, Michelle was upset that her daughter wouldn't be coming home for summer. But in retrospect she had been very pleased - there she was, her daughter, on the track to becoming every bit as successful as her Mom. Lara would be working for a big investment firm in New York - "Brown Investment House" she had said. "Good for her" she thought. "Way to go"...

Michelle was sunbathing by the pool at her posh mansion in Beverly Hills. She had another show that night and she fully intended to chew on somebody's ass. She enjoyed her success - and she wasn't nowhere close to being done. Women's Liberation Front was now the most powerful feminist organization in the country, and she was the most prominent feminist in the country, breaking the balls of sexist Conservative pigs on MSMBC's "The Liberation Front" every week.

She sipped her Pina Colada, signaling at one of her servants for another one - that's what she called them, "servants". She didn't keep them around when Lara was at home, but the heavy-muscled well-hung male bimbos dressed in spandex and bow-ties, pandering to her every command certainly made her feel powerful. For ages, powerful men had kept sexy little bimbos around, using young, pretty girls as their personal fucktoys. Well, now, Michelle was the one in charge, she was the powerful one and she owned a bunch of male bimbos of her own - ready to serve, ready to strip out of their clothes and get those tongues flipping whenever she felt like it.

When the young man in the pink body suit brought her drink, she gave him a playful spank on the ass. He was being paid handsomely, but she knew he didn't like being treated like a little male slut - which was, of course, the whole point of practice for Michelle...

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Lara showed up at Rostock Enterprises at 7 A.M. sharp as ordered. She was so nervous that she was almost shaking. She had spent weeks thinking about how to get out of this situation - and she could see no way out! Lara could not endure jail. She just had to suck it up and it would be all over by the end of Summer.

Rostock Enterprises occupied the top three floors of the building - unlike the old times when the firm owned the entire building. Lara was surprised to see the office was filled with employees at this early hour. Richard's office was on the 34th floor. It was a richly-decorated office, looking over the Hudson River.

Richard's eyes gazed over the luscious body of the 19-yr old girl. There she was, the precious daughter of his biggest enemy, in his mercy, ready to serve as his personal fucktoy. The girl was obviously scared, shifting on her legs nervously as she stood in front of him, looking at the floor. Richard puffed his Cigar in joy - he loved seeing his women like this, scared and powerless, left with no choice but submission.

He spoke sternly: "You're on time. That's good - I have a rather nasty streak in me, I don't tolerate imperfection. Starting tomorrow you'll be here every morning at 7:00 sharp. Do you understand?"

"Yes".

"Yes? You meant, 'Yes, Sir' I imagine?".

"Yes, Sir" Lara corrected herself anxiously.

Richard looked at the expensive Dona Karan suit on the girl - spoiled little cunt!

"And because you are a dumb slut, you show up over-dressed for the job"

Lara's face turned pale.

"I'm sorry, Sir" she said in a terrified voice.

"Luckily, I had one of my assistants do a little shopping for you". Richard produced a package. "Put these on".

Despite the humiliation, Lara knew she had no choice.

"Where can I dress... Sir?"

"Right here, of course. I'd like to see my new possession in detail...".

Lara began undressing with a red face.

"Maybe if you did your shopping for a normal slut, rather than an uppity 'businesswoman', you would have the right outfits. Anyway, we have plenty of formalities to take care of , you can just add shopping for clothes to the list".

"First of all, grab these magazines"

Lara looked at the magazines with awe: Playboy, Penthouse, Hustler...

"You will subscribe to those magazines. Since you're not much likely to improve your secretarial skills, you might as well work on your fucking skills. Give your home address for the magazines of course - the office is not a whorehouse. But have the bill sent to the office so that I'll know you have subscribed."

"But, Sir, my housemates will see it" protested Lara.

"Oh, are you scared your friends may figure out what a slut you are? Well, that's your problem. Just do your best to get to the mailbox first... or since you're so smart, make up an excuse. And you'd better really read everything in those magazines!"

"Secondly, you need to buy clothes. I hope you have the brains to figure out what kind of attires are needed for your job. Pay a visit to Victoria's Secret. Purchase the sluttiest, whorish lingerie you can find - and nothing in white, of course. Sluts like you don't wear white. Most of the time you won't be permitted to wear underwear anyway. Also buy some tight micro-minis, tight blouses, whatever... Anything revealing and tight. As long as you work here, clothes are just a formality for you. I don't want anyone having to do too much guess-work to imagine what you look like naked. Also buy a couple of big high heels. Buy some make-up, lipstick and nail-polish in bright colors. You should learn to advertise your charms - I host plenty of guests."

"Is that all, Sir?"

"Not, yet - you haven't completed your first morning duty yet". Richard unzipped his fly. "I like to start the day with a blow job"!

Lara quickly got down on her knees...

Richard smiled: Poor little Lara - she'd be his little puppet, dancing on strings by the end of summer.

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Soon, Lara stepped out of Richard's office. She was dressed in a tight red suit that completely hugged her sexy figure. The skirt was a micro-mini which left her smooth legs naked, and the deep cut of the jacket displayed an inviting cleavage. She was also equipped with 4-inch red heels which called for attention to her perfect ass with each step. Her outfit was complete with a red pair of skimpy panties and bra underneath the revealing business-suit. The generous amount of bright red lipstick on her full lips promised countless blow jobs and the same color nails completed the "office slut" image. Red, Richard's choice of color, contrasted nicely with her blonde hair. Her dress hardly left anything to imagination.

Lara was introduced to a Mrs. Brown, an authoritative, overweight woman who eyed Mr. Rostock's newest slut with some disdain. Margaret Brown didn't really approve of Richard's girls but she was very loyal to her Boss and Richard had kept her around for more than two decades, with a salary almost as fat as the woman herself. She told Lara she'd be needed for typing some letters - which proved to be a challenge for Lara. She'd never taken the time to become a fast-typist and she had never expected to work with her hands. She was supposed to work with her brains, like Mom did.

Despite her intelligence and education, it seemed for the duration of the summer Lara would have to utilize her physical skills rather than her wits. The prospect of going to jail was the only thing that kept her from rushing out of this horrible situation - the entire thing was simply much too degrading for the girl! She barely stopped herself from crying as she was led to a desk with stacks of letters to be typed.

When the lunch time came, Lara decided she didn't want to socialize with anyone in this company. The people she could relate to - the young professionals - did not seem likely to engage with a mere office slut. And Lara certainly didn't wanna have anything to do with the other steno-girls and secretaries, quite sure they were all simple-minded and poorly educated. She approached Mrs. Brown trying to inquire about where she might get a quick snack.

"There are some fruits next to the water cooler, you can have Bananas or something!". Mrs. Brown answered with obvious hostility. "Bananas would be good practice for you anyway"!

The mockery lit a jolt of anger through Lara's mind but she knew she had to contain herself in order to survive this predicament.

She was called into Richard's office again after lunch. Apparently, her boss fancied a full-fuck this time. She came out of his office with a blushed face, feeling the stares all over her. She could tell everyone knew what it meant when the new assistant was called into Mr. Rostock's office. She buried her face in the type-writer, pretending not to notice all the stares and snickering...

When she finally made it home later in the evening, she spent an hour in the shower, trying to wash away all the shame and violation.

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Kelly stood nervously behind Sammy. She was dressed in a short white dress. She had never been to a black neighborhood like this in her entire life. Her young life had been spent on posh streets and expensive malls, not in South Central LA. This place felt every bit as alien as African Sahara. The houses looked ugly, the walls were unpainted, the windows were broken... Every corner seemed infested with gangs and drunks... And almost everyone she could see on the streets was black! Kelly had not seen so many blacks in one place in her entire life.

She wanted to just run scared but it was too late now - she could not go to jail, even the idea sent a cold shiver down her spine. She had called her parents and let them know she'd be away for the summer: They'd be thinking she got an internship up in San Francisco. Sammy had explained it to her in plain terms. Instead of years of jail, she was supposed to stay with these guys for the Summer. And "serve" them...

"Here's your home for the Summer" remarked Sammy, knocking on the door nonchalantly with the butt of his gun. The door was opened by a muscular black guy: As soon as Kelly recognized Marcus' mean stare, it all dawned on her: The contents of the package was no mistake; it was a set-up. It was a set-up to turn her into a slave. Marcus had wanted her, and he had gotten her through this set-up.

"Hello officer" Hammer said - Kelly could see a gun on the black guy's belt. He didn't seem shy around Sammy.

Sammy walked in and Kelly followed him coyly. There were 5 young black men in the room and they were all dressed in clothes Kelly could only describe as "gang wear". There were pictures of naked women plastered all over the walls, and there was heavy smoke in the room. Kelly guessed it was marijuana - or something more serious. She could see stuff on the tables which could only be drugs. The black guys were all smoking something, and drinking what she guessed to be malt liquor. Some kind of gangsta-rap, the kind of music she couldn't stand, was playing in the background and one of the fattest persons Kelly had ever seen in her life was "rapping" in the middle of the room, his several gold chains clacking. They all had guns, and kept them around as if it was nothing. All in all, these were the scariest people Kelly had ever seen in her life.

"Hey, cut it out!" yelled Hammer to the others...

Somebody turned off the huge stereo placed in the middle of the room.

Sammy spoke:

"So, as we talked before - here's your prize."

Marcus was sizing up the young woman who was now visibly shaking. He grabbed her breasts and squeezed. "You know, I always wanted to have some prime Beverly Hills pussy. I always wanted to see your dope-smoking little mouth stuffed with my black cock. Now, your white ass belongs to me bitch! And I share everything with my brothers...".

One of the black guys screamed: "Hey, what the fuck's going on Hammer?"

Sammy took the initiative to explain: "You got this bitch all to yourself. For the next three months... Do whatever you wish with her. I don't know... She'll cook for you, clean for you... suck your cock... whatever...! Try not to give

her any diseases, though. And don't fuckin' break her arm or anything... I want her returned in "good condition"!!"

Kelly was on the verge of tears:

"You asshole..." she screamed at her dope-dealer.

Hammer slapped the girl's face without hesitation. "You will learn to watch your mouth. And you will learn to be obedient". He slapped her again: "Do you understand?"

"Yes..."

Another smack landed on Kelly's face.

"That's 'Yes, Master!'. You will refer to every gang member as 'Master'. Got it, bitch?"

"Yes, Master..."

"You never had black cock in you, have you?"

Kelly, scared as she was, didn't dare lie... "No, Master".

