

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One - TITCAGE

Claire didn't want to work at Titcage. But work experience during the school holidays was compulsory for seniors and despite her best efforts she couldn't convince her parents or teachers that the so-called Committee For Gender Equity was against women, not for them.

Funded by church groups, conservatives, and the world's richest men, the organisation existed for one purpose: to change community and government attitudes to women and restore women to a role solely as sextoys, housekeepers and breeders. They famously released nude and compromising photos of prominent women to destroy their reputations, and were rumoured to have organised several unsolved rapes committed against feminist lobbyists.

But Claire's mother didn't follow politics and was set firmly in the belief that any organisation run by intelligent men would be a good and respectable place for a teen girl to be educated. And so Claire found herself on a Monday arriving, nervous and scared, at the fifth floor offices of the political think-tank colloquially known as Titcage.

The lobby was modern and professional. One wall showed a photo collage of smiling women. Only on a closer look did Claire notice they were all wearing dog collars.

The receptionist was a beautiful blonde. She was dressed in smart business clothes but with a plunging neckline that revealed much of her breasts and a black leather dog collar. It was definitely a dog collar, not a choker. It even had a round name tag attached to it. The tag said 'Girl'.

Claire herself was more modestly dressed. Her blonde hair was cut in a trim but attractive style; her skirt was short but her blouse mostly hid the large tits that Claire was always embarrassed by. Looking at the pretty receptionist made Claire uncomfortably aware of her tits, and the way that they were bouncing and rubbing against the inside of her bra as she moved. Hesitantly, Claire approached the receptionist.

'Um, hello,' she began. 'I'm here for the...'

'Work experience,' finished the receptionist. 'Yes, you must be Claire. Michael was expecting you. Come right this way.' She stood up from behind the desk and led Claire through a door, into a small meeting room. 'We just need to do your ID card, and then we can take you through to see everyone.'

'I didn't catch your name,' said Claire nervously.

'Oh, it's on my tag, just like everyone here,' replied the receptionist. 'It's Girl. Which reminds me, we have one for you.' She passed Claire a leather dog collar. A shining tag hanging from it read 'Claire'. Claire took it awkwardly.

'What is this for?' she asked.

'To wear,' replied Girl. 'Titcage uniform. It's just like a name badge, really. Now take off your shirt.'

'What?' asked Claire. She had just finished buckling the collar around her neck. The leather felt cold and rough against her skin.

'Take off your shirt. For your ID. I need to get your measurements.'

Claire didn't like this at all but felt trapped. Maybe this was normal. Maybe it was just like a medical examination. Slowly, she took off her shirt, revealing her lacy pink bra and the huge soft tits it encased.

'Good girl,' said Girl reassuringly. She stepped forward with a measuring tape and ran it around Claire's bust. She pulled it tightly, and Claire felt it dig into her breasts uncomfortably. Girl looked down at the result shown by the tape, then grabbed Claire's left tit in her hand and squeezed painfully.

'Ow!' complained Claire. She felt weird. She couldn't think of the last time another person had touched her boobs so directly.

'Just checking if they're real, baby,' said Girl. 'And I see they are. 34DD, natural. Now just some ID photos.'

'Can I put my shirt on?' asked Claire.

'Oh, no, honey, just wait there,' replied Girl. She stepped behind the camera, and snapped several photographs. Claire twisted uncomfortably. She didn't like the idea of being photographed without her shirt on. When Girl was done, she told Claire to wait while she stepped out. Claire remained in the room, shirtless and miserable, for several minutes, until Girl returned.

'Okay,' she said. 'I guess you can get dressed for now. Here's your ID. It's just a temporary one so it's not complete.'

It was the strangest ID card Claire had ever seen, hanging on a lanyard obviously meant to go around her neck. At the top it showed her named - Claire Morgan - but it had not one ID photo but three. The first showed her face, as expected, but the other two were focused on her breasts and crotch. The crotch photo showed only the cloth of her skirt, but the breast photo recognisably showed her half-bare tits and her bra. Next to the photos were a series of measurements: "Tits: 34DD, real. Cunt capacity: - Milk production: - Fertility: - Fuck grade: - Rank Z"

'What is this?' asked Claire, outraged.

'Your relevant statistics, silly,' replied Girl. 'It holds everything relevant to know about a woman. Here, look at mine.' She held out her own ID. In it, Girl was completely naked. The photos showed her large, bare udders, and her naked shaved twat, splayed open for inspection. The text read, "Tits: 32D, real. Cunt capacity: 1.35 litres. Milk production: 1 quart, B grade. Fertility: C Fuck grade: B Rank T."

'Don't worry,' Girl added. 'You're only temporary, you don't need any of that.'

'This is demeaning,' said Claire. She felt herself blushing bright red. The receptionist had just showed her a photo of her vagina. Claire felt embarrassed by seeing another girl's private parts.

'Baby, you don't demean a pig by grading its bacon,' replied Girl. 'But if you don't want to work here no one is forcing you.'

Claire wanted to leave. This place was creepy with its collars and degrading badges. But her mother would have a fit if she blew off work experience on the first day no matter how good the reason.

'No, I'll stay,' said Claire uncomfortably.

'Glad to hear it,' said Girl. 'Then follow me.'

She led Claire down a series of sumptuous corridors and showed her into a large office where a handsome middle aged man sat behind a huge mahogany desk. He had short, fashionably cropped brown hair, his chin showed a hint of stubble, and he was wearing a suit that must be expensive judging by how good it looked. He rose as she entered.

'Hi,' he said. 'I'm Michael. You must be Claire.'

'Yes,' said Claire awkwardly. 'Um, hi.'

Michael smiled, and gestured in a way that suggested he wanted nothing more than to be here, talking to Claire. It made Claire feel good; no matter how weird the situation, it always felt nice to be liked by a handsome man.

'Take a seat,' said Michael. He looked at Claire's escort. 'Girl, be a good twat and leave us.'

'Yes, sir,' said Girl, exiting.

Did he just call her a twat? thought Claire as she sat down. The walls of the room were immensely distracting. Each side of the room bore giant posters of naked collared women. Most were kneeling. Some appeared to have semen dripping from their lips, breasts or vaginas. Claire had come across porn before on the internet but she'd never looked at it for long. Here she had trouble looking anywhere without a bare cunt or naked bust in her field of view.

'I'm so glad you decided to do your work experience here, Claire,' said Michael. And Claire noticed he wasn't looking at her face - he was staring unashamedly at her tits. He didn't make eye contact at all. It was like her face didn't matter. What a creep! she thought, and folded her arms over her chest.

'Let me tell you a little about Titcage,' said Michael. 'What we are about is fixing some of the gender inequities in modern society.' He kept staring at Claire's breasts. 'Did you know, Claire, that less than five percent of rape allegations by women result in a conviction? Does it bother you that so many so called rape victims turn out to be lying sluts?'

'Um, I guess,' said Claire.

'We provide public advocacy about the truth about rape allegations. You may have seen our TV campaign, "She's Probably Lying". We also compile information to help those charged defend themselves.' Michael smiled charmingly, still looking only at Claire's tits. 'That's where we're going to start you.'

'We also feel it's unfortunate that women today are told about professions they are unsuited for, like science or the military, while more traditional female professions like stripping and prostitution are not allowed to present at career fairs. We help young women find appropriate and satisfying careers in these fields.'

'We also lobby for laws designed to give women the structure and discipline they need and fund research that will help build a better society.'

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## **Chapter Two - THE DATABASE**

Michael led Claire out of his office and down a corridor to a large open plan workspace. Here too the walls held posters of nude, collared, recently fucked girls. Some had been photographed in the act of sucking large anonymous cocks. Most of the women in the posters seemed happy but a couple were visibly crying.

About twenty people were working in this space; mostly women, but also a couple of smartly dressed men. Several offices were visible through doorways and the occupants of these were without exception male. The women working here all wore collars and a charitable person would have described their clothing as sexy. Claire would have called it downright slutty. All the women wore short skirts, some so short their panties were visible, and all wore tops that called attention to their breasts. Few appeared to be wearing bras.

‘You’ll be working here,’ said Michael, ushering Claire to a clear desk bearing a computer. ‘You’ll be doing work in our rape support area. We find it’s incredibly helpful for rape accused to be able to show their accuser is a slut. What we’ve done is developed an algorithm that trawls the internet for images, recognises pictures of people, identifies ones that appear to be women showing a lot of skin or posed with a man’s cock or a sex toy, and then tries to cross-match them with photos already known to be of an identified woman such as from Facebook.’ He smiled at Claire (or rather, Claire’s tits) as he seated her at the desk. ‘What we need you to do is check the work done by the algorithm. You look at each photo, check that it is actually a girl in a compromising position, describe the photo using text with a focus on what makes it embarrassing, and then judge whether the girl is the one identified by the program.’

Michael called over a big breasted brunette nearby, looking at her tits the whole time. The woman approached, keeping her eyes lowered. She had a soft, kind face, and was blushing slightly. She was wearing only a bikini top above the waist, and Claire thought she could hear a buzzing sound coming from beneath the woman’s short skirt. Her face was flushed and she smelled like sex.

‘This is Pussy,’ said Michael. ‘She will be your supervisor. Do what she says and go to her if you have any questions.’ Pussy waved shyly at Claire.

Over the next hour Pussy helped Claire set up. She was helpful and a good teacher although Claire was uncomfortable every time Pussy’s barely clothed breasts brushed against her cheek or hair as Pussy leant over her shoulder to operate the computer. Claire noted from Pussy’s ID that her breasts were 34DD, the same as Claire, and they produced Grade A milk.

Finally Claire was left to work alone. It was simple enough. The software returned an image and Claire described it. ‘Amateur photograph,’ wrote Claire. ‘Blonde girl topless at party.’ ‘Professional photograph. Brunette masturbates.’ She looked at the suggested identity matches and confirmed that yes, the blonde was 17 year old schoolgirl Ellie Ryan, and yes, the brunette was porn star Brea Lynn.

She’d only done a couple when Michael called her into his office. ‘What is this?’ he asked, showing her a picture she had worked on.

‘A brunette masturbating,’ replied Claire.

‘Wrong, said Michael. ‘It’s a naked big titted brunette whore fingering her shaved twat in an unmade bed. She’s lying on her back with her legs spread and she’s looking at the camera, begging to be raped.’

Michael sighed. ‘You’ve got to add detail, Claire. And get the vocabulary right. Girls and women don’t pose naked for photos. These aren’t girls or women – they are sluts, whores and rapetoy. And

vagina and breast are words for anatomy textbooks. Sluts have tits, udders, fuckbags or boobs. They have cunts and twats. Try again and this time I don't want to see you use the same name for a body part more than once until lunch.'

Claire returned to her desk. She had already been blushing from staring so intently at naked vaginas and breasts. Describing them in detail made her go bright red. But she tried her best.

'Pro photo. Naked blonde slut kneeling on kitchen floor. Left hand is squeezing her C cup tits. Three fingers of right hand are buried in her cunt. Eyes closed, gasping.'

'Amateur photo. Schoolgirl wearing white button-up shirt sits on couch. She is masturbating her twat with a cucumber. Her shirt is open to reveal small boobs with erect nipples.'

Some quick work with Google turned up new synonyms.

'Nude whore shown from waist up. Blonde smiling holding her D cup fuckbags. Sperm drips from lips onto cleavage.'

'Hidden camera shows brunette tart in pink top masturbating her fuckhole while pissing at a public toilet.'

'Big uddered fucktoy crawls nude across beach. Sand is sticking to her fat melons which hang down from her chest.'

'Buxom rapebait - sexy tease - rapeable bitch - her hands on her boobs - slut balloons - fuck handles - rapemelons - fingering her beaver quim cum catcher sluthole fucktunnel snatch.'

Claire thought about the words she was using. They were each demeaning in their own way. 'Slut' implied that a woman fucked around, was unable to control her need for sex, and was dirty and disgusting. 'Bitch' implied she was a female dog. 'Whore' meant that fucking was her job and was a commodity that could be bought and traded. 'Fucktoy' meant that her whole purpose was to be casually fucked for the amusement of men; 'Rapetoy' was much the same but implied that forcing her and hurting her was part of the fun.

Likewise, 'tits' was derived from 'teats' and was a reminder that breasts were for making milk. 'Udders' was similar but gave the implication the woman was literally a milk cow. 'Fuck handles' suggested that a woman could be sexually controlled by grabbing and pulling her breasts. 'Melons' implied that breasts were for squeezing, biting, and could be bought and sold. 'Fuckbags' showed that the purpose of breasts was for fucking.

And the names for a vagina were even worse. 'Cunt' and 'twat' were just designed to sound ugly and make women feel ashamed of their vagina. 'Pussy' implied that the vagina and its owner were domesticated pets. 'Sluthole', 'fucktunnel' and 'cumcatcher' were all self explanatory.

Claire felt dirty using the words. They were disgusting and they made her feel like a traitor to women. But there was also a certain challenge in coming up with new words constantly. She had to research a lot on Google - and see some disgusting porn in the process - and finally she had to make up her own words. 'Rapehole' was one of hers, and so was 'milksacks'. She was particularly proud of that one.

As she became lost in creating new descriptions for tits and cunts, the morning just flew by.

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Chapter Three - THE TOILET

Around 11 am Claire felt thirsty. She had been working all day, and felt flushed and overheated from blushing so much at what she was looking at. She looked around and spotted a cool, inviting water cooler across the room. She got up and headed towards it.

'Psst!' said a voice. Claire turned and saw a thin, pretty long-haired teenaged blonde looking at her. The girl had an elfin, friendly face, a short wrap skirt and a button up shirt knotted under her medium-sized tits. Her tag identified her as Kitten, and according to her ID she was a B-grade fuck.

Kitten made a no-go motion towards the water cooler, crossing her hands across each other. 'That one's for the men,' said Kitten. 'We drink from the cordial.' She pointed to another cooler, filled with red liquid.

'Thanks!' said Claire. She thought the prohibition was strange, but she liked the look of Kitten - she seemed friendly - and she appreciated the advice. She headed to the cordial cooler and poured off a plastic cup full of the liquid. It tasted strange, she discovered, but thick and sweet. Claire drank it all and then poured another cup to take back to her desk. As she watched, she was aware of all the men in the room watching her - or, more specifically, watching her tits. She blushed and sat back down, ready to describe the next naked whore the system offered up.

The cordial worked its way through Claire's system, as she stared at a succession of embarrassing photos of naked sluts. About 90 minutes after she'd drunk the cordial, she became aware of a growing pressure in her bladder, and realised she needed to pee. It was almost lunchtime anyway, but she needed to go now, so she got up and headed for the toilets.

The toilet doors opened directly onto the open plan office, and were marked with the usual male and female signs, but the text was unusual. They read "girls" and "people". Claire didn't like the implication that girls weren't people, but she entered the "girls" door anyway.

The room inside was a cool, and gently lit. Claire was immensely confused by it. It didn't look like the toilets she'd expected. There were no stalls and no wash basins - just a large tiled room with a low bench at one end and some shower-style hoses and small indentations in the wall at the other. She turned around and left again.

She spotted Kitten's desk nearby. 'Hey,' she said to Kitten, walking over to the girl. 'Where are the toilets?'

'Through there,' said Kitten, pointing at the door Claire had just used.

'No, that's the showers,' said Claire, whispering. People were looking at her and she felt her face starting to flush. She felt stupid being the new girl who didn't know where the toilets were.

Claire had always been embarrassed by toilets. As a young girl she'd been mortified when her father had talked to her friends about how Claire sometimes wet the bed. And she'd never lived down having accidentally wet herself in fifth grade. She'd never been able to get past the idea that she was bad at pissing, that she was stupid and dirty because of it. It was enormously hard even to talk to Kitten about it now.

Kitten laughed. 'They can be a bit confusing. Let me show you. I need to go anyway.' Kitten reached down between her legs and adjusted something that Claire couldn't see, and then got up and walked the blushing Claire back inside the 'toilets'.

'They don't install actual toilets,' said Kitten, inside. The two girls were alone in here, which Claire found helped. She was still blushing though. Kitten continued: 'Women don't need toilets and in any case they cost too much. There's drains in the floor, so you just take off any clothes that are in the way and piss standing up.'

'What?' asked Claire, horrified.

'It's just like camping,' said Kitten. 'Oh, except don't squat. You've got to do it standing up. Squatting's unattractive and if the supervisors catch you doing it you'll get in trouble.' Kitten peeled off her short skirt and laid it on the low bench. Claire gasped. It felt wrong to be here with Kitten disrobing. It felt slutty and wrong. Kitten was wearing no panties underneath, and Claire blushed to find herself looking at Kitten's shaved pussy. It was cute - exactly like what Claire imagined a perfect vagina to look like. And right through her clit, there was a small metal ring. It looked painful, but at the same time it fascinated Claire.

Kitten closed her eyes, blushing a little, and then slowly urine began to pulse and trickle from her twat and run down her legs. It pooled at her feet and then ran off to a nearby drain. Claire couldn't believe she was watching another girl piss in front of her but it would be impolite to leave. She had no friends here except Kitten and she didn't know what she'd say if she left - clearly what Kitten was doing was normal here.

Claire flashed back to when she was 14 and her father had come into the bathroom to find her peeing in the bathtub because the toilet was broken. Claire had already been humiliated even while she was alone, squatting in the cold porcelain tub and peeing, and it had been worse when her father had grabbed her, spread her legs, and starting spanking her still-piss-damp pussy. Claire had cried and wailed for hours and that night had lain awake thinking about what a dirty animal she must be to have deserved such punishment.

Now, Claire watched as Kitten pissed, entranced by the river of urine running down the girl's beautiful leg. She watched until finally the flow stopped. When it did, Kitten walked to the wall, took down one of the shower hoses Claire had seen, turned it on, and rinsed her legs and cunt clean. She moaned a little as the water played across her inner thighs.

'You'll want to wear heels to work, like you are now,' said Kitten as she washed, angling the water at her pussy. 'If you wear socks they'll just get pissy and wet. And you need to be careful with the hose or you'll get your shirt wet. A lot of girls just get completely naked to be sure.' She pressed the hose against her vagina and sighed contentedly.

'This is weird,' said Claire unhappily.

'No, it's no weirder than sitting on a bowl,' said Kitten. 'Soon you'll wonder how you pissed any other way. Also, the washing off is just for your own comfort. The organisation doesn't care if your legs are pissy, you won't get in trouble for that.' She turned off the hose and hung it back up.

'What if I need to...' said Claire, and stopped.

'Shit?' laughed Kitten. 'Just stick your ass in one of the indents in the wall and poop. They'll take care of the cleaning up.' She put her skirt back on. 'Good luck, honey,' she said. 'I'll see you at lunch if you want?'

'Okay,' said Claire. When Kitten had left, Claire nervously took off her skirt and pulled off her panties and put them on the bench. Then she moved to stand right above a drain, spread her legs a little, and tried to relax. It took a while, but finally piss began to spurt from her vagina. Initially it

arced out and splashed away from her, but soon it slowed to a trickle and ran down her legs. Claire felt strange and dirty and was just glad no one could see her. She kept worrying that someone would burst in and spank her cunt for being so dirty. She looked at her hairy pussy and wondered what it would be like to have a shaved beaver like Kitten. When she was done she rinsed off her legs and dressed.

At lunch she found Kitten in the small break room, alone. The break room was refreshingly normal, except for more of the omnipresent posters of nude women. It had a normal-looking fridge and cupboards and a table. Claire sat down next to Kitten.

'Is your name really Kitten?' she asked.

Kitten laughed. 'No, it's Sarah, but I'm called Kitten here. Well, actually my full work name is Slutkitten, but we mostly use the short names because it's less distressing to new people like you.'

'Slutkitten?' said Claire. 'But that's so demeaning!'

'It's just a name,' said Kitten. 'It's no different from sorority hazing or working at a Hooters bar or whatever. It's just part of the way the organisation promotes itself.'

Claire looked at Kitten's badge. It read "Tits: 32C, real. Cunt capacity: 1.2 litres. Milk production: None Fertility: N/A Fuck grade: C Rank: X". 'What does the stuff on your badge mean?' she asked.

'Tits are self explanatory,' said Kitten, cupping hers. 'To test cunt capacity they put a balloon in your pussy and then pump it up until you cry, and that's your capacity. Milk production is for lactating women and it shows how much they express a day and how tasty it is. Fertility is how likely you are to get pregnant. They can test that but mostly they don't bother unless you have a high rank or you've already been pregnant. Fuck grade is how satisfying you are to men when they fuck you. Rank is how high in the organisation you are - the closer to A the better. You can order around anyone with a lower rank than you.'

'So fuck grade - how do they know what that is?' asked Claire, scared of the answer.

'Well, for me they made me give them phone numbers for my ex boyfriends and then called them to ask how I was in bed.' Kitten looked uncomfortable. 'I had to listen in. It was so humiliating I was in tears. They asked how easily I got wet, and if I liked it when they called me names, and if I got wet when I was abused. I had to hear my boyfriends say I was only adequate in bed, not good. He said I didn't swallow enough of his cum and I didn't agree with him that I was a whore. And then they gave me the C grade.'

'What if you're a virgin?' asked Claire. She was a virgin.

'Then you get a V for virgin, and you have to ask your first fuck to call the office for an interview when you finally get laid,' said Kitten. 'You sure have a lot of questions!'

'This place is weird and embarrassing,' said Claire. 'I hate it.'

'But they're so influential!' said Kitten. 'They're setting lawmaking policy all over the country! Don't you want in on the ground floor?'

Claire felt close to tears. She just shook her head.

'Well you can always just quit, I guess,' said Kitten. 'Which would be a shame. You seem nice!' She

reached out and gave Claire a friendly hug, and Claire hugged her back.

It felt good to be liked, but not so good as to make Claire forget pissing down her legs.

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## **Chapter Four - AFTER WORK**

Claire kept working, though, to get through the day. She described dozens of cunts, twats, and udders. She was embarrassed to occasionally feel her cunt getting wet looking at all the naked women. Every time it happened she took a break by getting up and getting another cup of cordial. She had to take a lot of breaks for that reason.

As a result she needed to use the toilets twice more that afternoon. The first time Kitten accompanied her again, and this time watched as a blushing Claire pissed down her own legs. The second time Claire went on her own but found her supervisor Pussy already there, just finishing washing her own legs. Pussy watched as Claire got undressed but thankfully left before Claire started to pee. Both times Claire felt dirty and took extra time hosing her pussy and legs clean. When Claire was done peeing she realised she needed to shit too.

She awkwardly backed up against one of the indentations in the wall. It fit her ass perfectly. She slowly relaxed and finally managed to shit in the unfamiliar position. The poop fell away through a hole at the back of the indentation. Then Claire got a shock! A slowly rotating device extended from the back of the indentation, covered with wet rags. It probed between her ass cheeks and rubbed the rags right up against her anus. Claire almost jumped away but then thought about having to wash the shit off her ass with the hose, and decided to stay put instead. The device was pleasurable, she found, although the motion of the wet rags embarrassingly called to mind the image of a rough tongue licking forcefully at her anus. She felt her pussy moistening and tried to think of other things.

Finally her butt was clean and the device retracted. Claire dressed and left.

After work she was asked to see Michael on her way out.

'Three things,' said Michael as Claire entered his office. 'First, you're doing a great job, keep it up.'

'Thank you,' said Claire. She had no intention of saying she wouldn't be coming back. He could find out tomorrow.

'Second, shave your pussy,' said Michael.

'What?' asked Claire.

'It's hairy and it shouldn't be,' said Michael. 'Hairy pussies show you have no intention of trying to please men. Shaved cunts are Titcage uniform. Shave it off tonight.'

'All right, whatever,' said Claire, having no intention of shaving.

'Don't turn up to work tomorrow with a hairy twat,' said Michael. 'We'll send you straight home.'

Claire reflected that Pussy must have tipped Michael off about her pubic hair after seeing her in the toilets. She kept her mouth shut.

'Third, this is a battery powered video camera,' said Michael, handing Claire a small device. 'Set it up in a corner of your bedroom at home so it can see the whole room. It'll broadcast back to us.'

'What?' exploded Claire. 'Why?'

'Titcage expects certain behaviours of its employees, even work experience staff,' said Michael. 'The camera just checks up on you. Nothing sinister. Again, make sure it's on before coming to work tomorrow if you want to work here.'

I don't, thought Claire, but she said nothing, took the camera, and left.

At home she broached the subject at dinner.

'Mum, I'm not going back to that place,' she said, between mouthfuls of peas and lamb. 'They're weird and gross.'

'Oh, here we go,' her mother said. Her mother had had Claire early, aged only 13, and was now only 31 herself. She had Claire's big breasts and long brown hair. 'You're so lazy, Claire. I'm not having it. You're going back tomorrow.'

'But mum, they...' Claire started.

'Listen to your mother,' said Claire's father, a heavysset 40 year old who worked as a bricklayer.

'I don't want you ending up as a stripper or a prostitute, Claire,' said her mother. 'You're going to learn to work in a real office and that's the end of it.'

'But I can't...' said Claire.

'ENOUGH,' exploded her father. His face was red. He got up from the table, grabbed Claire by the hair, and pulled her roughly over to the couch.

Claire was shocked. Her father never treated her like this. 'Daddy...' she started - but was even more shocked when he pushed her down over his knee, lifted her skirt, and pulled down her panties.

SMACK! His hand came down on her ass. Claire squealed in pain.

'Your father and I have had a talk, Claire,' said her mother calmly, as if nothing strange was happening. 'You know your school grades haven't been good and frankly we're not happy with the crowd of girls you hang around with.'

SMACK! went her father's hand on her ass again.

'We think it was a mistake to stop physically disciplining you, and we're going to start again. You'll do as you're told and be a decent hardworking girl, or you'll be spanked.'

SMACK! and SMACK!

Claire couldn't believe this was happening. Her father was spanking her bare ass in front of her mother. Her mother was just watching. Claire wiggled, trying to get free.

SMACK!

Her father landed 20 agonising blows on her ass. Each one made Claire feel dirty. Her father's hand was touching her bare bottom. Her ass and pussy were exposed. She was being spanked like a baby in front of her family.

'Have you learned your lesson, Claire?' asked her mother.

Claire was sobbing, tears running down her face. This had been an awful day and this was an awful end to it. 'Yes,' she cried.

'And are you going back to that organisation tomorrow?' asked her mother.

'Yes,' cried Claire, and she knew she would.

Afterwards, Claire's ass stung, but she knew she had work to do now. She borrowed one of her father's razors and some shaving cream, and one of her mother's hand mirrors, and sat on the toilet with her legs spread. Carefully, she shaved her cunt, removing every last hair. Touching her pussy constantly as she shaved made her wet - wetter than she would have expected. She had to pause three times to breathe slower and let her twat calm down and stop drooling before she could resume. When she was done, her pussy looked just like Kitten's, and just like all the sluts she had spent all day demeaning. It was totally, sluttily, nude. She looked just like them.

Then she set up the camera. It had an easy adhesive and it glued neatly to the top-right corner of her bedroom, with a full view of everything. She pressed the "ON" button on the side and a small well-hidden red light lit up.

Then, crying, she got into bed. As she fell asleep, her last thoughts were wondering why her cunt still felt so wet and engorged.

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Chapter Five - DAY TWO

Day Two was better, mostly just by being the same, and not worse. Michael seemed happy to see her. He didn't comment on either the camera or her vagina but she felt somehow he knew that her pussy was bare now.

She spent all day describing and cataloguing naked girls again. She had to use the toilet several times - that red cordial seemed to go straight through her - but she had started to get used to it. She found she particularly liked the feeling of the device 'licking' her ass clean. On one trip to the toilet she met another of the female staff, a petite blonde whose tag described her as 'Toy'. Toy didn't piss quite like Kitten. She left her panties on as she pissed, and Claire watched as they became damp and then soaked, before the piss escaped to run down Toy's legs. When she was done, Toy took the panties off, and then pushed them up inside her cunt, before putting a clean pair on over the top.

'Why do you do that?' asked Claire, worried that maybe she was supposed to do the same.

Toy smiled kindly. 'I'm trying to rank up,' she said. 'More's expected of you when you want to do that.' She dressed and left without elaborating. Claire wondered what it would feel like to have wet pissy panties in her cunt, and shuddered a little.

At lunch Claire chatted to Kitten. She found out Kitten was studying sociology by distance education, and liked sewing and dancing. Claire had always wanted to dance and she listened eagerly as Kitten described ballet lessons and recitals.

At the end of the day Michael called Claire in again. 'Good girl,' he told her. He got out from behind his desk and patted Claire on the head. It was demeaning and Claire blushed - but it also felt good to be praised.

'We've got some training for you, in fact,' said Michael. 'Here.' He passed her a small plastic capsule, and what looked like an iPod with headphones. The capsule was connected to the iPod.

'What's this?' asked Claire.

'Wear it to sleep tonight,' said Michael. 'The earphones go in your ears, obviously, and the capsule goes in your twat.'

'What?' said Claire. 'No!'

Michael looked stern. 'Look, we don't want to fuck around. If you want to work here, make sure you take the training tonight. If you don't, don't turn up tomorrow. It's fine either way but don't get your panties in a knot about it.'

Unhappily Claire took the device and went home.

She was quiet all dinner. When her mother asked her how work had been, she said, 'Fine.' She didn't want a repeat of yesterday. Her mother looked satisfied with this answer.

That night Claire thought about ignoring the device. She wanted to. But she looked up at the camera with its red light, and knew it was use the device or tell her parents that Titcage had fired her. She unhappily spread her legs and put the pod into her pussy, then put on the headphones and pressed play on the iPod.

It was a droning male voice. 'Tits,' it said. 'Boobs. Fuckbags. Slutmelons. Udders. Whoresacks. Tits. Fuckbags.' As it talked, the capsule buzzed gently in Claire's pussy, like a vibrator. It was embarrassing, but quite pleasant. 'Slutmelons. Udders. Tits. Fuckhandles.' Then it paused, and the buzzing in her cunt stopped, and then the voice quite deliberately said, 'Breasts.'

At the word 'Breasts' an explosion went off in Claire's cunt. The capsule discharged an electric shock. Claire squealed and writhed on the bed. It was only a small shock but it had been so surprising. She went to rip the capsule out of her pussy, but then remembered the camera, and remembered the surprising brutality with which her father had beaten her ass. She left it inside her.

'Cunt. Pussy. Sluthole,' said the voice, and now it was a woman's voice. 'Rapetunnel. Twat. Beaver. Twat. Cunt. Pussy. Cunt. Cumcatcher.' And then it paused, and then said, 'Vagina.' And again the capsule shocked Claire's cunt. Claire started to cry, softly, so her parents wouldn't hear.

Again and again, in different voices, the tape repeated disgusting and humiliating names for women and their body parts while vibrating Claire's cunt, before ending with the traditional name and shocking it.

The last sequence Claire remembered before falling asleep, her cunt still buzzing and the tape still playing was:

'Whore. Slut. Fucktoy. Pissdrinker. Rapetoy. Slut. Slut. Bitch. Whore.' And then: 'Claire.' And the shock.

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## **Chapter Six - DAY THREE**

'Petite naked redhead slutpig 69ing a big-uddered blonde lezbo,' wrote Claire, on her third day at

Titcage. 'They each have their legs spread and are licking each other's engorged twats.'

Claire hadn't slept well - a combination of the vibrator running in her twat, and its regular electric shocks. She was tired and confused, and to her shame she was desperately horny. Her pussy had been drooling since she woke up and it had now made her panties quite damp. If this were any normal workplace she'd lock herself in a toilet stall for ten minutes or so and take care of it with some quick masturbation but there was no privacy at Titcage. She took another sip of her cordial and kept working.

Claire pissed twice that day. The first was at the same time as Kitten; she found herself surreptitiously watching Kitten's pussy as she pissed, entranced by the beauty of Kitten's pierced cunt and the warm bubbling of urine flowing from it. Kitten complimented Claire on her newly shaved twat, making Claire blush. She didn't comment on the obvious wetness of Claire's pussy.

The second time was with a redheaded girl called 'Melons'. Claire was shocked to find Melons naked and openly masturbating when Claire entered the toilet. At the same time as she was masturbating, Melons was also pissing. Claire looked at her face and saw humiliation and shame there - the girl didn't look like she wanted to be masturbating, but nevertheless she brought herself to an orgasm as Claire watched, and then staggered away to wash herself down. As horny as Claire was, she couldn't contemplate masturbating in front of another girl like that, and so she just did her business, pissing down her legs, and then washed up and left.

Towards the end of the day she decided she felt like some sane company, and asked Kitten if she'd like to come to Claire's house to visit. Kitten enthusiastically accepted, and the two girls travelled together by bus home to Claire's suburb.

'I'm so glad there's at least someone nice at Titcage,' said Claire.

'So am I,' said Kitten. She leant over and rested her head on Claire's shoulder affectionately. It made Claire feel warm and happy.

At home they headed straight to Claire's room. Kitten was still wearing her collar and, Claire assumed, no panties, so she wanted to avoid her parents if possible.

In her room, Claire closed the door, and turned around to find Kitten topless. She'd removed her shirt and her 32D breasts were completely bare.

'Sarah...' started Claire.

'Oh god, I'm sorry!' said Kitten, blushing. She snatched up her shirt again. 'Oh god, I've been working at Titcage so long, I didn't think. I'm just so used to relaxing like this.'

Claire felt horrible. It was weird having another girl semi-naked around but she wanted so much to have a friend at her horrible workplace, and Kitten was so nice. 'No, it's okay, be however you want,' she said. 'I'm sorry, I was just surprised.'

'You're really okay?' asked Kitten dubiously, lowering the shirt and revealing her tits again.

'Yes,' said Claire, feigning confidence. Kitten smiled, dropped the shirt and climbed onto the bed, tits down, wiggling her legs in the air. The action made her skirt ride up, revealing her bare buttocks.

Looking at the half-naked girl, Claire's cunt tingled. She looked just like so many of the nude sluts Claire had been staring at for the past three days. Girls like this are for sex, a part of her mind

thought. Girls like this are sluts and rapetoy. The image of the two 69ing whores from earlier today flashed through Claire's mind before she pushed it away.

'So how are you finding Titcage?' asked Kitten. Claire blushed at what she'd been thinking about.

'I hate it,' said Claire. 'But my parents won't let me quit.'

'It's not so bad,' said Kitten. 'Is it really so hard to look at porn all day?'

'It's slutty,' said Claire unhappily.

'I have to look at it all day too,' said Kitten. 'Am I a slut?' She rolled over onto her back as she spoke. Her tits and pussy were both clearly visible. Claire blushed.

'No, I'm sorry,' said Claire. 'You're so lovely. I just...'

'It's different to what you're used to,' said Kitten. 'But that doesn't mean it's bad. I'm happy there. You can be too.'

Claire sat on the bed next to Kitten. 'They gave me this training thing. I have to put it in my... in my pussy. And it shocks me.'

Kitten looked surprised. 'You're so lucky!' she exclaimed. 'You have one of the sleep trainers? They must really like your work!'

'What?' asked Claire. 'Why?'

'Sleep trainers are like a guaranteed rank up!' said Kitten.

Claire listened as Kitten explained the rank system. Every girl at Titcage had a rank between A and Z. A was the highest, Z the lowest. You could give orders to any girl of lower rank; you had to take them from any girl of higher rank.

'And the men?' asked Claire.

'Oh, all the women are below all the men. Any man can give orders to any woman. But you've seen the office. Most of the staff in our area are women.'

Ranking up was based on work performance, but it was also based on commitment to the Titcage philosophy.

'Women are below men. The further below men you make yourself, the further above other women you are. Doing stuff that shows you know your place makes you more likely to be given a higher rank,' explained Kitten.

Claire thought of the woman she'd seen, Toy, stuffing her pissy panties into her twat. She told Kitten about it.

'Yes, that's it exactly. Toy's trying to get a higher rank, because she gets bossed around by Pussy all the time and she's sick of it.'

Claire's cunt was throbbing. She didn't know why all this talk was doing this to her, but her sluthole, horny and neglected all day, was growing more insistent with every minute. She found herself staring not at Kitten's eyes, but at her beaver, and Claire's hand had made its way to press against

her own crotch without Claire quite remembering how it got there. She tried to concentrate.

‘So you’re...’ she started.

‘Rank X,’ said Kitten. ‘Higher than you.’ She smiled mischievously. ‘Which means I get to tell you what to do. For instance, right now I’m ordering you to stop pretending your pussy isn’t sopping wet. Go take care of it. I’ll wait.’

Claire blushed bright red. ‘I’m not...’ she said.

‘You are,’ said Kitten. ‘I can smell you from here. With the amount of cordial you’ve been drinking it’s no wonder. Go masturbate. You can do it here if you want, I don’t mind, but I guess you’re probably prefer some privacy.’

Humiliated, burning with shame, but grateful, Claire stumbled wordlessly away from the bed and ran to the bathroom. Almost slamming the door behind her, she sat on the toilet, lowered her panties, and furiously rubbed her twat to a shuddering and overwhelming orgasm. She tried to think of handsome men while she frigged herself but all she could think of was Kitten’s naked pussy.

During the masturbation she thought briefly – what did Kitten mean about all the cordial I drink? – but the thought was lost when Claire orgasmed, and it didn’t resurface again until much later.

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Chapter Seven - THE PHOTO

Claire blushed for almost an hour. She had masturbated with Kitten’s knowledge. She had been told to do it by Kitten. Kitten had smelt the wetness of her cunt.

But Kitten made her feel all right about it. It was something that up to now Claire would have considered disgusting, but Kitten made Claire feel like it was normal – intimate, but normal. And in any case Kitten was mostly naked and in no position to judge.

They talked about music and films and TV. Kitten looked at photos from Claire’s trip to Tokyo last year and Claire listened to Kitten talk about performing in her school play.

Finally Kitten left. The two girls hugged at the front door, and Claire found herself genuinely regretful that Kitten had to leave. Claire had other friends, but Kitten was already her closest, just by virtue of the things they had shared.

Afterwards, Claire had dinner with her parents, watched TV and went to bed. In bed she looked at the training device for a long time, and then put on her earbuds and tentatively put the capsule into her twat, where it started buzzing happily.

‘Slut,’ said the tape. ‘Whore lesbian bitch rapetoy slut bimbo slut lesbian.’ And then the pause, and the shock, and, ‘Claire.’

Claire fell asleep surprisingly quickly.

The next morning Claire woke up horny and, remembering the day before, she learned from her mistakes and masturbated herself to a quick orgasm. Her pussy was sopping wet and her fingers slid easily in and out of her snatch and across her clitoris. She moaned quietly as she fingered herself – she’d never been able to stop herself making noise during sexual pleasure, and had always been

embarrassed about how slutty she sounded when she moaned like that, but it was easy to not care too much when her cunt felt this good.

It was only after she'd cum that she remembered the camera in the corner of the room watching her. Claire was mortified. She'd just fingered herself like a slut on camera. Who had been watching her? Michael? Some nameless security guard? She quickly pulled her bedsheets around her to cover her semi naked body.

Later in the shower she thought of Kitten. Kitten had gotten nude in her room too. The camera would have gotten an excellent view of that beautiful shaved slutbox and of her bare udders. Had Kitten known? Surely she had. If Claire had been given a camera then all the girls at Titcage must have one.

At work she tried to ignore her co-workers. She couldn't stop thinking that any one of them might somehow have seen the feed from the camera and watched her fingering her twat that morning. She kept her head down and concentrated on her work.

As it turned out, she was her work. The fifth photo to appear on her display was her. In bed. Naked. Masturbating.

Claire squeaked in surprise and turned off her screen. Her face was red. Kitten and Pussy looked at her to see what was wrong. 'It's nothing,' said Claire. She got up hurriedly and went straight to Michael's office.

'There's a picture of me,' she declared, out of breath, to a surprised Michael.

'Well, of course there is,' said Michael. 'The system isn't dumb. It gives you all your own ones. You wouldn't want anyone else seeing them, after all.'

'But...' said Claire.

'Titcage owns an image of you,' said Michael, 'and it needs to be classified. It's not like we're spying on you. You knew there was a camera and you did... whatever you did anyway. Here, let's do this one together.'

He spun his computer screen round so they could both see and pressed some buttons. Suddenly the image was there - Claire fingering her nude shaved twat. Claire wanted to run out of the room and die, but she didn't.

'You look pretty,' said Michael, and even in the midst of her humiliation Claire felt a buzz of pleasure at his compliment. Michael passed her the keyboard. 'Here - could you type a description, please?'

Claire felt like crying. Not just because Michael was looking at a picture of her masturbating but because she felt the words coming to her so easily.

She typed, 'Slutty brunette teen lies on back on bed, nightie pulled up to show her large whorish fuckbags and her shaved drooling twat. Her legs are spread and she has two fingers of her left hand buried in her sluthole. Her right hand pinches her clitoris.'

She pressed enter and her staff photo appeared. 'Is this slut Claire Sullivan?' asked the text. 'Yes,' entered Claire.

'What will you do with this photo?' asked Claire. She was crying now. She couldn't help it.

‘Same as all the others,’ said Michael. ‘It will go in the database and if you ever allege rape or are otherwise a lying bitch we will bring it out as character evidence.’ He patted Claire on the head. ‘But don’t worry, Claire. You seem to me like a good girl.’

After leaving Michael’s office Claire went straight to the toilet. She took off her skirt and panties so it would look like she had been pissing and then just sat on the bench and cried for half an hour. No one came in and Claire was grateful.

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## **Chapter Eight - THE SISTER AND THE SLUTHOLE**

Claire was feeling a bit better by lunch. She took out some of her upsetness on the girls she catalogued, finding particularly demeaning and filthy names to call them as she entered their tits and twats into the database. Her supervisor Pussy seemed to notice her state of mind, and kept bringing her glasses of cordial without commenting. Claire drank them gratefully.

Near lunch, Kitten introduced Claire to two new employees of Titcage. She met the first in the toilets.

Kitten was naked as Claire walked into the toilets, preparing to piss. When she saw Claire, she gestured to the other girl there. ‘Oh, Claire, this is Mackenzie. Her work name is Sluthole.’