"I bet you are racist rich bitch, aren't you? You can't stand black guys like me, can you? Well, get ready cunt, you will soon have more black cock in you than a crack whore..."

"Well, then..." interrupted Sammy. "I'm glad to see you guys getting off to a good start. I'm leaving now".

"Sure thing, bro..." smiled Hammer - first time Sammy ever saw the black man smile.

Kelly felt like she'd faint as Sammy shut the door and left, leaving the defenseless girl in the hands of a ghetto gang.

All the guys were on their feet now, getting ready to check out their prize.

Marcus commanded in an authoritative voice:

"Strip, bitch...!!!"

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RAISING THE PERFECT SLUT (3/7)

(Blackmail, M+/F, humiliation)

A Story by Lara Cataluna

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"Hammer": Black Gang Leader and Pot provider for Lara and Kelly

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Lara walked into the elevator at 6:50 in the morning as usual - she hated waking up so early on a Summer day but she didn't even want to imagine the consequences

if she displeased Mr. Rostock. There wasn't many people around at that ungodly hour but the few stares she got was enough to embarrass her. She'd been working at Rostock Enterprises more than two weeks now but she still couldn't get used to the stares from men on the streets, in the elevators, at the coffee shop; sizing her up like a piece of meat.

Yet, her reflection on the elevator mirror was enough to remind Lara it was not the male gawkers around her who were at fault. Everything about her appearance screamed sex: Starting with the miniskirt that was too short and too tight, and her exposed legs that made masculine eyes naturally travel up on her smooth skin to see what secrets she tried to hide, to the undersized pink blouse with enough buttons left open to reveal a rigid cleavage, the young girl was dressed to provoke men. Her nipples were noticeable, small nubs pushing against the material of her blouse despite the restriction of the bra. Her distinctively high heels matched the color of her long nails and pouty lips - a wet bright pink that promised long, expert blow jobs. Her body curves were hugged by her clothes, her blonde hair was tossed and teased - even people who merely knew her from these elevator rides would have no doubts about her status: She was an OFFICE SLUT, passed around among the executives like a box of chocolate, one notch up from a hooker, ready to get on her knees for a tiny raise. She was good for entertaining men and for precious little else, so she was dressed like this, displaying all her charms, craving attention, with every detail in her appearance designed to please men...

As Lara stepped out of the elevator she could feel the stares on her legs and ass. It could be worse: Some days, her underwear privileges were taken away, forcing her to spend the rest of the day trying to conceal her nakedness under the mini. Soon after her morning blow job for Mr. Rostock, Lara was back on her desk doing her boring secretarial work, waiting nervously to be called in again any moment for whatever sexual gratification her boss might wish for.

Her small desk was covered with unfinished typing assignments: She wasn't much of a typer and she wasn't getting any better... Mrs. Brown was upset with her for failing to accomplish even the simplest assignments fast enough: It was obvious Lara was kept around as the boss' fucktoy. She had gotten accustomed to all the snickering, lewd comments and plain ridicule from the other employees. Other girls despised her for being a slut, and the guys treated her like a piece of meat. She had no friends...

* * * * *

Lara was getting ready to leave Richard's office, having just swallowed his cumm when Richard ordered her to take a seat:

"I've talked to Mrs. Brown and I understand your job performance is a disaster so far. You can barely type or answer the phone properly. Apparently the high-school drop-outs we keep around are more competent than you are! And since you seem incapable of performing the simplest office duties in a satisfactory manner, I expect you to make up for it in your extracurricular duties - I saved your ass from jail but if I feel it wasn't worth it, I'll send you right back without hesitation"

Lara couldn't recall feeling so worthless and scared in her entire life. She just wasn't made for all this clerical work... And she knew she had to please Mr. Rostock or her life would be destroyed...

"Occasionally, I will have guests here in the building... And I will expect you to join us - to keep company".

"Yes... certainly, Sir!!" replied the scared girl. She didn't want to think what "keeping company" entailed, even though she had a pretty good idea about it.

Lara had been trying to finish her typing when a group of loud men walked into the office. They all looked like Texans, straight out of an NRA convention. Lara wondered if she'd be expected to keep company with these rednecks - fearing what exactly that might involve. Richard stepped out of his office and greeted the men, leading them to a special meeting room. Lara resumed her typing nervously. It was just ten minutes later when Mrs. Brown approached her:

"Mr. Rostock is calling you to the Grand Meeting Room immediately" she informed the terrified girl. "You'd better hurry up".

As Lara rushed to her feet, Mrs. Brown whispered cruelly into her ear:

"It's time to earn your keep".

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There was nothing on the top floor but mostly empty meeting rooms. Lara knocked on the door of the Grand Meeting Room, which was distinguished with its thick oak door. "Come in" replied somebody from inside. She entered the posh meeting room quietly. "You requested me, Mr. Rostock?"

The room wasn't designed as she had expected. All the men were seated in big leather armchairs, forming a circle. There was 10 of them, mostly middle-aged, some younger ones, as well. They were all dressed in power suits even though there was a hint of Texan pride in the guests, some wearing bolo ties, others featuring cowboy hats. They were all smoking cigars, and looking at Lara appreciatively. The obvious lust and power in their eyes made her scared.

"Yes, come on in, honey" said Richard. "These gentlemen are from Dell Computer Corporation, we are about to finalize an important business deal with them. How do you like that?"

"It's... it's very nice, Sir"

Richard chuckled: "Can you hear the enthusiasm in her voice, gentlemen?"

All the men laughed - which made Lara feel even more insecure, if that was possible.

"Anyway, we have a dinner reservation at Morton's tonight, but I said to my friend Keith, (he nodded at a man in his sixties with a white beard) we got plenty of time to kill before we go to dinner. So, you see, sweetie, as a proper host, I have to entertain the gentlemen in the mean time. And I'm afraid, you will have to be the entertainment!". Richard finished his words with a strong emphasis, reminding the helpless girl once again what was in store for her if she showed the slightest disobedience. He motioned Lara to move into the middle of the room.

"Look at it on the bright side - you don't have to do any typing for the rest of the day. I hear you really suck at it anyway." His choice of words drew another round of laughter from the small crowd. It was now quite clear to Lara that these men did not think of Lara as their host's secretary: She was a little sex-bunny summoned to their meeting for the sole purpose of a sexual spectacle.

Lara's displeasure at this turn of events was quite apparent on her face as she patiently stood in the middle of the circle, in obvious embarrassment. She was visibly nervous.

Mr. Rostock explained his beautiful assistant what was expected of her:

"NOW, HERE'S THE DEAL, LARA... WE WILL PLAY A SIMPLE GAME: I WILL GIVE YOU INSTRUCTIONS... YOU WILL FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS... NOTHING CONFUSING!!"

* * * * *

.....step
forward, Lara..... don't be shy..... you'd better get used
to those eyes looking you all over..... imagining what you'll look like
nude..... don't worry..... you won't keep them waiting
long (laughter all around)..... that's it.... take the center of the
circle..... you're uncomfortable in those heels?..... that's "yes, Sir"...
but you look so good in them.....such a nice little slut (more laughter).....
you're embarrassed? already?.... we're not even started yet.....(laughter)
.....parade for us....that's it..... sway those hips.... nice and sexy.....
stick your ass out..... good girl... lose the jacket...

(The men are seated all around her, still clothed in their business suits,
smoking long cigars. Only Richard speaks.....)

.....now ...how about you take that blouse off?looks all hot and sweaty,
anyway.....it wasn't a request.... that's it..... don't be shy..... take it
off..... now, toss it away.....you won't be needing it again (more
laughter)..... good..... lose the skirt..... that's it..... take them right
off..... we like it when you bend over..... no, stay like that..... hold onto
the skirt at your ankles..... stick your ass out.....can you feel their eyes
on you?..... they're
hungry..... better not keep them waiting.....

.....throw the skirt down next to the blouse..... good girl..... now, stand
up straight..... stick your butt out..... and your tits..... no, look at
us..... keep your eyes on us..... you like this, don't you..... answer the
question... "no?".... I bet you're wet... we'll see....

.....we want you to take off that bra..... yup, go on..... all the way....
that's it..... place your hands on your hips..... one each side..... oh,
yeah..... now stick them behind your head..... that's it..... stick those tits
out..... spread your legs wide... nope, wider... arch your back a little
more..... lovely.... all tits and ass..... you know how we want you to
stand..... that's it..... stick those tits out..... don't blush..... what a
delicious little slut... you're not used to these words, are you?..... you will
be.....

put your hands under your tits look at Mr. Rowen over there, look him in
the eyes now ask him "do you like my tits, Sir?" he can't hear
you, speak up show them to him..... offer them for his inspection
.....

(The young man doesn't respond right away, just looking at Lara with a sarcastic
little grin on his face. She finds herself holding her breasts, offering them to
him, and he is just enjoying the spectacle.)

..... maybe he thinks your nipples are not hard enough yet you know where your nipples are, don't you? well, then pull them for the man yeah, just go ahead put your nipple between your fingers don't be shy now, keep looking him in the eyes to see if he approves pinch it there we go such a good pleaser see, it's getting all hard pinch it harder keep looking at him..... now tell him "my nipple is getting hard, Sir" (laughter from all the men sitting around, who are enjoying themselves at Lara's expense) pull it you like playing with your nipples, don't you? answer me yeah, I thought so it's getting very hard, isn't it? good, we want it that way now, walk around the circle and show each man your hard nipples that's good keep walking back arched stick your ass out more keep looking at their eyes see how you've made everyone hard?

time to lose the panties..... yeah, that's right..... get them off..... slid them down..... that's nice..... no, stay down..... hold your ankles..... we want to have a nice, long look..... I think you can stick your ass out a little further..... good girl..... spread those legs..... wider..... wider..... now everyone can see it all... there's a good little slut..... all exposed..... your face is completely red... are you embarrassed... poor little shy thing...

now..... walk over to that man..... get down on your knees..... yeah.... you know what's coming..... open his flies..... that's it..... what'd you see there?.... don't be shy, you know what it's called..... yeah, you're right, it's a cock..... take his hard cock out..... hold it.... keep your hands in that position..... you like the feel of it don't you?..... you know why it's hard, don't you?..... say it..... look him in the eyes and say 'because of me, Sir'..... now, open your mouth..... wider, Lara, wider..... stick your tongue out..... very good..... you know what we're going to use your mouth for don't you?..... can't hear you.... that's right... we will make you suck our cocks... ask the man..... ask him nicely if you can lick his cock..... I don't think he heard you..... again... louder
(laughter and snickering from all around the room).... good girl.... OK, now lick his cock..... start at the base and work your way up to the tip..... stick your tongue out further..... don't close your eyes, look at him..... show him how hard you're working... now begin sucking...

("She's hating it" decided Richard: Imagine the humiliation... Ms. Ivy-League, daughter of the biggest stinking feminist on earth, being degraded in this manner, humiliated in front of so many men. And the worst of it, smiled Richard, they were only getting warmed up!)

.....the men want to hear you, Lara..... you should be like a performance artist... always respect the audience..... you've gotta lick and slurp a little louder..... that's it.... we want to hear all those slutty noises you make.... (even more laughter throughout the room).....keep that ass high in the air.....yeah, like that..... very good on all fours sucking cock poor girl, look at that, she's still a little shy, holding her legs together you really gotta stop doing that I SAID, SPREAD THOSE LEGS!! I know, it's a little odd, all these men looking between your legs but a girl's gotta do what she's gotta do ...

Enough... don't make the man cumm just yet.... move on to the next man.....no, on all fours.... crawl..... keep that ass up high..... head up, arch your back..... maintain etiquette at all times..... now, do the same for him..... that's it... take your time... you've got all day.....

(Lara continues in this fashion - licking each man's pole in turn. The men are enjoying themselves, smoking cigars and drinking, while she crawls around and sucks them. Richard orders her to keep eye contact with every man she services, never, not even for a mere instant, allowing the girl to forget her total humiliation. Whenever Lara makes a man hard, she's ordered to crawl over to the next, after having properly thanked the man for letting her suck his cock. Not only does she need to suck each cock and make loud slurping and moaning sounds, she's also told to give compliments to each man: She has to tell each man how wonderful his cock is and where she'd like to put it. Then the men judge whether it sounded sexy and slutty enough.)

(Richard thinks he's being a good host, judging from the amused look on his guests' faces. His turn comes last, and as Lara gives his hardened cock an introductory lick, he is tempted to fuck the bitch right then and there - just the feeling of power he has over this sweet young thing is almost enough to push him over the edge.)

.....good girl ... you've come a full circle.... now thank us again for letting you suck our cocks..... say it louder... what a good slut you are..... you've done a good job..... look around.... so many angry cocks... all hard over you....

(continued in the next segment)

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.....tired?poor girl.... been working so hard..... take a moment.... you know what..... go bring that ottoman from over there.... (more snickering)..... that's right, place it in the middle..... now get on top..... on all fours..... see how you're elevated... completely on display...

.....now put your hand between your legs..... you'll put on a real show for us... we all wanna see how little sluts like you spend lonely nights (laughter all around)..... don't blush..... you're going to do it anyway (laughter)..... no ifs, no buts... spread your legs ...

(It was quite a sight for Richard. Lara Cataluna, his enemy's daughter, completely exposed but for a pair of high heels - and about to masturbate in front of a bunch of businessmen He eyed Lara's closely shaven pussy. He owned that pussy, he owned the entire body of this gorgeous young woman. Poor little thing was dying in shame. His little puppet on a string, his hated enemy's precious sweet daughter at his mercy.)

look at the man you're facing move your right hand between your legs
you heard me ... your right hand ... stick it behind your beautiful legs
good girl stick your ass out higher, so the men can see your hand very
good now with one finger start playing with your clit yes, you have
to... you know where your clit is, don't you? (laughs)....

Touch it with your middle finger so the men behind you can see it ... no, no ..
Don't close your eyes ... keep looking at the man in front of younow, start
rubbing your clit..... very good ... you're wet, aren't you, slut? answer
me! tell the men, are you wet? (Lara couldn't help herself)... wet,
aren't you? (Loud laughs) so you like to be the party slut, huh?
answer me! no who?..... no Sir... that's better.... I beg to differ...
You'll learn to love being the party slut... But don't worry, you'll get lots of
practice... (laughs all around)

now, show us how a slut like you makes herself cum shift around so all the
men can see... that's good... I'll tell you when to shift around again
there we go

(Lara's hand moves, at first reluctantly. But after she's been
reprimanded a few more times, she can't help getting slowly in the action. Eyes
open, staring at men stroking their cocks, she is made to touch herself with her
mouth open and tongue stuck out.)

(Richard enjoys the young woman's shame. Here she is, performing the most
private, the most personal act of all in the presence of strangers. Fingering
herself in front of men... Richard knew her complete humiliation would only
enhance her submission, teaching Lara her own priorities and privacy no longer
mattered...)

Come on, girl... you know what to do....that's it.....in and out....pick up
speed.....you like that?..... are you getting off?... Answer the question...
You are... Keep ramming those fingers... slut...
faster... I said faster... that's right....

(Lara's ass held high in the air, pumping her finger in and out of her pussy.
She gets hot, despite herself. Her body's not hers to control any more. The
humiliated girl was obviously close to an orgasm, she couldn't stop her panting
despite the foreign eyes witnessing this shameful act...But suddenly she was
ordered to stop. Richard enjoyed frustrating the helpless girl - she'd be
begging for relief by the time he was through with her)

Stop it girl... Look how excited she's gotten herself (laughs).... You haven't
yet deserved to cum, little slut... But if it's cocks you want, you'll get
plenty... (Men gave their approval with chuckles...)

.....that's enough....you're nicely warmed up.....I think it's time you got
what you wanted.....time to get fucked.....don't
blush.....that's what you're here for, after all.... you've been teasing the men
for so long now, making them all hot and horny .. it's only fair for them to
give you what you've been asking for.... don't you think? ... you know what,
we'll be very nice to you we'll do groups of five we'll even let you
pick the groups(laughs)...

come on, walk around the room and pick five men ask each man if he wants to
fuck you... oh no, you know the walk by now..... that's better..... tits

forward... ass out.... like a bitch in heat... ask the man politely.... "would you like to fuck me, Sir"..... not responding..... you'll have to ask him a bit more seductively then like a slut... beg for it, girl... beg him like you need it real baaad... there you go... look him in the eyes and lick your lips ... cup your tits and show them to him now ask again take his hand ... lead him to the ottoman ... there we go what a lucky little slut you are, putting your own gang-bang party together(snickering all around).....

go ahead and pick another one no no ... don't just pull his arm ... be polite and seductive get closer to him, right between his legs scoop up some of your own juice ... yes, put your finger inside yourself move it in and out a bit ... now show it to the manput your wet finger in your mouth lick it ... now ask him if he'd like to fuck you lead him to your place

I want you to pick the man with the biggest cock... no, no, not me honey (Richard laughed at the pathetic attempt to brownnose) go ahead .. check all the men ... walk around and check their cocks..... is that him? just tell him that he has the biggest cock, I'm sure he'd like to hear that from you ... hahahaha. . so, pick two more... good... that's five now climb up the ottoman again on all fours, that's a good girl...

.... first... you need to make those cocks as hard as they can get ... go ahead .. take one in your mouth and use your hands on the others ... the men will help you out, holding your hands ...don't worry about him grabbing your hair, that's just to direct you ... you still need a little guidance there we go, make them nice and hard again ... it's a little work now, but that's what you're here for let's hear how you're enjoying it, don't be shy again ... we know it's a mouth full ... that's the idea, hahahaha ... now, get off the ottoman for a second and let one of the men lie down on his back ... good girl you see that cock standing all the way up? go ahead and climb on top no reason to hold back now use your right hand and take the cock in your hand don't worry, the men will hold you in balance ... position that cock in front of your opening can you feel it? ... I know you can now slide it inside of you ... there we go .. that wasn't so difficult, now was it ? ... move up and down, the men will help you ... let it go all the way in ... it feels good, doesn't it? no no, don't stop, just keep going, you look perfect like thisa good little fuck bunny and this is just the first one, you'll learn to do even better

now, lean forward girl ... there we go ... he's gonna hold your head in position ... you know what for, don't you yes ... open your mouth

take that
cock inside your mouth againyou still remember it? I thought you would but this time you're not just gonna make it hard no, you're gonna have to make it cum, ok? you know, suck it till the white gooeey stuff comes out yes... and you're gonna be a good girl and swallow it ... lots of protein for a growing girl... go ahead... take it all inside... let your tongue swirl and suck at the same time just as if you'd be sucking a lollypop.... now, we know you have good manners and can eat quietly, but we wanna hear you suck and slurp.... there we go... and keep your eyes open, look up at the man you're sucking.... such a sweet sight... he's holding your hair tight so he can set your pace, girl he's helping you do your job right

I know you'd like to lean on your arms for balance, but your hands are needed..... just let the men guide them... you know where.... that's why you picked five men.... put your hands around those cocks move them slowly.... the men's hands will show you you need to keep these cocks hard for when they go inside you the men can do it

themselves, of course, but it feels much better to use your hands..... yes, their grip is tight, but that again is only to help you

...ah... they're getting serious now.... you feel that, the man is putting a small belt around your waist... that way he can hold you better in place.... you see, the fifth man is gonna fuck your ass now... and your ass is probably gonna be a little tight... so you might wanna move away a bit.... most girls would wanna do that... but it would be very annoying for the gentleman, so that's why he is putting the belt around you.... there he goes, nice and tight around the waist.... now tell us, have you ever been fucked in the ass before?.... poor thing, you can't answer with your mouth full.... I bet you haven't.... you've probably been a prim and proper girl always.... hahaha.... well, not anymore.... you look like a regular party slut now... can you feel it?... he's sliding a finger in your asshole to stretch it up a bit ... he's even putting some gel there you should really be thankful to these men, girl... they are so considerate... (loud laughs)..... there he goes... I can see his cock positioning in front of your asshole.... now it's gonna hurt a little, but a girl's gotta get used to it.... you just keep sucking..... hmm... that cock barely fits... good thing he's holding you down so tight..... you can scream, that's ok... in fact, we want you to.... just let it out what a good loud, screaming, little slut.... you feel his cock sliding in?...

it's almost all the way in... this is a good one to start, girl... it's not all that big... the others might stretch you up a little more.... he's riding you like a pony now... too bad you can't see it... but I know you can feel it ...hahahaha....

....what a beautiful sight.... what a slut..... you feel those cocks sliding in and out?... I know you do.... that's good, scream and moan.... let them know they are really fucking you... no one else is around to hear it anyway.....