Sluthole was short and petite, but gorgeous, with a trim, fit body and flowing brown hair. She was naked too and Claire could see she already had a silver ring through her clitoris, just like Kitten. ‘Hi Claire,’ she said, smiling sweetly. ‘Get naked, we were just about to piss.’

The thought of pissing as a group still felt weird to Claire but she undressed. She didn’t normally remove her top but she did here, feeling Sluthole expected it of her. She blushed as the two girls looked at her naked tits.

‘You’re cute,’ said Sluthole. And with that, she walked over and threw her arms around Claire. Before Claire knew what was happening, Sluthole was kissing her passionately on the lips, her tits rubbing against Claire’s. Claire freaked out and went very still. She’d never kissed another girl before and this stranger was poking her tongue inside Claire’s mouth. She started to blush. Then she felt something warm splash against her leg, and realised what was happening. Sluthole was pissing. She was pissing on Claire’s legs.

Claire wanted to back away but before she could Kitten said, ‘She’s a higher grade than you, Claire. She’s an X. You have to do what she says.’

Sluthole stopped kissing Claire for a moment. Claire gasped for breath. ‘She’s right,’ said Sluthole. ‘And what I want you do to is piss with me. Can you do that for me, twat?’ Before Claire could reply she kissed Claire again.

Claire was trapped. She felt awful. She felt like she was being raped. But Kitten had told her before about the hierarchy, and if she broke it Titcage would probably fire her, and her father would beat her for days. She started to cry softly as Sluthole kissed her, and then, giving in, released her bladder.

Piss spurted from her pussy and splashed on Sluthole’s twat. Then it arced downward to soak Sluthole’s legs, and then finally Claire’s own legs.

It was only when Claire's bladder was empty that Sluthole released her and broke off the kiss. 'Thank you,' the girl said, smiling cruelly. She rinsed her legs wrapped her skirt around her waist and left.

Kitten could see Claire about to cry. She came closer and hugged Claire. Once again naked tits were pressed against Claire's but because it was Kitten, Claire didn't mind.

Claire felt awful. She felt like she had been raped. She hated remembering Sluthole pissing on her leg and being forced to piss in return. She hated remembering Sluthole's soft wet tongue exploring her mouth. Most of all she hated remembering the little spasm in her cunt that had signalled her starting to become aroused by the whole degrading experience.

'It'll be all right,' whispered Kitten, and Claire hugged her friend tightly in thanks.

After Claire had rinsed and dressed, Kitten took her to meet the other new starter in the break room. He was a nineteen year old boy named Jim and Claire had an immediate crush on him.

Jim shook her hand; he told her he liked her dress. Claire blushed and then blushed further when she realised he was actually looking at her face not her tits. He told her he was hoping for a career in social policy and that he was studying at university. He told her he looked forward to seeing her again.

Claire went back to her desk blushing happily to herself. Meeting a cute boy had helped her forget the degrading morning. As she resumed cataloguing sluts she smiled and dreamed about kissing Jim.

That evening Claire got even more unwelcome news. Her sister Stephanie was moving home.

Stephanie was sixteen to Claire's seventeen. She had smaller boobs, a willowy body and silky blonde hair down to her waist that had always made Claire jealous.

She had moved out two months ago to live with another girl. More run away than moved out, really. Her parents were furious both that Steph had run away and that she was a lesbian.

When Claire got home that evening she found her sister bare assed, cunt showing, bent tits down over her father's knee as he spanked her. Steph wailed and cried.

Long hours at work had trained Claire's eye. She saw a girl in a humiliating position, and she looked straight at the girl's cunt. What she saw disturbed her on several levels. First, Steph's pussy was shaved, just like Claire's. A slut's pussy, thought Claire, before she could stop herself. Secondly, Steph's pussy was wet. Claire's father didn't appear to have noticed, but Steph's cute labia were definitely engorged and her slut nectar was smeared across her inner thighs. And thirdly, looking at Steph's pussy made Claire aroused. A twat like that is for raping, her mind thought, and her own cunt spasmed happily in response. Claire stepped down on those feelings hard, locking up the confusing emotions in the back of her mind, at least until she understood what was happening.

Claire's mother filled her in. 'Your sister has had a quarrel with that slut she was living with, and now she needs to come home,' she said. 'Of course, we've turned her room into a study, but she can sleep with you until we're sure she's serious about staying this time.'

Claire was horrified. 'What? Mum, no!'

'I don't want to hear argument, Claire. She's your sister and she needs somewhere to sleep.'

Claire looked back at Steph, still wailing as Claire's father beat her naked ass. Claire tried not to look at Steph's alluringly nude pussy. She turned back to her mother. 'Mum, why is dad spanking her?'

'It's part of the deal. She gets a spanking every night for two weeks because she ran away and because she did immoral things with a woman. If she takes her punishment she gets to stay.'

Claire's dad finished spanking Stephanie and the teen girl got up, rubbing her sore ass.

Dinner went by in sullen silence. Steph said not a word to anyone. Claire was brooding over having to share her room with her brat of a teen sister.

At night Claire changed into nightclothes in the bathroom as usual, to avoid the gaze of the camera, but when she came back to her room she found Steph completely naked, in the process of pulling panties up to cover what Claire had trouble not thinking of as her nude shaved whore-tunnel.

'Jesus, Claire! Privacy!' spat Claire's sister, attempting to cover both her tits and cunt with her hands, and dropping her panties in the process.

'Sorry,' mumbled Claire.

'Sor-ry!' mocked Stephanie in a ridiculous falsetto.

Fine, thought Claire. I won't warn you about the camera. And tomorrow you will be 'blonde teen slut bares udders and fuckhole while changing clothes'.

They slept together that night; Stephanie right at the edge of the bed and trying to steal the blankets. Claire had her training device on with the sound turned down and her legs clenched to muffle the buzz of the vibrator.

'Did you really have sex with a girl?' asked Claire, just before falling asleep.

'Her name was Jenna,' replied Stephanie.

Friday morning Claire wanted to masturbate, but couldn't with Steph around. Or could she? Steph had no work and it was the school holidays, so she was still asleep. Her sister's shirt had ridden up during the night to expose her small pretty tits. Claire looked at them and thought about Jim and began to surreptitiously rub her cunt. Her labia were soft and wet and it felt wonderful and relaxing. Then Steph moaned and rolled over, and Claire remembered the camera and jumped out of bed.

At work she asked if she could stop using the training device.

'My sister is going to wonder what it is,' she said to Michael.

'No, you can't stop, but we can give you a better one,' said Michael. 'You were due for a new tape anyway. Stay awake till your sister falls asleep then put it in. The tape will wake you up early to take it out.'

The new device didn't have a capsule. It had a fat dildo. 'It won't buzz,' said Michael. 'It will just pulse inside you. And you will be glad to know this one doesn't shock you.'

Claire looked at the large latex phallus dubiously.

'You'll probably need to get yourself wet first to get it to slide in,' added Michael helpfully as Claire

headed to her workstation.

Sluthole was waiting at Claire's desk. 'Thank god,' she said. 'I have been waiting an hour to piss.' She pulled the shocked Claire by the arm, dragging her to the toilets. Inside, Melons was masturbating as she pissed, stopping occasionally to lick her fingers clean. Sluthole ignored Melons and practically ripped Claire's clothes off before undressing herself. She pressed her naked body up against Claire and kissed her on the lips. 'You have no idea how long I have fantasised about doing this to a girl,' she said when she finally broke the kiss. 'Particularly a big titted cow like you. Kissing and pissing and feeling naked fuckbags rubbing against me is amazing.'

She reached down and gently stroked Claire's twat before encircling Claire in her arms again and pulling her close. 'Piss,' she whispered in Claire's ear.

Claire was crying now, sobbing, but she relaxed her bladder and allowed her urine to spurt onto Sluthole's legs. As soon as she did, Sluthole kissed her and then started to piss herself.

Claire hated it. She felt the wet warmth on her leg. She felt the warm tongue in her mouth. She felt her nipples stiffening with arousal as Sluthole ground her pissing cunt against Claire's thigh.

When they were done, Sluthole had a further humiliation. She wordlessly took Claire's panties and used them to mop the piss from her own legs and cunt before handing them back to Claire and leaving.

Claire threw them out. She refused to wear piss-wet clothes, and if Kitten could go without panties, she could too.

She regretted it almost immediately. She couldn't stop thinking about her bare cunt, and as she looked at pictures of sluts and tagged them, her pussy got wetter and wetter. When she got up to get a cordial at 10.30, she was mortified to realise her pussy juices had left a wet spot on the back of her skirt. She immediately ran to the toilets, intending to wash her pussy clean and then wait a while for it to calm down.

Unfortunately Sluthole was there, waiting. 'Claire!' she said, delighted. Sluthole was already completely naked. She grabbed Claire, and pulled off Claire's skirt before Claire could object. She pulled her hips towards Claire's, their legs interweaving so that Claire's thigh was against Sluthole's twat and Sluthole's was against Claire's. Claire gasped. Pressure on her engorged pussy was just what she didn't want right now.

'Oh my,' said Sluthole teasingly. 'You're all wet.' She wiggled her thigh against Claire's cunt and Claire turned bright red at the resulting wet squelching noise. But it felt good. Her twat responded with even more lubrication.

Wordlessly, Sluthole started to kiss Claire, while grinding her thigh into Claire's pussy. Claire moaned and tried unsuccessfully to pull away. It felt so delicious. It was just like masturbating, except there was another girl here, and it was wrong, because Claire wasn't a lesbian, and she wasn't a slut. But Sluthole's thigh was rubbing her fuckhole so amazingly...

Then Sluthole started to piss, and Claire felt the warm liquid on her thigh. 'Piss,' whispered Sluthole, breaking off the kiss for a moment. 'Mmmf!' said Claire, against Sluthole's lips, which was her way of saying, 'No!'.

Sluthole couldn't make her do this. Claire would stand up for herself. Claire would... OW!

Sluthole's fingers had worked their way between Claire's legs, and sharply pinched her clitoris! It was agonising! And yet at the same time it made Claire even wetter. OW! She pinched Claire's clit again.

Claire gave in. She released her bladder and started to piss on Sluthole's leg. But Sluthole didn't move her hand away from Claire's twat. Instead she kept stroking Claire's clitoris. Claire wanted her to stop. Claire was confused and scared.

And then the most humiliating thing that had happened to Claire so far happened. She orgasmed. Right there, naked from the waist down, in a toilet, kissing a girl, pissing on a girl's leg, having her clitoris rubbed by a girl. She orgasmed. Her whole body went rigid, and she almost screamed, 'MMMMF!' into Sluthole's mouth. Piss spurted out of her pussy. Waves of pleasure ran through her. Then she went loose, losing control of all her muscles, and only Sluthole's arms held her upright.

'Good slut,' whispered Sluthole. She gently lowered Claire to the ground, where Claire sat in a pool of urine. Sluthole was still pissing and a few drops spattered on Claire's shirt. Then Sluthole went and cleaned herself off, dressed, and left.

Claire cried for nearly 10 minutes, until Toy came in and started to piss and masturbate across the room for her. Claire got up, rinsed herself off, tried to clean the tears from her face, and then dressed. Her outfit felt slutty. She had no panties and there were pussy-juice stains on her skirt. Drops of urine were still damp on her shirt. She went back out and tried to work, hoping no-one would notice.

Someone did, though. It was Jim. He didn't say anything but he had seen Claire was upset, and he came over and gently joked with her. He told her he thought she was a breath of fresh air next to all the slutty women who worked at Titcage, and that he was glad there was someone sane sharing the workplace with him. Claire managed to smile and told him he was sweet.

And then the day was over. And with it came the start of the weekend.

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Chapter Nine - FRIDAY NIGHT

Girl had an unusual present for Claire as she left the office. It was a giant cooler filled with the office's red cordial. 'For you to drink over the weekend,' she said. Claire was baffled but took the cooler. She had come to like the taste of the drink, anyway.

At home, she was surprised to find her mother and father waiting for her in the living room, their faces stormy and unwelcoming.

'Hi?' said Claire, suspiciously, putting her purse down in the corner.

'How was work, Claire?' asked her father in a way that suggested it was more trap than question.

'Fine,' said Claire. 'Looking forward to the weekend.'

'I'll bet you are,' said Claire's mother.

'Did anything... interesting... happen today?' asked her father.

'Um, no,' said Claire, trying not to think about orgasming from Sluthole's mouth and fingers. As soon

as she had said it, she knew it was the wrong answer. Fury overtook her father's face.

'I called your office, Claire,' said her mother accusingly. 'To see how you were doing. I spoke to that nice Michael. And do you know what he told me?'

Claire went ice cold. Had he told her he had a photo of their daughter masturbating? Had he told her Claire pissed standing up in front of other girls? Claire couldn't think of any good answer to her mother's rhetorical question.

'No?' she hazarded.

'He told me he found your panties lying in a waste-paper bin today,' her mother said. She wasn't shouting, but Claire knew that not-shouting indicated that her mother was unspeakably furious.

'Is this true, Claire?' asked her dad.

'No!' exclaimed Claire. How could she admit to throwing away her panties because another girl had pissed in them?

Too late she realised her mistake. Her father rose from his chair strode across to her and lifted her skirt. Underneath was only her nude pussy.

'You lying little whore,' he breathed.

'Claire, what is the meaning of this?' her mother demanded.

Claire's head spun. Her parents were staring at her naked twat. She couldn't explain about the panties because she'd have to explain about the toilets and about Sluthole and about being pissed on.

'I'm sorry,' she said, her voice cracking. She could feel herself starting to cry.

'Claire, why did you do this?' her mother pressed.

Claire couldn't explain. And as her mind grasped for something to say it settled on a familiar and oddly appropriate one.

'I'm just a slut,' she wailed, and then burst into tears.

Her parents looked at each other. 'Claire, go to your room,' said her mother, 'and stay there until we decide what to do about you.'

Sobbing, Claire obeyed. Steph was in Claire's room, reading a fashion magazine, but she cleared out immediately when she saw Claire's tear-streaked face. Claire collapsed on her bed, and cried there quietly for nearly half an hour. She felt so dirty. How could she be in this situation, with her parents thinking she was a slut who threw away her panties for fun? How could she be living a life where the reality was a girl had pissed on her and played with her pussy until she orgasmed? She reached down between her legs and pinched her labia viciously. She hated herself. She hated her slutty twat.

Eventually her mother called her from downstairs. Claire tried to compose herself, and then left her room.

'Claire,' said her mother, in the lounge room. 'We've discussed what to do about this disturbing behaviour, and we've decided to take several steps.'

Claire said nothing, only waiting.

'First, we will be checking you when you leave for work and when you get home, to see that you're wearing your underwear. If you're not, there will be additional punishments.'

Claire blushed. It would be humiliating to have her panties checked like she was an incontinent baby. But she could live with it.

'Second,' said her mother, 'unless you're at work, you won't be wearing panties at all. We're taking away your underwear rights until you learn to appreciate them.'

'What?' asked Claire, astonished.

'Shut up, you slut,' growled her father. 'It's bad enough I have one daughter who's a lezbo without finding out the other one's been flashing her beaver at everyone who wants to see it. You'll take your punishment and you'll be grateful.'

'Thirdly,' said her mother, 'we've talked to your supervisor Michael at the Committee, and he's agreed to check on you each lunchtime to make sure you're still wearing your panties. You just go in to see him and he'll take a quick look and report to us.'

'But he's a man!' wailed Claire.

'He's a much older man than you,' said her mother. 'I'm sure he has daughters your age. It'll be fine. He's really very generous to donate his time to keeping you on the straight and narrow.'

Claire started to cry again.

'And fourthly, you're going to get a spanking each night, right before your sister, for a week. That should help you remember to keep your vagina covered like a nice girl.'

And so Claire found herself ass-up over her father's knee, being repeatedly hit on the buttocks while she cried. She got twenty spansks, and then was sent to kneel nearby while her sister took her turn. She tried to look away as Steph's naked ass and cunt wiggled in front of her, but her mother made her look straight at it, for she'd remember the punishment. And Claire found her pussy growing uncontrollably wet. Afterwards she had to run straight to the toilet and wipe it dry with toilet paper - which helped, but didn't make her any less aroused.

She ate dinner in sullen silence. Afterwards she climbed into bed next to Steph, and pretended to sleep until her sister had dozed off. In the darkness, her sister's body next to her, she eased down her pyjama pants and began to surreptitiously rub her pussy. It didn't take much to make Claire wet, after how horny she'd been, and she was soon able to gently ease the fat rubber phallus of the training device up inside her fuckhole. It was uncomfortably big, and Claire gasped as it started to quietly vibrate inside her. It felt good and she wanted to buck her hips against it but she was scared of waking up Steph. Instead, she just put on her headphones and tried to sleep.

'I deserve to be raped,' said the headphones into her ear. 'I deserve to be raped. Claire is a slut. Claire is a good slut. Claire likes the training tape. Claire likes being told what to do. Claire likes to be fucked. Claire likes to be raped.'

Claire tried to tune out the disturbing voice and not listen to it, but she fell asleep instead.

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## Chapter Ten - THE WEEKEND

Claire had a fitful sleep. She woke up several times to find herself orgasming, and the voice in her ear saying, 'I like to be hurt. Claire likes her tits hurt. I like my training tape. Claire is a slut,' but she soon fell unconscious again.

In the morning, she awoke while it was still dark. The voice in her ear was now a high pitched whine, yelling, 'Wake up, slut! Wake up, slut!' Claire pulled the earphones off, eased the dildo out of her twat, and put both under the bed. She felt desperately horny, and so she climbed out of bed, crossed to the bathroom, and spent a happy few minutes bringing herself to another climax sitting on the toilet.

The weekend had begun - and the weekend was good. No Titcage. No describing of sluts. No pissing standing up. True, Claire wasn't allowed to wear panties, but she didn't care. All she wanted to do was lounge around the house and be a normal girl. She watched TV, she listened to music, she read magazines and she fought in a good natured way with her bratty sister.

She went through the bottle of cordial she'd been given by 4 pm on Saturday. It tasted good and she kept getting another glass. And all day she felt horny. Three times she locked herself in the toilet in order to diddle her un-pantied cunt to a satisfying orgasm. She had to have a shower in the middle of the day to wash the smell of her aroused vagina off.

In the evening she got a surprise - Kitten came to visit! Her friend from work turned up on the doorstep, looking amazing in a white button-up shirt and short tartan skirt.

'Kitten!' said Claire, surprised and delighted.

'Hi! I know you had a rough day on Friday so I thought I'd come and check up on you,' said Kitten, hugging Claire.

'I'm fine,' said Claire, and after how relaxing Saturday was she thought she meant it.

'I brought you some more cordial!' said Kitten, holding up a two litre bottle of the red drink. 'I thought you might be out.'

'Thanks!' said Claire. 'I am!'

'And how are you going with your training?' asked Kitten.

Claire made a face. 'They gave me a new one,' she said. Then she had a thought. 'Oh, hey, we've got nowhere to hang out. I share my room with my sister now.'

'Want to come to my place?' asked Kitten. 'I've got a granny flat. My parents never see me except when I want them to.'

'Mum, dad,' called Claire. 'Can I stay at a friend's house tonight?'

Claire's dad appeared in the hall. 'Hi, I'm Travis,' he said, extending his hand to Kitten.

'Kitten,' replied Kitten. She ignored his hand and gave him a warm hug, pressing her boobs and groin against him tightly. Claire's dad was momentarily nonplussed.

'Can I go?' asked Claire.

'I suppose, but you'll need your spanking first. Kitten can watch.'

Claire was shocked her father would even offer to let a stranger watch Claire's bare bottom spanking, but it was Kitten and really she didn't mind. It was nothing compared to pissing in front of her friend. And Claire was excited to get out of the house.

And so Kitten watched as Claire's skirt was flipped up to expose her nude pussy, she was turned over her father's lap, and she was spanked until she cried.

Afterwards she ran upstairs rubbing her sore bum to get her toiletries. 'Remember your trainer,' suggested Kitten.

Kitten turned out to drive a small bubble-shaped town car. Once inside, Claire apologised for her father.

'Don't apologise!' said Kitten. 'He's cute. I'd love to have my ass under his hand!'

'Gross!' said Claire.

'And I saw you had no panties?' queried Kitten.

Claire explained what had happened Friday, and how she couldn't tell her parents about Titcage.

'Well, at least you know your work is helping to reduce that prejudice,' said Kitten. 'One day we'll live in a world where what happens at Titcage is normal for everyone.'

At Kitten's house, Kitten led Claire behind the main building where her parents lived to a small granny flat. Inside was a single large room with a double bed in the middle and a kitchen sink and microwave against the far wall. The room also contained a treadmill and small wardrobe.

Kitten paused inside. 'Okay,' she said. 'I'm normally nude at home. Is that going to bother you?'

Claire blushed. It would, but she didn't want to make her friend feel awkward. Plus honestly Kitten had a very nice body. Especially her twat.

As Kitten undressed, revealing her perfect fuckbags and her cute little slit, Claire asked, 'Don't your parents have a problem with you being nude in here?'

'Not really,' said Kitten. 'They mostly keep to themselves, and anyway, they don't mind.'

The two girls laid on Kitten's bed and Kitten put on some movies on a small computer screen. First they watched a comedy and laughed uproariously at it. Kitten served them both cordial.

'What's in this, anyway?' asked Claire as she savoured a glass.

Kitten looked at her strangely. 'You don't know?'

'No!' said Claire.

'Sugar and water, mostly,' said Kitten. 'But also urine, cunt juices and some aphrodisiac.'

'What?' Claire exclaimed. She jumped away from her cordial glass in revulsion.

'Oh, calm down,' said Kitten. 'You like the taste and you know it. They have girls on another facility

and they collect their piss and slut nectar and feed it to us along with a drug to keep us horny.'

Claire felt sick. 'That's monstrous,' she said.

'Claire, have you seen what's in Coca Cola? This isn't half as bad. It's an appropriate drink for sluts like us to drink and it tastes good. Finish your glass.'

'No!' said Claire.

Kitten looked abruptly angry. 'I didn't like hearing it either, Claire, but I drank it. If you're going to be stuck up about this you can get fucked.'

Claire was stricken. She liked Kitten and it hurt to have Kitten angry at her. 'I'm sorry,' she said, 'but...'

'It's just like jelly, Claire,' said Kitten. 'You wouldn't eat horse's hooves, but that's what jelly is made out of. You wouldn't eat most of the things that make sausage if you saw them by themselves but sausage is delicious. This is just cooking - it's not the ingredients that matter.'

Claire was torn. She wanted Kitten to like her but she didn't want to drink piss. But Kitten was right, wasn't she? It wasn't piss now; it was cordial. That was different. Hesitantly she picked up the cup.

'Good girl,' said Kitten, in exactly the same tone of voice Michael used with Claire. It made Claire feel good. She lifted the cup to her lips and took a sip. It tasted good, just like always. A little acrid, but not like piss. She drank more, and then finished the glass.

Kitten clapped her hands with delight. 'Thank you, Claire! It would make me feel so slutty if you didn't drink it but I did. Thank you!'

Claire blushed. 'It's okay. You're right, it tastes good.' And when Kitten got up and poured her another glass - adding some rum 'to help it go down' - she drank some of that too. Claire didn't drink alcohol often but she liked this.

After the comedy movie was finished Claire need to pee. 'Where's your bathroom, Kitten?' she asked.

'Oh, I don't have one out here in the granny flat,' said Kitten. 'I just piss out on the lawn as if I'm at Titcage. There's a hose out there to clean up.'

'Outside?' gasped Claire. 'But what if someone sees?'

'No one will see,' said Kitten. 'The fences are high and none of the windows from the house face out this way. Besides, it's dark now.'

Claire looked outside. It was dark. But she didn't want to piss outdoors.

'If it really bothers you, you can piss in the sink,' said Kitten. 'That's what I do in winter when it's too cold out.'

Claire didn't like that idea either but she liked it more than peeing outside. She took off her skirt, climbed up onto the little kitchen counter, and squatted over the sink. It didn't bother her now to be peeing in front of Kitten. Kitten watched with interest as Claire peed into the sink, and then turned on the tap and splashed water on her twat to wash off.

When she wanted to put her skirt back on, Kitten said, 'You know you don't have to wear that, right?'

Claire blushed. She wanted to wear it but again it would look rude with Kitten wearing so little. Well, not rude in an absolute sense, she thought. No one would blame her for not wanting to be naked in front of someone else. But nevertheless she knew it would hurt Kitten's feelings a little. So she left it off, and climbed back up on the bed with her cunt exposed.

The next movie was a horror movie. It was scary. The girls lay sideways on the bed, both facing the screen, Kitten behind Claire, and when the more frightening parts started Kitten wrapped her arms around Claire and hugged her body up to Claire's. Claire could feel Kitten's naked tits against her back, and the smooth skin of her belly and thighs against her sore buttocks. Claire's pussy began to get wet, despite Claire's best intentions. It's the cordial, she thought. It has an aphrodisiac in it. But nevertheless she found it hard to concentrate on the movie, and on a few occasions she found herself involuntarily thrusting her ass back against Kitten, and writhing to find a closer and more intimate position in Kitten's hug. Kitten just giggled when Claire did this, and hugged her tighter, and rested her head against Claire's neck, which felt good.

When Kitten had to piss she did it in the sink too, to make Claire feel comfortable, and Claire saw that Kitten's pussy was wet too, even before the pissing. She saw it because she couldn't help but stare at Kitten's cunt as Kitten spread it before Claire's eyes. She didn't know why but she loved looking at that shaved, pouty little fuckhole, with the metal ring hanging from Kitten's clitoris.

'You're so pretty,' she sighed. Kitten blushed as she pissed. 'Thank you,' she replied.

The last movie Kitten put on was a porno. In it, three big-titted sluts kissed and licked each other, and were raped and abused by several men. It was a lot like many of the photos Claire categorised each day and work, and didn't seem strange to her for Kitten to put on - although by this time she'd had three glasses of the rum-infused cordial.

It was a different experience watching with another girl, though. They both laughed at the action on the screen, calling the girls dumb sluts, and discussing how they deserved to be raped considering the slutty clothes they were wearing and how wet their pussies turned out to be. They cheered as the men slapped the girls and held them down and raped them, and giggled as the women cried. Claire's cunt was soaking wet and she knew that her pussy juices were running down her thighs and soaking into the bed but she didn't much care because she could feel Kitten's own wetness on her buttocks. Every time Kitten wiggled, Claire felt Kitten's nude cunt brush her ass cheeks, leaving behind a smear of cunt-honey. And it was good to share this slutty entertainment. It made her feel less embarrassed and uncomfortable about it to watch it with another girl and have fun. She wiggled her own ass and felt Kitten's twat lips and clit ring leave a sticky smear on her butt.

Near the end of the movie, Kitten unbuttoned Claire's shirt and removed it, 'to get her ready for bed', and Claire didn't object. Nor did she object when Kitten removed her bra. The movie was nearly over and Claire felt sleepy. It was well past midnight.

She yawned. 'I wanna sleep, Kitten,' she said in a small voice.

'You fall asleep, honey, I'll get you ready,' said Kitten. A moment later she felt Kitten's hands softly cupping her udders. The hands were wet and Claire realised it was Kitten's cunt juices she was feeling. Kitten was smearing her pussy slime on Claire's tits. Claire knew she should object, but she felt so tired. And it felt good. She let Kitten rub the sticky slut juices all over her fuckbags. The smell of cunt wafted up to Claire's nose and she couldn't help but breathe it in.

Then she felt a pressure at her groin. She panicked for a moment but then realised it was her

training device. She parted her legs to let it in, and Kitten deftly slid it into her sopping wet rape-tunnel. Claire sighed with pleasure, and then gasped as Kitten playfully pulled it out a little and then pushed it back in. Claire clamped her legs shut on the rubber tool to stop Kitten from doing that again. Kitten only giggled, and then put the earbuds of the training device in Claire's ears.

'You are a slut,' said the earbuds. 'Claire is a slut. Claire is a rapetoy. Claire likes being raped.'

Kitten got up, turned out the lights, and then climbed back into bed, this time in front of Claire. She reached forward and kissed Claire gently on the lips. Claire was so tired and so horny, she just kissed Kitten back.

'You like to suck cock. You like to drink cum. Claire likes to drink cum. Claire's tits deserve to be beaten,' said the training device.

And with that, Claire fell asleep.

The night passed.

'Wake up slut! Wake up slut!' screamed the training device in the early hours of the morning. Claire jerked upright.

Kitten looked up at her sleepily. 'Oh, hang on,' she said, and reached between Claire's legs. Her touch was electric on Claire's engorged over-stimulated twat. But she was only reaching for a small switch on the vibrator. Immediately the voice stopped yelling and returned to its normal routine.

'Claire likes being naked. Claire likes being abused. Claire deserves to be raped. You deserve to be raped. Sluts deserve to be raped.'

Kitten used her left arm to gather Claire close into a hug. 'Go back to sleep, honey,' she said, and kissed Claire on the lips. Claire did, gratefully, not even really noticing that Kitten's right hand was still resting between Claire's legs.

When Claire woke up again the sun was up and Kitten was perched between Claire's exposed legs. The vibrator was still working in Claire's twat and the voice was still telling her how much she enjoyed having her tits whipped. Kitten held a razor, and was gently shaving Claire's twat, cleaning away the hair that had grown back since Claire last shaved.

'What are you doing?' asked Claire.

'Just tidying you up,' said Kitten. 'I did my own while you were sleeping.'

Claire waited with her legs spread while Kitten finished shaving her. Claire was scared to move because of the razor, which somehow made the whole experience more intense. She felt herself vibrating on the edge of an orgasm, breathing heavily. She knew that everything that was happening was weird, was slutty, but she didn't know what to do instead.

When Kitten was done shaving Claire, she started to run her hands over the skin around Claire's pussy, scooping up the thick sticky fuck slime that had been oozing from Claire's twat since last night. When she had her fingers dripping with the stuff, she lifted them to Claire's lips. 'Lick,' she said. Claire opened her mouth and Kitten put her fingers inside. Claire sucked her pussy juices off Kitten's fingers. It tasted good, and she eagerly repeated it when Kitten scooped up another load of twat slime.

Kitten kept going until the skin around Claire's pussy was comparatively dry. Sometimes she put the cunt nectar in her own mouth but mostly she fed it to Claire.

'You like lezzing off with other sluts. Claire likes having cum on her tits,' said the training device.

When Claire's twat was dry, Kitten got a roll of duct tape, snapped off a short length, and pasted it down across Claire's cunt. It sealed the training vibrator inside her.

'What...?' asked Claire.

'You're not allowed to wear panties, right?' asked Kitten. 'But the vibrator feels good and there's no reason to take it out while you're visiting me. So this will hold it in. Just rip it off when you need to piss and I'll put some more on when you're done.'

Claire needed to piss right now but she decided to hold it in for a while rather than spoil Kitten's well intentioned work.

When Claire got up she put her shirt and skirt back on. With daylight coming through the window it felt wrong to be nude. Then she and Kitten did Kitten's morning exercises.

There were stretches, jumps and running in place on the treadmill. Claire did it all with the vibrator humming in her twat and the earbuds telling her all the things she liked to have stuffed up her cunt. Kitten did them with a small weight on a string clipped to her clit ring. Kitten gasped every time her activity made it bounce painfully. She was, of course, totally nude.

By the time they were done they were both drenched in sweat and horny, their pussy lubricant drooling visibly down their thighs. They stopped to clean up.

Kitten went outdoors nude and showered with the hose at the side of the house. Claire watched enviously, but couldn't bring herself to hose her cunt outdoors by the bright light of day.

Instead Kitten came back in and ripped the masking tape off Claire's pussy. It hurt and Claire gasped in pain. When it was off, Claire said she needed to piss. She went to pull out the dildo but Kitten made her leave it in and so she ended up squatting above the sink and pissing while the vibrator buzzed inside her sopping wet fuckhole.

Afterwards Kitten went to clean her again by scooping her slut nectar up to her mouth but Claire stopped her. She was worried her friend's hands on her hypersensitive slit would make her cum embarrassingly. Instead Claire cleaned herself, scooping up a palmful of slut honey with her hand and then licking her hand clean. She found she liked the taste.

By the time she was done she felt she might orgasm from the slightest touch but her pussy was at least drier. Kitten offered to drive her home.

Claire left the dildo in all the way home at Kitten's insistence, trying to ignore the slutty words in her ear and the buzzing in her whore-mound. When they got to Claire's street they stopped several houses away so that Claire could pull the vibrator out of her twat wipe it clean on Kitten's skirt and then quickly clean her pussy again with the hand and mouth method. She knew she still smelled like wet cunt but she was hoping no one would notice until she could get into the shower.

It was not to be, though. When Claire said good bye to Kitten and went inside, her father was waiting for her.

'Is something wrong?' she asked, seeing her father seated on the couch.

'No,' said her father. 'But you know the rules; I need to check you for panties.'

'I'm not wearing any!' she protested.

'I know,' he said. 'I need to check.' He walked over and lifted up Claire's skirt as Claire blushed hotly.

He looked at her nude pussy for long minutes. Claire knew he had to see her arousal. Her pussy felt enflamed; her labia engorged. Despite her best efforts her slut slime was oozing out of her fucktunnel and running down her inner thighs.

Her father said nothing, though, about her pussy. Instead, he said, 'Why don't we get your spanking for today out of the way?'

Claire didn't want to do that. She wanted to go and shower. Or masturbate, then shower. Really all she could think about was her cunt. But she couldn't say that, so she just said, 'Okay,' and let her father lead her over to the couch.

He sat down, then pulled up her skirt and pulled her over his lap. Somehow she got tangled up so that one of her father's knees was right between her legs, pressing into her crotch.

WHACK!

Her father's hand landed on her ass. Claire's cunt was pushed hard against her father's knee. Claire moaned involuntarily as the hard bone of his knee ground against her sensitive twat.

WHACK! WHACK!

Again and again he spanked her ass. Again and again his knee pressed painfully hard into her slutflesh. Claire couldn't help herself. She was moaning like a whore. She felt herself spreading her legs to give her father better access to her ass. She found herself arching her buttocks in the hope of getting her father to land a blow on her cunt. Her pussy was on fire and she just wanted her father to hit her harder.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

Finally Claire went over the edge. Her whole body shuddered as she orgasmed. She made a long slutty moan, and then started to cry. She cried as she orgasmed. Her ass was on fire and she had just cum like a disgusting slut on her daddy's knee.

Her father spanked her a few times more and then let her up. Claire saw that she had left a sopping wet patch on her father's trouser leg where her cunt had rested against it. She looked at her father through tear-streaked eyes.

'Try and keep your vagina cleaner in future, Claire,' was all he said, 'or we may have to look at other punishments.'

Claire was stunned. Was that all he had to say about her orgasming from being spanked? How could he not yell at her for being a slut? She staggered away, mind in chaos.

Already she was feeling slutty and guilty, as she often did after coming down from arousal. She headed straight for the bathroom and showered. No matter how much water she directed at her twat

it didn't feel quite clean. She cried and cried and thought about what she'd done over the last 24 hours.

She'd gone out without panties. She'd gotten naked in front of another girl. She'd enjoyed a drink made out of piss and cunt juice. She'd kissed another girl. She'd watched porn. She'd pissed in a sink while her friend watched. She'd slept naked with another girl. She'd exercised with a dildo in her twat. She'd let her friend feed her her own cunt juices, and then licked them off her own hand as well. She'd orgasmed from being spanked by her father.

It was all worse than anything Titcage had made her do. Were they right? Was she just a slut, good only for raping? Did she just think with her pussy and her tits?

She cried for nearly half an hour, long after the water in the shower had gone cold. When she staggered out and dried off, she resolved to spend the rest of the day like a good girl. She kept her hands away from her pussy, she didn't think about girls or sex or sluttiness, and she focused on boring mundane tasks like cleaning her room and watching the TV.

At night she ate dinner, then watched Steph get spanked. Mum made her look at Steph's ass again but Claire tried to tune it out.

And then at night she climbed into bed next to her sister, waited for Steph to fall asleep, and then masturbated until she was wet enough to slide the dildo back inside her.

'You're just a fucktoy,' said her earbuds. 'You like being degraded. You like sucking cunt.'

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Chapter Eleven - TRAINING WITH JIM

Monday morning, Claire lifted her skirt so her father could see she was wearing panties and then headed out to start her second - and hopefully final - week at Titcage.

When she got in, she discovered to her horror that she was the work again. Of course she should have realised there was a camera at Kitten's. She'd even thought about it before. But she still hadn't expected to see such a thorough record of her weekend sitting on her computer. There she was getting naked. There she was having her cunt shaved by Kitten. Here was where Kitten fed her her cunt juices, and here was where she was pissing in the sink.

Claire duly categorised each image, describing what a slut she was being and how she deserved to be raped. She talked about her slutty twat and her whore's fuckmelons and how she was lezzing off with a rapeable little bitch. She tried to rise above it all, not taking it, but she could feel it settling into the back of her brain. She'd never thought of Kitten as a "rapeable little bitch" before but no sooner had she typed it than she found it impossible to get out of her brain.

Halfway through the morning Claire was called to Michael's office.

'Claire, I got a call from your mother on Friday,' he said. 'About your panties.'

Claire's heart sank.

'Apparently I'm to report to her on whether you're wearing panties, or whether you have a naked cunt like a slut,' he said.

Claire blushed and said nothing.

'Do you think having a naked cunt is slutty, Claire?' he asked.

Claire nodded.

'And do you think you're a slut, Claire?' he asked.

Claire opened her mouth to say no, but what she said was, 'Yes.' It sounded right, as soon as she said it.

'That's good. I think you'll do well at Titcage. Well, we're going to resolve this dilemma like this. You're going to take off your panties and give them to me, so you can be a good slut with a naked cunt. Then at 2 pm when I'm to call your mother, you can come in here, and I'll give you some panties to put on so that I can truthfully tell her you're wearing panties. Then you take them off again, and come back at the end of the day and if you've been good I'll give your panties back to wear home.'

Claire didn't know what to think. It was a horrid, degrading plan, but all she felt was grateful that he was going to tell her mother she was being good. She nodded her acceptance. He said nothing, and Claire realised what she needed to do. She pulled her panties down her legs, took them off, and put them on Michael's desk.

'Good slut,' he said. 'Now, we have one other thing to discuss.' He pressed his intercom. 'Twat, send Jim in.'

A moment later Jim entered the office. Claire blushed happily to see him, and then blushed unhappily when she realised her panties were still clearly visible on Michael's desk.

'Jim has a problem, Claire,' said Michael. 'He treats you like you're a person.'

Claire was confused. 'Jim just likes me, is all,' she said.

'Of course he likes you, Claire. You have big udders and you look like you'd be fun to rape. I don't mean he doesn't like you, I mean that he treats you like a person instead of a fucktoy.'

Claire was silent.

'As you know,' said Michael, 'we expect certain standards of conduct from our male employees, just like we do from our female employees. They're required to address women by talking to their tits or cunt, to remember that the status of women is above animals but below men, and to help women remember that they're created to be raped and used.'

'I...' said Jim, but Michael cut him off.

'You're going to work with Jim, Claire,' said Michael. 'He's going to take you off cataloguing duty and show you how to do some of our social outreach work. In return you're going to help him learn how to treat women.'

Michael stood up and walked over to a whiteboard. He started writing on it.

'There will be three simple rules for Jim. One: he is to only look at your tits and cunt, never at your face. Two: he is to only address you as 'twat' or 'cunt', never as Claire. Three: he is going to take his cock out right now, and keep it out while he works, so you can see how he is reacting to you. Do it

now, Jim.'

Jim blushed, but unzipped his fly and pulled out his cock. It was erect and bulging, six inches long. Claire was mesmerised. She'd never seen a boy's cock in real life before, and now here was the cock of a very cute boy right in front of her.

'Claire,' said Michael, 'if Jim forgets any of these rules, I'm not going to punish him. I'm going to punish you. You will be able to pick your punishment. Either Jim can whip your naked tits here in my office, or you can suck his cock until he cums, or I can report to your mother that you weren't wearing panties.'

Claire was aghast. She was speechless.

'Make sure he follows the rules, Claire,' said Michael. 'That's all. You're dismissed.'

'Um, come with me, um... twat,' said Jim, resolutely looking at Claire's breasts. Claire blushed and followed him.

Over the next few hours Jim showed her how to do 'social outreach'. It consisted of logging onto social media sites, forums, blogs and other internet destinations, and making comments that degraded, offended, threatened or demeaned women. They would log onto Facebook and make comments on photos of cute girls: 'You look like you'd be fun to rape. Those fuckbags almost make up for your face. Legs like that make you almost deserving of swallowing a man's cum.' They would edit photos to add captions, such as 'WHORE' in large letters, or 'Loves to drink piss', and then re-post them. They would find photos of girls and re-post them on porn sites, or comment on news sites that prominent women had clearly fucked their way to the top. Claire turned out to have a natural talent for the kind of catty bitchiness it required.

All the time, Jim stood behind her, supervising. 'That's good, cunt,' he'd say. Or, 'Can you add that she probably fucks her dog, twat?' And his cock was out and hard the whole time. Sometimes Claire felt it poking into the back of her neck, as she sat in her chair with him standing behind her. Or sometimes as he leaned in it would slap her cheek. Every time it touched her it left a little smear of his pre-cum on her skin, and every time he would gasp a little and his cock would twitch.

Finally near lunchtime Claire spun around in her chair to ask Jim something, and as she opened her mouth she felt his cock slip between her open lips into her mouth. Almost at once Jim gasped, and his hips bucked. Sperm began to spurt from his dick. The first glob went right into Claire's mouth. When she pulled back in horror, the rest splattered over her face, hair, and cleavage.

Everyone in the office had seen. Everyone was looking at Claire, dripping with Jim's spunk. She felt herself turning red. She tried to wipe the sperm away but only ended up with sticky hands.

Sluthole came over, grinning broadly. Jim was just standing there, as horrified and embarrassed as Claire, his dick dripping. Sluthole took it in one hand, put her other hand on the back of Claire's head, and pulled them together so she could wipe Jim's cock clean on Claire's cheek. 'Like that, Jim,' she said. 'You use girls as your sperm rag, when you need one.'

When Jim's cock had been wiped off, Sluthole pulled the traumatised Claire into the toilets. Claire was already crying with shame before they'd even stepped inside. When the door closed, Sluthole pulled off Claire's clothes, then disrobed herself. She hugged Claire close, pressing her knee between Claire's thighs, and then began to lick the sperm off Claire's face.

Claire was too broken to resist. She'd liked Jim, and now she'd gone and been a total slut by

accidentally putting her mouth on his cock. She'd made him cum in front of everyone. He must be so embarrassed. He'd thought she was nice and now she'd just looked like a total whore.

She was so submissive in her shame that she didn't even wait to be told. She started pissing against Sluthole's leg, and Sluthole did the same shortly after. Sluthole's hand dipped down to rub Claire's clitoris, and when she'd licked all the semen from Claire's face and neck she started to kiss Claire.

Claire didn't cum this time, although Sluthole did. She was just left with a wet, aching pussy. When Sluthole left, Claire showered herself clean, vainly trying to get the sperm out of her hair, and when she'd done the best she could she dressed and went back to work.

When she came back out, Jim was looking at her guiltily, his cock still hard and out. He was, in fact, looking at her face.

'Jim,' she said, her voice still full of tears. 'Look at my tits.'

He lowered his gaze. 'Sorry, cunt,' he said.

She sat back down and they went back to their work. And all the time she remembered the taste of his semen splashing inside her mouth. It had tasted good.

At 2 pm Claire got up and went into Michael's office. Wordlessly, he gave her a pair of small cotton panties. They said 'RAPE ME' on them in pink letters across the crotch. Blushing, Claire pulled them up her legs. They were too tight, and rode right up her butt crack and into the crevice of her twat. Her labia splayed lewdly out to each side of the crotch, visible to the world.

'Lift your skirt and show me,' said Michael, and Claire did, blushing as he stared at the cameltoe in her pussy. She listened as Michael picked up the phone, rang Claire's mother, and told her Claire was wearing panties like a good girl, all while staring at Claire's groin. Then he put down the phone, pulled out his mobile phone, and took a picture of Claire. 'For the record,' he said. When he was done, Claire removed the panties and gave them back to Michael.

During the afternoon it seemed like Jim's cock poked her in the cheeks and neck even more than it had in the morning. He stood right behind her, so that the warm thickness of his dick often rested right against her jaw. By the end of the day her cheeks and neck were smeared with a consistent glaze of his pre-cum. She was careful when standing up at the end of the day to avoid accidentally taking his penis in her mouth again. 'Thanks for a great day, twat,' he told her, staring at her tits. He extended his arms in a hug, and she awkwardly hugged him. Her boobs pressed against his chest, and she could feel his dick prodding at her groin, only her skirt standing between his phallus and her bare pussy.

At home Claire's father checked her cunt; Claire had put her panties back on, so she got in no further trouble. Then he administered her routine spanking, which once again set Claire's pussy to drooling. She ran up to the bathroom afterwards and masturbated to orgasm.

And at night she slept in bed next to her sister, with the vibrator pulsing in her twat, and the voice telling her, 'Claire likes rape. Sluts deserve to be raped. Claire likes sucking cock.'

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## **Chapter Twelve - THE TRAINING TAPE IMPROVED**

The next day when Claire got to work, she went straight to Michael's office and pulled off her

panties.

'Thank you, twat,' said Michael. 'Now put your training phallus in. I think you should be wearing it at work too.'

'What, here?' asked Claire, aghast. She had it in her purse, because she was scared of her sister finding it at home, but she needed to get herself wet before she could slide the large object inside her, and in any case she didn't want Michael to watch her do it.

'No, go use the toilets, that's fine,' said Michael, and Claire sighed in relief. He passed her a roll of duct tape. 'Use this to keep it in. Report back to me once you're set up.'

Claire was too happy to not have to shove the fuckstick inside her in front of her boss to think about objecting to using it at all. She went to the toilets (which were blessedly free from Sluthole) and tentatively rubbed her pussy until she felt herself getting moist. It seemed much easier these days than it had in the past. Once she was well lubricated, she slid the vibrator up her twat, gasping in pleasure at its thickness, and then ran a strip of tape from her butt crack to her waist to keep the device inside her. The vibrator immediately began to pulse, and Claire felt her pussy throb eagerly in response.

Mostly waddling, Claire made her way back to Michael's office. Already the earphones were telling her she was a slut and a whore.

'Thanks Claire,' said Michael. 'Now we're taking you off normal duties today because we need your help to improve this training tape.' He led her to a small room with a chair and a large TV screen. He motioned her to sit down in the chair. Then he took each of her arms and handcuffed them to the chair.

Claire jumped. 'What are you doing?' she exclaimed.

'Nothing sinister!' said Michael. 'Calm down. We just want you to stay here until lunch.' He hit a button, and images appeared on the screen. They were of a naked woman. It was a porn film. There was no sound.

'All we want you do, Claire, is just listen to your tape, and repeat everything you hear the tape say out loud. We're going to use it to make a better tape. Microphones will pick it up. Don't worry, just enjoy your device and the film, and repeat what the tape tells you.'

He bent down, and hiked up the back of Claire's skirt, so that Claire's bare ass was against the chair.

'Enjoy!' he said, and left.

Claire wiggled. The handcuffs kept her tightly in place. On the screen, the naked woman was beginning to suck on a large, hard cock. A man's hand was entwined in her hair, controlling the movements of her head. Claire felt the vibrator buzz happily in her pussy, and couldn't help but moan again.

'Claire is a slut,' said the tape, so Claire said, 'Claire is a slut.' And then that wasn't so bad, so she kept going.

'Claire is a whore. Claire likes sucking cock. I like sucking cock. I like being raped. I like lezzing off with sluts. Sluts deserve to be raped. I deserve to be raped. My big udders are for fucking. I am a big

slutty cow. I like my training tape. I like sucking cunts.'

Talking constantly was thirsty work; thirstier, when she considered how aroused the vibrator was making her and how constantly her cunt was drooling. Every half an hour, Michael came in and gave her a glass of cordial. The cordial was different to her usual drink - yellower, and tarter - but she drank it down thirstily.

She soon felt her bladder growing uncomfortably full. She needed to piss. She mentioned it to Michael the next time he came in but he ignored her. And he ignored her the time after that. Finally, near noon, Claire, crying, pissed herself, feeling the warm urine pool on the chair and then drip down to the floor. The stimulation of her cunt caused by the pissing was all she needed to finally orgasm. She felt the pleasure run through her as she sat there pissing herself, shuddering all through her body from the cum.

'I am a slut. I am a fucktoy. My cunt deserves to be punished,' she said hoarsely between sobs, barely able to watch the sex on the screen through her tears. It was maybe the twelfth or thirteenth time she had repeated those words. They felt familiar now.

Not long after Claire pissed herself, Michael came in and set Claire loose. He didn't comment on the urine on the floor. He just uncuffed her, thanked her, and told her to go back to her normal job.

Claire was intercepted on the way to her desk by Sluthole. 'Where have you been?' said the cruel minx as she pulled Claire into the toilets. Inside, she was disappointed to find that Claire's pussy was sealed with tape, and that Claire had recently voided her bladder. She pissed on Claire's leg anyway, and seeing as she couldn't rub Claire's twat she instead grabbed Claire's nipples through her blouse and painfully twisted them while she tongue-kissed Claire's mouth.

Afterwards, back at her desk, Jim said, 'You know, she can only boss you around because she's a higher grade than you. She's a W. If you were a W you could say no.'

Claire turned in her seat to look at Jim. His cock rested against her left cheek as she looked up at him. She could feel it oozing slime onto her skin.

'Look,' said Jim. You're a Z now, but you could be a Y at least. Look at this.'

He showed her a card:

Y Grade

Presentation:

- Dresses appealingly.
- Has camera installed in bedroom and does not attempt to avoid appearing in front of it.
- Keeps cunt shaved.

Attitude & Obedience:

- Is polite to others.
- Does not express feminist viewpoints.
- Does not ask other women to wear more clothes or act less sluttilly.

Toileting:

- Uses standard Titcage toilets appropriately while at the workplace (pisses standing onto floor and is not bothered by presence of other women).

Masturbation:

- Masturbates at least four times a week.

Treatment of sluts:

- Addresses other female Titcage employees by their shortened Titcage names.

Treatment of men:

- Replies when spoken to.
- Listens attentively when men speak to her.

'Do you fit that?' he asked.

'Most of it,' said Claire, blushing, realising that she was admitting to masturbating four times a week. In reality it was more like seven or eight times a week at present but there was no need to say that.

'Most of?' asked Jim. 'What are you missing?'

'I... hide from the camera in my room, most times,' said Claire. 'I get dressed after showers in the bathroom and... stuff.' I masturbate in the toilet, not my bed, she thought.

'Well, stop that. And then go see Michael and ask for a promotion. You deserve it.'

It sounded like it might free her from Sluthole. Claire looked up at Jim gratefully, her eyes wide and loving. The motion made Jim's penis bounce across her jaw and land on her mouth.

Slowly, Jim reached out and held the back of her head. Claire tried to pull away, but his hand wouldn't let her. He pulled his hips back, and then slowly pushed them forward, rubbing his cock across her chin and lower lip. She opened her mouth to complain, and then Jim pushed forward a bit more, just into her mouth, and orgasmed.

Once again sperm flew into her mouth and splattered across her face. It was warm and sticky and humiliating and it tasted good. This time Jim didn't look shocked. 'Thank you, twat,' he said, looking down at her tits gratefully as he shuddered with ecstasy. 'Thank you. You're wonderful. You're such a good cunt.' He continued holding her hair for long minutes while his cock pumped out the last of his semen, and then finally he released her. He scooped a little cum off her face with his fingers, and then pushed it into her mouth. Not knowing what to do, Claire sucked on his fingers.

'Good twat,' said Jim again, and then backed away.

Claire didn't know what to think as she showered off. He'd cum all over her face. On purpose! It was gross! On the other hand he must have been as horny as she was, being teased all day by her face bumping against his cock. She'd kind of been a tease. And he'd looked so loving afterwards. Like he really loved her. It had happened in front of everyone though - a boy had cummed on her! But no one had seemed to care.

She decided that maybe it wasn't too bad.

At 2.15 she went into Michael's office, put on her panties, got photographed, then took them off. And at the end of the day when she went in to get her panties back, he had a little surprise for her - a new tape.

She knew what was on it even before she put it on that night, after being spanked and masturbating. It was her own voice, telling her those awful things.

'I am a fucktoy,' said her own voice in her head. 'I like drinking cum. I like licking pussy.'

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Chapter Thirteen - PROMOTION

The next morning Claire didn't hide from the camera. Anyone who could see through that camera had already seen much worse, here and at Kitten's house. She strode around her room nude, making sure the camera got a good shot at her pussy. After her morning shower, she dressed in her room, stopping to rub her cunt a little for good measure.

At work she handed her panties in to Michael. Before going to the toilets to insert her trainer, though, she told him she wanted to be promoted to Y grade.

'Of course!' said Michael. 'I'm glad you're finally engaging with the Titcage program, Claire. You're meeting all the criteria, so I'll get your new ID printed immediately.'

As he printed the new ID, he said, 'I assume this is about Sluthole? You want to not be her underling anymore?'

Claire nodded, silently.

'Well, she's an X, Claire. That's another grade up. Do you know the criteria for the next grade?'

'No,' admitted Claire.

'Here,' said Michael, and passed her a card.

X Grade

Presentation:

- Never wears anything more concealing than a short skirt and panties below the waist.
- Is fit and has an attractive body.
- Spends at least 12 waking hours a week without panties.
- Does not own any underwear that is not sexually appealing.
- Wears dog collar bearing Titcage name while at work.

Attitude & Obedience:

- Defends objectification of women as justified, if asked.

- Claims own degradation makes her happy and is justified, if asked.

Routine:

- Ensures all housework and cooking in her household is performed by women.

Toileting:

- Never pisses while sitting on a standard toilet.

Masturbation:

- Masturbates at least six times a week.

Treatment of sluts:

- Ensures tits and twat are seen by a non-related female for reasons other than professional at least once a week.

Treatment of men:

- Compliments men regularly.
- Does not enter arguments with men.

Afterwards, as Claire sat in the lunchroom with her trainer buzzing in her twat, she talked about it with Kitten.

'It's not as bad as it looks,' said Kitten. 'Look, you already wear a skirt to work, and you don't even have panties. You're fit, and you're pretty...'

Claire blushed. Kitten continued.

'Your father MAKES you spend more than 12 hours without panties, so that's covered.'

'I'd need to throw out all my boring white panties,' said Claire. 'But that's not so hard. But what about this? The Titcage name?'

'That's like my Kitten, or Girl, or Melons. You just have to go see Michael and he'll choose one for you. And then they'll give you a collar to wear it on at work.'

'What about this attitude stuff?' asked Claire.

'Well, if anyone asks you why you have to piss standing up at work, or have a nickname, or whatever, you just say it's because you deserve it. And if they ask you if you like having the trainer in your pussy, or having everyone stare at your tits, you say you do. It's simple.' Kitten put a reassuring hand on Claire's shoulder. 'You can do this, Claire.'

'I don't know,' said Claire doubtfully.

'Okay, so routine,' said Kitten. 'Just make sure your dad doesn't do any housework. Volunteer for a few extra chores. And then here, you just have to piss at home like you do at work. Do it in the shower, it's easy. And I bet you already masturbate six times a week.'

Claire blushed. She definitely did. At least daily, these days, and often twice or three times.

'And everyone sees your twat when you piss,' added Kitten. 'You should just take off your shirt too, and you've got that covered. Or if you don't you can come over to my place and get naked with me.'

The thought of that made Claire's pussy twitch happily. She ignored it.

'And then just be nice to men,' said Kitten. 'There, see? Easy.'

Claire worked through the morning, with Jim standing behind her with his hard cock out. She took care to compliment him several times. 'You're a good teacher,' she said. And, 'Your cock is warm!' and 'I'm glad you're here.' She enjoyed the feel of his pre-cum rubbing over her face. She knew it should feel slutty but at the same time she knew it was only because Jim found her attractive. It was like a compliment.

She had to piss with Sluthole again. This time Sluthole just ripped off Claire's duct-tape, making her howl with pain, and then started pushing the training phallus in and out of Claire's twat while kissing her and ordering her to piss. Claire ended up having the odd sensation of urinating while having her cunt fucked by a dildo, and then orgasmed embarrassingly at the end.

When she was done, Sluthole whispered in Claire's ear, 'I know you're trying to rank up, slut. Don't even think about trying to get out of being my little piss-bitch.'

Back at her desk, she worked until noon. Near noon, Jim grabbed the back of her chair and spun her around to face him. Then he reached out and grabbed her hair, and rubbed his cock across her lips urgently. Claire knew what was coming, and tried to turn away, but she couldn't. Jim came, and pumped his sperm all over her face. Afterwards, he thanked her again, in that loving, deeply grateful way. 'Thank you twat. Thank you. You're such a good slut. God, you're so good.' He wiped his cock clean on her face, and then told she was free to go and clean up.

At 2.15 she removed her trainer and went to Michael's office to wear some panties. These ones had a little rubber bump attached to the inside rear. When she put them, she found it rested right against her anus, and the tightness of the panties made it keep pressing against her buttohole trying to get in. Michael made her walk around the office wearing it, took some photos, and then let her take it off.

'I need a Titcage name,' said Claire as she handed him back the panties.

'Oh, excellent,' said Michael. 'Your name will be Fucktwat. The girls can call you Twat for short. I'll have girl bring your collar around to your desk when it's made up. Now, remember, now that you have that name, you're not to introduce yourself as Claire anymore. You're Twat.'

It was an awful name, and Claire felt like crying as she went back to her desk. Jim saw she was distressed, and gave her a big hug. Somehow his cock got under her skirt and she felt it touch her pussy, leaving a little dot of pre-cum on her labia. She didn't care, she just appreciated the hug.

She got the collar about an hour later and put it on. 'It looks good on you, Twat,' said Jim.

At the end of the day Jim came on her face again. This time as Jim was wiping his cock clean on her cheek, Sluthole came up and slapped Claire on the back of the head.

'Thank him, Twat,' she said. 'He's just given you a compliment by cumming on you.'

'Thank you,' said Claire awkwardly, still trying to clear semen out of her eyes.

'You're welcome,' said Jim.

Before Claire got home she put on her panties and took off her collar and trainer. Her father inspected her pantied cunt, then turned her over his knee for a spanking.

Today, when he was done, he wiped his hand across Claire's groin, and then brought it to her face. Her father's fingers were dripping with Claire's slut-honey. He wiped them clean on her cheek.

'I told you if you didn't keep your pussy dry we might have to investigate further discipline, Claire,' he said quietly. 'It looks like your ass isn't the part of you that needs punishment. Starting tomorrow, it'll be your vagina that gets the spanking.'

He let Claire up. She ran to the bathroom and masturbated herself to a very quick orgasm. The thought of her father beating her pussy made her disturbingly aroused. She hated herself for cumming after being told her father would spank her cunt but she couldn't help it. She had to touch herself; her twat needed it.

That evening Claire went through her underwear drawer, collected up anything that she wouldn't want a boy to see her wearing, and threw it out. All that was left was her pinkest, skimpiest panties. Her underwear drawer looked slutty now, she thought.

When she pissed before dinner she did it in the shower, stripping, pissing down her legs into the drain, and then washing her pussy clean. After she dressed she had to jump in to stop her father helping with carrying the food to the table; Claire did it instead.

At night she climbed into bed, waited until her sister had fallen asleep, and then gently rubbed her cunt until she was wet enough to take her dildo.

The next day she was promoted to X grade.

Claire was beaming all over as she stood in Michael's office. She had removed her panties and put on her collar that said 'Fucktwat', and she didn't think she had ever been so proud as when Michael gave her her new X-grade ID. He even patted her on the head and called her a good slut, which should have been embarrassing, but at this stage was just the way Michael was.

She took great pleasure in telling Sluthole no when the sexy little bitch tried to take Claire to the toilet. 'I hope you get raped like you deserve to, you slutty little cow,' she said, and enjoyed watching Sluthole's face go purple with rage. It felt so good that when Claire finally did piss, an hour later, she took the time to massage her pussy a little while she pissed, pushing her dildo deeper inside her cunt and rubbing her clitoris.

Jim came on her face near lunchtime, once again spinning her around in her chair and gripping her hair while he rubbed his cock across her lips. Claire accepted it and thanked him as he wiped his cock on her face.

On her way back from cleaning the semen off, she stopped at Michael's office to wear panties. He'd picked out an even smaller pair than previously for her - they looked like they were intended for a 12-year old. By stretching them she managed to get them on, although they only came up to her clitoris and dug deep into her ass crack, concealing nothing. Michael took a picture as she blushed, and then let her go.

After lunch, she noted with consternation that Jim wasn't hard. Admittedly he'd just used up his spunk on her face but that hadn't stopped him getting his erection back the past couple of days. Had she done something to turn him off? She surreptitiously rubbed her cheek against his cock as she worked and soon found it once again hardening against her face in a satisfying way. He came on her again near home time. 'Thank you,' said Claire.

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## **Chapter Fourteen - BEN**

At home she stood in the doorway as her father inspected her crotch. She was wearing the sexy pink satin panties she'd left home in. Her father grunted in approval, but rather than dropping her skirt back down, this time he dipped his fingers under the crotch band of her underwear, and probed into her pussy. Claire gasped in shock and more than a little pleasure, and then blushed as her dad's fingers came back out wet, dripping with her whore-jam.

'Take them off and sit on the kitchen bench with your legs spread,' he said. Claire was still bright red as she climbed up and parted her legs, exposing her wet, nude, snatch. Her father stared at it for a few seconds, and then slapped it with his bare hand.

It hurt. It hurt a lot. And it was also wonderful. Claire had never realised how erotic having her cunt beaten could be. She moaned, and moaned again as her father slapped her pussy again. It felt great. Her father's palm made wet splatting sounds as it landed on her juicy twat, splattering her fuckhoney over her thighs. She was dimly aware that Steph was watching from the stairs as she moaned louder and louder, and finally orgasmed, and then orgasmed again. On each of the last three spanks to her pussy she came.

When it was done, she felt the shame start to pour through her. She had never contemplated she could be such a whore - that she could show her pussy to her father, that it would be wet, that she would let him hit it, that the pain would make her orgasm. It was the sluttiest most disgusting thing she could imagine.

Her father, for his part, was wiping his hand, now soaked with his daughter's slut slime, clean on his daughter's face. Claire just let him coat her cheeks and nose and forehead with her own fuck goo. It was no worse that Jim cumming on her; by now it felt familiar and even affectionate to have sex juices on her face. He scooped handful after handful of love nectar from her quim and wiped it on her until she was completely covered. Then he pushed his fingers into her mouth for her to lick clean.

'I need to clean up,' mumbled Claire after she had sucked her father's fingers clean.

'No, you don't,' said her father. 'Your friend Ben from school came to visit. He's upstairs in your room. I did you a favour of not letting him come down to watch you being such a slut just now.'

Ben? Ben was her best male friend from school. What was he doing her? Wait, hadn't he said he was going to visit over the holidays some day? Claire was still flushed from her orgasms. She knew she looked like a whore who'd just enjoyed a good rape. She needed to clean up. But Steph was already leading her upstairs.

'It's my room too,' her sister was hissing in her ear. 'I don't know why you get to have your fuckbuddies up there but I can't invite a girl. Just because dad knows I suck cunt doesn't mean you should get all the special attention.' She pushed Claire through the door to her bedroom, then turned and left her there.

There was Ben – big, blonde, friendly, sitting on her bed. It felt good to see him, but at the same time it was humiliating for him to be seeing her in this state. She and Ben had enjoyed many good times together with their other friends, before this horrible experience at Titcage had begun. She felt almost ready to cry, thinking back on those times, before she'd started being a horny slut all the time.

Ben brightened as he saw her. 'Claire!' he said, and extended his arms. Claire awkwardly hugged him, trying to keep her pussy from touching him. She didn't think she could handle the stimulation of her groin pressing against a boy right now.

Ben hugged her for long minutes, then let her go. He looked at her, and he must have seen and smelled the glisten of sex juices on her face, but he said nothing.

'Hi Ben,' said Claire shyly. She knew Ben had always had a crush on her, but Claire didn't return it. She'd tried not to encourage it either.

'So how's your holiday been?' he asked.

'Not much of a holiday,' said Claire, sitting on the bed. 'I've been working at Titcage.'

'Really?' said Ben, suddenly interested. 'I hear they're pretty... degrading to women there.'

Claire started to deny it, then remembered the requirements of her W grade. She didn't want to go back to being pissed on by Sluthole.

'Oh, it's okay,' she said. 'I like it. And I deserve it.'

'You deserve being degraded?' asked Ben.

Claire was bright red. No, she didn't. At least she didn't want to. But she was stuck with the answer now. 'Yes,' she mumbled.

'Like what kind of stuff do they do to you?' Ben asked eagerly.

Claire wanted to change the subject. 'Oh, hey, I got a new book, let me show it to you,' she said. She jumped off the bed and hurried to the chest resting against the wall of the room. She bent over and fiddled with the catch.

Ben said nothing. Was he even paying attention to her? Or was he still imagining Titcage degrading her? Damn this clasp! Why wouldn't the chest open?

Suddenly she realised what she was doing. She was bending at the waist while wearing a skirt and no panties. Ben had a clear view of her engorged, naked, drooling pussy. She yelped and straightened immediately, turning to look at Ben.

Ben was blushing a little. 'Um... do you want to put some panties on?' he asked.

Claire knew what her dad would answer. 'No,' she said, blushing even more. 'I'm fine like this.'

'Okay,' said Ben, and then, after a moment, 'Well, I like the new look.'

I bet you do, thought Claire. 'It's just a.. thing,' she said lamely.

'Aren't you worried you'll get raped, going around without panties?' Ben asked.

Claire thought through the sentence several times before she answered, but she could only see one answer permitted by her grade rules – and anyway, it was the answer her training tape told her in her own voice several times a night.

‘If I get raped while wearing no panties, it’s my own fault,’ she said. And then added, without really knowing why, ‘That’s the fun of it.’

Ben had a noticeable erection now. Claire needed to get rid of him.

‘Look, Ben,’ she said, ‘I have some stuff to do tonight. Do you think I could catch up with you when we go back to school on Monday instead?’ She remembered she was supposed to compliment men. ‘I really like having you here and I like you seeing me.’

Ben looked disappointed, but he said, ‘Okay, sure.’ He stood up, and gave her a long hug. He held her much longer than he’d ever hugged her before, and Claire started to feel very awkward. She could feel his erection pressing against her groin.

Finally, he let her go, and left the house. Claire breathed a sigh of relief.

The rest of the night passed as a routine. Claire helped make dinner. She pissed in the shower. She climbed into bed and masturbated with her dildo after Steph fell asleep. She lay there listening to her own voice telling her she was a rapeable lesbian slut. And then she fell asleep herself.

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Chapter Fifteen - KITTEN COMES TO DINNER

On Thursday night, Kitten came to dinner.

It wasn’t Claire’s idea. It was her father’s. He’d instructed her to invite her friend over after work that morning, as he’d been checking Claire’s twat was suitably covered. Claire had no choice but to pass it on at work.

Kitten was ecstatic, of course. She thought it was a great idea. And so Claire got through her day. Jim only came on her face once, just after lunch. She worked at harassing and insulting girls online, and she pissed naked in the toilets, both times with Kitten there at the same time. Michael’s panties for her were white cotton things bearing the words ‘Make Me Pregnant’, and when she had taken them off again he showed her a black binder he kept on his shelf labelled ‘Fucktwat’, in which he was collecting the pictures of her in the various demeaning pieces of underwear.

Kitten was a hit as soon as she entered Claire’s house. She hugged Claire’s father tightly, grinding her crotch against his groin. She hugged Steph too, nuzzling her neck in an awkwardly familiar way that Steph didn’t seem to object to.

She watched as Claire took off her panties and was spanked by her father. Today Claire’s dad gave her ten spanks on the ass and then ten on the cunt. Claire thankfully didn’t orgasm this time but she did repeat the humiliation of her father smearing cunt juices on her face and then making her suck his fingers clean.

When the spanking was done, Kitten took off her panties as well and handed them to Claire’s surprised father, out of ‘solidarity’. At the dinner table she made a point of hiking the back of her skirt so her bare cunt would sit on the seat instead of her skirt. Her father made Claire do the same when he saw it.

All this went unremarked on mostly because Claire's mother wasn't home. It turned out she was spending the night interstate on a business trip, so it was just Claire, Kitten, Steph and her father in the house.

'Of course, Claire's a massive slut,' said Claire's father to Kitten over dinner. 'That twat of hers is always drooling. That's why we have to spank her like that.'

'But she has such a pretty twat, don't you think?' said Kitten. 'Anyway, she's lucky. My cunt's always wet but my father has never helped me discipline it.'

'He's not a very good father then. Have you ever tried to discipline it yourself?'

'Sometimes,' allowed Kitten. 'For a while I used to put all my food in my pussy and then eat it, so it would revolt me and I would come to hate the smell of cunt juices, but it worked the other way and now I like the taste of cunty food.'

'Better than normal food?'

'Absolutely,' said Kitten.

'Well, don't let us stop you, if you want,' said Claire's father.

'Okay,' said Kitten. She pushed her chair back so everyone could see, then got a hunk of bread, and began to push it into her spread twat. Claire was blushing so hard – she couldn't believe this was happening in her house. But her father and Steph were rapt, staring eagerly at Kitten's cunt.

The bread went in, all wadded up and soggy. Kitten sighed happily. She flicked her clitoris a couple of times, and then started digging the bread out and putting it in her mouth.

'Give some to Claire,' suggested Claire's father. 'See if Claire likes it. And Steph too.' He watched as Kitten scooped wads of soggy, cunty bread out of her fuckhole and put them on the sisters' plates. With their father watching, the girls had no choice but to eat them. Claire almost threw up. It wasn't the taste of cunt, which was actually slightly pleasant, but the wet mealy taste of the wadded bread.

'Careful, you're getting some on your top,' Claire's father said as Kitten kept transferring food to her twat and then scooping it out and eating it. Kitten responded by taking off her top, leaving her completely nude at the dinner table.

When dinner was done Claire's dad and Steph insisted on seeing Kitten dance, so they watched Kitten gyrate nude around the lounge room. Her sensual dance emphasised her tits and cunt, and involved several times shaking her boobs in the faces of Claire's father and sister – and in front of Claire herself. Then Kitten and Steph cleared away the dinner plates, Kitten still nude.

Claire went to carry some plates to the kitchen to help, but when she got there she found Kitten and Steph passionately kissing. Steph's hands were on Kitten's nude udders and her leg was between Kitten's thighs. Kitten looked eager and excited and was urgently kissing Steph back.

Claire felt a stab of jealousy. That slut! Kitten was her friend. It should be her tongue-kissing Kitten. But she contained it and just watched her sister and her friend making out until they finally broke away from each other.

'I'll go out to get more,' said Kitten brightly, afterwards, and left.

'Enjoying yourself?' Claire asked her sister cattily.

'Your friend is so hot!' Steph replied. 'Why didn't you tell me you were friends with a slutty little babe like her?'

'I hate you,' said Claire.

How had this happened? How did she have a naked girl in her house, seducing her father and sister? How was her father openly staring at a teenager's cunt in front of Claire? Claire liked Kitten but she was confused and distressed at what had become of her life.

After dinner Claire's dad declared that Kitten would be staying over - in his bed. Kitten seemed delighted; Steph pouted, having hoped that Kitten would sleep with her and Claire.

That night as Claire laid in bed she could hear the sounds of her father fucking her best friend through the wall. Kitten was giggling and mewling as Claire's father fucked her hard in the pussy. Next to Claire, Steph was trying to surreptitiously masturbate. Claire waited until Steph had brought herself to a less-than-stealthy orgasm and had fallen asleep, and then started her own lubrication for her training device, still listening to her father using her friend as a fucktoy.

She fell asleep to the sound of Kitten loudly orgasming, and her earbuds telling her, 'You like having your tits hurt. Claire is a stupid little fucktoy. Claire likes lezzing off.'

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## **Chapter Sixteen - THE LAST DAY**

The next morning Kitten drove Claire in to work. Claire said nothing to her about Kitten fucking Claire's father, and Kitten didn't volunteer anything.

Claire didn't really understand her own feelings. There was so much strange going on. She liked Kitten - maybe more than any friend she'd ever had. But when she thought about Kitten she also thought about Kitten's cunt. And Kitten was such a slut, and last night she had made Claire feel like her house was some kind of brothel. But Kitten was so much better and nicer than the other girls at Titcage.

Anyway it was so hard for Claire to think straight now. She never felt normal. For so much of the time she was horny, or underdressed, or looking at naked sluts. Even when she was at home in her room she had to go without panties. She didn't have a good frame of reference for telling what she should be thinking.

And so Claire said nothing, and hugged Kitten fondly when they got to work. Because anyway, today was her last day at Titcage. Next week she would be back to school like a normal girl, and everything would be better.

She handed in her panties at Michael's office, and went to work. She snuggled up against Jim's naked cock as he stood behind her, and didn't mind when he came on her face twice before lunch, and once after. She opened her mouth wide for the last one, and caught most of it on her tongue. It tasted good.

She pissed twice with Kitten, and the second time she let Kitten kiss her on the mouth while they pissed. It was better and nicer and more loving than when Sluthole did it, and besides, this was her last day. Kitten cried a little when she realised Claire wasn't going to be coming back, and Claire

cried too, and they hugged, naked in the toilet.

Michael's "panties" for her today were nothing but a set of red tassels with clips, that he instructed her to clip to her labia. She did as she was told, and looked like a slut when she was done, and did not feel at all okay about Michael photographing her mostly-naked and lewdly-decorated twat, but again, it was her last day.

At the end of the day Claire went to Michael's office to turn in her badge. However, when she arrived she found not just Michael waiting, but also her mother and father.

'Claire, honey!' said her mother. 'We have wonderful news!'

Claire panicked. What were her parents doing here? Did they know that Titcage made her act like a slut? Surely they could see the pictures of the naked girls on the wall! Would her father spank her more for working in a slutty place like this?

'Mum, what are you here for?' she said.

'We've been talking to your very nice boss,' said her mother, 'and he's agreed to let you work here the rest of the school year.'

Claire was horrified. 'But mum, I don't want to! I have school!'

'We're taking you out of school, Claire,' said her father. 'Your grades this year weren't very good anyway. You can repeat next year, with a bit of money and work experience under your belt.'

'Michael here has agreed to pay you a very generous wage, considering you're just starting out,' said Claire's mother. 'And he says you're already rising in the organisation.'

Claire thought of her badge - W rank. She certainly was rising. She didn't want to rise higher.

'But mum...' whined Claire, starting to cry.

'Oh, don't cry, Claire, it doesn't make you look very smart,' said her mother. 'You'll work here and that's the end of it. I want you to turn up for work on Monday, and I want to hear good reports from Michael about how hard you're working. If you do anything to get yourself fired from a good-paying job like this, you can just start paying your own food and rent, young missy.'

Claire looked around, hoping for some reprieve, but there was none to be had. Her father was nodding approvingly.

'We'll be so glad to have you, Claire,' Michael was saying. 'You've done excellent work here and you've adjusted so well to the organisation. Now that you're going to be a permanent employee we'll be able to give you a lot more interesting tasks, as well.'

Claire cried all the way home. She didn't want to go back to working at that slutty, confusing place. She cried even more when her dad spanked her cunt back at home, and a little more still when she orgasmed under his hand.

That weekend, Claire didn't do anything. She just huddled in her bed, hating her life. She kept her panties off, as she was required to do, and she didn't hide from the cameras in her room, as much as she wanted to rip them off the wall. Steph came in a few times and tried to cheer her up, but Claire was inconsolable. The only things that seemed to help were drinking her red cordial and occasionally

masturbating. Kitten came round on Saturday afternoon to bring her more cordial, but Claire didn't come down to see her.

And so she came around to Monday morning, and the dreaded start of her full-time work at Titcage.

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Chapter Seventeen - RE-ORIENTATION

Michael took her panties from her when she arrived in the morning.

'Okay, Claire,' he said. 'Now that you're permanent, we need to get you set up with some more stuff, and that's what we'll spend today doing. Now, I need you to look at this. It's the criteria for W grade. I expect you to make this grade by the end of the week. We don't normally put that kind of pressure on our new employees, but I think you can take it. And if you can't, I'll be telling your mother that you're not working out here.'

Claire looked at the card Michael was offering.

W Grade

Presentation:

- Spends at least 35 waking hours a week without panties.
- Wears clothes that emphasise tits.
- Generally exposes her tits and/or twat while indoors with no male company.

Attitude & Obedience:

- Is appropriately productive at work.
- Clitoris is pierced with a Titcage ring
- Wears a full Titcage ID with tit and twat photos, and has been assessed for fuck skill if not a virgin.

Routine:

- Sleeps naked.

Toileting:

- Wets herself among friends or family at least once a month.

Masturbation:

- Masturbates at least eight times a week.
- Tastes own cunt juices when masturbating.

Treatment of Sluts:

- Consistently uses language that degrades and objectifies females.

Treatment of Men:

- Hugs men to greet them and doesn't release until they do.

'You're already spending the 35 hours without panties, because you don't wear them at work,' said Michael. 'And you're appropriately productive. And our surveillance shows that you masturbate enough. So that leaves a few categories.'

He threw her a shirt. 'Put this on,' he said. Unhappily, Claire complied, taking off her button-up dress shirt and putting on the new one. It was tight and stretchy, and the fabric pulled over her tits in a way that showed the bra underneath. It was slutty.

'That'll do you for today, but you might need to do a shopping trip to find more clothes that emphasise your tits. Kitten will probably help you, if you ask. Speaking of Kitten, if you're hanging out alone with her, you should probably be naked now. Same when you're alone with any other woman. We don't want you to freak people out, so there's some leeway there, but in general we want you to routinely strip down when there's no men around.'

Claire unsuccessfully tried to cover her large tits with her arms as she listened to Michael.

'You'll need to sleep naked, of course,' he said. 'I know you sleep with your sister, but I think you'll be able to come up with something. Okay, this one here - "wets herself" - that's just pissing in your panties, or down your leg if you have no panties on. No one needs to know you've done it, you just need to piss yourself in company.'

'Like in the toilets?' asked Claire.

'No, that's regular toileting,' said Michael. 'This means pissing yourself somewhere outside the toilets, like on the bus, or at the dinner table. You only need to do it once a month.'

The thought horrified Claire, but she thought that if she could do it in front of Kitten, rather than some stranger, it would probably be all right.

'Now when you're fingerfucking yourself, we want you to lick or suck on your fingers during it, so you taste your juices. You can do that, right?'

Claire nodded.

'And keep working on your language. Remember, your gender are sluts and whores, not girls or women. And you have big udders that are for raping, remember?'

Claire nodded again.

'Now, let's practice this one,' said Michael, pointing to the bottom of the list. 'Say hello to me by hugging me, and don't let go until I do.'

Claire walked over to him. 'Hi Michael,' she said, and wrapped her arms around him. Her big tits mashed up against his chest. He wrapped his own arms around her in response.

Long moments passed, and he didn't let her go. She felt one of his hands dip down to her buttocks, and caress her ass for a moment. Then, finally, he released, and Claire did too.

'Just like that,' said Michael, 'with every boy you need to say hello to. Now, come through here and sit down.'

He led Claire into the room where she'd taped her new training tape. She unhappily sat in the chair, and let him tie her into place, her arms tied down and her legs tied spread.

'Sluthole will take it from here,' he said, and left, even as a look of panic appeared on Claire's face.

Shortly after he left, Sluthole arrived. 'Hi, Fucktwat,' she said, grinning evilly. 'Hey, today I made V grade, so I guess I'm your superior again now.'

'Please...' said Claire, but stopped when Sluthole stuffed a rolled-up pair of panties in Claire's mouth. They tasted like pussy. Claire couldn't quite spit them out.

'Shut up, Fucktwat,' said Sluthole. She undid one of Claire's arms, then pulled up Claire's top so that it came over Claire's arm. She repeated on the other side, and pulled the top off completely. Then she unhooked Claire's black bra and did the same thing, exposing Claire's large tits.

When she was done she then took off Claire's skirt, revealing her nude cunt. Claire was now tied naked to the chair, with her legs spread.

'Right, Fucktwat, first you need a new ID.' Sluthole got out a camera and proceeded to photograph Claire's nude tits and twat. Claire started to cry at this point, and only cried harder when Sluthole reached out and viciously twisted her nipple. 'Shut up, Twat!' Sluthole yelled.

Next Sluthole leaned in and started kissing Claire, and while she kissed Claire she began to rub Claire's pussy. Claire hated herself as she started to get wet from the treatment, and soon her fuckhole was dripping wet. Wet... and warm? Claire freaked out - oh my god! - she was pissing! She'd come to associate the feeling of kissing Sluthole and having her pussy rubbed with urinating and she'd just started releasing her bladder without thinking.

Sluthole jumped back as piss spurted from Claire's pussy. 'You dirty slut!' she said, and slapped at Claire's cunt, splattering piss over Claire's legs. She waited until the humiliated Claire was done pissing, and then stepped in and cruelly pinched Claire's clitoris before going back to kissing and masturbating her.

When Claire was very wet, Sluthole said, 'Now we test your cunt capacity.' Over the next fifteen minutes, Sluthole proceeded to fuck Claire's pussy with a range of dildos, each one bigger than the last, until finally they were so big that they hurt going in and Claire started to cry again. When she did, Sluthole stopped, and took a note. '1.2 litres,' she said.

Sluthole kissed and rubbed Claire again until the pain in her twat began to fade. Then she stepped back, and picked up two objects from a nearby table - a sharp needle and a small blowtorch. With the torch, she heated the needle until it was glowing red.

Claire freaked out. She writhed and twisted and screamed into her gag but to no avail. Sluthole stepped up, grinning, grabbed Claire's clitoris, and ran the needle through it.

Claire almost fainted; she barely felt it when Sluthole ran an official Titcage clitoris ring through Claire's new clit piercing. When she was able to concentrate again she found Sluthole kissing and rubbing her again, and shortly thereafter Claire orgasmed.

When Claire was done shuddering and gasping, Sluthole untied her and let her dress. Claire stumbled back into Michael's office.

'I hope you had fun,' said Michael. 'I'm getting the new ID with your photos and measurements

printed while I speak. But a few things about your new ring, Claire.'

He stepped forward and ran his hand over Claire's cheek.

'First, you wear the ring always. Always. Second, if you're sitting at any chair that has a ring connector in the middle of the seat, you clip your ring to it, so you're connected to the chair by your clit. Third, if a chair like that is available you should always prefer it to chairs that aren't.'

He pushed his thumb into Claire's mouth. Claire knew what was expected, and sucked on it while he talked.

'The ring has fairly expensive electronics in it. It surveys your cunt temperature and dampness. We're having new electronic IDs introduced soon so that we can display that information on your badge for everyone to see, but for now it just prints to an internal database so we can see how often you're horny. It can also buzz like a vibrator, and emit small electric shocks.'

'Like my old trainer?' asked Claire, mumbling around Michael's thumb.

'Exactly like your old trainer.' He pushed his thumb deeper into her mouth, almost making her gag. 'In fact, to some extent this will replace your trainer. It'll sync to your earbuds whenever you have them in and deliver the appropriate shocks and buzzes. You can wear this to bed now instead of the dildo if you like. But we recommend you use the dildo anyway if you can, because sluts like having their cunt full, don't they?'

Unable to speak, Claire just nodded.

Afterwards they had a little party in the break room. There was a cake, and drinks. Claire started to feel good about herself again, with everyone welcoming her to Titcage and telling her they were glad to have her there.

Then at the end, Sluthole made her kneel on the ground, and brought Jim over. She stood behind Jim and caressed and pumped his cock, aiming it at Claire's face, until finally Jim orgasmed, and spurted semen all over Claire in front of everyone. Sluthole made Claire say thank you, and wiped Jim's cock off on Claire's face, and then sent Claire to work without letting her clean the sperm off.