(After a little while, the men in action are close to an orgasm. Their grips are getting even tighter, Lara hears their breathing getting heavier. She wants to move away a bit, but she can't. Her head is moved back and forth fast, her hands are jerking off two cocks and the two others inside Lara are picking up their pace. Suddenly, she feels the hot sperm gushing down her throat. She gags, but it keeps coming. At the same time, she feels hot stuff flying through her hands up against her sides and her back, followed by the cocks inside her. Lara feels the cum filling her up, the cocks straining inside her.....)

See how you made all the men cumm, huh?... what a useful little slut... getting dizzy?..... shame..... no, we won't slow the pace..... in fact, quite the reverse..... don't worry... you will eventually learn to fuck men by the dozens..... look what a mess you made, bad girl... clean those cocks... with your tongue, of course... that's right, even the cock that was in your ass... start with that one, in fact... is it tasty? (laughs all around)

(Lara took the cocks in her mouth one by one, licking them clean - some of the men preferred to use her silky hair to wipe off their cocks. Finally, she's given a second or two to catch her breath.)

Are you tired, girl... yes?... oh, well, you'd better train yourself girl... we're just beginning here... we are all anxious to resume your work-out... however, unlike a little slut like you, these men have too much class to go for sloppy seconds... so off you go to the shower (Richard pointed towards an adjacent door)... don't you dare touch the hot dial... take a quick ice-cold shower... so that you'll be ready for more fun... well, we'll be having fun, I don't know about you (Loud laughter all around the room)... you got exactly five minutes to get your ass back on the ottoman little missy, so you'd better hurry

up if you don't wanna get punished....

(As Lara hurried to the shower, Richard poured more whiskey for his guests. He felt confident. He was about to purchase a large stake in a small computer manufacturer in Texas, called Dell. Largely unknown firm, but the deal was dirt cheap - and Richard saw some future in this company. He always had an eye for good start-ups - if the deal went through, it could eventually help put Rostock Enterprises back on the map - and given the expression on the faces of his guests, the deal was as good as done.)

He smiled in satisfaction, imagining everything he would do to Lara as the shivering girl returned from the shower. He noted the way she was unconsciously covering her body - the shower had renewed the girl's sense of shame. 'Poor little slut' Richard chuckled to himself.

Soon, Lara was once again placed on the dreaded Ottoman, with men swarming all over her like flies...

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An exhausted, sweaty Lara emerged from the Grand Meeting Room a couple hours later. It was obvious she'd been working real hard the past few hours. As she made her way to the secretary's desk, she could feel the demeaning looks from her co-workers. They eyed her with either disdain or ridicule. Everybody pretended as though they had no idea what went on in the Grand Meeting Room - it was a dirty little office secret that wasn't acknowledged in a crowd. Saddle jokes were common place however:

It was Mrs. Brown who made a point of asking her loudly: "Did you manage to get the minutes, honey?"

This drew loud snickers from the office crowd, turning Lara's face a deep shade of red. People pretended not to notice the mock under the question even as Lara gathered up her belongings and rushed out of the office in shame....

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RAISING THE PERFECT SLUT (5/7)

(Blackmail, M+/F, humiliation)

A Story by Lara Cataluna

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Richard Rostock: Businessman sent to jail by Michelle Cataluna
Michelle Cataluna: Feminist TV personality, anti-porn activist, famous attorney
Luici Simone: Owner of pornography firm, Pink Compassions
Sammy Milano: Simone's man in LAPD
Lara Cataluna: Daughter of Michelle Cataluna
Kelly Van Ryan: Lara's friend from high-school
"Hammer": Black Gang Leader and Pot provider for Lara and Kelly

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Hammer smiled appreciatively looking at the usual sight awaiting him. There she was, his "bitch", well, the entire Gang's "bitch". Kelly Van Ryan was in her mandatory greeting position, which she was required to assume every time one of her Masters came through the front door. She was naked but for a pair of high-heels. Positioned on her knees, her face was at crotch-level. Her legs were spread apart, completely exposing her pussy - which was shaven on a daily basis to keep it completely bald. Her hands were clasped behind her neck, arching her

back - thereby pushing her large breasts forward as if it was an offering to the Gods.

The position was extremely humiliating for Kelly, but she had gotten used to doing many humiliating things over the past few weeks. It seemed like just yesterday, when she was a little Beverly Hills Princess, driving around in expensive cars, hanging out at lavish Cafes. Now, she was the claimed property of a Black Gang, ready to do their bidding whenever they felt like it.

"Welcome, Master. Please put your Big Black Cock in me!" the girl pleaded: The verbal greeting required of her.

Hammer could see the dismay in those big blue eyes but nothing else about her revealed any of her displeasure. Instead, she looked like a young white slut who had had the pleasure of Black Cock and was still craving more of it. She had learned to pretend she was dying in desire for their big cocks, even if she hated every minute of it. Hammer carefully examined the naked beauty before him, as he liked to do everyday. Turning this spoiled girl into their sex toy had been one of the most remarkable perks of his tenure as a Gang Leader. He had no doubt the young rich-bitch had always been dismissive of blacks, seeing them as either her family's servants or bums on the streets. She was used to ordering them around. Now, of course, the roles were reversed: Kelly was the fucktoy in the hands of these young black men, to be used and abused in whatever ways they found amusing. She no longer dismissed Blacks as poor and lazy - she refereed to Hammer and his Gang Brothers as "Master", doing only as she is told and spending hours everyday sucking and humping on their black cocks.

Hammer remembered the fun of breaking the white Princess. She had felt so out-of-place and scared. Her training had been easy: She had had a fair number of dates with the cane which was now hanging on the wall. The Gang Members still found occasion to punish their beautiful slave since even the slightest hint of disobedience or hesitation was not tolerated

And certainly none of them had any mercy for the girl. They had been dismissed and dissed on by the likes of her all their lives and the revenge was sweet indeed! The little Princess was their whore now. The classy girl who could get sick at the thought of having sex with anyone not matching her social status, could now tell apart each Gang Member's cock eyes closed, simply by licking. She knew every ridge, every vein on every Black Cock in the house, having occupied herself with entertaining those Black Cocks 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

Kelly had learned to be the ultimate whore. Initially, she had just laid down, spreading her legs so that they could take their pleasure from her. But that wasn't enough. They wanted a complete slut, a genuine fuckbunny, who didn't just impale herself on their cocks but craved for it!! With enough practice, and enough sessions with the cane, she mastered how to moan and scream in the most stimulating ways. She learned the right words to say; the right ways to squirm, the right way to hump on a cock to provide the most entertaining gyrations. She learned how to give the most pleasure to men; she learned how each Gang Member liked to fuck her. Kelly had been giving blow-jobs since she was 13, but not like she did these days. The snooty girl now featured a perfect blow-job, having been trained in the correct way to slide her tongue just along the underside of a cock., to take it all the way down her throat, tickle and tease with her tongue to provide maximum pleasure, not dropping the tiniest drop of cumm, and gently cleaning the cock after she was done serving it. She had been used in all her orifices - the first time Li'l Mo had taken her in the ass, her screams had echoed through-out the house. She had long been instructed on how to hold her

breasts tightly together when one of the Masters wanted to "tity-fuck" her. They had done to her things she didn't think any man could do to her. She was a fully-trained, multi- equipped fancy fucktoy attending the needs of Hammer and his Gang round- the-clock.

Hammer teased Kelly's pussy with the toe of his boot:

"How many Black Cocks have you had in you, Cunt?"

"213 Master" the girl replied, her shame apparent on her face no matter how carefully she tried to conceal it. She was expected to keep track of her own degradation.

"But, you still want more, Slut?"

"Yes, Master, please..."

Hammer noted how she always knew the correct answer to give. Of course, she also always had her nervous eyes on the cane hanging from the wall. The walls, naturally, had much more than just the cane. The walls which were once exclusively covered with pictures of Tyra Banks, Halle Berry and Vanessa Williams now frequently featured Kelly's photographs: Usually with a cock in her mouth, cumm dripping from her face or other lewd poses which were made to look like she posed willingly, smiling and giving sultry looks to the Camera.

The door flew open again, and in walked Li'l Mo. Kelly turned towards the fat guy aged 17 and spoke her usual salute:

"Welcome, Master. Please put your Big Black Cock in me!"

Li'l Mo looked at his bitch with amusement in his eyes. Li'l Mo knew he was the one she hated the most. Despite all her efforts, he could tell the little Princess from Beverly Hills hated having sex with his 280 pound body. And it would be fair to say, Li'l Mo was a little too cane-happy.

"You want my Cock, worthless Slut?"

"Yes, Master. Please give it to me, Master...". As much as Kelly hated Li'l Mo, she knew better than not to piss him off...

Li'l Mo seated himself on the stolen leather couch: "Crawl to me, Cunt"

Kelly got all fours and crawled over to Li'l Mo, and then slowly took out his Cock - which she had always found to be little less than the expectations for a big fat black guy. As she began giving one of her expert blow-jobs to Li'l Mo, Hammer looked at her unintentionally wiggling ass.

"Well" he said to himself, as he kneeled behind the girl: "The bitch might as well go for 215!!".

Kelly knew soon the other members of the gang would show up - back from their drug-dealing - and they'd all want to have a go at their rich spoiled slutty white fuckbunny.

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By the time Lara came home, she had managed to calm herself somewhat. The

answering machine had a message from Mom, and she wanted to talk to Mom, but not before she washed all the filth away. She rushed to the phone as soon as she got out of the shower.

"Hi Mom". She was excited to talk to Mom.

"Hi
Sweetie...How are you doing"

"Great"... Lara forced herself to lie.

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The following morning, Lara was called into Richard's room. She applied a fresh coat of red lipstick, anticipating Mr. Rostock's mid-morning blow job. She knocked on the door, walking in nervously expecting to be ordered out of her clothes promptly.

"You did a fine job yesterday" commented Richard as if he was giving a performance appraisal.

"...Thank... Thank you, Sir"

"We will have plenty of guests..."

"Yes, Sir!"

"You need to buy toys and training equipment"

"Toys, Sir?"

"Yes, toys... I'm not talking about ToysRUs. There is a porn shop couple blocks from here. Go there and purchase these items." Richard handed a list to the terrified girl. Lara couldn't believe her eyes; the list contained items she found extremely distasteful and painful.

Richard continued: "I don't really have much use for many of those items but a girl's gotta have her equipments - in case guests demand it..."