When it came time for her to report to Michael to wear panties, she was relieved to find that today he only wanted her to try on a pair of lacy red briefs. They were sluttier than anything she'd worn prior to coming to Titcage but they were conservative compared to having her co-workers ejaculate on her. Michael also gave Claire permission to clean her face after he'd photographed her, and Claire gratefully went to the bathroom and washed the cum from her face.

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## **Chapter Eighteen - BEN VISITS AGAIN**

When Claire got home, her father quickly discovered her pierced clitoris.

'What's this?' he demanded.

'Work made me get it,' Claire mumbled. She was lying on her father's lap with her legs spread, ready to have her cunt spanked.

'Don't lie, young lady,' said her father. 'This is something you did so you'd look like your slutty friend

Kitten, isn't it?'

Claire didn't know what to say so she just nodded.

'And you did it knowing that the only person who sees your slutty little twat is your father, didn't you?' he asked.

Claire could feel her father's dick hardening underneath her buttocks, his erection pressing against her ass. She still didn't know what to say. She certainly couldn't say that other girls saw her twat. She just nodded again.

'We're going to have a talk about this tomorrow night, Claire,' her father said. 'Tonight you'll just get a spanking but tomorrow we'll do something more.'

'Tomorrow?' asked Claire.

'Yes. Tonight your friend Ben has come to visit; he's upstairs in your room. Now spread your legs so I can hit your pussy.'

Claire did, letting her father slap her twenty times on the twat, driving her ass down against his hard cock with each slap. When he was done his hand was wet with her juices; he placed it against her face and Claire licked it clean, sucking her slut honey off each finger.

She was dripping wet and she wanted to masturbate but she had to go say hello to Ben. What was he doing here?

As promised, he was waiting in her bedroom. Claire gave him a hug, and per her Titcage instructions, didn't release until he did. It felt good, hugging a man, given how wet her cunt was. She wanted to just grind against him. She contented herself with mashing her tits hard against his chest.

Ben held her for a long time, clearly expecting her to let go and being prepared to enjoy the hug until she did. Finally he let go.

'So you weren't at school today,' he said. 'I was worried and thought I'd come see how you were.'

'I'm still at Titcage,' said Claire. 'Mum and dad pulled me out of school so I could keep working.'

'What, for the whole term?' asked Ben, incredulous. Claire nodded.

'Are you still... you know, going bare?' he asked.

Claire blushed. 'You mean my panties?' she said.

'Yes,' said Ben.

Claire blushed harder, and nodded.

'And... oh, wow,' said Ben. He had seen her ID. He was staring at the pictures of her bare tits and cunt on it, and her printed name of Fucktwat.

'That's the ID they make me have,' said Claire. She wanted to curl up and die. She couldn't believe her friend was looking at pictures of her pussy and boobs, or seeing that disgusting name Titcage had given her.

'Are you... are you okay with this?' Ben asked incredulously.

Claire wanted to say, 'No!' But she remembered her rules, and remembered what would happen if she didn't make the next grade on schedule. 'It's what's appropriate for me,' she said. 'I deserve it.'

'You deserve to be called Fucktwat?' Ben asked.

'I... yes.' Claire could feel herself starting to cry.

Ben moved over on the bed and put his arms around Claire. It felt good but at the same time it was exactly what Claire didn't need. She was upset and still horny and her pussy was throbbing and having a boy so near to her just made her confused. She moaned. She intended the moan to be a "no" sound but it just came out like slutty lust.

'It's okay, Claire,' said Ben. 'I don't know what's going on with you but it'll be okay.'

Claire looked up at Ben, her face very near to his. And then he leaned in and kissed her.

Claire had never kissed a boy before. She'd kissed Sluthole and kissed Kitten but never a boy. Now Ben was kissing her, and it felt good. She moaned again and kissed back. Ben began to push her backwards onto the bed and she let him. Soon she was lying on her back with Ben on top of her, still kissing her.

She could feel Ben's hard cock against her groin, through his trousers. Of course his cock was hard; that's what happened to men who she spent time with. Her father, Jim, Michael - she made them all want to fuck her. Because that's what she was good for - being fucked.

The thoughts in her head sounded like her training tape but they sounded right. She wanted Ben to fuck her. She was just a waste of space if she wasn't being fucked, just a little cocktease who deserved to be raped. She spread her legs, and the motion pushed up her skirt, so that now her bare cunt was rubbing directly against the front of Ben's pants. She kissed him harder, moaning, as her tits were crushed against his chest.

And then suddenly Ben pushed himself off her.

'No, I'm sorry,' he said, gasping. He looked down at Claire's exposed cunt. Claire blushed and closed her legs.

'What? What's wrong?' asked Claire.

'You're vulnerable, you were about to cry a moment ago,' said Ben. 'God, Claire, you're so sexy, but I don't want to take advantage of you.'

Claire wanted to cry again. She was so horny and she'd just completely offered herself to Ben and now he was looking at her nude pussy and telling her he didn't want it.

'I'd better go,' said Ben. 'I'll come back later in the week and check on you, okay?'

'Okay,' sniffled Claire. 'I'm sorry, Ben.'

'It's okay. Don't worry about it.' And with that, he left.

Claire immediately lowered her fingers to her pussy. She needed to masturbate. She needed to cum. She fucked her fingers in and out of her cunt. Remembering the standards for W grade, she brought

her fingers to her lips every ten strokes and licked them clean. Her cunt juices tasted good, a little like the Titcage cordial. She sucked her slut honey off her fingers eagerly.

Suddenly she realised someone was in the room with her. It was Steph. Claire jerked her fingers away from her cunt and hastily pulled down her skirt.

'Oh, it's okay,' said Steph, grinning. 'I know what a colossal slut you are, you don't need to hide it.'

'I wasn't...' started Claire.

Steph sat down on the bed and hugged Claire. 'It's okay, I'm not going to tell mum and dad. If I was going to say something I would have said it last week when you were falling asleep with a vibrator in your pussy.'

'You knew?' asked Claire.

'I'm not stupid, sis,' said Steph. 'You grind up against me in your sleep, you know. And you wake up smelling like wet cunt.'

Claire was mortified. 'I'm so sorry! Steph, I'm...'

'It's okay!' insisted Steph. 'I used to do really slutty stuff with Jenna too so I know what it's like to just be really horny and dirty.'

'It's Titcage,' said Claire. 'They make me.'

'Really?' asked Steph. She looked interested.

And just like that Claire found herself telling Steph everything - about the way the men looked at her tits, about her work, about Kitten, about Sluthole, about Jim. She cried for some of it and Steph held her and cuddled her. The only thing she left out was the cameras in the house. She just couldn't bear to tell Steph she'd let Steph be recorded and seen by strange men.

'And I need to sleep naked tonight,' she finished, 'for my W grade rules.'

'Okay,' said Steph. 'But only if I get to too.' She smiled, and Claire smiled back.

And so that night Claire went to bed naked, next to her equally naked sister. Steph watched as Claire put her vibrator in her twat. Claire knew she didn't need it now, with her clit ring attached, but she also remembered Michael saying that good sluts kept their pussies full, and besides she had come to like the feeling of it stretching her cunt as she slept.

Steph put her arms around Claire and held her close as the earbuds started up with their soundtrack. 'You're a slut,' they said. 'Claire likes being raped. Claire likes the taste of cum. Claire is a little rapetoy.' And as promised, her clit-ring started to buzz along with the words, even as the vibrator hummed inside her twat.

Claire moaned and hugged her sister tighter, feeling her tits mash against her sister's. Steph just giggled a little and hugged her back.

Claire didn't fall asleep for a long time - not until after her first orgasm. All through that time she was aware of her sister's naked body up against her, and all she wanted to do was rub against it. As she came close to orgasm she started to fantasise about kissing her sister, about having her sister kiss her breasts, about Jim cumming on her sister's face. She orgasmed to that image - Jim's sperm

dripping from her sister's cheeks.

'You are a disgusting slutty fuckpig,' said her own voice in her ears as she fell asleep.

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Chapter Nineteen - SHOPPING FOR CLOTHES

Instead of the next day, Slutkitten took Claire out to buy new clothes. Michael had given the two of them the day off for the purpose. Getting the money for the clothes out of her father wasn't easy, but when Slutkitten turned up to pick her up, and promptly hugged her father, kissed him on the libs, and rubbed his cock through his pants using her hand, he'd reluctantly parted with several hundred dollars.

As she wasn't going to work, Claire wasn't wearing any panties. When she got in Slutkitten's car, Kitten leaned over and kissed her on the lips, and then reached down and touched Claire's pussy lightly, playing with Claire's new clitoris ring. 'You're so pretty,' she sighed, and Claire blushed. 'Why don't you play with your cunt while we drive?' she added. 'You can get one of your masturbations done.'

Claire reluctantly followed Kitten's advice, rubbing her twat as Kitten drove to the mall and frequently bringing her fingers to her mouth to lick them clean. By the time they got to the parking lot Claire was dripping wet, so she quickly used her hand to wipe up as much of the slut nectar as possible, licked her hand clean, and then followed Slutkitten across the parking lot and into the mall.

Inside, Kitten established the routine for the day. They would both go into a shop and find the sluttiest clothes they could. Then they'd go into a change room together, and both get completely naked. Then they would kiss each other, entwining their legs and rubbing their pussies till they were on the verge of orgasm, before separating and trying on their clothes. Whoever had the sluttiest outfit, in Kitten's opinion, would win a "point". Whoever had the least points at the end of the day would have to stay completely naked in the car as they drove home.

Claire worked hard to not lose the game. She found tops that were too small for her, which her large tits stretched out obscenely. She found cleavage tops that almost exposed her nipples. She found crop tops that revealed underboob and two bikinis that were so tight they were painful to wear. Along with these, she found short skirts of all varieties, some of which didn't come down far enough to fully cover her pussy mound.

The whole day she was soaking wet and desperately horny. She kissed Kitten passionately every change, mashing her naked boobs against Kitten's and exploring her mouth with her tongue. She soaked Kitten's knee and thigh with her cunt juices and towards the end of the day started begging Kitten in a quiet voice to let her cum. But Kitten had more self-control, and wouldn't let her orgasm. She repeatedly had to clean her cunt by wiping it with her hand and then licking her hand, and her mouth was full of the taste of her own pussy the whole day.

Early in the day Kitten gave Claire a water bottle filled with cordial to replace the juices they were leaking out their cunts. Claire drank it quickly and Kitten gave her another. By afternoon Claire badly needed to piss.

'I need to go to the toilet,' Claire whispered as they walked to another shop.

'No you don't,' said Kitten. 'You need to piss in public for your grade.'

Claire was mortified. 'I thought I'd do in front of you, in private.'

'No,' said Kitten. 'But here, put these panties on, they'll catch some of it. I won't tell your dad.'

Claire was almost crying but Kitten was adamant. They borrowed a nearby shop's changeroom for Claire to slip the pair of lacey panties over her twat, and then they headed back out into public.

'Piss,' said Kitten.

'Everyone will see,' said Claire.

'No, they won't, unless they're looking at your legs,' said Kitten.

'I'll leave a puddle on the floor,' wailed Claire.

'Put your shopping bag between your legs and piss into that. You can always wash the clothes.'

Starting to cry, Claire obeyed. In the central thoroughfare of the mall she stood, her shopping bag placed between her feet, and tried to pretend she was alone as she released her bladder.

Soon her urine started to flow. She felt it spurt into her panties, soak through the material, and then dribble and gush between her legs down into her shopping bag. She could hear it splattering onto her new slutty clothes, soaking them in urine.

I'll never be able to wear those clothes without thinking about how I pissed on them, she thought. She looked around, blushing. Surely someone could hear her? Or smell her piss? Or see her blushing? Or at least weren't they wondering why she was standing so still?

And sure enough a couple of people were looking at her. But they didn't seem to understand what was going on. They didn't see her urine dropping from beneath her skirt into her bag.

Finally her bladder was empty. She picked up her shopping bag and heard the urine slosh around in the bottom. She felt her warm, wet panties cling to her cunt.

'I'm done. Can we go home now?' she said, tearfully. Kitten nodded, and led her out of the mall to the car.

She could feel her piss-wet panties against her twat the whole drive. Kitten took both of them back to Kitten's house. As soon as they got inside, Kitten pushed Claire up against the wall and started kissing her again. Kitten's hands massaged Claire's vagina through the pissy panties, pushing the sodden material up between her labia into her sluthole.

'Please,' moaned Claire, 'I need to cum.' She felt so slutty asking for permission to cum like this, but it never occurred to her to just bring herself to orgasm without permission, after Kitten had told her not to.

Kitten was as hot and horny as Claire. 'You can cum if you do something for me.' She poked at Claire's cunt, stroking her be-ringed clitoris.

'What?' asked Claire.

'Change back into one of your new outfits,' said Kitten.

'But they're all pissy!' protested Claire.

'I know,' said Kitten.

Claire knew it was slutty, but she felt like at Kitten's house different rules applied. It wasn't as slutty to do things here. It was just friendly. And she needed to cum so much. She stripped naked as Kitten watched, and then pulled one of her new tight tops out of the bag. It was soaked, dripping with piss.

Kitten was already undressing as she watched, and fingering her own twat. Claire unhappily pulled the soaking wet cloth over her head, wrinkling her nose at the smell of her urine and gagging as she inadvertently smeared some of the wetness on her face. She pulled it into place over her tits. The cloth clung to every curve, covering her tits in warm, acrid wetness. It felt slutty and it felt hot.

She reached for a skirt but Kitten couldn't control herself any longer. Naked now, she pushed Claire down on the ground and started kissing her. Her hand dove between Claire's legs, and Claire responded by reaching for Kitten's own twat. Kitten's fingers felt amazing, pumping in and out of her sluthole. Her piss-wet tits rubbed against Kitten's boobs, and she sucked enthusiastically on Kitten's tongue.

But something wasn't quite right. And she knew what it was.

'Say things,' she mumbled to Kitten.

'What?' said Kitten, breathing heavily.

'Like my tape. Say things to me like my tape,' said Claire.

So Kitten did. 'You're a slut,' she whispered. 'You're a whore. You deserve to be raped.'

Claire's cunt exploded and she started cumming immediately. She moaned and licked at Kitten's lips as she kept talking.

'You're a pissy lesbo slut,' said Kitten. 'You're a big boobed piss cow. You like to have your tits abused.'

'MMMM! MMMM!' moaned Claire deliriously, cumming again and again. Her fingers spasmed against Kitten's cunt, and then Kitten had to stop talking because she was orgasming too.

Afterwards Claire felt enormously dirty and guilty. She almost cried at how slutty she had been. She held still as Kitten pulled off her pissy top, and then licked the urine from her breasts. She watched as Kitten put the top back into the shopping bag, and then pissed in the bag as well. It felt right to Claire. Her clothes were for pissing on. Because she was a slut. A lesbo, pissy slut.

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## **Chapter Twenty - A WEEK LATER**

Claire woke up naked. She slept this way now, and usually with the sheets thrown back and the bedroom door open. It was part of her requirement for the Titcage V grade, which she was expecting to graduate to today. She knew it let her father see her when he walked past - and see Steph too, for that matter. But he'd never commented yet.

Steph was naked as well, and just waking up. Claire remembered her current rules, and immediately lowered her gaze from her sister's face to her cunt. She was to stare at a slut's cunt if exposed, or her tits otherwise. Looking at her sister's cunt always made Claire wet now. She knew it was

horrible and wrong but she couldn't help it. She guessed it was to do with her work or her training tapes.

The tape was running now, telling Claire she was a slut, and her clit ring was still buzzing in time to it. Her twat was soaking wet and so Claire's first thoughts on waking up were of sex. She lowered her hand to her pussy and started to rub.

At first she'd been reluctant to masturbate in front of her sister but Steph had insisted that she do it. Claire was required by her rules to masturbate twice a day now and she didn't always get a chance at work. Better that Claire do it where Steph could watch out for her dad than somewhere where she'd get lost in her sluttiness and not see who was watching.

As Steph woke up, she leaned across and kissed Claire on the lips. This was new in the last few days too but Claire didn't dare object. Steph was keeping her slutty Titcage secrets, and being really nice about it. Steph had just started kissing her, and Claire had let her. The past three mornings Steph and Claire had explored each other's mouths with their tongues while Claire masturbated herself to orgasm. They only broke lip contact so that Claire could periodically bring her hands to her mouth and suck the cunt juices off them - another requirement of her V grade. Claire worried it would make her mouth taste like cunt, but Steph seemed to enjoy the taste when she resumed the kiss. And so Claire soon came while sucking on her sister's tongue.

She showered and dressed and put on her Titcage dog collar. She then presented for her father to check on her. He lifted her skirt to see her panties, and then pulled them down to check her twat for wetness. It was indeed wet - as it always seemed to be these days. He made her lick her cunt juices from his fingers, and then made her spread her legs for ten sharp slaps to her pussy as punishment. She left the house with her cunt burning with pain and soaking wet.

At work she removed her panties for Michael, and received her new V grade Titcage ID. "Good work, Fucktwat," said Michael. "Next stop is U grade."

She looked over the criteria for U grade:

#### U Grade

##### Presentation:

- Does not own clothes that are not intended to provoke a sexual reaction.
- Someone other than herself touches her bare tits for non-professional reasons at least three times a week, and her twat at least twice.
- Spends at least an hour a week outdoors with her tits and/or twat exposed.

##### Attitude & Obedience:

- Encourages her male relatives, housemates, sexual partners and employer to physically discipline her if her work or behaviour is unsatisfactory.

##### Routine:

- Workmates uniformly call her by her Titcage name and this is the only way she introduces herself at work.

#### Toileting:

- Tastes her piss when pissing.
- Pisses outdoors at least three times a week.
- All urinations involve a secondary degradation.

#### Masturbation:

- At least half her masturbations bring her to the brink of orgasm without giving her release.
- At least five times a week she looks at porn of sluts being abused while masturbating.

#### Treatment of Sluts:

- Keeps at least one piece of porn of a slut being abused on her bedroom wall, one at her workplace, and one in her wallet.
- Regularly uses her Titcage rank to abuse or degrade another slut.

#### Treatment of Men:

- At least once a fortnight a male who has never seen her nude before sees her tits or twat.
- Has brought a male to orgasm.

The list was worrying but at this point she was resigned to the degradations of Titcage. She started to plan how to reach the next grade, while Michael got out her replacement 'panties' for the day.

He'd gotten bored of getting her to put on panties for only a couple of minutes a day last week. Now he helped her fulfil her mother's requirement to wear panties by redefining 'panties' to mean some kind of accessory in her cunt region. He liked to give her things to stuff up her pussy for the day or hang from her clitoris ring.

Today it was a slice of cake. Apparently it was Michael's birthday. He watched as Claire pushed the soft, doughy cake up her pussy, mashing it into a spongey, cunt mess.

'All the girls have some of this in them today,' said Michael. 'At lunch we'll all collect in the break room and you can dig it out of your twat and eat it to celebrate.'

Claire started crying then. It was so disgusting having cake in her pussy, and the thought of scooping it out and eating it in front of everyone was terrible. Michael comforted her by hugging her, which was nice at first, but then less nice when he reached down between her legs and started tugging painfully on her clitoris ring. 'There there,' he cooed. 'Shut up, slut.' And he kissed her gently on the hair and pulled at her clit.

Claire walked out to her desk with the cake mashing back and forth in her pussy. She had to keep reaching down to push it back inside her and stop it falling out. Once she reached her chair, she reached down and linked her clit ring to the ring on the chair, effectively chaining her cunt to the workstation.

Claire's current project was part of a taskforce called "Slut Development", aimed at helping girls in the wider community realise their sluttiness. Claire would take photos of girls being slutty and mail

them out to the girls depicted. Sometimes the photos were real, culled from Facebook or other sources. Sometimes they were fake, with the girl's face photoshopped onto the body of a naked whore. It didn't seem to matter. Along with the photos, Claire would write a note to the girl. Her first note for the day read:

"Dear slut,

Please find enclosed a picture of you drunk and spilling beer on your fat, naked udders. You look very rapeable. Please find time today to strip naked and photograph yourself playing with your pussy. Email the picture to [i\\_am\\_a\\_whore@slutdevelopment.co.uk](mailto:i_am_a_whore@slutdevelopment.co.uk). If we have not received your picture by the end of the day we will publish this photo to the internet, associated with your name and address, and ensure it tops Google searches for your name. A copy will also be mailed to your relatives and close friends.

Thank you for being the kind of whore that allows us to do this."

In the afternoon, Claire would collate some of the responses to these letters. She had been told the letters and the email address couldn't be traced back to Titcage in any way.

Claire's pussy ring buzzed. It was linked to her electronic diary. It was supposed to vibrate her pussy to remind her of meetings and suchlike, but Claire's colleagues liked to send her fake meetings such as "Think about what a slut you are" just to make her clit buzz. Sluthole in particular took a particular delight in making Claire's twat tingle all day long. This particular meeting turned out to be, "Come to the toilet so I can piss on you," from Sluthole.

No matter how high Claire climbed in the grades, Sluthole always seemed to stay ahead of her. The cute little blonde was now a T-grade, having finished telling the last of her male acquaintances that she fantasised about being raped. Claire obediently reported to the toilet, where a naked Sluthole stripped off Claire's clothes, and then rubbed her cunt against Claire's leg while pissing and kissing Claire on the mouth. Claire orgasmed, as she found herself doing from the least sexual contact these days. When Sluthole was done she ordered Claire to open her mouth, and when Claire did she spat in it, and then laughed.

Claire finished her own pissing, rubbing her clit as she did so for a second orgasm. She took care to catch some of her piss in her cupped hand and then lick it off her palm, to comply with her aspirations to U grade. It tasted gross but masturbating at the same time as tasting it made it less disgusting. Claire found that the endorphins released by masturbation made a lot of the horrible things in her working life less worrying. She knew some of the piss had trickled down her cunt and had probably soaked into the cake in her twat.

At lunch the staff gathered in the break room, and the men watched eagerly as one by one the girls dug the mashed-up cake out of their cunts and ate it, while everyone sang "Happy Birthday". This was the first time Claire had publicly showed her twat to the office and it felt horrible. She cried as she ate her cake. It tasted like piss and cunt and she felt sick.

Afterwards she stayed alone in the break room, crying. Jim came up to her and cuddled her for a bit. She could feel his hard cock through his pants, pressing against her groin. After a while, he slowly but insistently pushed her down onto her knees, then took out his cock and slipped it into her mouth.

Claire suckled on it gratefully, still sniffing a little. It felt good to be wanted, and good to make people happy, and anyway it felt right to have a cock in her mouth. It felt normal somehow, even though she'd never directly sucked on a cock despite all the times that Jim had ejaculated onto her face and into her mouth.

Jim came quickly, and Clare swallowed the sperm. Then Jim pulled out his cock, wiped it clean on her cheek, and helped her stand up. 'Thank you,' Claire kept repeating as she hugged him. She was an emotional mess and she just felt so grateful that Jim was there. 'Thank you.'

In the afternoon Michael came out and introduced a new treat for the office girls. They were called 'Slut Sticks', and they were about the size and shape of an icypole - or about the size and shape of a cock, Claire couldn't help thinking. They were a confection of white hard candy shaped around a stick, and were designed for girls to suck on. The candy was made mostly of hardened pig semen and sugar, with a lacing of aphrodisiac drugs. The candies had a liquid centre, which would randomly be sperm, piss, cunt juices, or breast milk. Michael finished up saying he expected to see every girl suck their way through a Slut Stick every day.

Obediently Claire went and got a Slut Stick with the other girls, and put the tip in her mouth to suck on. It actually didn't taste that bad. It tasted a bit like the cordial, and a lot like Jim's cum, and that was a taste Claire liked - or at least a taste that her headphones told her she liked. She clipped her cunt ring back to her seat, and then suckled thoughtfully on the pig cum candy while she finished her work for the day.

Her afternoon work was collating responses to the blackmail emails. Her inbox was filled with photos of crying, humiliated sluts rubbing their pussies in amateur self-taken photographs, along with accompanying emails begging Claire not to publish the photos. As per her instructions, she replied to each thanking the slut for the photo, and requiring yet another photo, even more degrading, to ensure the girl's sluttiness stayed secret. In some Claire asked for the girl to stuff things up her cunt; in others, she asked to see the slut pissing, or with clothespins on her nipples, or fingering her anus. As she sat here ruining these girls' lives, with the taste of pig cum in her mouth, she knew she should feel terrible, but she just felt aroused and horny.

She felt so horny that on the way home she decided to get some of her new U grade requirements started. She walked home, and detoured into a public park, where she found a quiet corner and stripped naked. She knew this park, and knew that almost no one ever came here, so she felt reasonably safe.

Standing upright, she began to piss, feeling her urine spurt from her pussy and run down her legs. As she pissed, she masturbated, pulling at her clit ring and stuffing her fingers up her fucktunnel. She caught the last few drops of piss in her cupped hands, and brought them to her lips to lick up.

Then she lay down on the ground, oblivious to the fact she was lying in dirt soaked with her own pee, and fingered her pussy to the verge of orgasm. She thought about Slutkitten's cunt, and her sister's cunt, and the taste of her sister's mouth, and the taste of her own cunt juices and urine, and having Jim's cock in her mouth and the taste of his sperm. Soon she felt herself about to cum, so she reluctantly pulled her hand away from her twat, knowing that half her masturbations now needed to be teasing, and put her clothes back on.

She figured she had been nude for about twenty minutes. If she did this three times a week she'd meet her new outdoor nudity quota easily, and in her super-horny edge-of-orgasm state she was positively eager to spend so much time naked outdoors. It felt slutty and good.

She thought through her other U-grade obligations. She would need to throw out her non-slutty clothes. The thought of only owning whore's clothes made her feel scared and sad but she could always buy more normal clothes again when she stopped working at Titcage.

Slutkitten could be the one to touch her tits and twat the necessary number of times a week, or

Steph could in a pinch, so that was easy. Her “male relatives, housemates, sexual partners, or employer” already physically disciplined her. Or did they? Did Slutkitten count as a sexual partner? Did Steph? Did Jim? Did Sluthole? She might need to talk to them to make sure.

All her pissing now was required to involve a “secondary degradation”. Michael had explained to her that meant doing something to make her pissing sluttier, and just tasting it didn’t count. She could piss in her clothes, piss in public, piss on food or drink she was about to eat, piss in another slut’s mouth, or – and this last was definitely the easiest – masturbate when pissing. Claire figured it wouldn’t be too hard to just finger her pussy every time she urinated.

She was going to need pictures of sluts being abused to look at while masturbating, and keep one in her wallet, one at work, and one on her bedroom wall. She figured she could easily find images like that at work, but she was worried about the “bedroom wall” requirement. No way would her dad let her do that. And it was Steph’s room too. She would have to think about that one.

She was required to use her Titcage rank to abuse or degrade another slut. Claire didn’t want to do that. First of all, she didn’t even know if anyone at the office was lower rank than her at the moment. Secondly, she didn’t know if she could hurt another girl. What would count? Could she maybe just squeeze another girl’s boobs whether she wanted them squeezed or not? Or would she have to act like Sluthole and practically rape another girl in the toilets? She would ask Michael, maybe, for advice.

And lastly were the requirements about men. She guessed she had brought Jim to orgasm only today, so that requirement was filled. But having a new boy see her tits or twat every fortnight? That was scary.

At home, her father checked her panties and her cunt as normal. When he found her dripping wet, he made her taste her juices, and then spanked her twat viciously. Claire, already on the edge from masturbating on the way home, orgasmed loudly and embarrassingly from the spanking, and then ran away, blushing, to her room.

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Chapter Twenty-one - THE NEW GIRLS

The next morning Claire masturbated in bed as her clit ring hummed and her sister tongue-kissed her. She didn’t let herself orgasm this time, and then continued her masturbation as she pissed in the shower, still not cumming.

She went through her clothes, taking all the conservative ones and placing them into a garbage bag, until she was satisfied that everything she had left accentuated her tits or ass or pussy or was otherwise scandalous in some way. (She decided to keep a perfectly concealing pink shirt that had ‘FLIRT’ written on it, for example.) She chose to wear for herself a very short pink skirt, and a white button-up shirt that she tied off below her tits.

Then she went downstairs, got a cunt spanking from her father, and went off to work with her cunt aching with pain and lust.

Michael’s “panties” for the day was a small weight on a half-foot length of chain, to be clipped to her clit ring. It wasn’t too painful but it was very distracting. She found when she walked it would swing back and forth in a way that made her pussy wet, and that sometimes it would catch on her leg and end up pulling painfully on her clitoris.

Michael also had an announcement for her. Well, for the office really, but also for her. Three new girls were starting today, to replace three of the higher-ranked sluts who were transferring to other offices. Among the transferees were Toy and Pussy, who Claire had learned were really Fucktoy and Bitchpussy.

The new girls were all Z grade, and clearly had no idea what they were getting into. Their names were Kimberly (an attractive, toned brunette), Sarah (a busty blonde former cheerleader), and Samantha (a petite, bratty blonde). Claire had a wave of mixed feelings on seeing them.

First she felt contempt. These girls looked exactly like the stupid sluts that Claire blackmailed every day. She could almost picture them nude and masturbating, while crying. That thought set off a wave of lust. As per her rules, Claire was staring at their tits, and she suddenly wanted to touch those tits, and see them naked. She wanted to see their cunts. Would they have cute little peach-like twats, or elongated labia just right for tugging on, or a long clitoris that stuck out just begging to be pinched? Then she felt a little bit happy. These sluts were going to be just like her, pissing standing up and sucking on pig cum. The more girls who acted like that, the more normal Claire would be, and the less she'd have to hate herself for being such a slut.

Michael introduced Claire to the new girls in his office. 'Hi, I'm Twat,' Claire said, blushing. She felt horrible and gross saying it. She was glad she was staring at the girls' tits, because it meant she didn't have to see the shocked and repulsed looks on their faces.

"Twat will show you around and get you set up," said Michael to the girls. As Claire led them off to their workstations, she could hear Samantha and Sarah giggling behind her, probably about her name, and she instantly wanted to hurt them. She wanted to beat their tits and their cunt with her hands. Then she realised that they could see her clit weight, hanging down beneath the hem of her skirt, and she wanted to die.

She showed them to their seats, and got them set up with the kind of cataloguing and tagging work that Claire herself had started on. She showed them the cordial cooler, without explaining what it was made of, and gave them each a Slut Stick without explaining its contents. She took pleasure in watching them unsuspectingly suckle on pig cum as they worked. She decided not to show them the toilet yet, and let them have the same uncomfortable experience that she had.

Samantha, the bratty blonde, was the last to get set up. As the girl arranged her workspace, Claire got a glimpse of her pink satin panties beneath her skirt. The girl's face was still smug and mocking, and Claire decided to make use of her new rank and get some progress to U Grade while taking this know-it-all whore down a peg.

'What are those panties you're wearing, slut?' she said. Samantha jumped, and tried to pull down the hem of her skirt.

'What?' Samantha asked, confused.

'What kind of place do you think we're running here? Do you think you can just go around flashing your slut panties and get special treatment?'

'No...' said Samantha, frightened now.

'Take them off,' said Claire.

Samantha looked around for support, not believing what was happening. She saw none. Most of the staff were looking at her expectantly.

'Here?' she asked, on the verge of tears.

'Now,' said Claire.

Slowly Samantha reached under her skirt and pulled her panties down. She did it awkwardly, knowing that bending at the waist would show her bare ass and pussy, and yet not really having enough room to squat, backed up against the desk by Claire as she was. She compromised on a half-squat, half-bend, and almost fell over. Claire got a good look at her pussy anyway. It was cute, shaved, and well-proportioned.

When the panties were off, Claire snatched them out of Samantha's hand. She placed them on Samantha's desk, and smoothed them out to make them as visible as possible. 'These stay here,' she said. 'If you feel you must wear slut lingerie, and you want to be raped that badly, you can put them back on at the end of the day before going home. Now get to work.'

Samantha sat down in her office chair, crying and humiliated, her panties laid out for the whole office to see. Claire walked away, and was suddenly aware that her pussy was gushing with moisture. She was so wet it was dribbling down her inner thighs. Unable to contain herself any longer, she walked past Slutkitten's desk and grabbed her arm.

'Come to the toilets with me,' she said. A bewildered Slutkitten followed her to the toilets, where Claire hastily stripped out of her clothes. Kitten copied Claire, and as soon as both were naked, Claire pushed her up against the toilet wall and began to kiss her. With one hand she caressed Slutkitten's face, and with the other she violently fingered her pussy. She hadn't intended to piss as well, but she was used to urinating when she was in the toilets and without really thinking about it she soon found piss dribbling from her cunt onto Kitten's legs. Kitten started to piss too, and the feeling of another girl's warm urine on her legs brought Claire back to her very first lesbian experience with Sluthole, and suddenly Claire was orgasming, moaning loudly into Kitten's mouth as she sucked on Kitten's tongue.

She shuddered through the after-effects of the orgasm, and then backed away. Kitten was masturbating too, clearly wanting her own orgasm. 'I'm sorry,' said Claire. 'I don't know what came over me.'

'It's all right,' said Kitten. 'I love that you wanted to do it with me. I feel really special.' She gasped, having touched just the right place on her own twat, and continued fingering herself.

Claire remembered some of her U-grade requirements. 'Do you want to feel my breasts and pussy while you do that?' she asked. Kitten gasped with happiness. 'Yes!' she replied. Claire stepped close to Kitten again, and let Kitten stroke her boobs and her labial mound until Kitten finally orgasmed.

They hugged afterwards, and Claire remembered something. 'Kitten, when we do this... if I don't please you....'

'Yes?' asked Kitten.

'You should hurt me if I don't please you,' said Claire.

Kitten smiled. 'I will. But you do please me. But you should do the same for me, you know.'

Claire smiled, and kissed her. Then they dressed and went back to work.

Claire hadn't been at her desk long when she felt her chair being swivelled around by strong hands.

She let herself spin, and found herself face to cock with Jim. Jim was looking down at her tits while he unzipped his pants. Claire was a little put off by the fact that he wasn't saying anything, but her eyes were fixated on his crotch. A voice in her head had been telling her how much she loved sucking cock since she'd started on the tapes, and now here was Jim's cock again. She opened her mouth in anticipation as Jim took his stiff dick out of his pants, and let him push his cock past her lips and onto her tongue.

Claire sucked on it happily, oblivious to the shocked looks she was getting from the three new girls. It felt just like the Slut Stick, only warmer, and it twitched in her mouth. It felt great, and her pussy was getting wet again already. Soon Jim orgasmed, ejaculating into her mouth, and she swallowed the sperm gratefully.

'Thanks Twat,' said Jim, patting her on the head like a pet.

'Thank you,' replied Claire, looking up at him. He tucked his cock back in his pants, and left her to get on with her work, the taste of semen in her mouth. Already her mouth felt empty, so she went back to suckling on her Slut Stick. When she sucked it down to the liquid centre, and tasted piss spilling out into her mouth, she swallowed it, finished the rest of the pig-cum candy, and then went to get another.

She had been thinking about the problematic aspects of her U-grade requirements, so at lunch she printed out some pornography from Titcage's copious databases. She picked a picture of a crying bit-titted slut with her tits bound giving a blowjob to go on her desk, and two lesbians 69ing while a man whipped the ass of the topmost one to go in her wallet. She then printed several poster-sized options to take home for her bedroom.

She also called Ben and asked him to come visit her tonight. She hadn't seen him in a while, and thought maybe he could solve one of her problems. She knew it was going to be humiliating, and felt herself starting to cry on the phone to him. She hung up before he could ask what was wrong.

After lunch she felt her chair being swivelled around again. She smiled, expecting it to be Jim and his cock again, but it was another man entirely. His name was David, and Claire hadn't had much to do with him, as he worked in accounting. He was around 40 and much less attractive than Jim. And as Claire watched, he was getting his cock out.

Claire shook her head and tried to back away, but he grabbed her hair, and pulled her face towards his groin. He had his dick out now. It was thick and hairy and stiff. Claire kept her lips closed and felt it bang against her face and cheek.

'Come on, Twat, you do this for Jim,' said David. He slapped her lightly on the cheek. It didn't hurt much but Claire felt her mouth pop open in shock. How dare he hit her! And as soon as her lips opened he pushed his cock into her mouth.

Claire had no choice but to suck on it. He had a firm grip on her hair and she couldn't pull away. He used her hair to push her face back and forth on his cock as he fucked her mouth like it was a vagina. Claire started to cry. Soon he came, and for the second time that day she felt her mouth filling with a man's sperm. She swallowed, to avoid choking, and David took his dick out of her mouth, wiped it clean on her cheek, and then stuck it back into his pants and walked away, without even thanking her.

Claire sat there, shocked, for a moment, and then went back to her work, trying to control her tears. Looking at the sluts in front of her begging her not to ruin their lives made her feel better. She had felt powerless as David raped her mouth, but at least she could take it out on these girls. The next

three emails she sent out demanded that the sluts send in photos of them sticking pins into their own tits. As was usual, several sluts had also not replied to the blackmail emails, so she took pleasuring in plastering naked photos of them on Facebook and porn sites, and mailing them to the slut's friends and family.

On her afternoon trip to the toilet she found Kimberley there, nude from the waist down, crying with humiliation as she pissed down her legs. Claire said nothing, just stared at the girl's exposed cunt and rubbed her own pussy while pissing.

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## **Chapter Twenty-two - MAKING THE GRADE**

On her way home in the afternoon she stopped at the park, and masturbated and pissed nude, this time while looking at the picture of the lesbians in her wallet. She decided to cum this time, so she wouldn't orgasm under her father's hand. She thought if she wiped her pussy thoroughly enough she might not even be wet for him.

She failed, though. Just thinking about her father inspecting her pussy on the rest of the walk home got her wet again. At least she didn't cum as he spanked her, or afterwards when he smeared her slut juices all over her face.

Afterwards, she didn't run up to her room, but instead sat on his knee, her cunt bare and aching. She took one of the posters she had printed today out of her bag and showed it to him. It showed a kneeling, crying, nude girl. Tight ropes encircled her tits, making them bulge obscenely, and ran between her legs, spreading her labia. Her hands were bound behind her back. A stern looking man stood beside her with a long wooden cane raised, clearly about to vicious whip her udders with it.

'Can I have this up in my room, daddy?' Claire asked. She felt her father's dick twitch under her ass as he looked at it.

'Why... would you want that, honey?' her father asked. 'Is this a slutty lesbian thing?'

'No, daddy,' she said. 'It's to remind me what happens to sluts. They get hurt and raped. It's to help me be better.' She paused. 'It might help Steph remember as well.'

She could feel her father breathing heavily. He was obviously thinking with his cock, which had been her plan. It made her feel dirty and inhuman to be cockteasing her father, but it was the only way she was going to complete this particular requirement of U grade.

'Okay, honey,' he said finally. 'I'll talk to your mother and get her to understand.'

'Thanks, daddy,' she said, and kissed him lightly on the lips, before jumping up and running to her room.

Steph was there already, but she was completely agreeable to Claire putting up the poster. 'The girl is hot,' she said. 'I don't mind looking at her tits.' And so the large poster was plastered over the wall of Claire's bedroom. There was really no way of not looking at it, now.

When Ben turned up a little later, Claire brought him up to her room, and Steph cleared off to watch TV in the lounge, leaving Ben and Claire alone.

Ben, obviously, stared at Claire's new poster. 'What's this?' he asked.

Claire shrugged. 'Something I like,' she said. 'Just decoration.'

Ben obviously thought it was slutty, but he said nothing. 'So how are you doing?' he enquired. 'Still at Titcage?'

Claire stepped up and hugged him, pressing her tits against his chest. She nestled her head against his neck. 'Yes.' She purred. It felt good to be hugging a nice boy. Ben was hugging her back, so she didn't have to let go.

'Do I still have to call you... Fucktwat?' he asked. Claire nodded. She'd asked him to call her that to get her V grade, as she needed an acquaintance outside of work that used her Titcage name. It felt humiliating and obscene to hear him call her that name, but it was better him than anyone else.

They hugged in silence for a while, until Ben let her go, and Claire reluctantly stepped away. Now was the embarrassing bit. She decided to get it over with quickly. In one movement, she untied the front of her white shirt, pulled it to either side, and threw it on the floor. Underneath she had no bra. Her large tits were fully exposed to Ben's gaze.

'Fucktwat,' he gasped. 'What...'

'I know you'd like to see them,' she said. 'You've been a good friend. You deserve to.'

There was silence again as he stared at her udders. Claire blushed. She didn't want this to be her friendship with Ben, this slutty action, but she needed someone who'd never seen her tits before to see them, and Ben was the least worst option.

'What am I meant to... do you want me to touch them?' Ben asked finally.

Claire realised she did. The thought of his hands on her boobs made her wet. She nodded.

Ben stepped forward and took one of her tits in each hand. He slowly stroked them, and then squeezed them. Claire gasped happily as he squeezed, and then gasped again as he stroked and then pinched her nipples.

'You have really beautiful breasts, Fucktwat,' he said. And then suddenly Claire knew what she wanted to do.

She sat on her bed. She could hear her voice playing in her mind, telling her she was a slut and a rapetoy. She pulled Ben towards her still standing, so that his cock was level with her tits, and then she began to pull his pants down.

'What...' started Ben, but Claire just leant forward and kissed his belly button, and he became quiet. She pulled down his underwear to reveal his erect cock, and then leant forward and placed her tits either side of it. She'd seen this in the images at Titcage. It was called a "titjob". She started to stroke Ben's dick with her tits, and run it between them, until her cleavage was well lubricated with his pre-cum. He was sighing happily now, and looking down at her in bliss.

She began now to rub her tits more vigorously up and down his shaft, and she leant down and began licking the tip with her tongue as she did so. He bucked his hips in time with her motions, really fucking his cock into her udders. She stopped licking and just formed a cunt-like hole with her lips for his tip to slam in and out of.

He didn't take long at all to cum. Some of his semen spurted into her mouth; most of it just splashed

over her tits, soaking her cleavage with warm, sticky spunk. Something about having the cum on her tits felt right in a really deep way, and a wave of pleasure ran through her. She licked his cock clean, and then looked up at him with big, grateful eyes.