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Michelle Cataluna looked over the city from her posh office. She had been examining the ratings of "The Liberation Front" which were very pleasing. She was scheduled to renew her contract with MSMBC and she could look forward to a big pay raise.

She examined the case file. She no longer made any courtroom appearances - the TV occupied most of her time. But she was still up-to-date with the legal actions of the organization she headed. Women's Liberation Front had just filed a lawsuit against Sin City Entertainment. She knew almost all of these lawsuits against pornographers had failed - the First Amendment was a real bitch! She'd gladly make an exception in the First Amendment to stop all those sexist pigs from indulging themselves. Of course, she had won one monumental case against Pink Compassions. And she remembered how she had tortured and destroyed Richard Rostock on the stand: She had particularly enjoyed beating that bastard into mush. And putting that sleazy Luici Simone out-of-business was an extra bonus. Michelle wasn't bothered by the eventual outcomes of these legal cases - the

publicity was more than enough to advance the feminist cause, and to advance Michelle herself...

But the reason for her happiness this morning was not the publicity or legal cases. She had just finished a meeting with Rubin Lufer, whose ass she was about to nail because of a particularly nasty sexual harassment case. Lufer had been one of the biggest political donors in the State for a long time - yet this powerful man pleaded with her like a little kid this morning, begging for mercy. Michelle had initially enjoyed just letting the big honcho wiggle for a while, knowing she would destroy him regardless. But then, Lufer had said something magical - the word "CONGRESSWOMAN"! The sound of it was enough to make Michelle excited. It was said that Lufer was powerful enough to hand-pick candidates. Of course, she'd have to run in San Francisco, that city being the only one that was liberal enough to elect a raging feminist like her. Yet, it would be the first time a prominent feminist like her would make it to a nationally elected office. The possibilities were endless - she could even try to introduce some legislation particularly hurtful to all those sleazy pornographers! Yes, after all, she could perhaps overlook some nastier aspects of the lawsuit against Mr. Lufer.

"Congresswoman Cataluna" she said to herself, chuckling in delight.
"Congresswoman Cataluna".

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It was 7:01 AM when Lara came rushing through the office entrance. In more than a month at the Rostock Enterprises, she hadn't been late a single time. She knocked on Mr. Rostock's door, and was called in promptly.

"You are late"

"I'm so sorry, Sir" she said desperately.

"No, honey, you just think you're sorry. You will be sorry, for real, in just a moment". Richard took out the spanking pad Lara had purchased in her trip to the porn shop. "Strip completely and bend over the desk".

Over the past weeks, Lara had developed the good sense to never argue with Mr. Rostock no matter how frightening or outrageous his demands could be. Soon, she was weeping in pain as Richard gave her a spanking. Even in her agony, she could feel the irony: She was being spanked like a little girl - her mother had never laid a finger on her, she had to turn 19 before getting a spanking in the hands of a stranger.

She knew then that there were many ways Richard Rostock could punish her. Not just the ultimate punishment of sending her to jail, but many "intermediate" punishments - like the sting of the Spanking Pad Richard held in his hand. The pain only heightened the girl's fear of disobedience.

Richard looked at the trembling naked form on his desk and he could feel his hard-on. He really owned this gorgeous little thing, she was in his utter control. He decided to trade his morning blow-job for a real fuck and positioned himself behind the naked girl.

The phone in his office rang just as Richard was pumping in and out. He stopped his motion for a brief moment to hear what Mrs. Brown had to say:

"Mr. Rostock, Ms. Cataluna's mother is on line-1, she wants to speak to her

daughter. Should I tell her to call back?"

Lara was irked at hearing about her mother's call while she was being fucked by her boss. Mr. Rostock had ordered her to give a specific direct line number to her Mom so she would never know her daughter worked at Rostock Enterprises - Mrs. Brown must have answered that number. What she heard next only made her more terrified:

"Oh, no, Margaret, do connect her please". Richard motioned Lara to pick up the phone without changing her position. The girl was holding the phone in one hand now, and she was simply horrified that her mom could somehow figure out she was bent over her boss' desk, naked and spanked and being fucked...

Richard pushed forward as soon as Lara answered the phone with a meek "hi, mom!"

"Hello darling"

"Hi..." Lara's response was almost muffled with a moan that escaped her lips as Richard began ramming into her body in earnest.

"Are you OK?"

"Yes, I'm mmmpphh OK, mom..."

"I know you don't want me to call you in the office but I just had to... I got wonderful news! I might be running for Congress!!"

"That's... iimpphh... wonderful, Mom"

"Yes... So how's work going, honey? Do you help close any deals?"

"Yes, yes... Aaayhh... Yes, Mom. Aaaaghh... I help close a lot of deals". Lara could hear the laughter of Richard at this revelation as he pushed forth harder and faster.

"Oh, that's very good honey. Sounds like a happy office with all that noise. Anyway, my campaign should be kicking off soon..."

"That's great mother... Mom, can I impphh call you mpphh back? I'm kinda busy right now."

"Oh sure, darling, back to work then..."

Richard exploded as a panting, moaning Lara hang up the phone. He almost couldn't recall having enjoyed sex this much: The evil bitch who had tried to destroy him had no idea, he was fucking her precious little daughter like a cheap whore while she was talking to her proud mommy.

Finally, he seated himself, lighting a cigar. Lara was on the verge of tears. "Stop crying" he ordered.

"We have guests" commented Richard - the words Lara dreaded the most. She had gotten used to doing Richard's bidding on a regular basis, but her boss had also made a habit of using the beautiful girl as "sweetener" in his business dealings. Lara was often expected to stroll upstairs to the Grand Meeting Room, as her coworkers smirked, and "entertain" Mr. Rostock's guests. She could feel the taste of cum from the five Japanese men just two days ago.

"This is a very important deal" informed Richard. "These two guys are establishing a company called Yahoo. Very promising stuff - and if the deal goes through we'll provide the financing in exchange for a large chunk of equity! However, I think the closest these two geeks came to a woman is reading the Penthouse. That's, of course, where you come in. Off you go upstairs, I told them I'd send some refreshments..."

As soon as Lara left the room, Richard tuned into the closed-circuit video system. He watched in amusement as Lara stripped and laid down on the table. He had installed the hidden cameras in the Grand Meeting Room when his company had first moved to the building - he had stacks of tapes featuring his business partners with Lara. Poor girl had no idea her "special duties" were continuously recorded.

Two hours later Richard signed the deal for a large stake in the company, barely stopping himself from laughing at the exhausted yet happy faces of the two young men. He was certain this could be the deal that put him on top of the food chain once again!!!

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RAISING THE PERFECT SLUT (6/7)

(Blackmail, M+/F, humiliation)

A Story by Lara Cataluna

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Lara Cataluna: Daughter of Michelle Cataluna
Kelly Van Ryan: Lara's friend from high-school
"Hammer": Black Gang Leader and Pot provider for Lara and Kelly

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Lara waked through the gates nervously. Underneath her long trench coat, she only had a thong bikini and a tiny bikini top that barely concealed her nipples. She had been dead scared taking a cab ride like this but she was required to arrive in this exact outfit - and Lara had learned to do exactly what was required of her. Mr. Rostock had informed her that there would be a party at a friend's mansion Saturday night: Luici Simone was throwing a party at his new mansion. Having grown accustomed to "being" the entertainment for men, the young woman had no doubt the "partying" would come at her expense: Little sluts like her had to work the hardest, when everyone else decided to party the hardest.

She discarded her coat at the entrance to the mansion, standing clad in her excuse for a swimsuit. She knew more or less what was expected of her: She had been instructed about Luici Simone's famous parties before. As she made her way to the pool area, she could hear the loud music, laughter and chatter. The garden was filled with rich men and gorgeous women. Men were dressed casually yet elegantly and some were in the water with various companions. Women contrasted sharply; they were all in skimpy thong bikinis. It seemed the amount of clothing one had was the best determinant of status in this party.

The girls all had stunning bodies; not terribly surprising since Lara knew Mr. Simone and his friends picked their girls from former beauty queens, college cheerleaders, and top-of-the-line high society hookers. Lara realized the girls were all responsible for different functions

even though they were all available for whatever the men desired - and she was told she'd have to assume different duties between parties. Some girls were the waitresses: They constantly circulated champagne, food delicacies and cigars. They, too, were dressed in skimpy bikinis, but with one special feature: The entire outfit was held together with a big loop at the small of the back, blatantly inviting fiendish fingers to pull it loose. When that happened, the whole outfit came apart falling to the ground in pieces and the waitress would be left naked, still holding her tray. And there was no going back from that, she'd have to serve everyone naked - until somebody would decide to make use of her in a different capacity. The worst, Lara realized, was that the waitress had to go back and forth between the garden and the kitchen, where the lowly cooks and bartenders would be leering at her naked body.

While these waitress-girls were rushing around to deliver drinks, there were many other young women who were serving "other" needs. Most men were seated on comfortable chairs, with young women next to them. The women kept caressing and kissing the men. Some were at later stages of this game; Lara could see some girls giving blow jobs, a few others humping up and down on somebody's lap. Many men seemed to prefer more privacy: Lara noticed them taking one or two of the girls upstairs, presumably to secluded rooms. There was an abundance of attractive women in the entire place. Some were sitting alone, obviously waiting to be picked up and taken upstairs. There was one simple rule for the girls at Luici Simone's parties: The girls were there for the taking. When a young lady was approached by a man, she had to do whatever he desired - which usually meant giving him a terrific fuck.

Yet, there were other, more "spicy" sideshows going on as well: Most men were seated around a small stage by the pool, watching three girls making love to each other. Their bodies were meshed together, licking, fondling and kissing each other, getting more and more aggressive. Many in the audience had girls kneeled before them, enjoying expert blow jobs while watching this spectacle. That wasn't all: Lara could see in an isolated corner a scene taking place, right out of an all-girls school. A blonde girl in school uniform was bent over what looked like a teacher's desk. Her plaid skirt was bunched up around her waist, and her white panties were pulled down to her knees. Her legs were pushed apart as far as the panties would permit, allowing for an unobstructed view of her bald pussy to the men seated directly behind her. Maybe it was the outfit, or the hair in cute little pigtails, but Lara thought the girl didn't look older than sixteen. One of the men was positioned behind her, walking back and forth, and landing sudden smacks on the girl's bottom with the cane in his hand. He seemed to be paying special attention to not blocking the others' view of the girl's shapely ass which was now covered with angry red welts. Despite all the noise in the garden, Lara could faintly hear the girl's screams each time the cane connected with her buttocks: "Six, Sir"!!!!... "Seven, Sir"!!!!... "Eight, Sir"!!!!...