‘Did you like it?’ she asked.

‘That was amazing, Fucktwat,’ he replied. ‘You’re amazing.’

Claire had thought that he might just leave after cumming, but instead he sat down to talk with her, after pulling up his pants. Claire didn’t cover up. She couldn’t take a shower until he went and she didn’t want to get cum on her clothes, so she just sat there with sperm dripping off her boobs.

Claire didn’t really want to tell Ben about all the slutty things she did at Titcage, but he clearly expected something from her, so she just talked about how much she liked having her boobs touched, and how much she’d enjoyed Ben fucking her tits, and how good his cum tasted.

‘Are you coming to Elena’s party tomorrow night?’ he asked her. Elena was one of Claire’s school friends, a pretty redhead. Claire hadn’t known about the party, but Ben insisted she was invited, and promised to give her a lift if she’d go, so Claire agreed she would.

She didn’t know how she felt about the idea. She’d not seen any of her friends except Ben since starting at Titcage. She felt everyone would know what a slut she was now just by looking at her. But it might give her a chance to feel normal.

After Ben left she rushed to the shower and washed her tits clean while pissing and masturbating. The sperm on them oddly didn’t really bother her, but she couldn’t very well hang around the house with her udders covered in cum. When she emerged she found Steph waiting in her room, and was obliged to tell her everything that had happened with Ben, including the titfuck.

‘At least you get to be with a boy,’ said Steph. ‘I don’t even have a girl to play with my tits.’

Claire blushed and said nothing.

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Chapter Twenty-three - THE USES OF A SLUT’S MOUTH

At work the next day, Claire’s “panties” for the day turned out to be a Slut Stick.

“Just keep it jammed up your cunt, there, Fucktwat, and every thirty minutes or so swap it with the one you’re licking,” said Michael.

Claire slid the candy into her pussy, unhappy about her cunt being filled with, effectively, pig cum, but unwilling to say no.

She took out her frustration on Samantha.

‘I’m sorry,’ she said. ‘Did anyone say you could wear panties today?’

‘What... but I thought....’ said Samantha unhappily.

‘Take them off and put them on your desk. And your bra too, for being such a stupid fuck-up.’

Samantha was able to get her bra off without taking off her shirt. Her pink lacy bra looked cute lying

on her desk, next to the more conservative cotton panties she'd worn to try and escape Claire's attention.

Claire liked looking at the little slut sitting there with no underwear trying to do her work, but she remembered the girl giggling at her yesterday, and decided she wasn't satisfied. She watched Samantha covertly until the girl had to pee, and then followed her into the toilets and pointedly watched as she undressed and urinated. It made Claire horny so she began to fuck the Slut Stick in and out of her pussy as she watched. She didn't care that Samantha was looking at her and judging her. If she dared to say anything Claire would just treat her even worse. She didn't. The little bitch just kept her mouth shut and tried to pretend Claire wasn't there as she pissed.

Back at her work station, Claire found that regularly swapping the Slut Sticks between her cunt and her mouth left her tongue constantly tasting her own cunt juices. It was a nice taste and it mixed well with the basic salty-sugary taste of the cum candy.

Jim came over around 10.30 for a blowjob, and Claire enthusiastically sucked his dick and drank his sperm. About fifteen minutes later David visited for the same reason, and Claire was somewhat less enthusiastic about swallowing his cum. Nevertheless she complied; she would rather be in control of the experience than have him just using her head as a masturbation aid again.

A bit later Michael called her into his office. It turned out that he, too, wanted to sample her mouth. He pushed her down to her knees when she entered, and then took out his penis and pushed it into her mouth. Claire suckled on it until Michael orgasmed in her mouth, and quickly swallowed his sperm.

"You're getting quite a reputation for your blowjobs, Fucktwat," said Michael as he did up his pants. "I hear you'll just let anyone put their dick in your mouth."

"No," said Claire, "that's not..."

SLAP! Michael hit her hard on the cheek. Claire was shocked. No one had ever hit her like that before.

"Have you forgotten your X grade rules already, Twat? Never enter an argument with a man. Let's try that again. I hear you'll just let anyone put their dick in your mouth."

Claire felt tears coming on. Her cheek hurt. She was confused, and answered in the way she knew Michael wanted. "Yes, I do."

"Do what?" asked Michael.

"Let anyone who wants to put their dick in my mouth," sobbed Claire.

"And you like sucking cock, don't you?"

"Yes," sobbed Claire. And she knew it was basically true.

"Well, that's settled then. I'll just let everyone know the rumour is true." He went to his computer and typed out a short whole-of-office email.

To: All Staff

Just had Fucktwat in here giving me a blowjob. She tells me she likes sucking cock and that anyone

who wants to put their dick in her mouth is welcome to do so. Good news!

He attached a photo from this morning of Claire pushing a Slut Stick into her twat, and then showed it to the sobbing Claire before pushing "send". Claire felt humiliated and scared. Were people going to treat it seriously?

"I also have some extra work for you, seeing as you're the blowjob expert around here. One of our offices has put together a manual for men about how to get the most out of a slut's mouth. I'd like you to take it, proof the text, arrange the layout, and find some illustrative images so that we can publish it. It should be educational for you too. Once we have a final product we can keep a few copies on your desk for you to distribute. You'll find the text in your inbox. Oh, also, I want you to think of something useful to add to the text."

When she came out of Michael's office she could already hear the new girls giggling, and from the way they avoided her eye she knew they were giggling at Michael's email about her. She blushed, and felt her pussy clamp tightly around the slut stick buried inside it. She ignored them and sat at her desk, clipped her pussy ring in place, and looked at the file Michael had sent her.

It was a series of short paragraphs, clearly intended to be laid out one paragraph to a page, with an image on each page. The first paragraph read:

"Your Blowjob Slut

Women are basically a life support system for three dick-warming holes - their cunt, their anus and their mouth. They have legs to let them bring their holes over to you, arms to help them stimulate your dick and guide it into their holes, and tits and hair to give you handholds to control them while you fuck them. This guide covers proper use of your slut's mouth."

Claire had to read the paragraph three times before she accepted she'd read it correctly. It was incredibly offensive and degrading even for Titcage. Was that really how they saw women? But she knew that it was.

She was about to move onto the second paragraph when she felt a hand on her shoulder, turning her around in her chair. It was Roger from legal, a big bearded man, and his cock was already out and pointing at her face. She tried to jerk away from him, but had forgotten she was chained to her chair by her clitoris, and the sudden blinding pain in her vagina made her stop wriggling. Roger's cock poked at her lips and, rather than be slapped again, Claire obediently opened up and took it into her mouth.

Roger came quickly, and thanked her when he was done. Claire drank a glass of cordial to wash the sticky sperm down her throat, and then turned back to the document. Was this really going to happen? Were people just going to fuck her mouth whenever they wanted? Was she going to let them?

"Getting Your Cock Into Her Mouth

Women were made to suck on your cock. Don't ask for consent. Just stuff your dick into her mouth. If she won't open up, try slapping her face or pinching her nipples. The pain may make her open her mouth. If that still doesn't work, try threatening to rape her pussy if she won't suck you off, or threaten her tits with permanent damage. A good slut will know what you want and open her mouth when she sees your crotch coming. Reward good sluts by stroking their faces."

"Protecting Your Cock

The easiest way to protect your cock during a blowjob is to fit the slut with a ring gag. This will let her use her tongue but not her teeth. Other ways include holding a weapon to her, or attaching a firm clamp to her clitoris with a long chain, allowing you to painfully pull her clit to discipline her, or, in the case of her using her teeth, rip the clit off entirely."

Another man was waiting for a blowjob as she finished this passage. She didn't even know his name. She took her Slut Stick out of her mouth and obediently opened up to let the cock in. She sucked him to orgasm, and then went back to the document.

"Controlling Your Slut

Sluts have several useful handholds to help you control them. You should try grabbing her hair tightly, or her ears, or, if you can reach them, her tits. All of these make good handles for pulling her around and controlling her movement. You should make use of these even if your slut is behaving herself. It's important that sluts know they are not in control of who uses them or how they are used. Good sluts will keep their hair in a ponytail or pigtail to make it more effective as a handle. They will also have pierced nipples with rings fitted, allowing you to connect chains or other tit-leashes for easier handling. Some sluts will even have their noses pierced with rings, allowing you to clip her face directly to your belt."

The next man could see this paragraph on Claire's screen, and even though she willingly opened to her mouth to take in his cock, he grabbed her hair and used it to bounce her face painfully up and down on his dick. He reached down into her shirt and began pinching her nipples for a couple of minutes immediately prior to cumming down her throat.

By this time Claire was aware of several things. The first was that she had swallowed six loads of cum already today and it wasn't even lunchtime. The second was that her pussy was dripping wet and she was leaving a sopping wet stain on her seat. She promised herself she would go to the toilet and take care of it after reading just one more paragraph.

"How She Should Treat Your Cum.

Obviously a slut who spits out your cum deserves to be beaten viciously and then raped. Do not hold back if you find an ungrateful whore like this. Assuming that you've found a slut smart enough to retain your sperm, she has several options. Some sluts will swallow your sperm immediately. This is probably because they are addicted to cum and can't help themselves. You may tolerate these girls but it is also acceptable to slap them to help them learn. A good slut will instead open her mouth to show you the cum, and await orders. At this point you might tell her "Swallow", and let her drink it. But you also may want her to swap it into the mouth of another slut, or dribble it over her tits or pussy. Or even just hold it in her mouth and enjoy the taste for a half-hour or more."

Claire wished she could masturbate properly right here in the seat, but the clitoris ring being connected to the chair made it hard to access her sluthole. She was about to get up and go to the toilet to address her horniness when another man turned up. She recognised him as Stefan, a clerk. She took his dick into her mouth, sucked it to orgasm, and then opened her mouth to show him the sperm pooling on her tongue.

He smiled down at her and said, "You can swallow, Twat." She did. Then she stuck her Slut Stick back into her mouth, unclipped herself from the chair, and ran to the toilet. Once inside, she pulled off her clothes as fast as she could, leaving herself completely naked, and then began frantically masturbating while beginning the process of relaxing her bladder.

She was just starting to piss when the door opened and Sluthole came in. Claire had thankfully

avoided her cruel co-worker for the past couple of days, but now, completely naked and with her fingers jammed up her twat, there was no way for Claire to escape her. Sluthole pulled off her own clothes, revealing that perfect pussy, and then marched up to Claire and grabbed her by the nipples.

'I want what the men are getting, Fucktwat,' whispered Sluthole in Claire's ear. At first Claire didn't understand, but then Sluthole began to pull down on Claire's nipples, forcing Claire to descend to her knees. Once Claire was kneeling on the ground, Sluthole stepped forward with her legs spread, pushing her shaved cunt into Claire's face.

'Lick,' she commanded. Claire was horrified. She didn't want to be a lesbian with Sluthole. She didn't want to lick Sluthole's pussy. But Sluthole had transferred her grip to Claire's hair, and was using it to pull Claire's face painfully against Sluthole's crotch. Claire felt the soft flesh of Sluthole's twat press wetly against her face, and even with her mouth closed she was forced to breathe in the scent of Sluthole's sex through her nose.

Sluthole reached down and painfully slapped Claire's cheek. 'Lick,' she commanded again. Reluctantly, Claire opened her mouth, extended her tongue, and began to lap at the salty skin of Sluthole's labia.

Sluthole sighed happily, and spread her legs a little more. She placed one foot way to the side of Claire, but put the other directly between Claire's legs, so that the arch of her foot pressed against Claire's cunt. She flexed it and Claire felt her cunt spasm happily at the pressure.

'Keep licking,' said Sluthole, 'and piss.'

Claire tentatively licked more at Sluthole's labia, and then began to pry deeper into the slut's fuckhole with her tongue, finding the little nub of Sluthole's clitoris, and the warm, firm entrance to her whore-tunnel. Honestly, it tasted good. A little like cordial, a little like Kitten, a little like her own cunt juices. She pushed her tongue further into Sluthole's cum-catcher, exploring for the whore's salty nectar.

Unbidden, she reached down to her own pussy and began to rub it, as best as she could with Sluthole's foot pressed against it. She pulled happily on her clitoris ring, and pinched her labia, and felt her cunt squeeze tightly in response. At the same time, she relaxed her bladder, and began to hesitantly urinate on Sluthole's foot.

With those first drops of piss, there came a terrible shock. No sooner had Sluthole felt the warm liquid on her foot, than Sluthole herself began to urinate. Claire went rigid with shock as urine spurted from Sluthole's urethra and splattered on her face. Her own piss dried up and she closed her mouth in horror.

Sluthole was quick to slap her painfully again. 'Keep licking and keep pissing, or I'll report you for disobeying a superior's command.'

Claire started to cry. This was degrading and sick and she just wanted to go home and hide. It seemed like in a single day she'd turned from a slightly slutty office worker into a toilet for people to dump their semen and piss into. This wasn't her. (But it was, the voice in her head told her.) She didn't know what to do. But she didn't want to tell her parents she'd been fired for not letting a girl piss on her.

Unhappily, tears running down her cheeks, she went back to licking and sucking Sluthole's cunt. And, after some internal struggle with her own unwilling bladder muscles, she began to piss again as well.

As soon as she started to piss, Sluthole started as well. It was so well-timed that Claire couldn't shake the feeling she was pissing on her own face. The majority struck her on the nose and cheeks, but with her mouth open and her tongue extended, a large part of it ended up in her mouth.

Claire was ashamed and mortified to have a girl pissing on her face, but she was even more mortified by what happened when she tasted the piss on her tongue. It immediately brought on a whole host of associations – the taste of her own piss as she masturbated, and the horniness and arousal that went with that experience; the taste of cordial, and the way it made her feel happy and hydrated, and the association that this was an okay drink to enjoy and drink a lot of; and the feeling of kissing and being masturbated by Kitten as she lay on Kitten's floor in a piss-wet shirt. It felt like being nourished, and like being loved, and it felt like sex. In short, it felt good.

Her cunt spasmed violently and she orgasmed right there on the spot, with the feeling of more orgasms around the corner. And without any conscious thought, without being able to control it, she moved her mouth up on Sluthole's cunt to be directly kissing Sluthole's urethra. With her tongue she could flick Sluthole's clitoris even as Sluthole pissed directly into Claire's mouth.

Sluthole's foot shifted, and Claire felt the bitch's toes pressing into the opening of her vagina. She shifted to give the foot better access, humping her hips to fuck her cunt against the foot. She rubbed and spanked her pussy, partly trying to stimulate it and partly trying to hurt it. And she eagerly sucked at Sluthole's twat, convulsively swallowing to keep up with the flow of urine into her mouth.

She came two more times before Sluthole herself orgasmed. By then both girls had empty bladders, and Sluthole had managed to work all five toes into Claire's cunt. Sluthole shuddered, and then pushed Claire's face away, and withdrew her foot.

'Good slut,' muttered Sluthole, patting the confused and degraded Claire on the head. Flushed and panting, the cruel bitch looked around, and then looked down at the pool of piss beneath Claire's crotch.

"I'll give you two choices, for being such a good slut, Fucktwat," she said. "You can either go back to your workstation without washing up in any way, with my piss and cunt juices smeared on your face, or you can dip your bra in the urine and put it back on all wet and arm after you've washed your body."

Then she left. Claire sat there for a long time, in her puddle of piss. At first she was simply stunned, but then she started crying. What had happened was unthinkable. Unforgivable. If one of her friends had told her that they'd drunk a girl's piss while licking her cunt, she would never be able to look at that girl the same again. She'd think the girl was a disgusting trollop of a slut. And now Claire was that girl.

Slowly, Claire got up, took her bra, and dipped it in the urine, until it was soaked through. Then she put it back on the clothes bench, and thoroughly washed her face, cunt and body. Finally, she re-dressed, sticking the Slut Stick back in her cunt, and encasing her boobs in the wet, pissy bra.

She thought she would be able to hide her slutty attire but the piss was already soaking through her shirt by the time she left the bathroom. Her wet bra was clearly visible through the thin material of her shirt, and the yellow stains it was leaving on her shirt hinted at what it was wet with. Plus, it smelled of piss, which reminded Claire of her degradation but also, infuriatingly, was making her horny again.

She looked at the blowjob manual on her screen. She knew now what she should add to it. She started crying as she typed, as she couldn't believe she was suggesting anyone should do this to a

girl, but she knew that it fit, and she could practically hear the words in her heard, spoken in her own voice, telling her that she deserved this.

“Other uses for a slut’s mouth.

Cum isn’t the only thing that sluts can suck from your cock. If your bladder is feeling full, try pissing in a slut’s mouth. Make sure you control her head tightly so she can’t pull away when she tastes the piss, and if necessary hold her nose shut to ensure she swallows all your urine. There’s no reason to ever urinate in a toilet if you have a well-trained slut handy, and the taste of your piss will remind her of her place in life.”

Sure enough, when she was done with the paragraph, she felt herself being turned around again to face another cock. It was Jim’s again, rock hard and ready for sucking. He looked down at her pissy shirt, and then over at the text of her screen, and then at the tears drying on her cheeks. He reached out and stroked her hair, and then pulled her head down towards his dick. Claire opened up and took it in.

She sucked on it affectionately, trying her best to please Jim, hoping that he would be content with cumming in her mouth. Soon enough he orgasmed, filling her mouth with sperm, which she swallowed eagerly. But, as she had feared, he didn’t take his cock out of her mouth after cumming. Instead, he waited, and moments later, just as Claire had feared, she felt hot urine start to wash over her tongue. She started crying again as she swallowed Jim’s piss. She had liked Jim, and thought him the nicest boy in the office, and now he was using her as a toilet.

She must deserve this, she thought, swallowing the piss. She must be such a slut if even the nice boys pissed in her mouth. And the worst part was that she started wiggling her hips as she drank, to make the clitoris ring that was clipped to the chair tug painfully on her clit, to stimulate herself, trying to orgasm with a mouthful of urine. She couldn’t cum, of course, and so when Jim’s bladder was empty, and he wiped his dick clean on her face and went back to his desk, Claire was left with the taste of piss in her mouth and a hopelessly drooling twat.

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## **Chapter Twenty-four - ELENA’S PARTY**

On the way home Claire stopped at the park. Naked and kneeling with her legs spread, she pissed and masturbated herself to a very satisfying orgasm. Rather than barely tasting her piss as she had in the past, she cupped her hands and scooped whole handfuls to her lips for her to drink. It reminded her of her sexual experiences today with Sluthole and with Jim and it tasted oddly good; she came quickly and hard, shuddering for long minutes afterwards. In front of her as she masturbated was her slut-abuse porn from her wallet.

Her father was out when she got home, so she got inside without comment on her pissy clothes or her wet pussy. She ran up to the bathroom and had a quick shower, before heading to her bedroom to dress for Elena’s party.

All her clothes now were sexual – there were no “nice girl” options – but she could at least try to look semi-classy. She picked a very short red mini-skirt, a belt to go with it, and a loose red top that managed to show both cleavage and side-boob. She thought she looked like a prostitute, but at least an expensive prostitute. She was halfway through picking out panties when she realised that no one had specifically asked her to wear any tonight, and that therefore per her rules she would have to go without.

She checking in a mirror and found that while standing upright with her legs together her skirt covered her pussy adequately. However, if she bent, sat, or moved her legs too much it would be clear she was wearing no panties. She reached down and idly fingered her smooth, bare cunt. She wished she wasn't going to this party as she was sure she would reveal her new sluttiness to all her old friends. But she'd promised Ben.

She moaned, and then suddenly realised her idle toying with her pussy had become masturbation without her even realising it. She had two fingers buried to the knuckle in her cunt. She withdrew them guiltily and licked them clean, and then swiped her pussy with her hand and licked it again to clean up the juices she'd just produced. What kind of slut had she become? What if she started masturbating without realising it at the party? Her face grew hot as she blushed. She was suddenly uncomfortable aware of her stomach-full of semen and piss. She felt like everyone would be able to somehow tell that she'd spent most of the day with men's cocks in her mouth.

Ben arrived shortly afterwards, and Claire ran downstairs to meet him. He had brought his car, a large four-wheel drive, and Claire jumped happily into the passenger seat. She leaned across and gave him a warm hug, and he put an arm around her in response as he began to drive the car away from her house.

'It's good to see you, Fucktwat,' he said as he drove, one hand on the wheel and the other around her shoulders.

'It's good to see you too,' she said, and then became aware that the car was stopping. They had only just gone around the corner from her house; it was only just out of sight.

'What's up?' she asked, still hugging him as he was still holding her.

Ben cleared his throat uncomfortable. He looked down at his pants. Claire followed his gaze and saw that his cock was hard, straining against the crotch of his trousers.

'I thought maybe we could, you know, mess around a bit.'

He wanted her to masturbate him, she knew. But if she did he would cum, and make a mess. And besides, Claire had learned a new trick.

She leant down into his lap and pulled his cock from his pants. Then she wrapped her lips around it and began to slowly fellate him.

Ben gasped happily and began to softly stroke her hair. 'Thank you,' he said. Claire said nothing in reply, just kept sucking.

The position she needed to be in to do this worked mischief on her clothes. She was basically on all fours, her knees on the passenger seat, her ass pressed against the passenger seat window, and her head in Ben's lap. It made her skirt fall down to fully expose her bare ass and pussy, and it made her tits swing free of her dress and bump against Ben's legs.

Ben seemed to enjoy the view. He hesitantly reached beneath her to feel her breasts, and she moaned appreciatively as his hand brushed across her nipple. Encouraged, he began to squeeze and rub her boobs as she bobbed her head up and down on his dick.

'It feels so good, Fucktwat,' Ben moaned. 'So good. You're so good at this.' The praise made Claire feel special and loved. She wanted to touch her pussy but was trying to control her sluttiness, and so just let it get wet and drool. When her ass bumped against the car window, she felt her slut juices

smearing on it. She didn't care.

Soon Ben came, filling her mouth with warm, salty jism, which she swallowed greatfully. She sucked him a few minutes longer, extracting the last of his juice, and then took her mouth away. She looked down at his cock and realised that something felt wrong. Suddenly she realised – she was supposed to have waited for instructions to swallow. She couldn't fix that, but she also realised that Ben hadn't wiped his cock clean on her face. She didn't want to do that because then it would be visible at the party, so she compromised by lifting her left tit, and smearing the last bubble of sperm on the tip of his cock over the underside of her udder.

That done, she adjusted her clothing, pulling her skirt down and tucking her fuckbags back into her blouse. She looked at her cunt slime smeared on the passenger window, and, without even thinking about it, leant forward and licked it up with her tongue.

Ben looked at her in amazement. 'You really are a... sexy girl now,' he said. Claire could hear the word he'd meant to say though. He was going to say she really was a slut. She blushed. 'Thank you,' she said quietly. And then, remembering she needed to compliment men, she said, 'Your cock tasted good. Thank you for letting me suck on it.'

'Any time,' he said. He tucked his cock back in his pants guiltily, and then started the car again and headed on to the party.

The party was at a large, attractive suburban house. Elena's parents were moderately wealthy, Claire remembered. There were already other cars parked outside. Ben and Claire parked and headed for the day, Claire tugging at her skirt and hoping she didn't look like too much of a whore.

The door was answered by Elena herself, a pretty, buxom blonde. Claire's eyes automatically went to Elena's tits. It never occurred to Claire – and nor would it, the rest of that night – that there were no cameras here and no Titcage employees, and no one would know if she broke her rules. They were rules, and so Claire followed them.

'Hi! Oh, and Claire! I'm so glad you could come!' Elena gushed. She wrapped Claire up in a hug. Feeling a big-breasted slut cuddling her, Claire had a sudden urge to kiss Elena, which she only just suppressed. She felt scared, that she wanted to much to randomly kiss a good friend from her school.

Ben and Claire were shown inside, where they met the other attendees. There were three other girls – Amy, a lithe redhead; Sally, a busty brunette, and Soo-jin, a think Korean girl. Claire greeted each of them, staring at their tits.

There were also two other boys – Adam, a tall, burly boy with a moustache, and Jace, a short African-American with a shaved head. Claire greeted each with inappropriately long hugs, feeling her tits press against them. Jace she knew from school but Adam was new to her.

Her dress got looks from everyone – jealous, bitchy eyes from the girls (but thankfully not from Elena herself) and lustful, interested stares from the boys. Claire sat on a couch and put a cushion over her lap to try and conceal her bare pussy. Her skirt rode up at the back and she could feel her bare buttocks pressing against the couch seat. Adam passed her a glass of something alcoholic and she began sipping on it gratefully.

After Claire was seated, everyone gave Elena their presents. Claire had brought some cordial from work, in an attractive glass bottle. She didn't know why she was giving her friend a drink made from cunt juices and piss, but for some reason it didn't bother her, and in any case Claire hadn't had a chance to shop for anything else. Elena seemed to love the bottle, and insisted on pouring herself a

glass immediately. Claire just watched as her friend unknowingly drank piss and slut slime and called it delicious.

Adam got Elena a teddy bear; Jace got her a DVD of a recent comedy film. Soo-jin got her bath salts, Sally got her a decorative pillow, and Ben got her a book. Amy, though, had bought Elena a frilly lace bra and panties. Everyone hooted and cheered as this present was exposed, and Elena blushed.

Claire found herself saying, without really thinking about it, "You should try them on now."

"To check they fit?" asked Elena.

"No, so that we can see," said Claire. That wasn't right, was it? She didn't want to see Elena in underwear? But she did. She wanted to see Elena naked. She wanted to see what Elena's cunt looked like.

"Yes," Amy was agreeing. "Us girls will go up to your room and you can show us it." And before Elena could protest, she was being bundled up the corridor to her bedroom by Amy. Claire and the other girls followed, leaving the boys behind, who clearly wished they could come too.

Elena's room was pretty, and decorated in shades of yellow and pink. It was soft and inviting and Claire had a sudden wish - immediately dispelled - to strip naked and writhe on that smooth, silky bed.

Elena was blushing bright red. "Fine," she was saying. "Turn around and give me some privacy."

"No, it's just us girls," said Amy. "Don't worry. Here, let me help." She started to lift Elena's shirt over her head, and Elena let her, blushing. Underneath she was wearing a white bra.

Claire knew she was supposed to generally degrade other girls. She wanted to tell Elena she was pretty, but she self-moderated her intended compliment. "The boys must love your fuckbags," she said instead. Elena just blushed redder.

Amy was still struggling to get Elena's shirt un-entangled from her arms, so Claire knelt in front of Elena to help. She uncinched Elena's skirt and let it drop to the ground, exposing Elena's panties. Elena's pantied cunt was inches from Claire's face. She looked up, and waited until Amy was starting on Elena's bra, effectively occupying Elena's arms, and then put her fingers into the waistband of Elena's panties and pulled them down.

Elena squealed a little but couldn't stop Claire. The panties fell down, and there was Elena's twat, right in front of Claire. It was pretty, but it wasn't shaved. Claire would have preferred it shaved. Claire stared at it for a few seconds, until Elena's detached bra fell on Claire's head. Claire looked up and confirmed that Elena's tits, now exposed, were indeed gorgeous, and then went back to looking at her cunt as her rules required.

Elena, now nude, took a couple of steps backwards, attempting to hide her tits and twat with her hands. Then she snatched up her gift underwear, and pulled them on as fast as possible.

'You look so cute!' gushed Soo-jin. Elena did look cute. She also looked sexy. The bra was probably a size too small for her and it made her tits bulge in a way that did interesting things to Claire's cunt. The panties, too, were a little tight, and while Elena's twat was fully covered, it bulged against the cloth in a way that left nothing to the imagination.

'Show the boys!' cheered Amy.

'What? No...' started Elena, but suddenly all the girls were cheering, including Claire. 'Show the boys! Show the boys!'

It felt right to Claire. The boys should get to see Elena's body. Elena should feel humiliated and slutty. That was what she was for.

The girls dragged Elena back out into the main room, and Claire noted the boys' cocks immediately bulge against their pants. They made Elena turn around, showing off her ass and her tits through the bra and panties. And then they made Elena sit and go on with the party, ignoring her requests to go and get the rest of her clothes. Elena curled up on her chair in embarrassment, trying to minimise everyone's view of her groin and chest. She sipped at the cordial Claire had brought her and tried to avoid everyone's eyes.

Afterwards Sally suggested they play truth or dare, but with a difference. Each player would ask a question of one other player, and if they answered truthfully, that player would be able to dare the question-asker. Sally went first.

"Jace, how many girls have you had sex with?" she asked.

"Mmm," said Jace, smiling. "Nine in the cunt, five in the ass, two in the tits, and eight in the mouth. But some of them were the same girls, so - 12, I guess. Now, I dare you, right? I dare you to skull the rest of your alcohol."

Sally smiled and swallowed her glass of whiskey in one mouthful.

Soo-jin went next, and asked Ben if he'd ever had sex in public. He said he hadn't, which Claire thought was a lie as she'd sucked him off in the car just that night. But she didn't say anything, of course. Ben's return dare to Soo-jin asked her to demonstrate the pole dancing he heard she'd been learning, and Soo-jin accordingly did a short erotic dance that ended with her pressing her (be-skirted) cunt right up against Ben's face. Claire felt jealous, and also horny, as she watched.

Now was Amy's turn. "Elena," she said, "is your cunt wet right now?"

Elena went red. "No!" she exclaimed. But she hadn't seen what everyone else had. At the crotch of her new panties there was a visible wet patch.

"Liar!" cried Amy, laughing. "Prove it!"

"No!" said Elena.

"Then I will," said Amy, and sprang at her. The two girls fell to the floor, wrestling, but less than a minute later Amy was the victor. She had pulled Elena's panties off entirely, and had Elena's legs pulled apart so everyone could see her cunt, and the sticky clear slut-juice slathered all over her pussy lips and inner thighs.

"Look at her, she's creaming," laughed Sally. Claire could see Elena was crying a little. It made Claire feel good somehow to see another slut crying.

Afterwards Amy refused to give Elena's panties back, and Elena was forced to try and hide her pussy from everyone using the decorative pillow she'd been gifted.

Elena tried to take her revenge on Amy in her question. "Are you a vicious bitch?" she asked. "Yes," laughed Amy. "And now my dare for you is to throw away that stupid pillow and keep your legs

spread for the rest of the game.”

With that, Elena jumped to her feet and ran from the room crying. They all heard a door slam. Amy went to investigate. “She’s locked herself in the bathroom,” she called out. “I’ll talk her down.”

An awkward pause followed while Amy talked quietly to Elena through the bathroom door, and every sat around wondering what to do. During the pause Claire realised she needed to piss. The bathroom was obviously in use, but Claire wouldn’t have been able to pee on a normal toilet anyway thanks to her rules. She quietly sidled out of the room, and, after some searching, found the door to the backyard.

It was blessedly dark outside. Claire found her way to the darkest corner of the backyard, knelt with her legs spread, and began to slowly piss. Her intention had been to catch a lot of her piss in her hands and lick it up, to help her with her horniness, but after a couple of seconds a better thought occurred to her, and she placed her whiskey glass between her legs and let the piss dribble into that instead. The urine mixed with the dark liquid, leaving no obvious trace there was anything strange about the glass. And as she pissed, Claire masturbated.

She was hoping to make herself cum but she had to suddenly stop as she heard footsteps coming towards her. She stopped peeing and hastily tugged down her skirt. She brought her masturbation hand to her mouth and quickly licked it clean.

The intruder turned out to be Ben. “I thought I saw you come out here,” he said, looking down at the still kneeling Claire. “God, this party has been hot. Do you think you could....” He gestured at his groin.

Claire wanted nothing more. She reached out, pulled his cock out his pants, and stuck it into her mouth. It already tasted pleasantly of pre-cum, and she sucked on it happily. Ben’s hand came down and grasped the back of her head, which he had not done before, but Claire liked it. She moaned happily. She couldn’t believe she had only really started sucking cock that day, and already she was so used to it. Ben’s grip was firm and Claire realised she couldn’t have pulled her head away from his dick even if she’d wanted to.

“Oh, Elena,” moaned Ben, and suddenly Claire realised he was thinking about Elena’s bared cunt. She was just being used as a masturbation aid for his Elena fantasies. She squawked and tried to get his cock out of her mouth, but he wouldn’t let her. And after a while she just relaxed and went back to sucking. She felt horrible and used, but she really liked the taste of his dick.

Shortly afterwards he moaned again and orgasmed, and as his sperm flooded her mouth Claire knew that he was pretending her mouth was Elena’s cunt. She let the semen fill her mouth, and then withdrew from his dick and looked up at him with her mouth open, showing him the spunk she had harvested from him.

Ben looked confused for a minute, but then said, “You can swallow that, if you want.” Claire did. She swallowed the tasty sperm, licked Ben’s dick, and then took out one of her tits and used it to wipe the last semen off his cock.

“Good girl,” said Ben, absently, patting her on the head. It was an enormously condescending thing to say, and yet Claire almost orgasmed when he said it. She had no idea why, but it just made her feel so... good... to be patted and called a good girl that way. She used her hand and mouth to mop up most of her cunt fluids from her twat, re-covered her boob, and then picked up her urine filled drink and followed Ben back into the house. As she walked, she took a sip from her drink. It tasted good. More like cordial.

Inside, Amy had a surprise for them. She had talked Elena out of the bathroom. Moreover, Elena still wasn't dressed. She was sitting on the chair wearing only a bra, with her legs spread to show her wet twat, and though she was sniffing a bit she was no longer crying.

"Elena has agreed that she wasn't being a very good host," said Amy, "and she's going to try and do better. Aren't you Elena?" Elena sniffled and nodded.

It was Jace's turn to ask a question. "Amy, are you interested in fucking your friend Elena there?" Now it was Amy's turn to turn bright red and refuse to answer. Elena blushed too and avoided looking at Amy. In the absence of an answer Jace was entitled to a dare, and he got Amy to strip down to her own underwear. Sitting there in her bra and panties, Amy looked much less bothered by Elena, but she still had a little blush.

Then it was Claire's turn to ask a question. She had to think to come up with one, and finally realised that she should ask something that would degrade women, to fit with her rules. "Adam," she said, "which of the girls in this room most deserves to be raped?"

Adam looked at Amy in her bra and panties, then Elena with her cunt exposed, and then Claire in her slutty outfit with her twat practically showing. "That's a hard choice!" he laughed. The girls blushed. "I think Amy does, for teasing Elena so much tonight. And Claire, for your dare, all you have to do is this - spread your legs, and keep them spread."

Claire went bright red. But the thought of disobeying Adam never even crossed her mind. Slowly, still sitting on the couch, she parted her legs, and then pushed them as far apart as they would go. The action pushed her skirt up, rending it as little more than a belt around her waist. Her bare pussy was visible to everyone, the shiny metal of her clitoris ring winking lewdly at her friends from the midst of her sopping wet twat.

Adam and Jace immediately looked fascinated by her bare pussy. So did Amy. Elena blushed and looked away. Sally and Soo-Jin just tried to ignore it. Ben tensed up, and Claire realised he was jealous.

"Nice clit ring, Claire," said Amy. "How long have you had that?"

"A couple of weeks," said Claire, trying to ignore the fact that her friends were staring at her pussy, and that it was visibly drooling onto the couch as they watched.

"Don't you think it makes you look like a slut?" asked Sally cattily.

Claire struggled for an answer. She had to defend her objectification if asked, and claim that she enjoyed it. "It's appropriate for me," she settled on, blushing.

Adam laughed in a way that sounded cruel to Claire. And now it was his turn to ask a question. "Claire," he said, "what's the sluttiest thing you've ever done?"

Claire froze. Let a man piss in my mouth in public, she thought. Sucked on a popsicle made of pig cum. Urinated on my clothes and then wore them while letting a slut finger me to orgasm. Sucked on a slut's twat while she pissed in my mouth and stuffed her foot into my cunt.

Did she have to answer? It wouldn't be arguing with a man. It wouldn't be defending her objectification. It would just be staying quiet. She thought it was probably okay. "No comment," she said. Everyone hooted and laughed. She sipped from her mix of whiskey and urine and tried to avoid their gaze.

"Well, in that case I think you should take your tits out for us. In fact, hell, you may as well just take off the rest of your clothes."

Claire felt herself on the verge of tears. Why couldn't she even be a normal nice girl with her friends? How had this turned into her being a total slut? Was she just inherently such a whore that this is what happened to her even without Titcage interfering? But nevertheless, she again didn't even contemplate disobeying Adam. He was a boy. She did what boys said. She could hear her own voice telling her that, in her head. Sniffing, she pulled off her blouse, and then unbuckled her skirt, leaving her complete nude except for her high heeled shoes. She tried to cover her boobs with her arms, mostly unsuccessfully.

Through her humiliation she heard Ben vaguely say, "I'll look after these for you, Claire," as he scooped up her discarded clothes. He sounded angry. Claire couldn't bring herself to look at him. Instead she just stared at Elena's cunt.

Soo-jin asked her question next. "Amy, how many men have you had sex with?"

"Two," said Amy. "Not telling who. For your dare, you have to go touch the twats of our two sluts there and tell us all which one is wetter."

Everyone laughed. Soo-jin crawled across the room to Elena, and pressed her fingers against Elena's cunt. Elena looked like she was starting to cry again and looked away. Soo-jin's fingers came away a little damp. She then came over to Claire and put her hand against Claire's fuckbox. Her hand was instantly soaked in slut-slime. Claire moaned slightly at the touch.

"Definitely Claire," said Soo-Jin. She reached up and wiped her hand dry on Claire's stomach. "She's soaking wet. What a whore!"

"She sure likes everyone seeing that little slut-nubbin of hers," said Jace.

Ben was the last one to ask a question. He looked at Claire. "Claire, how many cocks have you sucked today?" He still sounded angry.

Claire didn't even know. She couldn't remember. More than five. "No comment," she said.

Ben suddenly stood up. "That's it. We're going. Come on, Claire."

Claire was confused. What was happening? Why was Ben angry? Her pussy was so wet and the alcohol was taking an effect. But then she felt Ben's hand in her hair, pulling her to her feet, so she stood up.

"Can I have my clothes?" she asked. Ben was holding them.

"No," said Ben. "Come on."

"Bye, Claire!" laughed Amy as Ben hustled her to the door, still nude. Soon she was outside, completely naked, and being pushed towards Ben's car.

Inside the car, as she sat in the passenger seat, Ben looked at her.

"I thought what you did for me today was special, Fucktwat," he said.

"It was!" protested Claire.

"Was it? What's the sluttiest thing you've done, Fucktwat? And no 'no comment' this time."

"I haven't..." she started, but then gasped in shock as he reached out and slapped her face.

"You lying whore!" he yelled. "What is it? What have you done?"

She looked at him. He'd been so nice to her before, and now he was angry. Because she was a slut. It was her fault. He'd been trying to be nice and she'd brought her slutty actions and spoiled it.

She spoke quietly. "Today at work I let anyone who wanted to fuck my mouth and cum down my throat."

He looked at her for a long while, then said, "You're a whore, Fucktwat, you know that? You say Titcage makes you do this stuff, but no girl I know would let someone make her do these things. You want them done to you."

Claire wanted to say, "No!" but it would be arguing with a man. She stayed silent.

"Do you want to keep being friends with me?" asked Ben.

"Yes!" sniffled Claire.

"No more lying about what a slut you are, then," he said. "You're going to be honest about it."

"Yes," sniffled Claire again.

"Do you want to suck my cock again, Fucktwat?" he asked.

"Yes," said Claire.

Ben unzipped his pants and extracted his dick, already hard.

Claire realised she needed to say something. "And..." she started. "And if I don't give you a good blowjob, you should hurt me."

Ben looked at her, and then laughed. "Start sucking," he said. He caressed her head, and then pulled her down onto his dick. She opened her mouth, took it in, and began happily suckling on his member.

With Claire completely naked and lying across the front seats, with his dick in her mouth, Ben started the engine and began to slowly drive her home.

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Chapter Twenty-five - NEW ARRANGEMENTS

The morning after the party, Claire's parents had an unpleasant surprise for her.

She found them both sitting in the lounge room when she and Steph came downstairs in the morning. They were sitting apart from each other, and Claire's mother had a suitcase.

"Take a seat, girls," said her father. "We've got some things to discuss and you'll be late leaving the house this morning as a result. I've called Titcage and Steph's school, so they know."

"What..." asked Steph hesitantly.

"Your father and I are separating," her mother said. "I'm moving out, probably permanently. We've had some difficulties recently and we believe this is the best course." She sighed. "I'd like to tell you that it has nothing to do with you, but honestly it's pretty much all your fault. I just can't go on watching you two little tramps cockteasing your father all the time. Claire, you obviously deliberately get that slutty little cunt of yours wet before your father spansks you. You've even orgasmed while he was spanking you. It's disgusting and I'm not going to sit around while it happens. I'm leaving, so you can enjoy each other all you want."

And with that, she picked up her suitcase and left. The door slammed behind her.

Steph was crying. She looked at Claire. "You slut!" she said. "How could you?"

Claire was crying too. "I didn't - I'm not...."

"Quiet, girls," said their father. "Obviously your mother is a bitch and we're well rid of her. But there will be some changes around here. First of all, Steph, I'm pulling you out of school. I've talked to Claire's boss at Titcage, and he's prepared to take you on as a new hire starting tomorrow. You can go to work with your sister and earn some money for a change. I like the changes that Titcage is making in Claire's life and I think you'll benefit from them too."

"What? No!" both girls shouted at once.

"Shut up. You'll do as you're told. You're going to have to take over your mother's chores around the house too. There's not much I can do about that, but we can at least save a little work on the laundry. I don't see any particular reason why you girls should change into a new set of clothes after you get home just to get food on it while you cook and eat dinner, so from now on you're going to go naked between the time you get home from work and bedtime."

"But what if someone comes to the door?" asked Steph.

"I'll buy some aprons and hang them on a coatrack in the corridor. If you need to answer the door you can quickly tie an apron on to cover your slutmelons," replied her father.

Claire was silent. She knew what this was basically about. Her father was sexually attracted to his daughters. He liked seeing them nude. He liked seeing them slutty. He hadn't been like this at the start of the year. It was her fault. She had cockteased him with her slutty wet cunt and her whorish actions, and now he wanted to rape his daughters. She didn't know how long he would be content with just spanking their cunts and keeping them nude, and it scared her.

The cunt spankings, in fact, happened now. He tested both their twats, and declared them both wet. Rather uniquely, Claire actually wasn't wet. The shock of her mother leaving had left her bone dry. But her father spanked her anyway, beating her cunt with his hand. He beat Steph's twat too, and Claire watched.

At work, Claire reported to Michael, and found out that her "panties" for the day would be nothing more than a pair of clothespins on her labia. She sat on Michael's desk with her legs spread while he clipped the painful pins in place, then let him push her to her knees in front of him so he could take out his cock and slip it into her mouth. Claire passively gave him a blowjob, suckling on his cock, while he explained to her some of the other things that would be happening today.

"I understand your sister is starting with us tomorrow, which will be great, Fucktwat. Everyone's

been enjoying using your mouth and the guys will be very glad to know there's more where that came from. But today we've got some things happening for you. First of all we're promoting you to U grade, congratulations."

Claire smiled happily around the dick in her mouth.

"So I guess the next stop for you is T Grade. Here, look at these while you suck." He passed her a card with the T grade requirements.

T Grade

Presentation:

- Is never clothed while in a bedroom or a bathroom.
- Does not wear bras, except when requested to by a male or superior female.
- Spends at least two hours a week outdoors or in public with her tits and/or twat exposed.

Attitude & Obedience:

- Tells close male friends she fantasises about being raped.
- Never disagrees with a male; obeys all orders from males.

Routine:

- Never has door closed or curtains drawn while in her own bedroom.
- Performs one significant household chore a week nude, with doors open and curtains open.
- Spends an hour a week crawling on all fours.

Toileting:

- When friends declare they are going to piss, asks if she can watch.
- Once a fortnight, pisses in a drink that another slut will consume.

Masturbation:

- Is completely nude while masturbating or pissing.
- All her masturbations include a secondary degradation (public exposure, pain, humiliation).

Treatment of Sluts:

- Tongue kisses a slut on at least two occasions a week.
- In any conversation with a slut, insults or degrades her at least once.

Treatment of Men:

- Has a regular sexual partner, who calls her by her Titcage name. She never refuses his sexual demands.

- A new male gropes her tits or crotch once a week.

Claire felt that she should be dismayed by the rules. Two hours a week nude in public was going to be much harder than her current ration. And it was going to be impossible to have any sort of normal social life if she had to tell men she wanted to be raped and women that they were sluts. But she felt impassive. Receiving these increasingly whorish rules was her life now. She didn't like it but she had stopped fighting it. She sucked contentedly on the dick in her mouth as Michael kept talking

"We're going to need to update your ID, Fucktwat. We'll get new photos of your fuck-udders and your twat, and it's about time you got assessed for fuck quality. We'll ask the men who've had use of you recently for their assessments, and put that on your badge." He reached down and fondled Claire's face. "Keep sucking, honey. We'll do that now."

He buzzed on his intercom. "Send the first guy in."

The "first guy" was Jim. Claire could dimly see him out of the corner of her eye as she sucked on Michael's prick.

"Jim, you've fucked Fucktwat's mouth. Would you say she's enthusiastic about sucking cock?"

"Not very, sir," said Jim.

"And is her technique good?"

"It's adequate."

"How would you rate her as a cum dump? Awful, poor, average, good, or exceptional?"

"Poor, sir."

Claire felt betrayed. She thought she'd given Jim good blowjobs. She'd swallowed his cum without objection and licking his cock clean afterwards. How could she say he was only poor? She felt like crying. And then she did cry, when she realised that what she was sad about was not that she was being rated on her fuck skill by men who had raped her mouth in public, but that she was being rated poorly!

"Hush, slut," said Michael softly, patting her cheek, and then using her hair to pull her further down onto his cock. Claire started to gag, but then recovered, and kept sucking.

One by one the other men who she had swallowed the sperm of yesterday came in and reported. Most rated her performance as "poor". One rated it as "awful".

"When I cum, Fucktwat," said Michael, "you have permission to swallow immediately. But afterwards I am going to piss in your mouth, and I want you to hold that in your mouth without swallowing until you are told otherwise. Once your mouth is full of piss you may begin masturbating, and continue until you cum."

Claire tried to nod with a mouth full of cock.

"Now, something you might not know about fuck ratings, Fucktwat," continued Michael, "is that sluts who have a rating less than 'average' receive extra incentives to improve their skills. Upon receiving the rating, and then every two days until it improves to 'average', sluts with poor fuck ratings have a Taser discharged into their vaginas."

Claire squealed in shock, and almost pulled her head off Michael's dick. She would have, had not Michael grabbed her hair and kept her in place.

"You'd agree that a female who isn't fun to fuck is good for nothing, wouldn't you, Fucktwat?" he asked.

She tried to nod again.

"Good slut," he said, and patted her head. It felt as good as when Ben had done it.

"Now, at the moment you're sitting on a 'poor' rating. That's a recipe for regular cunt shocks. But those ratings are all from Titcage employees, and they have high standards. I don't suppose you've fucked any men outside of work who might be able to give their perspective?"

Claire nodded energetically. Ben. He was mad at her but surely he'd say she was a good cocksucker? She was terrified of the idea of having her cunt Tasered.

Michael passed her down a pad and paper. "Write down his name and number." Claire did, never taking her mouth off Michael's dick. Something about her movements in writing must have pushed him over the edge, because as she wrote he began moaning and spurting cum into her mouth. She swallowed it, sucked on his softening cock, and waited for him to start pissing.

He took Ben's name and number off her, and then relaxed his bladder. Urine began flowing from his dick. Claire let the warm, acrid liquid fill her mouth, not swallowing, but it kept coming and her mouth was full. She didn't know what to do but she wasn't allowed to swallow, so the liquid began leaking out of her lips, running down her chin, and dribbling on the slutty lycra tube top she was wearing. By the time Michael's bladder was full, the whole front of her top was soaked with warm piss. Following her orders, she reached down and started to rub her pussy.

Michael left his cock in her mouth, and dialled the number. Ben answered.

"Hi, is that Ben?" asked Michael.

"Yes," said Ben warily. "Who is this?"

"I'm calling on behalf of Titcage. I understand you've recently had sexual relations with one of our sluts by the name of Fucktwat."

Ben was silent.

"We just wanted to get your evaluation of her skill," said Michael. "She's with me right now in the office. She's just swallowed my sperm and now she's kneeling in front of me with a mouth full of urine. Could you tell me, based on your sex with Fucktwat, would you rate her as awful, poor, average, good, or exceptional?"

Ben was silent for a long moment, and then said, "Poor."

"Thank you," said Michael, and hung up.

Claire really was crying now. Titcage had turned her into a slut, and no one even thought she was a good slut. She cried and masturbated with a mouthful of cock and piss.

Michael didn't comment on Ben's answer. He just pulled his dick out of her mouth, wiped it clean on her cheek, and pulled on her hair to indicate she should stand up. She did, still holding the urine in

her mouth.

“Keep masturbating as we walk, Fucktwat,” he said.

It was hard for Claire to keep rubbing her pussy as she moved, but she managed it, half-bent over as she followed Michael into the room where her last ID photos had been taken. She kept painfully bumping the clothespins on her labia or accidentally tugging at her clit ring. It hurt and it was humiliating.

In the photo room, Michael helped her completely undress, and strapped her to the table, with one of her arms restrained and legs spread. He let her keep masturbating with her free arm until she orgasmed, then he told her to swallow the piss, and once she had done so he restrained her other arm. He took the clothespins off her cunt and put them to one side.

He then quickly took the photographs. In the new photos, Claire’s face was flushed like she had just been fucked, her nipples were erect, and her cunt was engorged and sopping wet. He then pulled over a laptop computer, positioned it so she could see the screen, and went to work.

Claire was horrified. Michael was creating a website for her! It showed her name as Fucktwat, her “birth name” as Claire Montpellier, and then all her Titcage stats, from her tit size of 32DD down to her fuck quality: “poor”. The new pictures of her tits and cunt were prominently displayed. He demonstrated that it was live and could be found at www.clairelikesbeingraped.com.

“Now, it won’t show up on search engines, so people searching for your name won’t see it,” Michael said, “but if people know where to look they’ll find it. What we’ll do is start uploading the pictures and videos we have of you, so they’ll be accessible there. And this site is important to you for two reasons.”

“First, we want you to start logging your sexual activity. Whenever you masturbate, piss, suck a cock, lick a cunt, get seen partially nude, whatever, you come here and you log it. All you have to do is say what time it happened and what it was. The electronics on board your clit ring are going to automatically upload how damp your pussy was, how sexually excited you were, and whether you orgasmed. And then that information will be available to visitors.”

“Secondly, this is how you improve your fuck rating. If you bring a guy to orgasm, and you think you did a good job, you need to tell him that this site exists, and he can go here and rate your performance. You don’t need to tell every guy that you make cum, but we will occasionally conduct phone surveys with people who we know you’re fucking who aren’t visiting the website, okay?”

Claire was still crying. This was too humiliating for words. She would have no privacy at all.

“Cheer up, Claire, that’s not worth crying about,” said Michael. He took a small black instrument out of a tray. “This is worth crying about.” And he jammed the Taser into her unprotected cunt and pulled the trigger.

Claire screamed, so loudly she felt like she hurt her throat. Her whole body jumped and arced. She was completely not in control of her body. She pulled at the arm restraints so hard she bruised her wrists. Her cunt went wild, and then she lost control of her bladder and started to piss. She was aware she was drooling, saliva running out of her mouth uncontrollably.

Michael just watched as she pissed uncontrollably on the floor. He had already put the Taser away, and although it felt like it had been on for an hour Claire knew she had only received one short shock from it. He waited until Claire’s twitching had largely subsided, and then replaced the

clothespins on her labia and then unbuckled her from the chair.

Claire needed help to stand. Michael let the naked girl lean on him, and then pointed at the puddle of piss Claire had made. "That needs to be cleaned up, Fucktwat," he said. "Your choices are you can lick it up with your tongue, or sop it up with your clothes."

Claire thought about spending the rest of the day in piss-wet clothes. She didn't like it. On the other hand Michael had already pissed on her top. "Clothes," she said. It came out of her mouth funny. Her tongue felt numb.

Michael passed her her clothes, and she got down on all fours and used them to mop at the piss until the floor was mostly dry and her clothes were soaking wet.

"Now, Sluthole is going to look after you for the rest of the day," said Michael. And sure enough, Sluthole was coming in the door, grinning from ear to ear to see Claire's current condition.

"Remember your rules, Fucktwat. You need to insult or degrade her," said Michael.

"Hi Sluthole," said Claire fuzzily. "You look like a shit-eating bitch."

Sluthole just stepped up and slapped Claire on the face. Claire barely felt it. She helped Claire get her clothes on - Claire grimaced at the feeling of warm pissy clothes clinging to her tits and ass - and let Claire out into the office. Claire knew everyone was looking at her but she was still too fazed from the Taser to care. She heard Kimberley, Sarah, and Samantha laughing at her. Instead of taking Claire to Claire's desk, Sluthole instead took her to her own desk.

"Get under the desk, bitch," said Sluthole. "You're no good for work in that condition so you can spend the day licking my twat."

A flare of panic went off in Claire's mind. She was going to get shocked again in two days unless she raised her grade. And women didn't count. She needed to get out amongst the men in the office and convince them to rate her better! Or she'd be shocked again in two days! Claire was terrified witless at the thought of receiving another Taser.

"I need to suck cocks!" protested Claire. There was more laughter throughout the office at this.

Sluthole pushed her down under the desk. "You lick like a good girl, and drink all the piss I feed you, and I'll let you out from time to time to show what a good whore you are." She then sat in her chair and effectively blocked Claire from escaping. Trapped under the desk, Claire could only watch as Sluthole spread her legs, and then obediently lower her head and begin licking at Sluthole's cunt.

She spent the rest of the day like that, with her tongue buried in the pussy of a girl she hated. Sometimes Sluthole would orgasm; when she did, she would let Claire out for a bit. Claire used these opportunities to visit men whose cocks she had sucked yesterday and beg them to let her try again. They all let her. They would take out their cocks, and she would enthusiastically bob her head up and down on their poles, looking up at them with loving, affectionate eyes. She would guide their hands to her tits or her hair, encouraging them to grope her or control her head. When she was done she would show them the mouthful of sperm. The very first man she sucked this way - she didn't remember his name - wouldn't let her swallow it, and so when she went back to Sluthole, she had to gargle the semen while licking Sluthole's pussy.

It seemed to tickle Sluthole's fancy to have Claire using her tongue to paint Sluthole's twat with a man's semen, and Sluthole came quickly. The next man Claire went to visit was Jim, and he let her

swallow the sperm in her mouth before sucking him off. She brought him to a quick orgasm, and then held still while he urinated in her mouth. Afterwards she begged him to rate her higher. He looked at her and told her he'd think about it.

After Jim, Sluthole pissed in Claire's mouth too. She was starting to feel a bit ill from all the piss she'd swallowed today, but then thought about her normal intake of cordial and decided it must be just in her mind.

Early in the day, Sluthole gave Claire her earbuds, and Claire put them on. 'You're a whore. You're a piss drinking whore,' her voice said. The droning instructions helped Claire forget about what she was doing. It was like she was in her own little world with just herself and the slutty voice in her ear. The licking was tiring on her tongue, but she varied things up by occasionally just rubbing her whole face around in Sluthole's cunt, or using her fingers, or just taking Sluthole's clitoris into her mouth and sucking on it. Sluthole also gave Claire a Slut Stick, and Claire used it to enthusiastically fuck her own cunt as she licked. She decided that having her face in another girl's twat counted as a "secondary degradation" for the purpose of her new masturbation rules. She had to beg Sluthole for a picture of a slut being abused, though. Sluthole just used her phone to take a photo of Claire, her face covered in slut juices and piss, crouching under the desk and masturbating, and then let Claire hold the phone to look at. Claire felt weird looking at pornography of herself while she masturbated but, strangely, it helped her to orgasm faster.

She sucked off four more men that day. She begged each of them to rate her average or better, but she had no way of knowing if they would, until two days from now.

She felt like shit. She was full of powerless rage and confusion at what was happening to her. So towards the end of the day when she looked up from a man's cock to see Kimberly and Samantha giggling to themselves by the water cooler, she got up, walked over to them, grabbed Kimberly by the tit, and dragged the shrieking girl into the bathroom.

Inside, she pushed Kimberly against the wall, reached under her skirt, and began pinching her clit. "Laugh at me, will you, you dumb slut?" Claire hissed. Then she pushed Kimberly down to her knees, reached down to her own cunt and removed the Slut Stick, and then pressed her pussy against Kimberly's mouth. Kimberly wiggled and tried to escape, but Claire just held her there and rubbed her twat up and down over Kimberly's face, bathing her in Claire's cunt juices. She continued until she was near to orgasm, and then began to piss on Kimberly. It felt so good to use a whore this way, the way she was intended to be used, that Claire came on the spot, shuddering with joy as urine gushed from her beaver onto Kimberly's face.

When she was done, she pushed Kimberly down into the puddle of piss, slid the Slut Stick back up her vagina, and staggered out of the bathroom. She refused to think about what she had done. It was only what she had needed to do. It was only what Kimberly deserved. It was what all sluts deserved.

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## **Chapter Twenty-six - ANOTHER DINNER WITH KITTEN**

After work, she learned to her surprise that Slutkitten was coming over for dinner. Apparently Claire's father had called Claire's friend directly, and invited her over. She learned this from Slutkitten when the cute girl found Claire after work and said she would drive Claire home.

Claire didn't know how she felt about this. She liked Slutkitten and wanted to see her, but it was weird for her father to be arranging her social engagements. And she'd had such a terrible day she just wanted to fall in her bed and cry.

Slutkitten seemed to sense some of this, as she was especially kind to Claire. The two had just gotten into Slutkitten's car in the carpark, and Kitten was helping Claire to undress. Claire didn't want to be nude but it was Kitten's car and besides it was good to get out of the pissy clothes she was wearing. Once she was nude, Kitten leaned over and began to lick Claire's face clean, lapping at her lips and cheeks to remove all the piss and semen and cunt juices. Claire sniffled, a delayed reaction to the misery of the day, and then kissed Kitten on the lips out of thanks. She knew men from work were walking past outside the car and some of them could almost certainly see the naked Claire, but she just didn't care. Her trauma maximum for the day had been reached, she felt.

"You have to degrade me, sugartits," Kitten reminded her as she finished the cleaning.

Claire remembered her grade requirements. She smiled. "You use your mouth like a good slut," she said.

Kitten beamed. "Thank you!"

As they drove, Claire told Kitten everything that had happened recently. She told her about her parents splitting up, and her new rules at home. She told Kitten about being graded on her sexual performance, and she told her about being tasered.

"Don't worry about that," said Kitten. "You can come with me tomorrow night. I have some male friends who are really nice about my work. They'll let you suck their cocks and give you an A grade no matter what. And you can be nude outside with them and get your other requirements for the week done."

"Are they cute?" asked Claire hopefully.

"Pretty cute," laughed Kitten. "And they taste lovely."

That sounded better to Claire than sucking off men at work.

When they got to her house, Kitten wanted them both to just walk in naked, seeing as that was the rule now. But Claire insisted on re-dressing before crossing from the car to her house. She didn't want her neighbours seeing her nude.

When they got inside her father was waiting. He insisted on them both stripping immediately. Kitten stripped happily, showing off her cute tits and cunt. Claire was less enthusiastic. It always felt weird having her father see her boobs or pussy. But soon she was naked, and before she knew it she was receiving her nightly cunt spanking, as her friend watched. Stephanie came down from upstairs, already naked, and also watched. Claire was at least happy that she didn't cum from the beating this time.

When it was done, she excused herself to go shower, without explaining exactly what she wanted to shower off. She left Steph and Kitten downstairs, and ran to the bathroom, where she showered while pissing and rubbing her cunt.

When she came downstairs, she found Steph cooking lasagna, naked, in the kitchen. But Claire froze when she saw what Kitten and her father were doing. Kitten had her father's cock out and was idly pumping it while the two of them stared at Steph's naked body. Steph was blushing and trying to pretend nothing was happening.

"I'm just helping your friend Kitten out," her father said. "She apparently finds her dinner much tastier when there's cum on it." He sighed happily as Kitten rubbed his penis. "And she's been

telling me about some of the things your work wants you to do, to help you to be a better girl. Apparently you need to be doing your chores around the house nude? That shouldn't be a problem. And you need to spend an hour a week crawling on all fours? You can do that here around the house, honey."

Claire went stiff. Had Kitten told her father everything? About how she had to piss? And masturbate? And let a new man grope her every week? She looked for signs on her father's face that he knew these things, but all she could see was the pleasure of the handjob he was receiving.

"These are good rules," he was saying. "You and your sister were always brats. Learning a bit of submission, and learning that things like your clothes are a privilege that you earn, should be good for you."

The rest of the night was an exercise in humiliation for Claire. When Steph finished the cooking, Kitten led Claire's father to Kitten's plate by his cock, and then finished jerking him off. Her father moaned happily and sprayed Kitten's plate with his cum. Claire had never seen her father orgasming before, and never seen him ejaculate; now she had, and she felt sluttier for the experience.

Kitten poured a glass of wine for Claire's father, and then poured all the girls cordial. Claire noted that Steph drank hers without comment. She wondered what Steph would say if she knew she was drinking piss and cunt juices. Claire sipped on hers eagerly.

The nude girls ate their food mostly in silence. Claire watched Kitten eating her cum-soaked meal and apparently enjoying it. When it came time for seconds, Claire's father had no more cum to flavour Kitten's second plate, so Kitten instead gave a repeat performance of her stunt from the last time she came for dinner. She scooped up portions of lasagna and then stuffed them into her cunt. Then she rubbed her legs together to squish all the food in her pussy, and then she dug it out and ate it.

As before, Claire's father had Kitten feed some of the cunty mess to Claire and Steph. When all the food was gone, Kitten's cunt was still messy from the mince and cheese, so Claire's father told Steph to clean it "since she was a lezbo anyway". Steph eagerly knelt between Kitten's legs and licked Kitten's pussy clean, while Claire's father watched, his dick hardening again.

After dinner Claire needed to piss, but her father wouldn't let her leave the table. She ended up with Kitten kneeling between her legs, holding a glass to her pussy, while Claire, blushing furiously, urinated in front of her sister and father. She filled the glass with her urine, then blushed further as Kitten licked the last drops of piss from her labia before returning to the table to sip at the glass of Claire's pee.

The night ended the same way as Kitten's last visit, with Kitten noisily fucking Claire's father in his bedroom, while Claire and Steph slept naked in the next room. Both girls were deeply horny, and when Steph started to kiss Claire, Claire kissed back passionately. Both girls found themselves rubbing their pussies as they kissed, unable to control themselves, and before long Claire was moaning her orgasm into her sister's mouth as her body shook and shuddered in ecstasy.

And Claire's last thought before she fell asleep was that there hadn't been a waking moment today that she hadn't been sexually degraded; that she couldn't remember how many cocks she'd sucked or how much piss she'd drunk; that she had kissed her sister while she orgasmed and urinated in front of her father; and that she couldn't control herself. She was a slut, and she couldn't stop being a slut, and she hated herself.

'You are a slut,' said her earbuds. 'You are a dirty lezbo slut. You deserve to be raped.'

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Chapter Twenty-seven - TWO WEEKS LATER, AGAIN

Claire couldn't believe how different her life had become since she started working at Titcage. Everything she did was different now, and yet she was used to it. Two weeks had passed since her parents had broken up, and she had now completed all the requirements for S grade, and was waiting on confirmation that she had achieved the new, higher status.

Her new requirements were:

S Grade

Presentation:

- Tits are at least a D cup.
- Once a week has a seven-hour stretch while awake during which either her nipples or pussy are never concealed by clothing.
- Spends at least three hours a week outdoors or in public with her tits and/or twat exposed.
- Exposes either tits or twat to each other person who lives in her house once a week.

Attitude & Obedience:

- Asks father or other male relative to physically discipline her whenever she acts like a slut.
- Keeps diary of her sexual activity and sexual thoughts which is publicly accessible (website, or unlocked book kept in public place).

Routine

- Spends two hours a week crawling on all fours.
- Once a day when carrying an item from place to place, carries it in her cunt.

Toileting:

- Has drunk a full cup of her own piss.
- Once a fortnight pours a half-cup of piss over her hair, into her panties, or over her shirt before meeting company.

Masturbation:

- Masturbates to verge of orgasm (naked) each weekday after leaving house and before arriving at work. During this masturbation she uses her slut juices to completely oil her tits with fuck nectar.
- Masturbates while another girl watches at least twice a week.

Treatment of Sluts:

- Tongue kisses a slut at least six days a week.

- Has had her fingers inside another slut's twat.
- Watches a slut piss twice a week.

Treatment of Men:

- Encourages sexual partners to fuck her without her consent.
- Is fucked in the pussy once a week.
- Sucks cock twice a week.
- Greets close male friends by tongue-kissing them.

Each morning Claire woke up nude next to her equally naked sister, her legs intertwined with Steph's and their cunts pressed together. Her earbuds would already be going, telling her she was a lezbo slut who liked to be raped, and her clit ring would be buzzing happily, making her pussy wet. She would tongue kiss her sister to wake her up, and then put on her Titcage dog collar and sit down at the computer, still nude.

At the computer she would log the slutty dreams she had had during the night on the Titcage computer, along with the kisses she had given her sister. Then she would go to the bathroom and shower; while she showered she pissed and rubbed her pussy to the verge of orgasm, being sure to taste both her urine and her cunt juices during the process. She would go downstairs and eat breakfast nude while her father watched, then sit on his lap and spread her pussy for his inspection. If it was wet – as it usually was – he would beat her twat with his hands before sending her back upstairs to dress for work.

In her bedroom she'd quickly log her pissing and masturbation on the Titcage system, plus her interactions with her father, and then dress in one of the slutty outfits in her wardrobe. Always short skirts, always tit-emphasizing boob-huggers or cleavage-exposers, no panties or bras. She would then set off for work.

Steph worked at Titcage now too, but the girls chose to walk different routes as Claire, at a higher grade, had additional obligations to fulfill. Claire would stop at a park on the way to work, find a quiet secluded corner, and strip naked. Once naked, she would get out one of her pictures of a slut being abused – she carried several now, for variety – and stare at it while masturbating herself to the verge of orgasm. When her pussy was begging to cum and dripping with slut-slime, Claire would start scooping up her pussy juices – bringing the first handful to her lips to taste – and then smearing the sticky cunt nectar over her naked boobs. She would continue until her breasts were shining with whore-honey, then piss (if she felt like she needed to) before re-dressing and continuing on her way

Three times now she had been seen by passers-by while going through this routine. Each time Claire had gone bright crimson and wanted to die, but nevertheless kept masturbating as they watched. Once she had had to beg a small boy not to take pictures of her on his phone, even while continuing to rub her twat.

By the time Claire reached work each day she was usually not thinking clearly. Her pussy was aching and dripping, her face was flushed, and all she could think about was how much she needed to cum. She would report to Michael and moan sluttily as he made her stick some kind of object up her cunt, or clip something to her labia, to be her "panties". He didn't tase her; she'd got her grades up from her sexual partners to an acceptable level, for which she was grateful. Then she'd kneel in

front of him and suck his cock until he came in her mouth, before heading to her desk.

She didn't get much work done these days. Most of her day was spent sucking on the cocks of her co-workers, or being dragged into the toilets by Sluthole to drink her piss and lick her twat. Claire would just sit there, shackled to her seat by her clitoris, her ring buzzing against her pussy, while men stuck their dicks in her mouth, grabbed her hair, and jerked her face up and down on their cock until they came. Some would then piss in her mouth; others wouldn't.

Her first orgasm would usually come mid-morning when the buzzing of the ring against her twat would finally set her off; she'd moan sluttily around some guy's dick and start to shudder as the pleasure ran through her. She'd normally have a second orgasm mid afternoon; sometimes it would be fingering her fuckhole in the bathroom while she pissed, but more often she'd grab one of the lower-rank girls and rape her, sometimes even out in the public corridors if there didn't seem to be too many people around, grabbing the girl, forcing her to her knees, and using her. Claire would rub her twat against the crying slut's face, using her like an object, until she reached orgasm.

Claire's relationship with the men in the office had advanced somewhat; a week ago she'd had to stand up in front of everyone and explain that, for those she had a sexual relationship with, she would feel really grateful if people wouldn't worry about her consent when they wanted to use her. Since then most of the men would just grab her whenever they wanted to fuck her mouth.

Jim fucked more than her mouth now; during a passionate session of cocksucking in the break room one afternoon, Jim had pulled out of her mouth, helped her to her feet, raised her skirt, and pushed his cock into her vagina. It was the first time Claire had had a cock in her pussy, and she started to object, but then Jim kissed her on the lips and all she could do was moan sluttily into his mouth. It felt so good having the warm, hard dick inside her, and she enthusiastically bucked her hips against it until he came.

Afterward she felt terrible. He left her with cum dribbling out of her pussy, and she had to run to the bathroom to clean herself up, hoping nobody noticed. And she was freaked out about the risk of pregnancy. What if he knocked her up? She was on birth control but she knew it wasn't 100% effective. She had to cry for a little while before she could go back out to work.

But then every day after that Jim had repeated the event, finding her somewhere, pushing her against a wall, and sliding his cock into her slut-tunnel. And every time it felt great. Claire couldn't help herself. She loved being fucked by Jim, even though it was happening in places where people might see her, even though he was cumming in her unprotected snatch. The second time it happened, she remembered things her tapes and told her, and when he pulled out after cumming she knelt in front of him and licked his cock clean. It tasted of a pleasant mixture of his semen and her cunt juices.

She had had to have a talk with Jim, per her Titcage rules. She told him that she liked fucking him and he was good at pleasing her slutty twat. She told him that if she didn't please him sexually he should slap or spank her. And she reminded him that he didn't need her consent to use her and that she fantasised about being raped.

'You're the best slut I've ever used, Fucktwat,' Jim replied, and patted her on the head. It was the best feeling Claire had ever experienced, and she felt warm all over.

Steph was settling in nicely to the office now too. She was an X grade, aiming for W grade. She dressed sexily for work, with a short skirt and no panties, and she'd been given the Titcage name of Cuntcandy. She had taken to the toileting much better than Claire had, and seemed to have no

problem urinating standing up in front of other girls. She was more worried about the men; she had seen Claire spending her day sucking cocks and was worried that she'd be made to service males as well. 'But I'm a lesbian, Claire,' she had explained urgently. Claire only shrugged; she'd thought that she herself was straight, but here she was licking Sluthole's pussy every day. She was too confused by her own situation to worry about her sister having to swing both ways. Like Claire, Steph had earbuds, and when Claire was close to Steph she could hear them telling Steph how much Steph liked sucking cocks and drinking cum.

After work, Claire would now hang out with Kitten every day, to meet the rest of her obligations. Kitten would drive the two girls to Kitten's house - both of them naked in the car of course - and then they would hang out nude in Kitten's backyard. The nudity outdoors helped Claire fulfill her obligations in that regard, and she would usually piss while out there, standing up, rubbing her cunt and sampling the taste of her urine as it trickled down her legs while Kitten watched. Then Kitten would piss and masturbate, and Claire would be the one to watch.

A week ago Kitten had had her piss into a cup and then drink it, to meet her new requirements. Kitten was keen to tell Claire not to do it again though; drinking too much of your own piss would concentrate it inside you and would be dangerous. Claire initially couldn't drink her own piss - it made her cough and choke - but Kitten pointed out it was just psychological, as she was already drinking urine from sluts and men, and suggested that she rub her pussy while she sipped. It helped - fingering her pussy took her mind off what she was doing, and she had been able to gulp down the whole cup of urine.

When necessary the two girls would use this time to shave each other's cunts. More often they would just kiss and finger each other's twats, often to orgasm. Claire loved this time; it felt warm and loving in a way that sucking cocks at work did not. She felt safe with Kitten, and more importantly she felt that her slutty, humiliating lifestyle was somehow normal or special - something she shared with the other girl.

Sometimes after they both came Kitten would playfully pinch Claire's clitoris and say that she was disciplining Claire for not satisfying her, as Claire had asked her to do. These occasions made Claire feel good in a confusing way; but she wished Kitten would do more, and actually spank her cunt or hit her. Claire would sometimes respond by lightly smacking Kitten's bottom while they both giggled.

Being nude outside was not entirely safe; Claire had almost had a heart attack the first few times Kitten's father had come across them both nude in the backyard. But he didn't seem to mind; and he minded less after Kitten led him across to a paralysed, humiliated Claire, extracted his cock from his trousers, and placed it in Claire's mouth. Claire sucked reflexively, not knowing what to do, until he came in her mouth. She swallowed his cum, and he patted her on the head and called her a good girl.

'A good slut,' she found herself saying, not knowing what she was doing. 'I'm a good slut.'

He smiled, tucking his cock back in his pants. 'You are, at that. You look after my daughter, hear?'

Now she often sucked the cock of Kitten's father when she visited. It felt strange but he was nice to her and she felt guilty about being so slutty in his backyard and liked being able to make it up to him.

Several times a week Kitten would invite boys around after work. The purpose of this was entirely to improve their fuck ratings at work. Claire and Kitten would suck the boys' cocks, and then the boys

would log onto the Titcage system and rate the girls as exceptional. They were kinder than the men at work – who still seemed to take pleasure in saying the girls were terrible at being sluts – and they kept Claire from having her pussy tasered, which was what was important. The boys never wanted to socialise; they would turn up, Claire would give them a standing nude hug and a lingering kiss on the mouth (per her requirements) and then would push her to knees, stick their cock in her mouth, fuck her face till they came, and then leave. It made Claire feel bad, and insecure, and she couldn't believe how many dicks she was sucking every day, but it was all necessary to get by at work, and there was always Kitten to hug her afterwards and tell her how pretty and sexy she was. Kitten said she had been careful to pick boys would take what they were offered and no more – she didn't want Claire to be raped until she was ready for it – and Claire was grateful for that.

Claire was required once a day to carry an item in her cunt, and she usually did this at Kitten's, bring Kitten a fresh bottle of cordial snugged inside her twat, or shoving Kitten's mobile phone into her beaver to carry it to Kitten when Kitten wanted to make a call. It felt strange using her cunt in this way. Strange, but right. Plus she really liked the feel of Kitten pulling the objects out of her pussy. It made her tingle sluttily.

As evening fell, Kitten would drive Claire home. Often when Claire got home she found Ben there waiting for her. Her relationship with Ben had developed as well. He claimed to have fallen in love with her; when he saw her arriving home nude, he would scoop her up and carry her up to her bedroom.

There, he would stick his cock in her mouth, while telling her how pretty she was, and have her suck on it for a while. Then he'd pull out, lie her down on the bed, climb on top, and fuck her pussy till he came. Claire wished he wouldn't – she was generally all orgasmed-out after Kitten – but she wasn't allowed to object or suggest she didn't want it.

He'd fuck her until he came in her pussy, then pull his dick out again, put it back in her mouth, and piss while she licked his cock clean. Once he'd emptied his bladder and she'd drunk all his urine, he'd climb off her and get her to tell him about her day at Titcage. He would move her hand to her pussy so she could masturbate while she described her degradations. When she was done, he'd express concern at what a slut she was becoming, and then 'help' her remember to be good by either spanking her cunt for a while, or taking off his belt and whipping her tits with it.

'This isn't you, Fucktwat,' he'd say. 'You have to remember how to be a nice girl again instead of a degraded slut who likes being raped.' She would cry from the beating, and then he would hold her and kiss her and tell her again that he loved her. She'd kiss him back, just grateful for the affection. She thought maybe she was falling in love with Ben. He was the only one who cared about helping her not be a slut.

Whether Ben visited or not, though, she would spend the night naked, helping Steph cook dinner while their father watched with an obvious erection. At some point in the evening their father would beat each of their cunts as a punishment for their sluttiness. They would eat nude at the table, then clean up, go upstairs, and shower (and piss and masturbate). Claire would log the rest of her day on the Titcage website, then the girls would climb into bed, and almost inevitably start to kiss and rub their pussies together until they orgasmed and fell asleep.

On the weekends the girls would do the household chores completely nude, the windows open to expose them to passers-by on the street. Claire would generally set aside two hours on a Saturday to crawl around the house on all fours like a dog, per her requirements. Sometimes Ben would come around in the afternoon to fuck Claire; sometimes Kitten would visit in the evenings to have dinner, which always involved licking both girls to orgasm and then fucking their father.

Sundays were the worst of all, though, as they were the days Claire had set aside to make a new friend. Her rules required a constant stream of new men to see her nude and touch her body, so on Sundays she would go out to cafes during the day, dressed in her normal slutty way, and try and meet a new boy. Once she got a boy's attention and had him talking to her, she'd expose one of her tits, trying to make sure no-one at the café could see it except the boy she was talking to, and then ask him if he'd like to touch it. Normally they would; sometimes, though, they'd be disgusted and leave. Claire had so far been successful each time she went out at quickly finding a boy; she figured if she hadn't found one by night she would have to try in bars, which scared her as she felt much less safe and in control in an environment with alcohol. After the boys touched her tits, she'd usually thank them for touching her, and then find an excuse to leave. Last week, though, she'd fulfilled her requirement to wet herself once a month by gradually relaxing her bladder as the boy played with her boob, pissing under the table while her tits were fondled. It had taken her seemingly forever; her bladder didn't want to let go. It felt strange and wrong to be pissing sitting down after all these weeks of urinating standing up; it also felt wrong to be wearing clothes, and not touching her pussy. But she managed it, wetting herself enthusiastically while staring into the boy's eyes and breathing heavily. The boy hadn't even noticed the puddle under the table or the fact that the back of her skirt was wet as she walked away.

She'd never have believed she would ever be able to deliberately wet herself while a strange boy fondled her exposed tits in public, but now she had. That was the sort of slut she had become.

She had one more task to fulfill for her S-grade, and on the most recent weekend she had achieved it. She had pour a cup of her own piss into her hair, shirt, or panties before meeting company. She had invited over three boys from her school - boys she knew, but didn't really like that much anyway. She figured her panties would be the least humiliating place to have piss, but she wasn't allowed to wear any unless told to by a man. She managed to get her father to instruct her to wear knickers for the night, but he beat her cunt again for needing to be told. Then she dressed sluttilly, pissed in a cup, and then stood in the bathtub and tipped the warm urine into her underwear.

Her panties were instantly soaked, becoming warm and wet. At almost the same time, her visitors arrived, so she went down to meet them.

They didn't appear to notice the smell of piss coming from her, or the yellow fluid running down her inner thighs. Their eyes were fixed on her sluttilly-presented tits. She gave each of them a hug and a lingering tongue kiss, and then led them into the backyard. There, she told each of them she was glad to be seeing them again, and that she liked them and thought they were handsome. She talked about how she fantasised about being raped. She knew she was teasing the boys and had figured she would give each a blowjob before they left, but she never got that far. No sooner had she told the boys they could use her without her consent, then one (Jeb) stepped forward and pulled off her skirt. She gasped, and gasped again as he ripped off her panties, apparently not noticing they were wet.

'We always knew you were a slut,' he said. 'I'm so glad you're finally honest about it.' He pushed her back against a tree, stuck his cock in her pussy, and began to rape her, as the other two boys cheered. After he came, Claire fell to all fours, stunned. The other two boys pulled off her top, leaving her nude, with her tits and cunt exposed, and then one knelt in front of her, jamming his cock in her mouth, while the other knelt between her legs and slid his dick into her pussy. The one fucking her mouth used one hand to grab her hair and control her head, while he used the other to reach under her and pull and pinch her tits. The one behind her spanked her ass rhythmically as he raped her twat.

When the both came, the stepped away from her, and Claire fell sprawled on the ground, cum leaking from her mouth and pussy. They thanked her, laughing, and then left. Claire just lay there.

She had been raped. She had been raped. A good girl would call the police. Claire wasn't a good girl, though. She was a slut. She was a slut who, her earbuds had been telling her for weeks, liked being raped. Claire didn't feel like she liked it. She felt like crying. But she knew that she must have liked it, because her earbuds always told her she did, in her own voice. She was a slut. Sluts didn't call the police. What did sluts do?

She knew. She reached down and started to masturbate while she cried. She scooped the cum out of her pussy and brought it to her lips to eat, and then went back to masturbating, fingering her twat, eating her rapists' cum, and crying until she orgasmed.

The next day at work Michael told her she'd graduated to S rank. He gave her a new ID.

"Name: Fucktwat. Tits: 34DD, real. Cunt capacity: 1.2 litres. Milk production: - Fertility: - Fuck grade: B Rank S."

"We'll need to test your fertility soon," he said. "But this week we're doing something different. We know you're very committed to your rank requirements, but we feel that they're fairly easy to complete here at Titcage. We want to make sure you know what they mean before you advance any further, so we've arranged a different job for you for a week."

"What do you mean?" asked Claire warily.

"You'll be working at a fast food outlet for a week. We've arranged a job for you. They don't know about how Titcage works. They don't know what a slut you are. You just need to do that job for a week, while meeting all your requirements. You should consider this week to be an entire month for the purpose of your "once a week, once a fortnight, once a month" requirements. If you can get through the week, we'll see about moving you on to some more interesting work here at Titcage."

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## **Chapter Twenty-eight - SLUTTY FRIED CHICKEN**

The new employee was the sluttiest - and the sexiest - thing Gary had ever seen. She was blonde and busty, and was wearing a tiny blue pleated skirt that exposed the lower curve of her buttocks even when she was standing still. Above the waist she wore a ridiculously tight tube top that exposed all of the upper slopes of her tits - which seemed to have some kind of sticky fluid shining on them - and a copious helping of underboob. And best of all she introduced herself to Gary by coming up to him and giving him a long, sexy hug.

She said her name was Fucktwat - blushing as she said it. And indeed she was wearing a dog collar that had a nametag reading 'Fucktwat'. Gary had to ask her twice if that was really her name, and she said it was. Gary wasn't sure if it was some strange and unfortunate foreign name, or if the girl just had really awful parents, but nevertheless she was clearly the best thing to come to Southern Fried Chicken since Gary had started working there. He loved her whorish outfit, and really hated having to tell her to change into one of the regulation uniforms preferred by the takeaway food chain. Nevertheless, she looked cute even in the uniform, and as luck would have it the only one available was a size too small, so she still looked reasonably slutty in the too-tight skirt and shirt that everyone else wore.

She had been sent to him from some lobbying organisation on a short term basis. He assumed it was a community service thing; probably an obligation given to her by a judge after a prostitution charge or something, judging by the way she looked. Once she was in uniform he sat her down in the back office and explained her responsibilities. They were simple - clean the restaurant, cook food,

serve customers in a happy and efficient way, and don't talk back to the other staff.

'That's fine,' said Fucktwat, sitting across from him. 'And...' she went bright red. 'If I don't meet your expectations, you should spank me.'

He felt his cock harden at the thought. 'I'm sure that won't be necessary,' he said, secretly hoping that it might be. He coughed. 'Is it okay if I just call you Twat?'

"Fucktwat" nodded, still blushing.

He took her out and introduced her to the other staff - Blake and Walden, teen boys, and Kelly, a sultry 19-year old brunette. They all laughed when she was introduced as 'Twat' but they welcomed her into the crew soon enough.

Over the course of the day, Gary was pleased with her performance. She was submissive but enthusiastic to the customers, she did her work quickly and well, and she continued being delightful eyecandy. Gary soon realised that the little slut wasn't wearing any underwear under her uniform, but he didn't comment. The customers couldn't see it, so who cared? And it was great to get to see her cunt and ass every time she bent forward. Gary could have sworn that he could see a hint of metal between her cunt lips. Did the little whore have a pierced clit? Her cunt was certainly shaved bare, just like a porn slut.