Lara finally noticed Mr. Rostock at a distance who was making his way upstairs with a stunning Asian girl. It looked like her boss' attention would be reserved for other girls tonight. Lara wondered if any of these gorgeous women were blackmailed into being here as she was. She guessed that wasn't the case. She knew most were paid handsomely for their services, and many of these gorgeous women were on retainer from the powerful men all around the compounds. As she took a seat by the pool, as far away from other people as possible, she felt like a lamb at the slaughter house. One of the guests would surely grab her. Then, looking around she realized, now as a regular host at these parties she would sooner or later have to do all the other things: She would be the naked waitress, the schoolgirl getting a caning, the lesbian lover on the stage... That last one especially horrified her, not having touched

another female in her life. But she knew, like so many other things in her life, that too would change this summer.

She realized a tall, overweight man was approaching her. She could swear she knew him from somewhere but she couldn't remember who he was. He was a heavy-set man, in his mid-forties.

He simply said "Hi!!!!". A simple "Hi" meant a lot in Simone's parties: Lara, having been properly instructed, got on her feet and grabbed the man's hand gently, giving him a seductive smile - the best she could manage anyway...

Apparently, her companion wanted to go upstairs, so they headed towards the outer stairs going up to the second floor. It dawned on her as they entered a large bedroom: She knew the man. She thought his name was something like "Larry Binks". He was the conservative senator from Louisiana. She remembered him from one of her Mom's shows - the Senator had gone into a big heated argument with her Mom over Title 9. As far as Lara could remember, her Mom had given the Senator a good beating. She always did anyway. Lara wondered if the Senator knew who she was, if Mr. Rostock had sent him to her - so that the good Senator, who controlled a powerful committee, could have the amusement of fucking Michelle Cataluna's daughter... But then, Mr. Rostock was extremely stringent about keeping Lara's identity under wraps: She was

never allowed to mention her actual last name to anyone, never allowed to call her Mom from work, even her employment papers were drafted under a fake last name. Not that Lara minded it at all. She would die in shame if anyone learned how she'd been "working" for the last month. She'd do anything to make sure no one knew the most famous feminist TV host's daughter was being passed around as a common bimbo. But here she was now, ready to be fucked by a man her mom despised, a man who almost called her Mom a "whore" on TV. She forcefully blocked all such ill thoughts from her mind, as she unhooked the bikini top and smiled at the Senator who was busy stripping out of his clothes.

Lara emerged from the second floor a short while later, showered and cleaned. The Senator hadn't lasted long, and after pumping up and down on his shaft for a few minutes, Lara had felt the man release. He had asked her to clean him off, and Lara could still taste both of their juices in her mouth. She was in her skimpy bikini again, hoping there would be no more laboring for the night.

She was wrong: As soon as she made her way back to the pool-side, she came eye-to-eye with Eric who was seated at a table on the other side of the pool. He was a particularly obnoxious Stock Analyst from Rostock Enterprises with a habit of making pointed jokes about Lara. The sight of him almost froze Lara on her tracks. This was the most uncomfortable she'd ever felt. She noticed next to Eric there were other guys from the work, all Mr. Rostock's high-paid yuppies. She had no idea guys from the office would be attending this party. Lara knew she was the subject of many jokes and ridicules at the office, but this was different: Now, it was in plain sight that she was just a slut; she was there for the taking in this glorified meat-market. Despite all her wishes, Eric was signaling for her to come over. The humiliated girl walked over to their table, her highheels clinking on the marbles. Her tiny swimsuit felt more exposing than ever: She was in a sexy nothing in front of her coworkers.

"My, my..." said Eric, puffing his cigar. "Look who we got here!". His friends laughed. There was four of them: Eric, Steve, Albert and Manuel - All guys Lara knew from work, young ivy-leaguers who no doubt did not expect this sort of bonus when they first signed for Rostock Enterprises. There was another girl, completely naked, just sitting on the floor. She was a natural red-head, and she

didn't seem to share any of Lara's anxieties. She was playing with her breasts and laughing, smoking a cigar one of the guys must have given her. She was looking at Lara with a glee in her eyes.

Lara expected Eric to make a few more jokes but instead he seemed more interested in seeing Lara in action: "Lara, please strip and make love to Nicole!".

For a few seconds Lara hesitated. Mr. Rostock had told her to obey everyone at the party and that surely included her coworkers. She was disgusted at the thought of what was requested of her - but, then, she still remembered the consequences of the last time she displeased her Boss. Trying not to look at the guys, she undid her top and slid down her thong, standing naked. Her face was red in shame, and she was trembling.

"See I told you" remarked Eric looking at her closely shaven pussy. "She IS a natural blonde". This drew a big laughter from others. Lara's face turned even a deeper shade of red at this crude comment.

She felt Nicole grab her by the elbow and pull her down. She didn't resist... what had to be done had to be done. Nicole, on the other hand, was smiling at the boys with a wicked grin, apparently quite grateful for having a playmate. She led Lara to a sitting position next to her, obviously very eager to please her audience. She landed a soft kiss on her unwilling lover; then she kissed Lara long and passionately, caressing her breasts. As she broke the kiss, she bit Lara's lower lip, all the while keeping her eyes fixed at the guys, making sure she didn't forget who the girls were doing this for.

Lara could feel herself slowly getting into this lewd act of sex. Her juices were beginning to flow despite herself. There was nothing she could do. Her body was reacting to Nicole's sensual strokes and all the sexual anxiety. She could feel her resistance fading away: She had no choice in the matter afterall; even though the idea of sexual intimacy with "Nicole" nauseated her.

There was no doubt, Nicole was the aggressor in this pairing of sexy lesbians. She took charge quickly, guiding the shy Lara into a festive lesbian performance. The guys were watching in delight. It wasn't every day of the week they could make two gorgeous girls go down on each other - and Lara's obvious discomfort made it all the more arousing.

Nicole quickly pushed Lara beyond the initial stage of teasing and titillation, moving on to the more assertive fondling, and right on to a full-blown lesbian performance, ending in a passionate sixty-nine, with both the red-head and the blonde assaulting each other's pussy with a pair of fast-flipping tongues and faces covered with the other girl's juices.

When the whole spectacle was over, the four men gave a hearty applause to the wet love-making that took place right before their eyes:

"Good job, Dykes!" cheered Eric.

"Yeah, that's what I call a pair of hot dykes" added Albert.

"The problem is, we are all hard now!!"

It was the sort of problem that would have to be remedied by the girls: In no

time, Lara was bucking on Eric's hard cock while he was groping her ass and breasts. She could hear Nicole's moans who was doing the same with Steve - and there were two more guys to take care of!!! She could only imagine the embarrassment of going to work on Monday, knowing everything her "coworkers" did to her... * * * * *

Love my niggaz, but wheres my bitches?
I love my niggaz, but wheres my bitches?
Love my niggaz, but wheres my bitches?
I love my niggaz, but wheres my bitches?

Chickens is good for plucking
So I'm stickin' bitches, fuckin'
Got 'em trickin' while they suckin'
Give 'em dick and they ain't buggin'

The music was blasting throughout the house. Kelly knew this was DMX: A month ago, she didn't know the first thing about Rap, which she hated anyway. Now she knew it by heart as this gang's bitch. And that wasn't the only change in the teen-queen. Apart from mastering the art of obedience and fucking, the girl had physical changes, as well: She had two large metal rings pierced into her nipples. There was a tattoo on his right buttock, featuring the Leopards' gang symbol - signifying the ownership of Kelly.

Of course, the young woman wouldn't have agreed to this under normal conditions, perhaps not even facing the risk of going to jail. She was sure her parents could put together a dream-team for her defense. But Kelly Van Ryan was no longer just in fear of jail-time: She was in fear of her life! As far as she was concerned, she was in-the-middle- of-a-jungle. She couldn't even find her way out of this ghetto. But more importantly, she couldn't even make a run... There was always at least one gang-member present in the house - with a big gun - making it impossible for Kelly to escape. And she didn't even dare think about escaping anymore. She was terrified of "Hammer" and all the rest of them; and she had no doubt if she tried to run away, she'd be killed even if they had to hunt her down and put a bullet in her pretty head. All she could hope was that they would remain faithful to the deal they had made with Sammy.

Kelly was thinking these thoughts as she was trying to feed into her mouth the biggest, meanest cock she'd seen ever in her young life. She was on the floor by the couch, on her knees in front of the gang-member known as "Beast". Beast owed his name in no little measure to the size of his cock: Kelly had become an expert in taking huge black cocks all the way down her throat, but Beast's cock was still a challenge.

Other gang-members were seated on the couch and chairs, screaming and yelling, smoking drugs and drinking malt liquor. Music was turned off now, the Raiders game was on. It was unusual to see a giant-screen TV in a poor neighborhood like this; but then not many teenagers returned home every night with stacks of cash.

When she was done with Beast, she would move onto Li'l Mo. And then onto the next one. The members of this gang loved to watch their Raiders while getting blow jobs from their bitch. Thus, there would be seconds... maybe thirds, too...

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The Monday morning after Simone's party, Mrs. Brown came over to Lara.

"Follow me" she ordered as she headed towards the stacking room.

"So, the boys tell me you were introduced to hot-lesbian sex this weekend."

"Mrs. Brown, I..."

"Shut up!! Slut! You fuck basically anything with two feet! You are a disgrace! And believe me, I know who you are and I will tell everything to that bitchy mother of yours - unless you learn to please me! I've always wanted a little young fucktoy of my own!!"

Lara's tongue was buried between the huge legs of Mrs. Brown in no time.

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When Lara was called into Mr. Rostock's office a few days later, she was sure it was just another case of a "deal sweetener" - she was used to this shameful task by now, she just hoped the guests weren't particularly old, ugly or Japanese: The Japanese were the worst; they had no qualms about using all the sex toys that were provided to them. Lara remembered the last visit from them vividly, unsure which was the worst about entertaining the three Suntou executives: The sting of the cat-o-nine-tails or the taste of the Japanese cum in her mouth...

Richard didn't bother to bore the girl with unnecessary directives. He informed his beautiful assistant that there were two young men waiting for her in the Grand Meeting Room - Lara knew the rest...