Towards the afternoon he noticed her starting to act oddly. Her legs were clenched together and she was bouncing up and down on her toes. He subtly tried to help her by mentioning where the toilets were, but the suggestion didn't seem to help her. Finally he looked up to find she'd vanished, leaving the front counter unattended. He looked for her in the break room, and in the toilets, before finally finding her out the back of the store.

She was tucked into a little space between the dumpsters and the wall, the most secluded and private space in what was really a completely exposed private parking lot. She was completely naked, standing upright, urinating and masturbating at the same time. Her piss was pooling at her feet and draining under the dumpster.

'Twat!' he said, shocked. 'What the hell...'

She burst into tears - but didn't stop pissing or playing with her pussy. 'Please,' she begged. 'Please. Don't tell anyone. Don't fire me.' Her fingers were up to her knuckle in her piss-wet cunt.

'I have to...' Gary started to say.

'I'll suck your cock,' Twat begged desperately. 'Please let me suck your cock.'

Her piss was beginning to tail off. It looked like her bladder was empty.

'Put your clothes on,' he said, disgusted. Twat obediently dressed. He grabbed her hand and dragged her back into the restaurant, into his back office, where he closed and locked the door.

'Bend at the waist and put your hands on my desk,' he said. He could feel his cock rock hard. She obeyed, and her skirt raised up to show her bare ass. He raised his hand and began to spank her.

After three strikes it soon became apparent that she wouldn't be able to keep quiet. He pulled off her skirt and jammed it in her mouth to muffle her cries, then went back to spanking her ass, continuing until it was a delicious red. Then he took out his cock, pushed it into her bare wet pussy,

and began to fuck her.

Her cunt felt great – wet and soft and warm and tight. He fucked it until he could feel himself about to cum, then pulled out, grabbed her hair, pulled her head upright, took the skirt out of her mouth, and jammed his cock into it. She made little muffled noises as he came into her mouth, filling it with semen.

‘Good slut,’ he said, patting her on the head. He waited till she had swallowed the cum.

‘Now, what’s this sluttiness you were doing outside?’

‘I have to be nude when I piss,’ she sniffled, holding back tears. ‘Because... because I’m a slut. And I have to masturbate when I piss, and taste my piss. And I can’t use a normal toilet and I have to be standing up.’

Gary considered. He couldn’t have this whore degrading herself in the parking lot; it would scare off the customers.

‘You’ll piss in here,’ he said. ‘You can do your slut-pissing into one of the styrofoam cups in private. And if you’re careful to not accidentally get your slut juices or your piss on the carpet I won’t tell anyone about it.’

She looked so grateful he could have married her. He settled for reaching out and stroking her tits instead.

‘But!’ he continued. ‘Conditions! First we’re going to do this – fucking – every morning and afternoon, unless I don’t feel like it. And you’ll have to get rid of your cup of piss. You can pour it out into drinks you’re serving to female customers. But if anyone catches you or if anyone complains their drinks taste funny, you’re fired, understand?’

Twat nodded enthusiastically.

‘Good slut,’ he said again

‘Gary?’ Twat said suddenly.

‘Yes, Twat?’ he asked her.

‘Could you go this website and tell it whether you enjoyed fucking me?’ she said, passing him a card. ‘And, um, if I’m not a good fuck, you should hurt me or punish me. And...’ – she was crying now – ‘it’s all right to rape me, you don’t need my consent.’ Her voice went quiet. ‘I like being raped.’

He took the slut’s card home that night and accessed the website it directed him to. It was amazing. It was full of video of Twat doing whorish things, and commentary about her on other acts not captured on video. Apparently she was a cuntlicking bisexual. She was fucking several different men, she was lezzing off with her sister, and she flaunted her tits and cunt in front of her father. He couldn’t believe this! She even drank piss straight from mens’ cocks. He rated her as a “below average” fuck and then masturbated while flicking through the site until he came.

The next week was the best week of Gary’s life. Every morning Twat would come into his office, piss while he watched, and then he would fuck her pussy until the verge of orgasm before pulling out and cumming in her mouth. He’d hold her there, with his dick in her mouth, until he could piss, and then empty his bladder down her throat.

She'd then slut around the restaurant all day in her whorishly tight uniform, until the end of the day, when he'd fuck her again and send her home. During the day he enjoyed watching her mix a little bit of her piss into every drink she served to a woman. She never got caught, and he loved the thought of these whores feeding their piss to each other.

By Wednesday the other male staff had worked out what a whore she was, and he caught her out the back giving Blake a blowjob by the dumpsters. He had to take her inside and beat her tits for being so whorish - what if the customers had seen? And then he let both Blake and Walden know that if they wanted to use her, they could do it at 11 am each morning in the male toilets; Twat would go in and service their cocks while Kelly minded the counter. After that things went much smoother.

By Thursday they'd all worked out that Twat would do whatever they told her to. They had great fun at lunch making her eat fried chicken. Blake pissed on one piece and made her eat it; Walden ejaculated on another and she ate that too. She was crying as she did so, but she did it, and besides, this bitch looked incredibly hot when she cried. Then they got her to fuck her pussy with a chicken drumstick until she came, and then eat it when she was done.

They were all sad to see her go on Friday, so they held an orgy in Gary's office to see her off. The three men practically covered her with sperm, and afterwards she had to stay naked because she was returning the uniform and hadn't remembered to bring a change of clothes. Gary watched her hiding naked behind the dumpsters, covered in semen, for nearly an hour, until finally a slutty-looking blonde girl turned up to collect her.

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Chapter Twenty-nine - THE LOBBY DIVISION AND ANOTHER PARTY

Michael welcomed Claire back to work by fucking her cunt. After she removed her panties, he bent her over his desk and stuck his cock into her twat. Claire had been expecting this for a while now and it came as no real surprise. She cried a little as he raped her, but let him do what he wanted, and soon he ejaculated in her vagina and then pulled out.

'The sperm will be your panties today, Claire,' he told her. 'Don't clean it up.' She stood there, obediently letting it drip down her thighs.

He gave her her new requirements for R grade.

R Grade

Presentation:

- Does not wear clothes or cover body between waking up and twenty minutes before leaving for work or school.
- All immediate family and housemates see her tits weekly.
- All close friends have seen her tits.
- Does not wear underwear of any sort

Attitude & Obedience:

- Kneels on ground rather than sits on chair unless ordered otherwise.

- Demeans self without being prompted.

Routine:

- Spends four hours a week crawling on all fours, two of them naked.
- Eats one meal a week from a bowl like a dog.
- Once per week spends a weekday with an active vibrator in her twat held in place by her clit ring.

Toileting:

- Cleans her cunt after peeing or masturbation by wiping it with hand then licking hand.
- Always pees self in public while wearing a swimsuit.

Masturbation:

- Masturbates or has dildo in twat while eating.
- Often masturbates in public in places she can't be seen (cinemas, outdoors at night, etc)
- If caught or seen masturbating, does not cover herself and continues masturbating until orgasm or told to stop.
- Licks clean any object that has been in her twat.
- Reliably becomes wet when abused, humiliated, hurt or degraded.

Treatment of Sluts:

- Encourages male friends to hurt and rape other sluts.
- Encourages female friends to be naked or dressed sluttilly around men; is cruel to them if they do not obey.
- Holds a porn viewing night at least once a week with at least three attendees, at least one of them male. Dresses sluttilly and ensures the porn features rape and degradation of women.

Treatment of Men:

- Encourages male friends to photograph her naked; poses for these photographs.
- Is fucked in the pussy twice a week.
- Sucks cock three times a week.
- All male friends have felt her naked tits and feel comfortable touching them whenever they please.

Claire looked at them. They were even sluttier than anything she'd done so far. Porn viewing parties? Having to kneel instead of sit? Masturbating while eating? But she knew she would do them. Her earbuds had told her she would, and they wouldn't lie to her, because they spoke in her voice. She was the kind of slut who would do these things.

Michael went on to tell her that she was being transferred to a new division today. It was the Lobby

Division, the part of Titcage that actively worked at lobbying politicians to legislate less rights for women. It was on the third floor. Steph ('Cuntcandy') and Kitten would be going with her, but Sluthole (Michael said, stroking Claire's tits) would be staying behind.

The Lobby Division, Claire noticed immediately, had a lot more sluts of higher grades. Most of the women here were crawling around on all fours. They all had breasts at least as large as Claire's - some much bigger - and Claire thought she could see what looked like sperm drying on the faces and breasts of some of them. A few were completely naked, and Claire obediently (and eagerly) stared at their perfect, nude cunts.

The sluts here didn't have real workstations or desks - only the men had that privilege. Instead the sluts would kneel along one wall, with their backs to the wall, their clit rings connected to short chains coming from the floor, and their collars connected to leashes tied to the wall. Each girl had a small laptop in front of them to work from. From time to time men would come by and get blowjobs from a slut they liked the look of.

Claire had barely connected her collar and clit ring to the restraints when she got to see Steph give her first blowjob. A young man had seen her the second she walked in, and was waiting eagerly for Steph to get in place. As soon as she was chained and leashed, he stepped up and pushed his cock into her face. Steph tried to turn her face away, but the leash and chain left her little room to move. The man slapped her face, and when she opened her mouth in surprise he jammed his cock in.

Steph started to cry, and had to be slapped again to make to start sucking on the dick in her mouth. Claire watched, fascinated, as her sister was raped, and by the time the man ejaculated in Steph's mouth Claire's pussy was dripping wet.

The work in lobby division on the laptops involved Claire reaching out to sluts on Titcage's blackmail list and getting them to record testimonials supporting Titcage's lobby efforts. The testimonials were always deeply humiliating and usually caused the sluts to betray their own deeply held beliefs. They made Claire's pussy wet to watch.

A few samples:

"My name is Melinda and I'm a lesbian. I like to claim that lesbianism is something I was born with and not a choice, but secretly I just do it for the attention I get from boys. Nothing makes me wetter than a boy watching while I tongue-kiss a girl. Every time I lick my lover's cunt I secretly wish a man would burst in and rape us both."

"My name is Jessica and I have been raped three times. Every time I was raped I filed charges with police, but what I didn't tell the police was I orgasmed in ever rape - one of them twice - and that each night I lie away rubbing my pussy while I think about the way I was used. I hope I get raped again soon."

"My name is Jen and I get sexually harassed at work. Workmates call me 'bitch' or 'cunt' and comment on the size of my tits or how loose my pussy must be, and they grope my boobs whenever they feel like it. But I love it. I love being demeaned and I love the attention and I wish they'd just pull off my clothes and use me."

For many videos Claire requested three versions: a 'straight' version where the slut was clothed and as respectable as a slut could be; a 'horny' version where the girl was clearly masturbating as she spoke, and a 'whore' version where the girl was completely nude on camera.

But Claire's real work happened in the lobby division meetings. Male staff would meet with a

businessman or politician to discuss Titcage's agenda. Claire would be invited to these meetings, and she would kneel under the table and suck the dick of the visitor to keep him in a receptive mood to the presentation.

Claire learned of her first "success" in her dick-sucking role about a week after she started in Lobby. Michael told her the national parliament had voted for changes to sexual assault laws. It would now be a defence to a charge of rape if the rapist could prove the girl had dressed in a particularly slutty fashion, or had deliberately cockteased her rapist. Many, many more rapists would be able to enjoy freedom because Claire had sucked politician cock so well. And as an added benefit, evidence in rape trials would now be more focused around how slutty the victim looked and whether she was a cocktease. Practically every rape victim would now be thoroughly humiliated and degraded in court.

Claire was told all this while Michael was fucking her pussy. She had a pig-cum popsicle in her mouth so all she could do was moan. She was horrified at what she had done; she had helped degrade thousands of women throughout the nation. And yet at the thought of some slut sitting there in court, being asked whether she had deliberately brushed her tits against her rapist, being asked if she was secretly begging to be raped, Claire felt her pussy spasm around Michael's cock, and she orgasmed.

At home, Claire had to get used to masturbating while eating. Her father was shocked the first time Claire did it, sitting naked at the table and rubbing her twat while she ate, but then he thought it was wonderful. He instructed Claire and Steph to make sure that the food Claire was served was appropriate for her new hobby, and so Claire soon found that she was regularly being served sausages, which her father made her eat 'properly' - which meant fellating them before eating them - and tuna tacos, where she would be made to lick the tuna melt out of the shell. Her father thought these were hilarious, and soon found a range of other phallic foods for her to suck on or concave dishes for her to lick out.

Claire had to compound her humiliation by telling her father that her Titcage rank required her to eat out of a dogbowl. Her father helpfully bought a dogbowl with the custom name 'FUCKTWAT' written on the side, and at least one night a week he would put it on the floor and pour Claire's dinner into it, so she could lap it up with her tongue on all fours while trying to rub her pussy.

And her father would never let her cum. He would always slap her hand away just as she was breathing heavily, and then beat her pussy for being slutty and then smear her cunt juices on her face.

As a result, Claire always went to bed horny, and she relied increasingly on her sister to kiss her and rub her tits and finger her twat for her until she came. She felt incredibly guilty performing sex acts with her sister but she was always so wet by bedtime she couldn't help herself.

The sex helped Steph forget about work. Claire's sister was now sucking several cocks a day, and drinking piss as well. The men always set Steph's clit ring to buzz as they raped her mouth, to help her associate cocks with arousal. It was messing with Steph's head and the girl always came home crying with a wet pussy.

During the week Ben took Claire to another party. Amy, Soo-jin, Jace and Elena were there, along with a busty brunette called Shay and two guys called Chris and Emmett. The boys all enjoyed Claire saying hello them by giving them a long hug, and Jace enjoyed it when Claire supplemented her hug by tongue kissing him.

Claire was wearing a short skirt and a tight pink bikini that didn't quite fit. It looked intensely slutty

and her tits were squeezing out of the sides of the bikini in all directions. Naturally she had no panties. She looked like a whore and hated it, but she had made the mistake of letting Ben choose her outfit for the night. Claire's tits themselves were shiny and sticky, a leftover of the titjob she'd given Ben before dressing. She could feel the sperm making her nipples stick to the inside of her bikini.

"Wow," the new boy Emmett said, after getting his hug from you. "Don't you feel underdressed?"

Claire paused, thinking about her rules. "No," she said, "this is exactly what a bitch like me should wear." She had wanted to say 'girl', but that word wasn't appropriate for Claire. And besides, she was supposed to demean herself unprompted now.

Amy had a surprise for Claire; the redhead was leading her friend Elena around on a leash! Elena looked miserable and humiliated. 'We're an item now,' Amy explained. 'It turns out Elena has had a crush on me for years, haven't you Elena?'

'Yes mistress,' said Elena.

'She has been rubbing her cunt every night like a slutty lesbian while thinking about me, haven't you, Elena?' said Amy, enjoying herself immensely.

'Yes, mistress,' said Elena.

The party was just getting started. Claire had poured herself a drink, when she heard Jace say, 'Hold on, I need to go take a piss.'

Claire realised she was obliged by her rules to do something. She felt herself turn red. She had to ask to watch. Did she have to say it in front of everyone? She sidled over to Jace, and whispered in his ear, 'Can I watch?' She felt her whole body flushing with shame.

Jace looked down at her. 'Man, you are such a slut,' he said. 'All right, sure, you can come honey.'

Claire followed Jace to the toilet. They both went inside and he closed the door behind them. Claire suddenly realised another rule. She was inside a bathroom; she needed to be naked. Crying, she started to pull off her clothes.

'Damn, bitch,' said Jace. 'You know I really do have to piss, right?' Claire, naked now, her tits and cunt on display, just nodded, tears running down her face.

Jace reluctantly turned away from Claire, and tried to piss, but her show had made his cock hard. 'Fuck,' he said.

'I can help,' Claire said quietly. She got Jace to sit on the toilet, then knelt in front of him and took his dick into her mouth. She then proceeded to suck him until he came in her mouth. She showed him her mouth of sperm until he got the idea and gave her permission to swallow. Then she put his cock back in her mouth and held still while he pissed in it.

'Your piss tastes good,' she said afterwards, 'I liked the way you used me as your toilet. Thank you.'

'I liked using you,' said Jace, standing.

'You can take pictures of me if you like,' said Claire quickly.

It turned out Jace did like. He took several photos of her kneeling naked by the toilet with little

drool-lines of sperm and piss running from her lips. Claire posed, cupping her tits for him.

Afterwards she dressed and went back to the party. She had several cups of rum, the second and third flavoured by her own urine after she pissed outside in the backyard. Then Amy moved the party into her bedroom. She said she'd bought Elena a new vibrator, and Elena was keen to show it off for everyone.

This presented another problem, in that Claire had to be nude in bedrooms too. She quietly asked the group who assembled in the small room if they would mind if she took her clothes off. No one did, so she did a humiliating strip in front of everyone until she was nude, and then knelt by the bed.

It turned out Elena was stripping too. Claire didn't know what hold Amy had over Elena, but it was clear that Elena wasn't happy as she stripped naked in front of her friends. Then Elena got on the bed, crying, and began to rape her own twat with a big purple dildo while everyone watched.

Claire remember Ben using Claire's mouth to fantasise about Elena. She also remembered her rules.

'I bet Ben would like to fuck Elena,' she said quietly. 'Would he be able to?'

Elena froze, dildo half-in, half-out of her cunt. Amy laughed.

'Why not? Go for it, Ben. She's very tight.'

Elena dropped the dildo and tried to scramble away. 'Catch her,' Claire urged, staring at Elena's cunt. Ben did, and then took out his cock and proceeded to stuff it into the weeping girl's wet twat

'This is wrong,' said Soo-Jin backing away.

'She won't say that with a cock inside her,' suggested Claire, not even understanding what she was saying. As she watched, Jace stepped over and grabbed Soo-Jin, and began ripping off her clothes. Shay started to scream, and then Emmett was grabbing her and exposing her large tits.

It was a rape party. Girls all around Claire were being raped, and she had suggested it. Jace was shoving his tool into Soo-Jin's ass, and Emmett had Shay pinned to the ground with his cock in her mouth.

Claire rounded out the party; she went over to Chris before he could take matters into his own hands, and kissed him on the mouth while she extracted his cock. Then she bent over the bed, her ass sticking out, and let him slide into her cunt from behind. It felt great. Claire's face was only inches from Elena's cunt, and she had a great view of it being raped by Ben's dick, until she found something else being put in front of her. It was Amy's cunt.

'Please lick me, Claire,' Amy breathed. Claire complied. The cunt was dripping wet and salty and warm and Claire loved it.

The raping went all night. Claire took all the men in her cunt at some point; at one point she had a dick in her pussy, a dick in her mouth, and Shay being forced to lick her clitoris all at the same time. She raped Soo-jin herself at one point, twisting the little Korean slut's clitoris until she agreed to lick Clair's beaver. And she had the pleasure of using her tongue to lick Ben's sperm out of a weeping Elena's vagina.

Amy, who had started out so horny and excited, was crying by the time the second of her male friends had urinated in her mouth. Covered in cum, she 69ed Shay while the men all watched, and

then had her cunt raped twice more. When she tried to get away earlier in the night, the men caught her and then, at Claire's suggestion, Ben whipped Amy's tits and cunt with a belt until she agreed to stay until they were done.

Through it all, Claire thanked the men and told them how much she liked being raped and being filled with their sperm. She also encouraged them to take photos, and they did. All of them got good shots of a nude, cum-soaked Claire begging for their cocks.

At the end, as the exhausted men finally stepped back from the pile of naked, sticky, crying girls, Claire took the time to tell all the girls that if any of them made rape allegations, she would testify that they had asked for sex and orgasmed many times. And all the men's photos of them would go into evidence.

Claire licked each of the departing men's cocks clean as they left, and invited them to come over to a regular porn viewing night she was thinking of having at her place. They agreed they would, and then left.

Ben escorted Claire out to the car to drive her home, and it was then that the sexual high finally wore off Claire, and she thought about what she had done to meet her Titcage rules. She realised she had encouraged and aided in the violent rape of several of her friends, that she had raped several of the girls herself and licked cum from their pussies, that she had fucked total strangers and let them cum and piss in her, and that she had agreed to host another similar party in the near future at her own house.

She doubled over and vomited.

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## **Chapter Thirty - CAMPAIGNING, ONE**

By the end of the week, all the boys from the party had logged onto Claire's website and rated her sexual performance. She got a little buzz from being rated as "high" by all the boys. And with the addition of that data, Claire had completed her R grade. She got the change made on her ID by Michael the next Monday, just after she sucked him to orgasm.

Next was Q grade, and Claire was pleased to find she had already completed most of the requirements for it.

Michael had another surprise for Claire. She and Kitten were going with Michael on a campaigning tour, to visit several important politicians in their home states and win them over to a new suite of reforms Titcage wanted to implement. He said he had already gotten confirmation from Claire's father, and she would be home in time for her first porn viewing party that Friday night.

She wouldn't need to pack, he told her - he already had a suitcase for her. And they were leaving in an hour.

And so a nervous Claire found herself on a week-long series of plane trips and hotel stays. They visited several cities and stayed in a different hotel room every night.

On the planes, generally they sat in rows of three seats, with Michael near the aisle and Claire and Kitten together near the window. Michael would make the two girls discretely masturbate all flight long while listening to their earbuds, without letting themselves orgasm. When they needed to piss, both girls would go together to the toilets, Claire blushing intensely as other passengers watched

them enter the toilet stall together, and then they would piss in each others' mouths. Often at these times Claire would grind her cunt against Kitten's face, desperate to cum, but Kitten (like a good slut) would never let her.

In the hotel rooms, when the girls weren't working, he would keep them naked, their hands bound behind their back, their legs bound together, with their clit rings vibrating. He would chain the girls' clits together with a short length of chain. The bondage kept them from rubbing their cunts or scissoring their pussies together, and the short length of the chain kept them from turning around to 69 each other. They had nothing to do but look into each other's eyes and kiss while their pussies drooled with arousal.

Claire found she liked this treatment despite herself. It felt good to be able to be naked with Kitten with no one judging her. She liked being aroused, and liked the feeling of her clitoris buzzing, and because of the situation it wasn't even her fault that she was so horny. She kind of wished she could spend more time like this, naked and chained to a pretty girl.

When it came time to work, he had the girls go through another ritual. One of the two would suck his cock until he was ready to cum, and then he would ejaculate into a cup. The girls would then 69 each other, licking each other to the verge of orgasm before pissing into each others' mouths. The horny sluts would then shower, then pour the cup of sperm over their tits, massaging the semen into their fuckbags before dressing in the slutty clothes Michael had packed.

And they were slutty. Claire couldn't believe she would be wearing them in public. There were skirts so short they didn't cover her cunt at all. There were "tops" that were little more than see-thru plastic sheathes that slid over her tits and were held in place by painful elastic at the base of her boobs. There were cocktail dresses with holes cut out to show off her ass. There were lacy bras designed to be worn with no top covering them. Claire felt like a total whore in each and every one of them. Although, she had to admit, she liked the look of Kitten in more-or-less-identically whorish clothes.

And then the two degraded sluts were taken out to see politicians.

There were a package of reforms that Titcage wanted instituted in this round of parliament, and for each one Claire and Kitten were asked to talk it up and explain why they wanted it, why it would be good for women, and why they deserved to be degraded like that. They usually did this while sexually satisfying the politician. Sometimes they fucked him. Sometimes they titfucked him or sucked his cock. Occasionally the politician wanted to spank their cunts or whip their fuckbags, and the girls let him.

"This reform will make it legal for businesses to discriminate against women on the basis of breast size," said Claire as she bounced up and down on an elderly man's dick. "Basically businesses will be able to refuse to hire small-titted women, or pay them less, or fire them if they refuse to get a breast enlargement. Big titted women face a lot more challenges in life; they are more likely to get back pain, they are more likely to be raped, and their bras and clothes cost more. I don't think it's fair that sluts with tiny little slutbags should be treated as well as women who make the effort to please men by having big fuck handles like mine."

In another meeting, Claire held Kitten's head down on a politician's cock to suck it, while she explained, "Breast reductions should be illegal. Bitches who make their breasts smaller are doing it for no other reason than to make themselves less attractive to men. We already have laws against public graffiti. We are agreed that defacing public property is a crime. Why do we let women deface their bodies this way?"

"If businesses are going to be able to discriminate based on breast size," gasped Claire, as a politician whipped her naked tits, "they need to be able to get reliable data on those breasts. This law will make it legal for companies to require breast inspections of employees or prospective employees, to measure and photograph their tits. They can do this at the start of employment or as often as every week, if they choose. They will be able to keep the breast photos in an employee file and make them available to future employers on request."

"And this last law," Claire finished, as she knelt across a naked Kitten's face and released her bladder, pissing all over her friend for a strange man's entertainment, "will make it illegal for women to lie about their breast size, or refuse to answer a question about their breast size, punishable by imprisonment. Why would a woman lie about her tits or keep their size a secret? Only to deceive her employer, surely. Or to try and trick a man into thinking she is worth more than she is. So with this law whenever someone asked me how big my udders were, I would have to answer with a quick '34DD, sir'."

Their reward for a good performance was that Michael would let the girls cum. He usually did this by taking them back to the hotel and fucking one of them in the cunt while the other girl masturbated; afterwards they could go, one girl licking the sperm from the other's recently pounded twat, until they both orgasmed. It was the best part of each day.

The girls must have been good lobbyists, because even as they flew home, the news was already reporting that the laws had passed, and would take effect immediately. The business councils were already gathering to implement a national database of breast photographs, and a payment scheme that would see sluts being paid more money based on how big their breasts were. Commentators were saying that A-cup girls would be living on the poverty line, while only bitches with a G cup or higher would be permitted to earn top dollar. Claire felt satisfied with her DDs, and felt lucky to have such big tits and not be as useless as more petite sluts.

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Chapter Thirty-one - PORN PARTY

Friday night was the porn party Claire had scheduled. She had only just got off the plane that afternoon, her body soaked in sweat, her pussy dripping, and a sheen of semen still shining on her tits. When she stepped into the house, she immediately got a pussy spanking from her father, and like the slut she was, Claire orgasmed. This time she got a surprise; her father leaned down and kissed her on the mouth as she came, and Claire found herself moaning her ecstasy into her father's open mouth. Something strange happened to her, and her orgasm went strange on her, and then another one hit right after the first.

Her father made no comment after breaking lip contact; he let Claire stagger away to get ready for her party. Claire didn't know what had happened or why her father kissing her had made her orgasm twice. She just washed herself off, and dressed herself. She wasn't sure what to wear - it had to be slutty, but everyone that was coming had already seen her naked and most of them had fucked her. Did it matter what she wore? She settled on a cute bra with no shirt over the top, and a short pleated skirt with no panties.

The guests soon arrived - Kitten came first, wearing nothing but panties, having heard about the party from Claire over the last week. Steph arrived home from work a little after. She hadn't known about the party but at Claire's suggestion she ran upstairs and got changed into a cute shirt and top. Amy and Elena came next, Elena on a leash held by Amy. Neither of these two bitches looked Claire in the eyes, obviously remembering how they had been raped on Claire's suggestion. But both of

them had showed up anyway. Claire wasn't sure if it was because they were worried about being blackmailed with photos of the rape party, or whether they just actually wanted to come despite themselves. She didn't ask.

She had some time to chat with the girls. Amy and Elena were both upset about the new laws. Neither were very busty and both were going to take a pay cut as a result. In addition, both had been told they would have their tits photographed once a week at work from now on, and both were scared of this. Claire made no mention of her part in the laws, and only said that having your tits photographed at work wasn't as bad as it might seem. Kitten suggested that Elena and Amy should both get breast enhancements so that they would be less useless and could be paid more, and mentioned that she herself would need a boob job soon.

The boys turned up later. Jace and Chris and Ben and Emmett. They all complimented Claire on her clothes. Claire explained that she felt like "the slut she was" when wearing these. She hugged each of the boys and tongue kissed them, and then Kitten did the same. All of them had an erection, or developed one while being kissed.

As the boys sat down, Claire went to get drinks for everyone. She took the time to hold Steph and Kitten and Elena and Amy's drinks under her pussy and piss into each of them a little, using a spoon to stir the urine through the mix of whiskey and cola she was bringing them. She pissed into her own too. She found she preferred the taste now.

When she came back into the lounge, Claire distributed the drinks, and then suggested that Elena and Amy "get comfortable" by taking off some of their clothes. The girls looked at the boys, a fearful expression on their face, and saw the males were obviously eager for the bitches to strip. Both sluts obediently stripped down to their underwear. At a gesture from the boys, they also moved to sit between the males, Elena snuggled between Ben and Emmett, Amy between Jace and Chris. Kitten sat directly on Chris' lap. Steph removed her top without prompting, exposing a pretty lace bra, and then, while Claire and Kitten looked at her disapprovingly, she slid her panties down from under her skirt as well, blushing all the while. She sat by herself on a nearby chair.

Michael had helped Claire find appropriate movies to watch, as Claire had obviously been too busy sucking politician cock all week to properly prepare for the party. The first disc she put on was called "Crying Sluts", and it featured a parade of girls being slapped, punched, and then raped on camera while they whined and bawled. Claire curled up next to Ben as the movie started and put her head in his lap. As the first girls appeared on screen, Claire extracted Ben's dick from his pants and started to suck on it happily.

By the time the first movie finished, Claire had swallowed a full load of Ben's cum and piss, and the boys had got both Amy and Elena completely nude. Jace's hand was buried to the knuckle in Amy's pussy, pumping slowly, and Amy was crying a little. Kitten was nude and had Chris' cock in her pussy as she sat on his lap. Claire got up to change the disc and put on "Red Udders", a compilation that focused on whipping and slapping of girl's breasts, interspersed with titfucks and men cumming and pissing on the fuckbags of sluts.

Claire's father came in during this disc. He said nothing, just sat down on the couch. He reached out and pulled sharply on Kitten's hair; Kitten got up, knelt in front of Claire's father, took out his cock, and started to obediently suck on it while he watched the film. Claire looked across to Steph and saw that she was trying to surreptitiously rub her pussy while watching the film. Claire didn't know why she and her sister both seemed to find this compilation of abuse arousing; she guessed it was the work of her earbuds. In any case she was glad it made her wet, as that was one of her Titcage rank requirements.

Halfway through the video Emmett got up and grabbed Steph. He pulled the struggling girl down and pushed his cock into her mouth. She gagged and wiggled, but he held firm until she started obediently sucking. Jace, meanwhile, had Amy on all fours facing the TV, and was fucking his cock in and out of her pussy. Ben took a hint and did the same with Elena, while Claire made her pussy available to Chris.

By the time Red Udders was finished all the men had cum, and were sighing happily to themselves. At Claire's suggestion, Amy and Elena licked each others' cunts clean, as did Steph and Kitten. Claire cleaned up her own cunt with her hand, transferring the cum in it to her mouth. The boys once again took photos of the abused girls while this happened.

Afterwards everyone went home except for Kitten, who predictably was staying to sleep in Claire's father's bed and, presumably, fuck him. But first their father had some words for Claire and Steph.

"After tonight," he said, "it's pretty clear you two girls are unredeemable sluts. No nice girl would watch the things you watched tonight, and they certainly wouldn't get wet. They wouldn't let their friends fuck them in public and they wouldn't lick the twats of other girls. I have been talking with people at your work about this and they have recommended the following setup."

He led the girls to their room. Claire immediately noticed there were new television sets set up on either side of the bed. Her father turned them on. They immediately began playing looping video of Claire and Steph, from the cameras in the house and other places. It was the video on Claire's website.

"These will run all night long, every night," her father said, "to remind you what sort of whores you are. And you'll sleep in a special arrangement."

He buckled each girl's Titcage collar around their neck. Then he got the two naked sisters to lie on the bed in a 69 arrangement, Claire's head at the bottom of the bed and Steph's at the top. He brought out handcuffs, and cuffed each girl's hands behind their back. Then he brought out a series of fine chains. The first set had thick plastic clamps at each end. These, it turned out, went on the girls' nipples. The chains connected Steph's left nipple to Claire's right, and vice versa. The clamps themselves turned out to both bite painfully into the girls' tits, but also vibrate distractingly.

The next chains were much shorter, and went from Claire's collar to Steph's clit ring, and Steph's clit ring to Claire's collar. The arrangement meant that, at most, Claire could keep her face about two inches from Steph's wet, dripping cunt. The smell was overpowering and almost made Claire orgasm on the spot. She could feel her sister's breath against her own twat.

"Like that?" her father said. "Of course you do, you whores. But the point isn't to train you to get sluttier, it's to train you out of it. Which is why we have this." And he took out an opened can of dogfood. Without a word, he began to scoop slimy, smelly chunks of meat out of the can and push it into Steph's vagina. Soon Steph's cunt was fully of disgusting dog food. Then he did the same to Claire's cunt. Claire felt the cold, wet pet food being shoved up her fuckhole and moaned sluttily.

"There you go," he said. "Hopefully that will train you off the taste of cunt. But if it doesn't, at least you can be learning to eat dog food like the bitch whores you are."

With that, he took Kitten from the room, and turned off the lights behind him, leaving them uncovered on the bed, in the dark, with the door open. The clamps on their nipples buzzing away were the only sounds in the dark. The only light was from the TVs, which showed Claire and Steph being fucked and raped, and kissing each other naked in the mornings.

And then Claire felt Steph's mouth at her cunt. Her sister was licking her pussy. She was sticking her tongue into Claire's beaver and fishing out the chunks of dog food. The thought drove Claire wild. She orgasmed yet again, spasming her twat against her sister's face, and then went to work on her sister's pussy, licking her wet snatch and eating the dog food as her sister's cunt muscles slowly pushed it out into Claire's waiting mouth.

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## **Chapter Thirty-two - LESBIANS**

That was how Claire and Steph slept from then on - chained together in a 69, wet and horny and eating each other's twats. Almost every night their pussies were stuffed with dog-food - "desert", their dad called it. They got their cunts spanked twice a day, and if they orgasmed from it their father would kiss them on the mouth. They ate at the table naked, masturbating while they ate, they would do all the chores in the house while naked, and they would crawl around for long stretches on all fours like dogs.

Claire's success in campaigning gave her a temporary break from lobbying at work. She was instead assigned to one of Titcage's research projects. They were currently working on methods to realign lesbians to enjoy cock, or to otherwise learn behaviours that were more pleasing to men. Young lesbians, desperate for money, had signed up as volunteers for these experiments. Claire was assigned secretarial and assistant work in these projects.

Her uniform in research turned out to be a lab coat with nothing underneath. Clips inside the labcoat attached to her nipples and labia; there was no reason for these clips, as far as Claire could see, other than to cause her pain, and they were very painful indeed. Claire's clit ring was set to vibrate constantly.

Each of the experimental programs was different. One program consisted of several girls who did nothing else but come in three times a week and masturbate. They masturbated in isolated rooms containing nothing but a comfy chair and a TV screen; the only experimental requirement was that the girls masturbated for a full hour whether they were horny or not, that they take an aphrodisiac an hour prior to attending the office, and that they watch what was shown on the screen.

The screens started off showing gentle lesbian porn, and the girls masturbated to this happily, with Claire discretely watching and taking notes through a hidden screen. But over subsequent visits the videos changed. First they became more violent, with one woman dominating and degrading the other. Then men were introduced - at the edge of the frame as cameramen, or as extras observing. They started becoming naked, and more and more shots had erect cocks in them. Finally the men started becoming involved in the proceedings, with a girl giving a blowjob while she masturbated her partner, or the man cumming on the girls as they 69ed. Eventually the men were fucking the girls and then violently raping them.

Claire was fascinated to see that these girls, supposedly lesbians, would still have wet cunts even after everything happening on screen was heterosexual. She watched the little whores orgasm watching footage of a man slapping and raping a woman. Sometimes they would look confused or disappointed in themselves; two girls cried all the way through the later stages of the experiments. But they came nonetheless.

Naturally Titcage had kept all the footage of these girls, nude and sluttily rubbing their cunts. Part of Claire's job was to arrange a little extra footage too; on the way to their last appointment at Titcage each of the lesbians would be raped by a man. The men were hired and paid by Claire

(sometimes paid with money, sometimes with blowjobs provided by Claire). They would catch the lesbian, her pussy already wet from her pre-session aphrodisiac, rape her, and film the rape, including her inevitable orgasm. The crying girl would then turn up at Titcage and have to go masturbate for an hour while watching footage of each of the other girls in the program being raped just like she had been. They all thought the footage was just more porn; and they all orgasmed looking at it.

One of the most abhorrent experiments - and the one that made Claire's cunt the wettest - involved one half of a teen lesbian couple. The girl was being paid to drug her lover. Three times a week she would secretly feed her unsuspecting lover a combination of drugs which would get her aroused and knock her unconscious. The girl would then get her male friends to come over and rape her lover in her sleep. Titcage cameras hidden in the house by the girl allowed Claire and her unit to watch the lover's behaviours while awake; they had been delighted to discover that the unknowingly-raped girl was using a dick-shaped dildo more often, was making porn choices that more often involved men, and was dressing sluttier and flirting with her male friends. Soon, however, the girl was going to discover she was pregnant despite having no memory of fucking any men; the whole team were awaiting that moment eagerly. Claire found that she herself was often fantasising now about either using the unconscious girl for her own sexual gratification, or being raped while she was asleep.

Constantly tracking the abuse and degradation of pretty sluts all day left Claire in a state of extreme sexual tension. There was an almost constant trickle of cunt slime running down her legs, and she had to drink a lot of cordial to keep up with the moisture she was losing to arousal and perspiration. The work was real work and it kept her busy; she rarely had time to slip away even to piss. When she did manage to get away, most times she couldn't even let herself orgasm because of her requirement to complete three full masturbations each day without cumming.

She wished Jim was around to fuck her; but he wasn't. The other girls working in research were cool to Claire and none seemed inclined to help her get off. The section leader was a man named Miles, and he simply wouldn't fuck her. She had tried everything to get him to; she had kissed him, rubbed her tits against him, let him see her breasts and twat. She had even got into work early one day and waited for him, kneeling nude in his office and cupping her tits for his pleasure, but he had ignored her except for telling her to get to work. She had cried all day that day; she knew what a slut she was now, and that was horrible, but to be such a slut and then be rejected was even worse. If all she was good for was fucking, and people wouldn't fuck her, what was the point of her?

That made her afternoon sessions with Kitten all the better. They would lick each other to orgasm as soon as possible after work; sometimes in the toilets, lying in a pool of urine; sometimes in the back of Kitten's car. Once they couldn't even make it to the car, and the two girls ate each other out on Titcage's front lawn, in full view of staff passing by. A part of Claire was appalled by what she was doing, as men walked past and took pictures of her licking Kitten's twat, but a bigger part of her just needed to cum desperately and had been fantasising about Kitten's pussy all day.

Sometimes they would go back to Kitten's house, where Claire would suck or fuck Kitten's dad, and then both girls would service Kitten's friends. Sometimes they would go back to Claire's house, where Kitten would put on a whorish show and then Claire and Steph would eat their dinner out of Kitten's pussy before Kitten went off to fuck their father.

Kitten helped Claire meet her last Q grade requirements. She took Claire for walks and helped her practice relaxing her bladder and peeing while walking. It was strange at first but then Claire liked the freedom of urinating without stopping, feeling the warm liquid run down her leg as she walked. People sometimes looked at her strangely but Claire was used to that now.

Kitten also helped Claire learn how to put her tits in bondage. The simplest way was with tight nylon ropes; Kitten showed Claire how to wrap it around the base of her boobs and tie it tightly. The result was intense pain in Claire's fuckbags; they bulged obscenely and started to go a dark purple, and Claire discovered that they were now super-sensitive and would flare in agonising pain at the slightest bump. Delivering her required hugs to men with her boobs bound up was extreme self-torture. Bumping into a wall left her screaming in pain.

Claire chose Ben as her male friend for her masturbation requirements. Whenever she was alone with Ben, Claire's hand would always be at her pussy, rubbing frantically. Ben didn't mind; he seemed to be resigned to Claire's sluttiness now, and in any case was often too busy fucking her mouth or her tits to care. But the routine of always touching herself while near a particular man did strange things to Claire's mind. It reinforced the idea that, for this man at least, all she was for was fucking. And it helped train her in the larger idea that she should always be wet and ready for the use of men.

Claire was required to sometimes hurt her tits or twat while masturbating now. Kitten showed her that this was as simple as putting clothespins on her nipples while rubbing her cunt. At first Claire found this painful and distracting but soon she became used to the feeling of a little stinging in her tits while she fingerfucked her twat. After a while she found her pussy juicing up in anticipation when she applied the pins.

Finally, Claire was required to drink cum from a condom. Kitten furnished this for Claire after Claire's second porn party. A terrified Amy and Elena had turned up again, although this time Steph avoided the event. The boys spent all night raping the girls while watching abusive porn; Claire orgasmed twice. After the boys had gone, Kitten brought Claire a full condom, and then licked Claire's cunt while Claire upended the plastic balloon over her tongue. The cum tasted cold and sticky, but good. Claire orgasmed from Kitten's tongue as she licked the last of the sperm from the inside of the condom.

It was only afterwards, as the two girls kissed in post-coital bliss, that Kitten told Claire where the sperm had come from.

'That was from your dad,' Kitten whispered. And even as Claire's stomach did a horrified flip, something happened in Claire's pussy, and she orgasmed twice.

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Chapter Thirty-three - CLAIRE'S NEW BODY

That week Michael told Claire that she would be being taken out of the office for a week for a special project, and so would Slutkitten and Cuntcandy (Claire's sister Steph).

Claire wanted to know what, but she couldn't talk with a mouthful of Michael's cock, so she just waited there, naked, on her knees, for him to explain.

"You'll be going into hospital, Fucktwat," Michael explained to her, stroking her hair. "We're going to enlarge your tits and take them up to an E cup. And Kitten and Candy are long overdue for their own boob jobs; they'll both be getting D cups."

Claire felt both scared and excited. Scared because Titcage were going to change her body, and give her even bigger udders. But excited because she knew that with bigger tits she would be a more worthwhile person. She already felt proud whenever she saw her smaller-titted friends, knowing that she would earn more money and please men better because of her larger chest. With E cups, men

would stare at her even more, and although that would make her feel even sluttier and more whorish, she couldn't deny that she liked getting attention from men. It made her feel like she wasn't completely pointless.