As Lara made her way out of his office, Richard turned on the hidden camera system in the Grand Meeting Room and pressed record. This was going to be good...

When Lara entered in the Grand Meeting Room, she was surprised to see two handsome guys, looking good enough to be playgirl models. She felt herself getting wet: For more than a month, she had been fucking college geeks, old and ugly corporate executives, sick little bastards... Her young body tingled with excitement at the prospect of making love to the tanned, young, powerful bodies of these two "hunks". Their huge muscles were almost trying to rip out of their tight T-shirts, and Lara's eyes unconsciously wandered down to their groins, knowing what was hidden underneath the jeans was what every girl wanted. She certainly would not mind having sex with these two young men, in fact she looked forward to stripping for them and feeling their powerful hard cocks at the tip of her tongue. She gave them a sultry look as she started unbuttoning her blouse... They certainly did not look like a couple of high-tech entrepreneurs or anything like that, but she couldn't care less...

Richard watched the whole thing from his office - it lasted more than an hour. The two men were nothing like his usual clients, who usually either came just at the sight of a naked Lara or were on the verge of an heart attack after ten minutes with the girl. Of course, these two young men had made a career out of fucking women and Richard had to give them some credit: They really "fucked her brains out"! Lara's performance was visibly and understandably different than when she was having sex with a bunch of rednecks or geeks: She was lost in a frenzy of lust, she humped on their cocks with an animalistic passion, moaning and screaming like a bitch-in-heat. Towards the end, she looked like she had just ran the Boston Marathon, but she still kept moaning in high shrieks,

enjoying yet another orgasm, having lost the count of it... When it was all-over, Lara wasn't sure she could walk: Her body was trembling with the remainders of her most powerful sexual experience ever.

After resting for a while, she managed to make it back to Mr. Rostock's office, despite walking like a zombie. She wondered where her two lovers had disappeared to - Mr. Rostock usually kept her around during the signing of any deals she helped broker; so that she could see how much money she was making for him. Lara thought at first that was just another way to mock her - these days, she even felt a twisted pride in doing her job successfully!

"That was something, huh?" commented Richard.

Lara pretended she didn't see the implication: "I think they were satisfied, Sir..."

Richard threw a thick magazine at Lara. When she looked at the magazine, a shriek of surprise went through her lips: The two young men she had just fucked, were on the cover of the magazine, half-dressed in the outfit of construction workers, with a big-busted blonde woman between them - a magazine called "The Authoritative Adult Film Almanac".

"Two of the most promising adult stars of 90s!" informed Richard. "So did you enjoy fucking two stallions like that, Lara?"

"No, Sir... I just did what you asked me to... I don't enjoy... doing the things you make me do"

"Yeah? Well, it surely looks different here". Richard pressed play and the giant screen came alive with images of Lara humping up and down on one guy's cock, while the other was pushing his cock into her mouth.

Lara's shock and dismay were genuine. She felt trembling all over, her legs shaking...

"Oh yes, dear girl, I have a very large collection of tapes like this - a very large collection of all your performances: You fuck basically anybody! But I think this one's the best: Look at you, you're screaming like a whore on fire! Of course, all the other tapes are, for the most part, useful for gaining some leverage against my business partners - I couldn't make the tapes public without shaming them! But this one's different! Those two hunks you fucked already agreed to distributing this wonderful wet piece of art..."

"Sir" was all Lara could say in a hoarse voice.

"In fact, it's so good, I think everyone should be able to watch it! That's why it's on the Internet, Lara. You even got your own web address. Isn't that something?"

"Sir, please..." Lara begged in despair. "Please don't put that on the Internet..."

"Oh, I think it's a great opportunity to display your charms... Look, I think somebody even entered your web site!" he laughed at the frightened expression on the girl's face. "Oh, no, false alarm... Nobody seems to know about this site! Yet!!! Perhaps, we should send a mass e-mail to your freshman class, huh? Or the alumni list of your high-school? I'm sure your old classmates would get a real

kick out of it. Mom, too, of course"

"No, Please, don't, Sir, I'll do anything" begged the desperate girl.

"Well, there IS something you can do!"

"Anything, Sir..."

"I just need you to sign this document..."

"What... what is it, Sir?"

"Oh, it's just a safeguard for me... It says you consented to the making of this tape..."

"But, why, Sir? Please..."

"It is only to ensure you won't be able to claim you were forced into making this tape... That's all... Nobody will ever see the tape, anyway! It is for MY OWN collection, alone."

"Only for your own collection, Sir?"

"Yes" replied Richard, making it clear he was losing his patience...

"Do I have to sign it, Sir? Please don't make me..."

"No" replied Richard. "You don't have to... Instead, we could just send the tape to every living soul you know, and then send your pretty ass to jail. It's your choice..."

Lara signed on the dotted line...

Richard smiled. He would later explain the young woman that she had just signed a 10-movie deal with "Pink Compassions". She'd be making nine more videos. He would of course tell her it was just for his "own collection". And maybe, it was. He checked the contract again, making sure it was iron-clad. His plan was in the works...

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RAISING THE PERFECT SLUT (7/7)

(Blackmail, M+/F, humiliation)

A Story by Lara Cataluna

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Disclaimer : Read No Further If You Are Under The Age Of 18 Or If You Are Offended By Graphic Descriptions Of Sexual Activity.

All Characters, Situations, And Locations Are Purely Fictional.

I write these things for one purpose alone: Hearing from readers. Please let me know what you think...

Notes:

- 1- All characters and institutions used in this story are fictional. To my knowledge there is no "Pink Compassions" or "Sin City Entertainment". There is no "Women Liberation Front". There is no Larry Binks, supposedly Republican Senator from Louisiana (both Senators from Louisiana are Democrats).
- 2- This story is based on a blackmail scheme, unlike some stories I wrote before which were based on mind-control. As such, I think it requires a great suspension of logic. Most people I know would refuse to do things that are done in A.S.S. blackmail stories.
- 3- There is no incest in this story, but in a scene mother and daughter are both present. The story kind of led there. (I personally find incest, with the possible exception of sister/sister, to be repulsive). I had some reservations about this and I wondered about whether I should use a different pseudonym. At the end I decided otherwise, based on the fact that all characters are imaginary anyway.
- 4- Kelly Van Ryan is a special name for those familiar with movies. 5- In a particular scene, I used "Poor girl .. all alone" posted many times by gbfntsy@aol.com. I think this is one of the best fantasies on the A.S.S., and in fact it was adopted by Apollyon Beelzebub in his "Starfuck" series featuring Jennifer Love Hewitt. It's long been my desire to adopt the "Poor girl .. all alone" in one of my stories and it fit in nicely with this story. Perhaps, the same effect could be given without a complete adaptation of the "Poor girl .. all alone" but I did it for my own enjoyment as much as anything else.

Inspirations:

- 1- The movie "Cruel Intentions"
- 2- "Tammy at Work" by Roger T Pipe
- 3- "Poor girl .. all alone "by gbfntsy@aol.com
- 4- "Orlando's Call" by Parker
- 5- "The Plucked Duck" by Joy Paine
- 6- The movie "Eyes Wide Shut"

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Important Characters:

Richard Rostock: Businessman sent to jail by Michelle Cataluna
Michelle Cataluna: Feminist TV personality, anti-porn activist, famous attorney
Luici Simone: Owner of pornography firm, Pink Compassions
Sammy Milano: Simone's man in LAPD
Lara Cataluna: Daughter of Michelle Cataluna
Kelly Van Ryan: Lara's friend from high-school
"Hammer": Black Gang Leader and Pot provider for Lara and Kelly

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By the time the cameras were set up and the Luici was seated at the director's chair, Lara was already smoking heavy marijuana. The pot was the only thing that soothed her nerves, and Richard gladly offered her plenty of what she needed,

knowing that only made the light-headed girl more compliant.

Richard had explained to her that it was just a bunch of "home-videos" for his own collection. To Lara, it sure looked like a professional production rather than a simple home video. The place was crowded with cameramen, busy crew members rushing right and left, setting up big cameras and arranging lights. There was a couch placed in front of the Fire Place - where apparently the "script" required for Lara and the other "actor" to "make love": He was one of the guys who had given her such a good time the other day! Luici Simone was in the director's chair and Richard was seated next to him.

"Alright" the director yelled. "Let's start shooting".

Lara hadn't felt so naked and disgraced in her entire life. The presence of so many people around her was terrifying enough; knowing that every bit of this shame would be on Camera felt like she was being stripped right down to her soul. By the time Simone began giving his directions, she was shuddering in humiliation. But a few stares at Richard's spanking pad - which he kept handy - washed away any

hesitation. Having to follow directions from the director only heightened the girl's unease. Yet, she did follow the director's directions satisfactorily as she began unzipping the young stud's shorts and threw a smile at the camera - as the director ordered. Soon, the two young bodies were naked and sweating, gyrating against each other, doing one position after another as per the director's orders.

This first "flick" of Lara was a simple one. Simone told Lara they might try a few new things in other tapes; all the while the girl kept pleading Mr. Rostock not to show anyone the tape - which finally made Richard lose his cool: "Don't worry" he yelled at her with obvious anger. Lara thought she could trust her boss. Or was it the pot soothing her mind, helping her rationalize this horrible turn of events... She no longer cared: It was too late to stop the tide now. A door had been opened and it couldn't be closed anymore. There would be other tapes. It was all for Mr. Rostock's "personal collection" anyway...

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Two Months later:

It had been almost eight weeks since Lara's first pornographic performance. The summer was coming to an end, and the girl was anxious to be done with her "internship" soon. She was on her knees at the moment, sucking Richard's cock, who was watching one of the latest videos of Lara. She no longer minded any of the abuse - she had gotten used to most of it. She was the perfect slut.

Richard watched the tape with satisfaction - at that particular moment the satisfaction wasn't the result of the blow job he was receiving, though the once-shy girl had become an expert in giving oral pleasure with all the work she had put into it during the summer. She knew every vein on Richard's cock, every trick that made it tick. She looked like she was getting ready for cock-sucking Olympics.

He grinned wide with satisfaction because of what he had turned his enemy's precious daughter into. If he had ever seen a real slut, a shameless obedient fuckbunny, Lara was it. She had fucked countless men in the last few months, entertaining Richard and his guests without any discrimination. She'd become a regular in Luici Simone's parties. She had swallowed enough cum to fill up an

Olympic swimming pool, and stripping out of her clothes to get fucked by her boss had become routine. The conservative, shy, proud girl was long gone. Now, the young slut followed orders without question, no matter how demeaning. And Richard had the proof of it all. The threat of a drug conviction seemed so pale in Richard's eyes now - he had more goods on the slut now, a lot more! And the girl was no longer camera-shy, either. Luici had produced a total of 10 porn flicks featuring Lara. Each tape was more daring than the one before. Luici had been happy to see an "actress" who didn't have a choice in how extreme the production would be: He had even indulged into lesbian bondage and S&M videos in the last few filmings.

Richard was inspecting a proto-type Luici sent. It was what the final product could look like - if it were actually released to the market-place: A flashy cover featuring Lara with a cock right on her pretty face, cumm dripping from her cheeks onto her firm breasts. The label printed in red bold letters caught attention:

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Pink Compassions' latest series:

"IT TAKES A SLUT TO RAISE A SLUT"

"Feminist Queen's Daughter Bares It All!!!"

#####

Richard smiled - he didn't know if the product would actually make it to the market. It all depended on the upcoming events. Lara still seemed convinced that all these films were made for Richard's own use.

The girl under the desk felt the cock in her throat pulse for once and Richard's jism gushed down her throat. Lara carefully made sure she didn't spill a drop - she had long learned Mr. Rostock did not appreciate any of her protein diet going to waste. She carefully licked his cock clean and placed it back into the man's pants, zipping him up. She was now a real pro in this, she even took pride in her ability to give the perfect blow-job.

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Michelle Cataluna was getting ready for her program when she was notified that a package was delivered to her. She signed the documents, taking the bulky box to her office. At first, the contents of the package seemed to be evidence for a new lawsuit against the sleaze-industry. 10 brightly packaged videos, all in pornographic nature. Michelle only realized the real purpose of the delivery when she picked up one of the tapes, feeling like she was hit with a sudden stroke. She had to hold onto a chair to remain stable on her two feet:

There she was, her little princess, on the cover of a porn-video, smiling in an obscene pose. After a few moments, Michelle finally brought herself to examining the contents of the package. All the tapes featured Lara. Underneath the video-tapes, there was a copy of the contract signed by Lara. It was official and it would hold in court. She also found a note:

"If you don't want these tapes released all over the country, contact me.
Richard Rostock."

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"What do you want?" asked Michelle, barely able to contain the anger in her voice. She hated the man on the other end of the phone with all her intensity. At first, she had believed her daughter must have been physically coerced into par-taking in the smut. It turned out, there were other reasons - such as facing 15 years in jail.

"Well, Michelle, for starters, how about some dirt on my ex-wife? You know damn well she lied in the divorce trial, and I want some detailed information about that."

Michelle wondered for a few moments. She'd be selling-out her client. But, there was no alternative:

"Is
that it?"

"Not quite. I want you to bring this information to my office personally. You can catch a flight from LA. And we can discuss other matters person-to-person".

Michelle was silent. She hadn't felt so scornful yet helpless in her entire life.

"I'll be there" she managed to say before hanging up.

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Michelle had been waiting at the reception desk for more than a half-hour. It was humiliating to be kept waiting for so long, but no doubt this was yet another power-play by Richard Rostock. And he had all the cards now. She also looked around to see if she could see Lara - she hadn't returned her calls.

Finally, a fat woman approached her: "Mr. Rostock will see you now". Michelle was escorted to her adversary's room.

Richard didn't even bother getting up. He had no intention of treating Michelle like a lady. "Sit" he pointed at a chair.

Doing a very poor job of hiding her animosity, Michelle sat on the chair, pulling out a thick folder.

"Here's all the information you need" she informed Richard.

He took the folder but didn't bother looking inside. "Very well".

"Where's my daughter?"

"Your daughter? Oh, you mean the sexy little office slut we keep around here for entertainment purposes. You know, I must command you Michelle: You really raised a perfect slut!"

Michelle's face reflected a mixture of anger and dismay. If Michelle had the opportunity, she could kill Richard at that very moment:

"Your feminist masterpiece of a daughter is actually is quite the tasty little

fucktoy. You wouldn't believe what a slut she's turned out to be. In just the last two months she's fucked more men - and women - than a common street whore!! You have to see your little bitch in bed - she fucks like an animal! She knows just the perfect way to give a blow job, how to squirm her fantastic body for the maximum enjoyment of men. She is not really a big-ball breaker like her mother, but she can certainly lick a pair of balls like a little puppy!"

"I'm gonna kill you" hissed Michelle. This despicable animal, the man she had once destroyed, had turned her Lara into a little boytoy.

"Oh, no, I don't think so. Before you get to have your daughter back, there's one more thing you must do."

"What??" asked Michelle in frustration.

"I want you to get down on your knees and suck my cock..."

The woman was astonished. "You have to be kidding..." she muttered.

"It's what I've wanted ever since you walked into that courtroom and began interrogating me with that bitch mouth of yours. Remember how you strolled back and forth in the courtroom, smiling at the jury, trying to nail me down with all your questions - well, all that time, I was thinking how nice it would be to see you on your knees, sucking my cock, making no sounds other than gagging and slurping."

Michelle gasped. The fact that she was expected to take a cock into her mouth was revolting enough; the idea of giving a blow job to a hated enemy made her sick to her stomach. Yet, she had no choice.

"Attagirl, get down on your knees and suck me like the common slut that you are!"

Soon a frustrated Michelle was on her knees, Richard's cock buried in her throat, her tongue sliding along his penis. Michelle, being the all-powerful feminist that she was, hadn't given a blow job since the early days of highschool. Whenever Richard felt like she wasn't doing the best job she could, not using her tongue as enthusiastically as he'd like, he gave her hair a painful yank, making sure his newest pet worked as hard as her daughter did. He was looking down to Michelle's pretty head bobbing back and forth, his cock buried in her face: The haughty, proud, man-eating bitch was on her knees, servicing him like a common whore.

"You see Michelle" Richard spoke through his heavy breathing: "Men love getting blowjobs from beautiful women. It makes us feel powerful!"

"Look at me!" he yanked her hair back so that Michelle's eyes were turned up towards him even as she continued sucking. In this position, every woman looked like a deer caught in the headlights: Powerless and weak, serving the man on her knees - it didn't matter whether it was one of Richard's little bimbos or the mighty ball-buster Michelle Cataluna: The eyes of a woman sucking on a Man's cock and looking up at him as if to seek approval from him - those eyes only revealed helplessness, fear and undeniable acknowledgment of subservience...

"This is so good" was all Richard could say as he felt his balls exploding in another powerful orgasm - his jism shut down Michelle's throat - she was gagging now but Richard's strong grip held her head in place, making sure globs of cummm traveled down to her stomach. Half way through, he suddenly pulled out his cock, resting it on Michelle's lips and smearing his cummm all over her pretty face.

Once he was through and his cock began shrinking next to her face, Richard stepped back and looked at Michelle as if he was admiring his accomplishment.

"Ever since we met" he told her, "ever since you walked into my life like a bitch from hell, this is how I envisioned you Michelle: My cumm dripping from your face".

"Where's my daughter?" demanded Michelle in a hoarse voice as she tried to get rid off the cumm on her face.

"Oh, Lara? She's on her farewell tour..."

"Farewell tour?"

"Yes... She's going around the building giving every employee one last blow-job".

"Are you done with us?" asked Michelle.

Richard smiled. "Yeah, you're free to go"

As Michelle rushed out the door to find Lara, Richard whispered to himself:

"Don't forget, though: You did get me convicted of lying."

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Kelly Van Ryan was back in Beverly Hills, strolling along, on a shopping trip. Bags of expensive clothes were dangling from her hands. It had been less than a week since Sammy Milano released her from the Gang-House. He had stayed loyal to the deal. Kelly had the tattoo and nipple-rings removed, and the young woman finally felt confident enough to flaunt her sexy body in girlish charm, putting on mini-skirts and tight blouses. She'd been calling Lara but her friend seemed to be out-of-town. She hadn't seen her friend since the awful day they were caught.

All of a sudden, a car came to a screeching halt right in front of Kelly. She shrieked in shock, not knowing what to do. Her shock turned into instant fear when she saw who was stepping out of the car: HAMMER.

"Hi bitch! Did you miss us? We certainly missed your juicy white cunt..?"

Kelly trembled in fear. "No... No, get away from me... You can't have me anymore. Sammy let me go..."

"Yeah?" smiled Hammer, anger apparent in his hardened black face. "Well, did Sammy promise anything about these? Because we were frankly planning to send them to your parents, grandparents, your friends... basically distribute it to anyone who might be interested..."

Kelly looked at the pictures in despair: Her nude poses that would put hookers to shame: Spreading her pussy lips for the camera, being fucked on her knees, cumm dripping from her face...

"There are even magazines willing to pay good money for these... Unless, you promise to visit us, once-a-week, that's all. One day a week your ass belongs to us!"

"No, please..." was all Kelly could say.

"Imagine Mommy and Daddy seeing their little daughter like this... getting fucked like a whore..." Hammer held the picture up. "Do we have a deal, bitch?"

"Yes..." said the broken girl.

"Well then..." Hammer opened the car door: "Today's your first visit!!"

Kelly had already begun sobbing when Hammer was settled in the front seat and made a comment about "how the bitch would pay for her little escape".

The car sped away, with Kelly Van Ryan in it.

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Richard Rostock was seated in the leather backseat of the Limo, reading the paper. The business news was about Rostock Enterprises, detailing how once-convicted business tycoon Richard Rostock had made his way back into big leagues through his stellar Internet investments which now valued his firm well above \$5 billion. But the most entertaining news to Richard was on the cover page. The picture was of Michelle Cataluna and her daughter Lara, both hiding behind shaded sun-glasses and scarves. The two had been ambushed by reporters on the LAX airport, did their best, in agony, to avoid the humiliating questions. The spectacle was all about the release of Pink Compassions' newest erotic video series featuring the prominent feminist's daughter. Cataluna had been forced to resign from Women Liberation Front, her TV show was canceled and she had withdrawn her bid from the congressional race. The journalists, knowing Cataluna's stance against pornography had a field day with the scandal. The famous feminist had turned into a matter of national joke over night, providing Leno and Letterman with vast material. The Women Liberation Front had taken pains to explain this incident did not reflect on the entire organization, but few seemed to be paying attention to their protests.

Richard picked up the phone, dialed his lawyer:

"George, I think we have grounds to re-open the case against my wife".

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