She was pleased for Kitten and Candy too. She had been embarrassed for them and their small tits - and, to be honest, she had often regretted they didn't have bigger slutmelons when she fucking them, because it would be more fun to play with their boobs if they were bigger.

Michael came in Claire's mouth, and after he had given her permission to swallow his sperm, Claire thanked him both for the cum, and for arranging to make her udders bigger.

The actual procedure itself was simple. Claire, Kitten and Candy all went into the hospital together. They were stripped naked, photographed, measured, and answered questions for a variety of nurses about their medical condition and their sexual history. Claire and Kitten were both eager to get bigger boobs. Candy - Steph - was not so eager and tried to run away several times. Kitten and Claire had to hold her hands tightly to make her do what the doctors wanted and tell the doctors that she was consenting to breast implants.

Claire felt frustrated with Steph. A part of Claire remembered how she would have felt months ago about this idea - horrified, degraded, and scared - but that was in the past. Now the laws had changed and women with small boobs were objectively less valuable than women with bigger tits. If Steph didn't get this surgery, no one would ever want her. She was lucky to still be at Titcage with such a comparatively flat chest, and not have been fired. The law change had sparked a boom in plastic surgery. It was very expensive now, but Titcage was going to pay all their costs. The three sluts were very lucky to have this opportunity, and Claire wished Steph could appreciate that. Besides, Claire was really looking forward to squeezing and licking Steph's new hooters, and Claire knew now that if a slut refused to cater to your sexual whims you needed to force her.

Eventually the girls were taken into surgery. Claire went under the anaesthetic, and when she woke up, groggily, she was lying in a hospital bed. She was completely nude, with no covers over her, and her arms were secured above her head and her legs were secured spread-eagled to the bottom of the bed.

To her satisfaction, though, her tits were bigger. They felt heavier on her chest, and they bulged in a firm, round, satisfying way that Claire liked. Or rather, that Fucktwat liked. It was Claire who had D cup tits. These big melons belonged to Fucktwat.

Claire soon learned that Kitten and Candy were in the room with her, on the other side of curtains. The first doctor to enter the room pulled the curtains aside, and Claire was able to see her sister and her lover. They looked amazing with their new D-cup breasts, much more like the whores that Claire knew they were. Claire wanted to kiss them and lick their boobs but she was strapped into her bed.

The room was a private room, arranged by Titcage, and Titcage had told the hospital staff the three girls were available for their use. Doctors and nurses both would come into the room and fuck the girls as they lay their healing, being careful to be tender with their new augmented tits. The lead surgeon explained some of what had been done to Claire as he tilted Claire's bed into a nearly-upright position and then stuck his cock into Claire's pussy while standing up.

"Obviously you have these new, improved breast sizes. But we've made a few other changes too. Most women who get breast implants find that it decreases the sensitivity in their breasts, but your employer authorised us to try a new procedure on you. You'll find that your breasts are even MORE sensitive than before. In fact, you should find that even relatively mild bumps to your breasts are

quite painful, and something as light as the rubbing of fabric across your nipples may be so distracting you can't concentrate on anything else."

He pinched Claire's nipple to demonstrate, and Claire shrieked in agony.

"We've also put an implant in there which will release a small amount of aphrodisiac into your system constantly. You'll find you're generally hornier now, like a slut should be. One of the side effects of it is that it cancels out most modern contraceptive pills. While you have the implant, you won't be able to control your reproductive cycle at all. Any sperm in your pussy could make you pregnant at any time."

And again, to prove his point, he ejaculated into Claire's cunt.

They kept the girls there for four days, occasionally moving them for exercise but mostly keeping them strapped in place for easy fucking. A nurse would come by several times a day and gently massage the girls' new tits. The feeling of having her breasts squeezed was both extremely painful and extremely painful for Claire. With the treatment her breasts had been given to increase sensitivity, Claire found it hard to separate out pain and pleasure in her boobs, and soon stopped trying to. She quickly built up some resistance to the new sensory overload but only some, and she now found any stimulation of her fuckbags at all made her cunt wet and left her unable to concentrate.

Naturally, they were given their earbuds to wear the whole time, their own voices telling them how much they liked being raped and how they only existed to be fucked. Steph still cried every time a man fucked her, and Claire could hear her sister's tears even over the voice from the earbuds. Disturbingly, Claire found that the sound of a girl crying made her wet now. She knew she should be horrified by that but it was hard to concentrate on why. Or maybe she could concentrate on it, but chose not to. It was much easier to think about how nice it felt to have the doctor's dick in her cunt.

When the girls got home, they found that none of their tops or bras fit them anymore. Claire and Steph's father refused to buy them any new ones, though. He liked the look of their new giant fuckbags bulging obscenely against the too-small clothes. Trying to pack their new larger tits into bra cups that were too small was embarrassing, and, given their new sensitivity, it hurt. Luckily they didn't have to wear clothes around the house.

Claire's father was obsessed with the girls' new boobs. He flagged early that he wanted to start spanking their melons now as well as their cunts, and Claire had to tell him that it wasn't safe to do that for a few weeks yet. She got an extra ten swats on her twat for daring to say it, but he did leave their breasts unbruised until there was no danger of damaging the implants.

He didn't leave their breasts alone entirely though. He didn't seem to be able to help staring at his daughters' new, enlarged melons. On their third night back from hospital he called them into the lounge, and explained to them that their new breasts had taken their cockteasing to a new level. "You are obviously trying to get your father's dick hard, like the little sluts you are," he said, staring at their boobs. "If you're going to go to such lengths to get me hard, you should be part of the solution too."

He made the girls kneel in front of him, nude, as they normally were around the house. He then extracted his cock from his pants and began to masturbate, his eyes fixed on Claire and Steph's newly embiggened fuckbags. Claire felt something unpleasant churn in her stomach as she looked at her father pumping his cock right in front of her, at eye level. Several conflicting impulses in her mind were calling on her at the same time. The part that was still Claire the schoolgirl wanted to

shriek, and cover herself, and be disgusted at the thought of her father's cock. A more intelligent part of her knew that the reason she wasn't covering herself and running was because she had become indoctrinated by Titcage, and that part of her was horrified and scared. But the dominant part of Claire was the part that spoke to her on her Titcage training tapes. It told her that she was indeed a cockteasing slut who should use her body to please men. It told her that it was right for her father to react sexually to her body. It made her want to lean forward and take her father's cock in her mouth and suck on it until it came.

The girls knelt and waited and watched their father's cock until finally, moaning, he came, ejaculating sperm all over the girls' breasts. Steph made a little despairing noise as the white, sticky semen splattered on her tits, but she didn't move away.

Their father looked at them in satisfaction when he was done. "Good sluts," he said. "Now, you know what to do. Lick each other clean."

Hesitantly, the girls moved towards each other. Steph's face leant down, and Claire felt her sister begin to lick their father's cum from her breasts. Steph's tongue caressed Claire's nipples, and the newly sensitive skin of her fuckbags, and when Steph was done Claire returned the favour, savouring the taste of her father's salty semen.

Afterwards, both of the girls were so horny, they had to go, licking each other's cunts feverishly as their father watched.

Over the next week, Titcage sent Sluthole around during their recovery time, to take new photos of their improved tits for their Titcage IDs. Naturally Sluthole tortured both girls in the process, squeezing their over-sensitive boobs, pinching their clits, and pissing in their mouths. Claire found she didn't even really mind this treatment anymore. It was what she deserved, after all. Maybe the old Claire hadn't deserved it, but the new Claire - the Claire with fake tits, the Claire who called herself Fucktwat - was clearly good for nothing except fucking and abuse.

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## **Chapter Thirty-four - TRAINING PART 1**

When the girls had recovered from their surgery, and gotten used to their new huge tits, they went back to work at Titcage.

On the Monday of their return, Michael called all of them into his office first thing in the morning, told them to strip naked, and fucked each of them in the cunt. Each of the girls in turn bend over his desk while he stuck his cock into them from behind, leaning forward to squeeze and pinch their new boobs as hard he could. He pulled out of Claire and Kitten before cumming, saving his ejaculation for the pussy of Steph, who he knew would be most humiliated and revolted by it. Then he watched as Claire licked his cum out of her sister's twat.

Afterwards he congratulated Claire on reaching Q grade, and he showed her the requirements for P grade.

P Grade

Presentation:

- Wears a leash except when instructed otherwise by a male.

- Tits are at least a DD cup.
- Does not wear clothes at home or in the gardens of her home under any circumstances.

#### Attitude & Obedience:

- Allows anything to be put in her mouth by others; swallows edibles and liquids, sucks on other objects.

#### Routine:

- Twice per day when carrying an object from place to place, carries it in her cunt.
- Eats five meals a week from a bowl like a dog.
- Eats two meals a week that have been flavoured by semen.

#### Toileting:

- Twice a week pisses on a meal she will eat.

#### Masturbation and Sex:

- Hurts her tits or her cunt during five masturbations a week.
- Masturbates herself constantly during her morning exercise.
- Receives sperm in one of her orifices at least once per day.

#### Lactation and Farming:

- Is lactating.
- Works five hours a week on a Titcage farm or other slut ranch.

#### Treatment of Sluts:

- Has licked another slut to orgasm.
- Has been licked to orgasm by a slut.
- Has sucked another slut's tits in public.

#### Treatment of Men:

- Begs a man to rape her at least twice a week.
- When talking directly to a man while he is sitting, massages his cock.

Claire ignored the despair a part of her felt inside. These were things she deserved to have done to her. Noting her new requirements, she immediately reached out and began to massage Michael's still-hard penis.

"What's a slut ranch?" she heard herself ask.

"Don't worry about that, Fucktwat," replied Michael. "You'll probably be on the cusp of P grade for a while, because we have some other things for you to do before we send you out to the ranch."

The "other things" turned out to include company-sponsored training. For half of each day, all three of the girls were required to attend training sessions to improve "their suitability as employees, and as human females". Claire's class for training included not only Steph and Kitten, but also Sluthole, Kimberley, (who was now a V rank and calling herself Bitchmelons) and Samantha (now a U, and answering to Fuckpuppet).

Their trainer was a 20-something man named Kyle, who was assisted by a nude E-cup redhead called Twatsucker. Claire felt her pussy twitch looking at both Kyle and Twatsucker, and blushed. Twatsucker had very pretty fuckbags and an attractive, shaved cunt. (It was not until almost a week after training started that Claire realised she couldn't picture Twatsucker's face.)

The training started with a getting-to-know you session. The girls were paired up randomly and told to lick each other's pussies. Claire was partnered with Kimberley, Bitchmelons, who was not yet used to life at Titcage and struggled as Claire held her down and forced her cunt against Bitchmelons' face. She could feel Bitchmelons crying into Claire's pussy as the brunette slut licked at Claire's clitoris, and Claire wondered why Bitchmelons kept working at Titcage if she hated it so much, but it wasn't something Claire needed to worry about, and so she put it out of her mind and just buried her tongue in Bitchmelons' snatch.

Claire was finding that getting to have sex with random pretty girls was one of the great benefits of working at Titcage. She could just rape big-boobed sluts when she wanted to and no one would tell her not to. She wished the rest of the world would hurry up and come around to Titcage's way of thinking.

After the girls had had enough time to reach an orgasm, the getting-to-know you session continued, with the girls being asked to draw pictures of each other. Claire drew a picture of Kitten's pretty face, but when she showed it to Kyle, he ripped it up, brought Claire into the middle of the room, and began to beat her breasts savagely with a paddle. Claire cried and screamed, but she realised what she had done wrong when Kitten held up her picture of Steph. It showed Steph's cunt in intimate detail, complete with that one labia that was slightly bigger than the other. As Kyle continued to slap Claire's tits, Claire realised that this wasn't Steph's cunt - this WAS Steph, in the same way that Claire would have described a picture of her father's face as a picture of her father.

After the beating she was sent back to her desk with her breasts in agony, where she drew a picture of Kitten's pussy as best she could picture it. She found she could picture it very well indeed - better than Kitten's face in some ways - and she was able to capture the smooth contours of Kitten's vulva and the way her little nub of a clitoris stuck out a little even when Kitten wasn't aroused, presenting Kitten's clit ring piercing in a way that always made Claire want to tug on it. She labelled the picture "Slutkitten".

Kyle approved of Claire's second drawing, and he rewarded her by letting her suck on his cock for a few minutes while he explained what the sluts would be learning next.

The first phase of training was to focus on teaching the girls how to walk properly, and over the next week they learned and practiced ways of moving more appropriate to the sluts that they were. Kyle explained to them that there were only four appropriate ways for a slut to walk.

\* The Slave - In this simple walk, the slut walks with her back straight, her boobs thrust outwards, and her hands behind her back at waist level, as if cuffed together. Kyle described this walk as the

normal walk for a slut being led on a leash, and made them all practice it both with their hands actually tied together, and with their hands free of any literal restraint. They started off doing the walk in bare feet but progressed quickly to trying it in high stiletto heels. Claire noticed that in this walk she was completely unable to protect the front of her body. On two separate occasions she tripped on the high heels of her shoes and fell down, her tits slamming into the floor. The pain was agonising and she screamed, but Kyle and Twatsucker just laughed at her, and then encouraged the rest of the class to laugh at her as well. Claire was worried she had damaged her new implants but apparently they were made of tougher material than she feared – her boobs were fine, just in agony.

\* The Fucktoy – In this walk, the slut walks while masturbating with one hand and squeezing her tits with the other. Thus the slut always has her fingers buried in her snatch as she walks. Kyle explained that a slut can use this walk even when clothed – she can slip her hand into her pants, skirt, or panties to finger her pussy, and grope her boobs even through her top or bra. Claire found it difficult at first to do this walk – she kept forgetting either to pump her fingers in and out of her fuckhole, or to keep walking forward, but she soon learned the rhythm of it and found it tremendously satisfying to be able to play with herself while also walking places.

\* The Offer – For this walk, the slut's tits are fully exposed, and she cups and lifts them with her hands as she walks, to emphasise that her boobs are not her own, but rather exist for the pleasure of her master and men generally. Claire found it distracting to be constantly touching her sensitive fuckmelons as she walked and would occasionally start to squeeze them for the mix of pain and pleasure it would bring. Each time she did, Twatsucker would lash her tits with a cane, and remind Claire that a slut's boobs were not for her own pleasure, but the pleasure of others.

\* The Pet – Obviously the last walk was not a walk at all, but a crawl on all fours. The sluts were taught to crawl quickly and efficiently, wagging their bodies to maximise the wiggle of their butt and the swing of their boobs. Part of the training including crawling while on a leash, and crawling with tail-shaped butt plugs pushed into their anus.

For each walk, the girls also practiced it while holding dildos in their pussy and/or anus, and, when they needed to urinate, practiced peeing without stopping walking. They were told that these four walks were the only ways they would ever walk again for the rest of their lives, and that they would explain this to the men in their lives so they could be disciplined if they forgot. They learned how to select a walk – the Pet was to be used indoors by default unless they were told otherwise. The Slave was for when they were on a leash and being led, or for when they were in a situation where using another walk might attract the attention of authorities who aren't sympathetic to the idea of sluts knowing their place. . The Offer was for meeting new men. And the Fucktoy was to be used at all other times.

On the first night at home after training, Claire and Steph demonstrated their new walks to their father, strutting back in forth naked in front of them cupping their tits or fingering their pussies. Afterwards he delivered his first whipping to their healed and healthy boobs, and when he had left a line of red welts across their fuckmelons, he made the crying girls kneel so he could masturbate and cum on them. The two sisters licked their father's cum from each others' breasts, and then had dinner.

Dinner for Claire was dog food, which tonight was served in a dog bowl rather than her sister's cunt. This was by Claire's request, to help with her grade requirements, but when she came to crouch on all fours in front of the bowl and begin licking up the slimy chunks, she felt her pussy growing wet. She realised she had come to associate the taste of dog food with the taste of cunt, and therefore with sex, and now she bitterly wished she had Steph or some other whore licked at her beaver while she ate. She instead attempted to balance on only one hand so she could use the other to rub her

twat as she ate, and mostly succeeded, only falling over embarrassingly twice.

Each day at training, the girls would repeat the forty minutes of “getting to know each other” – licking each others’ pussies, and then drawing pictures of each other. While Sluthole, Slutkitten and Cuntcandy (Steph) were willing participants in the sex. Claire found that, as with Bitchmelons, she also had to rape Fuckpuppet (Samantha) to get her to behave. Fuckpuppet was even more fun to rape than Bitchmelons had been, wiggling in a way which pleased Claire’s pussy, and still putting up a fight on Friday despite all the other girls having already raped her that week and the trainer having fucked her mouth twice and her pussy once.

Claire also found that she was very good at drawing cunts, and she soon had a collection of five pictures of pussies, one for each of her classmates. On the Friday of training, each of the girls was asked to pick which slut’s drawing looked most like her, and then together they logged on to their social media accounts – Facebook, email, Twitter, and others, and changed their profile pictures to drawings of their cunts. Claire was flattered that Kitten, Steph and Bitchmelons all picked Claire’s pictures of their twats to use.

Claire felt strange looking at her old social media accounts. She barely used them anymore; the only thing she regularly logged onto was her Titcage profile. Most of the people attached to these accounts weren’t really her friends anymore. They had been the friends of the old Claire, but they didn’t know Fucktwat. They would probably think it was strange that she was changing her photograph to a picture of her pussy, but Claire knew that the picture of her beaver was a more accurate picture of her now than any image of her face.

Steph wasn’t quite so indoctrinated, and Bitchmelons and Fuckpuppet outright refused to make the change. Kyle got Claire, Kitten, Sluthole and Twatsucker to hold the rebellious girls down, and then used a cattle prod on their pussies until they agreed to do what they were told. Claire felt funny looking at her sister’s groin being electro-shocked by the prod as Claire held her down. She knew this was wrong – that months ago this would have horrified her – but now it just made her wet to see her sister’s twat being hurt. This is what she deserves, Claire thought. This is what I deserve.

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That night, Claire found Steph sitting naked in front of the computer at home, and crying. Claire looked over her shoulder at what was visible on the screen.

Steph had three windows open. The first showed her Titcage profile, just like Claire’s, where Steph had just finished logging that her father had ejaculated on her tits and that Steph had masturbated three times during the day.

The second window was Steph’s Facebook profile. More than half of Steph’s friends had unfriended her. Most of those who remained were male. A string of comments ran under Steph’s new profile picture. “Great picture!” “It looks just like you!” “Hey Steph, want to catch up some time?” “That’s so slutty! What a whore!”

The third and final window showed a news site. Titcage had finally succeeded in one of their most dearly wanted goals. The headline read: “Rape Fairness Act Passes: It’s Not Rape If She’s Wet”. The criminal law had been amended so that it was a defence to a charge of rape to assert that the girl had been aroused at some time during the act. The onus of proving that she hadn’t been wet lay on the girl. The acts which had formerly been classed as rape but were now legal would be called “semi-consensual sex” or “reluctant sex”. Expert predicted that the number of women who would be subjected to semi-consensual sex would rise by over 1000% over the six months following passage of

the bill.

Claire stared at the screen. She knew she had helped to make this happen. She thought about women – girls who had once been her friends – being raped and molested again and again by men. She felt sick. She felt aroused. She thought about the way she had raped Bitchemlons and Fuckpuppet this week. She would be able to do that now anywhere, anytime, as long as she could get them wet. And if she couldn't get them wet – how were they going to prove that? Without even thinking, her hand went to her cunt and began to stroke it. She wanted to cum.

Gently, she leaned in and began to kiss her sister's neck. Her sister turned and lifted her lips to Claire's own, and they kissed, their tongues entwining. Gradually Steph rose to her feet, and then the two girls moved back towards their bed.

And as Claire spent that night with her face buried in Steph's pussy, knowing that she was celebrating the legalisation of rape by eating her sister's twat, she felt beautifully, blessedly content.

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Chapter Thirty-five - TRAINING PART 2

As the training went on, the girls learned the body language of submission. Twatsucker taught the girls the animal, instinctual signs of the submission of women – baring and offering the wrists, baring and offering the neck. The sluts were taught how to take up less space with their body, and how to keep their eyes wide open for a “doe-eyed” look. They were shown how important it was to keep their body at a lower level than males in the room – if a male was standing, a good slut was naturally shorter. If a male was sitting on a chair, a slut should kneel on the floor. If a male was sitting on the floor, the slut should be lying prostrate.

They learned a good slut remains still unless told to move. A good slut lowers her eyes unless a male is present, at which time she should look him the eyes to signal her dependence on his favour. They learned that a slut should smile even if she is embarrassed or in pain.

The sluts learned to draw attention to their necks, their wrists and their tits with hand gestures. And finally they learned that the greatest sign of submission is sexual arousal. In less indoctrinated women, they learned, it was common to suggest sexual arousal through rouge, blush, lipstick and other makeup, simulating the flow of blood to the face. But for Titcage sluts they could just use the real thing. A good slut was always aroused in the presence of men. Claire knew this to be true, because between the sensitivity in her tits, her aphrodisiac implant, the work cordial, and the constant sexual activities she was engaged in, she was almost always wet now even when men weren't around.

One day in the second week, after work, Steph and Claire went by a petshop to buy themselves leashes. Kitten drove them there, but when it came time to get out of the car, Steph didn't want to do the Fucktoy walk in public, in front of people they'd never met, so Claire and Kitten had to slap Steph a few times and pinch her clit before she would agree to do it. Afterwards, Steph and Claire went into the shop, squeezing their tits and with their fingers in their cunts, and asked the surprised salesman to help them pick out leashes.

At home, their father was gratified to see his daughters leashed, and he told them they looked pretty on a leash like a dog while he was beating their breasts and then cumming on them. Claire ate her dinner again from a dog bowl, but this time she pissed on it first. She found that adding piss to the dog food made it taste better to her – more like her work cordial – and she ate it eagerly while masturbating. Remembering she was supposed to hurt herself during her masturbations, when she

felt herself nearing orgasm she started pinching her own clitoris viciously, and finally felt herself cumming on a wave of pain and degradation.

On the third day of training the girls were taught how to exercise in the mornings so as to stay fit and attractive. An extra trainer was brought in - a brunette named Sexpet - to help them set up a week-long workout routine.

A good workout routine starts with stretches, and the girls were shown how to safely stretch all their muscles. They were also taught to stretch their tits by pulling their nipples out until it hurt, and to stretch their pussy and anus muscles with large dildos before exercising. The girls were encouraged to do their stretches nude, either in their front garden or in front of an open window or balcony facing the street.

The girls were then shown two ways of jogging around their block for exercise:

* The Nude Jog - For the nude jog, the slut strips completely naked, and then attaches small weights via clips to her nipples, clitoris and labia. The motion of the jogging will bounce the weights up and down, pulling painfully on the slut's sensitive areas. For big titted sluts, this will add to the natural agony of their melons bouncing around as they move. Sluts are encouraged to do one lap of their jogging course in The Slave posture, with their hands behind their back, and a second lap in the Fucktoy, squeezing their tits and masturbating as they jog.

* The Clothed Jog - For sluts who have a reasonable fear that jogging nude may get them arrested, or for variety, a clothed jog is also taught. In the clothed jog, alternative degradations are found to make up for the humiliation lost due to not being nude. In a clothed jog, the slut wears minimal clothing - either a bra and panties, a bikini swimsuit, or too-tight lycra. The material is soaked in liquid - possibly piss - before the run, to make it hug the slut's curves better. The slut fills her cunt and butt-crack with food for her next meal (usually breakfast) until her groin is stuffed full, and uses her panties or bikini bottom to hold it in place. She fills her bra with small thumbtacks. She then does two laps of her course in The Slave posture, peeing at some point during the run, and finishes the course in her front garden, where she extracts all the food (now soaked with sweat and piss) from her pussy and ass and eats it before going inside.

Jogging was complemented by a range of other degrading methods of exercise:

* Push ups - which were generally done with a dildo fixed to the floor, pushing into the girl's twat. The push ups raised and lowered the girl on the dildo, fucking it into her pussy. Variants involved connecting the girl's nipple and clit to the floor by elastic to increase the pain involved in lifting up, and placing a strip of short sharp spikes on the floor under the girl's tits to increase the pain of lowering herself.

* Weight lifting - the girls were shown to set up a simple pulley system from the ceiling with ropes, so that lifting a relatively light barbell would pull on ropes attached to their tits, but lowering it would pull on ropes attached to their clitoris or labia.

* Star jumps - these used, again, weights on the girl's tits and cunt so that each jump sent a jolt of agonising pain through the bitch's genitals and boobs.

The morning after they learned the jogging routines, Kitten came around to join Claire and Steph for their first morning jog. The three girls started out clothed, filling their cunts and ass-crack with dog food (the girls now ate basically nothing except dog food at home), and began their jog around the block, but after one lap the pain of the thumbtacks bouncing and poking against their super-sensitive boobs had left them in tears, but at the same time with their cunts sopping wet. They

stopped in the shadowy corner of a park, undressed, and licked each other's cunts and asses clean. Afterwards they completed the run nude, in the Fucktoy position, squeezing their tits and fingering their pussies as they jogged. People looked at them disapprovingly, mumbling "slut" and "whore" but the girls were horny and in pain and not thinking clearly so they barely noticed.

It was during the last week of training that Claire was first raped by a stranger. She was walking home from work, lost in a fog of horniness and conditioning, when she was grabbed from behind and dragged into a nearby park. It was the same park Claire had stopped to urinate and masturbate in so many times in recent weeks, and her assailant took her to the same sheltered corner Claire had used for her slutty activities.

Claire never even saw her attacker's face. She was pushed face down into the dirt - the same dirt she had pissed in so often - and her skirt and panties were ripped off. She felt her attacker's hard cock pushing into her pussy, and heard his soft grunt of delight as he discovered her soaking wet. She lay there as her attacker held her by the hips and pumped hard, in and out of her twat, for long minutes before finally ejaculating inside her. He wiped his dick clean on the back of Claire's shirt, and then stumbled away from her, leaving her on all fours with semen dripping from her cunt.

Claire couldn't quite process what had happened. She had been raped, violently, in a public place. She had been wet, though, so by law it wasn't rape. She had just been used, that was all. She should be traumatised. She should be outraged. But it had felt good. Worse, it had felt normal. And she couldn't deny that the worst part of all was that she hadn't cum.

Shuddering, feeling simultaneously like she might cry and that she might moan with pleasure, she reached down to her cunt. Her fingers probed into her pussy, getting wet with her assailant sperm. And, slowly, she began to masturbate. After all, she needed to cum. Otherwise the whole experience had been a waste...

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## **Chapter Thirty-six - IMPREGNATION**

The next week, Michael had an unpleasant surprise for Claire and Steph both. He called them into his office and made them strip naked; he had Steph suck his cock as he talked, and allowed Claire to masturbate as she watched.

"I've had a chat with your father," Michael said, smiling in pleasure at the feel of Steph's lips pumping up and down on his dick. He reached down to caress the young lesbian's face.

Claire waited for Michael to continue, her fingers sliding in and out of her pussy and rubbing lightly across her clitoris.

"He would very much like to start fucking you both," Michael said.

Steph stopped bobbing her head up and down on Michael's cock abruptly. Michael looked irritated, pulled his cock out of her mouth, and slapped her across the face. She whimpered, and obediently went back to servicing his dick.

Claire also felt something flip over inside her at this news. She had known her father lusted after them - it was hard not to when he ejaculated on her tits every day - but the thought of actually having her dad's dick inside her was a step further down the path of degradation, and one that made her uncomfortable, and sad deep inside. Not sad enough to stop playing with her pussy, though.

But this was not the worst of Michael's news.

"He's worried though. He really wants to cum inside those tight little pussies of yours, but he's afraid of accidentally getting you pregnant."

Claire felt mixed relief. Did Michael mean that her father wasn't going to fuck her, then? Or did he mean he would only fuck her somewhere other than the pussy? She was much more used to sucking cock than being fucked in the cunt. It didn't seem so bad to give her dad a blowjob - at least by comparison.

"I've told your father that there's an easy solution," Michael said. His fingers were gripping Steph's hair tightly now, pulling her down against his groin. "He can't get you pregnant if you're already pregnant."

Claire didn't understand at first. But then she did, and it was finally enough to make her fingers stop pumping her twat. Steph took a moment longer to realise, but when she did she went very still. Michael began to pull her head back and forth by the hair, to make her continue pleasing his cock.

"We're going to get both of you girls nice and knocked up. It's about time to find out whether you're fertile anyway, and you're long overdue to start lactating. I'll be up to you whether you keep the baby but either way your father should be able to get a good few months of fucking your cunt without having to worry about inbreeding."

Claire felt desperate. Somehow despite everything she had done in recent months, she had still assumed some day she would have a husband and a real family and children. To be deliberately and randomly impregnated by Titcage, just to let her father rape her - it was horrible. She started to cry.

"There there, slut," said Michael. "Don't worry. Once you're pregnant, we're going to make sure you're married. I've decided I'd quite like to marry you myself, and we're going to marry off Steph here to your friend Ben, who has expressed an interest. Ben will still fuck you, of course, and I'll be fucking a range of other girls who I'll like a lot more than you. It wouldn't do for a wife to think she was special, after all. But you'll get to have a wedding."

This was too much. Claire needed to escape. She turned, and began running towards the door, not caring that she was naked. But Jim had silently come in behind her, and as she started to run he grabbed her by the hair and pulled her to the ground. Claire fell, and shortly thereafter she felt Jim pushing his hard cock into her cunt, and starting to rape her as she cried.

"Don't cry, Fucktwat," he cooed in her ear. "This is what you were made for. Michael's said you can still suck my cock every day, and I have to say I've always dreamed of milking a big-titted slut like you while I fuck her. It's going to be great when your milk comes in."

After that morning, Titcage kept the two girls leashed and shackled for a week, to stop them running away. They were put on fertility drugs. Steph was despondent, miserable the whole time, only seeming happy when Claire was licking her pussy. Both girls were made to record new training tapes in their own voices. "I want to be pregnant. I love having giant cow udders. I am only good for breeding," Claire heard her own voice telling herself, as she knelt naked on the floor at Titcage, chained to the wall, sucking on the cocks of her male co-workers.

Giving blowjobs worked differently now, of course. Whenever someone ejaculated in Claire's mouth, she wouldn't swallow it, but rather indicate for Steph to lie down on the floor next to her. Claire would push Steph's thighs apart, exposing her bare pussy, and then put her mouth against Steph's twat and use her tongue to push the sperm in her mouth into Steph's cunt. Steph would return the

favour to Claire when Steph sucked a man off.

At the end of each day came the genuine attempt at impregnation. The two girls would strip nude and bend over office desks, and whichever male coworkers wanted to fuck them would shove their dicks in the girls' cunts and fill them with sperm. Afterwards the girls would put on a show. Titcage had arranged at considerable cost for a shallow bathtub to be filled each afternoon with human sperm. Claire and Steph would have their labia taped against their inner thighs, to keep their cunts spread open as wide as possible, and then fingerbang each other in the tub, each pushing litres of sperm up into their sister's pussy, before licking each other to a slutty cum-fuelled orgasm.

Steph still struggled against these activities, which Claire secretly liked. By now, raping a girl felt infinitely more erotic to Claire than consensual lesbian sex, and besides, it gave Claire an excuse to be on top in the tub, holding Steph down with her weight. The level of the cum in the tub was shallow, so there was no difficulty in Steph keeping her head above the semen from the lower position, but Claire loved the idea of her own cunt being above Steph's face, and knowing that the anonymous sperm that Steph was pushing into Claire's pussy would drip back out onto her sister's face and into her mouth.

Afterwards the girls would emerge from the tub covered in cum, and the other girls in the office would lick them clean. It was an erotic reward for Claire to feel so many mouths licking and nibbling at her tits and cunt, and lapping the cum from her cheeks and lips. The knowledge that some of them were reluctant, or even crying, at being made to perform the task just made it all the better. They were stupid sluts, Claire knew from her training tape, and this was what they deserved.

At the end of the week, Claire and Steph had dinner at home with their father, with Kitten attending as a guest. However, upon arriving home, they were distressed to find that Sluthole had invited herself along. In fact, Sluthole was already nude and bouncing enthusiastically on their father's cock, as their father sat on the living room couch, watching the TV. The TV was showing video footage of the two sisters writhing in the bath of cum, obviously obtained from the girls' Titcage web pages. They watched as their father orgasmed loudly into Sluthole's cunt.

Sluthole climbed off their father and revealed that he was wearing a condom over his cock. She gently teased it off him, and set it carefully on a plate that already held two condoms like it. She then applied another condom to his dick, and slid back into his lap, his still-stiff penis vanishing between her cunt lips.

"Sluthole here has just been suggesting a whole bunch of new ways to help you girls understand what sluts you are," their father said, his voice slightly muffled by Sluthole's tits pressed against his face. "She's very creative. Why haven't you invited her around before?"

Claire and Steph said nothing.

"For instance, I like this thing at work where they taped your labia to your thighs. You look very pretty with your cunt all spread open like that. I think we need to start having you do that around the house. And I saw the video of you being punished for not having a good enough fuck grade, Claire. You looked so pretty having your cunt tasered. Sluthole just sucked me off a little while ago while I ordered a taser online."

The girls sat through a miserable evening of dinner. Their father watched as Sluthole pissed in their mouths and pinched their clitorises. Claire and Kitten 69ed on the table while Sluthole talked to Claire's father about the relative merits of shooting a girl's cunt and tits with paintballs versus just putting her tits in a vice. Steph and Claire ate their dog-food dinner from a dog-bowl, flavoured with

their father's urine, while Kitten sat behind them and fingered their cunts for them.

After dinner Kitten went off to fuck their father, and as Steph and Claire went into their room to prepare for bed, Sluthole came to visit them.

"I have a little present for you whores," she said. "Get on the bed and spread your legs."

Claire didn't think Sluthole outranked her anymore, but Sluthole's command was authoritative and Claire responded to the order without thinking. Steph very definitely WAS outranked by Sluthole and did likewise.

Grinning, Sluthole climbed on top of Steph and began to kiss her on the lips. The naked teenage lesbian kissed her back, confused but aroused. Then, suddenly, Steph squealed and began to buck. Sluthole held her down. Claire looked to see what was happening.

Sluthole had her fingers up inside Steph's pussy, pushing something into it. When she withdrew them, Claire could see what it was - a condom. Sluthole had just pushed a condom full of their father's sperm into Steph's cunt.

"Just so that when you're found to be pregnant - as you will be - you will never, never be sure that it wasn't your daddy who got your little slut twat knocked up."

Steph cried and tried to dig the sperm out of her pussy with her hands, but Sluthole knocked them away and then tied Steph's hands to the bedposts. She moved on to Claire.

"Are you going to struggle, Claire?" she asked.

Claire shook her head. Good sluts obeyed. Good sluts let themselves be degraded. Claire was a good slut. She moaned happily as Sluthole kissed her on the lips, and she gasped as she felt the now-cold sperm being pushed into her pussy. It was her father's sperm. She could be getting pregnant by her dad. Probably not - she was almost certainly already pregnant from the activities of the week - but she would never know. She wiggled her legs in distress and arousal.

"Good slut," said Sluthole. "And now I have a present for you. Open wide."

Claire opened her mouth obediently, and winced as Sluthole spat in it. But she knew that was not the present, and kept waiting, and was rewarded a moment later when Sluthole upended a third condom full of cum over her tongue. She tasted her father's cold semen, and knew that this was the moment her life had been building towards.

She barely even needed Sluthole to start licking her pussy a moment later to orgasm.

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Chapter Thirty-seven - PROSTITUTION

It took ten days after Sluthole's visit for home urine tests to show that Claire was pregnant. Steph's test showed positive on the same day. The two girls burst into tears as they looked at the little "plus" sign on the test sticks, knowing that their dreams of somehow having a child with a loving husband had been replaced by this - being forcibly impregnated through degradation and rape with a child that there was a slight possibility might be their father's. Claire could still remember the feeling of Sluthole pushing the condom of her father's semen into her twat, and it made her shiver with disgust and arousal every time.

Their father celebrated their pregnancies, of course, by fucking them for the first time. He took Steph into his bedroom, and had Claire follow and kneel on the floor beside the bed, resting her enhanced tits on the mattress. Her father dumped Steph, naked, on the bed, pushed her legs wide apart, and began to fuck her missionary-style. Steph lay still at first, unresisting, but before long her conditioning took over and she began to buck her hips against her father's cock, desperate to be raped, desperate to cum.

Her father was not gentle with Steph, alternately pulling her hair and viciously crushing her boobs with his hands. Twice he reached down to pinch her clitoris as he fucked her, making her squeal and writhe in a way he clearly enjoyed.

Claire watched, and, because she hadn't been told not, she masturbated, stroking her clitoris and pumping her fingers in and out of her cunt. She didn't even know what she felt about this. The idea of her father raping her sister remained horrifying on some level, but at the same time what Claire was seeing triggered a lot of her conditioning. Sex was happening. A girl was in pain. A girl was being dominated by a man. A girl was being raped. Those were all good things, and it made Claire horny to see them. This was how the world should be, she knew.

And of course, a large part of her was upset and ashamed that her father had decided to rape Steph first, before Claire. Claire felt rejected and useless.

Claire's turn came eventually. When her father had finally cum in Steph's pussy, he pulled out, and motioned Claire to climb on top and lick Steph clean. Claire obeyed, moving into a 69 position over her sister, sticking her tongue in her sister's twat, and tasting her father's cum. Her father watched, and rested, until he felt ready for another round, and then moved into position to fuck Claire from behind even as Claire continued licking Steph.

Claire freaked out a little as she felt her father's cock slide into her pussy. This was the same man who had conceived her, raised her, looked after her, and he was now using her as a sex toy. But how else was he supposed to use her? Claire WAS a sex toy. And so she began to buck her hips obediently against her father's dick and continued licking her sister's vagina. And soon she felt Steph's tongue on her own clit, toying with her delicate bud even as her dad's penis pushed in and out of her opening.

All three orgasmed again before long. Her father finished the proceedings by wiping his cock clean on Claire's face, telling her she was a disgusting slut, and then pissing in her mouth. The taste of piss made Claire instinctively horny, and she reached down to stroke her recently-fucked pussy as she swallowed the urine.

After that, the sisters were fucked by men almost every night. But not always by their father.

For instance, the next night Ben came around to visit. He had been told by Titcage he would have the opportunity to marry Steph shortly, and he wanted to inspect his new bride. He let the girls know that their marriages would not be for some months, because Titcage wanted their pregnancies to be showing at the altar.

"You need to understand, Cuntcandy," he said to a miserable Steph as he plowed his dick into her beaver on Claire's bed, "I don't actually WANT you for a wife. I'm not in love with you and I don't like you very much." He deliberately squeezed her surgically-enhanced left tits in his hand until she gasped in pain. "But you don't say no to a pretty little lesbian sex slave when Titcage offers you one. So you're going to marry me, and look after my house, and service my cock, and if you're very good you can watch while I fuck other girls who I like better. Michael says I can use your sister whenever

I want, for example.”

He looked at Steph's face as he fucked her, and then slapped it, for fun. “You know, I used to think girls were something to love, and respect, and look after. But that was before your sister chose to turn herself into such a disgusting whore. She helped me learn that women are just life support for a pair of tits and a cunt.” He felt himself close to cumming, so he pulled out, so he could ejaculate over Steph's tits and face. Steph wailed in dismay, her conditioning telling her that Ben was rejecting her by choosing not to cum in her pussy.

The girls' other male friends also visited them and raped them from time to time. It was rape in that the men ultimately didn't care whether the girls consented, but on the other hand they had been invited around by Claire and Steph. The girls would ring their male friends and urge them to visit and hurt them and fuck them, usually rubbing their own pussies as they tried to convince their friends to use them like fuckmeat.

Mostly, though, the girls' post-work sex fell into the category of “clients”. Their father began inviting men around to the house to fuck the girls – strangers mostly – and taking money from them. Sometimes the men would want to watch the sisters lez off with each other. Sometimes they would want their cocks sucked. Sometimes they wanted to fuck the girls' pussies or asses. And sometimes what they really wanted was to beat the girls' tits and pussies with a belt until the girls were crying. But always, Claire and Steph did what they were told, servicing the men and watching their father get paid for their work.

Realising that she had become a prostitute released complex emotions in Claire. She recognised it as another step in her degradation, but she also felt some pride that fucking her was worth money to people. She had not thought she was so valuable; she had assumed that fucking her was something men did because there wasn't a better girl around to use instead. But she also felt shame; not just from being used as a fucktoy – in fact, not even MOSTLY for that reason – but because she was not giving away her body for free. Men shouldn't have to pay to use a woman. They should just take her. Claire knew this, but she also knew that this was her father's idea, and that men were always right. It was confusing for her, so after a while she stopped thinking about it and just focused on being a good little fuckpuppet for the strangers who came to use her.

Once they had been prostitutes for a couple of weeks, their father sent Claire and Steph out to find clients of their own. They would go out onto street corners or to bars dressed in whorish short skirts and see-through tops, with no underwear, and slut up to men, pressing their tits against mens' chests and their hands against mens' groins. Once they got men interested, they would let them know the price. Sometimes the girls ended up making money being fucked in alleyways and in the backs of cars; sometimes they just got violently raped without being paid by men who were frustrated by their teasing.

During this time, Titcage's lobbying work was continuing. They published a major scientific report entitled “Are Women Happy?”, featuring the work of a great many respected scientists, both male and female. The report found that women on average repoted being less happy than they had been 50 years ago. They were more stressed. The work looked at the causes. It found women were less happy the more responsibility they had; the most stressed women were the ones in senior management positions. It looked at women's education, and argued that government money spent on education women was inefficient – women were less likely to use their education productively than men, and much more likely to go on to be homemakers, waitresses, retail clerks or prostitutes. The report concluded that, as a matter of raw statistics, each advancement in women's rights over the last 100 years had been a drain on the public purse and only made women less happy than they had been before.

The “Are Women Happy” report was accompanied by another - “Today’s Men” - looking at men’s issues. It was a study of a range of men who had achieved poor life outcomes, including prisoners, the homeless, those suffering from depression, and suicides, and argued that a common factor linking all these outcomes was the availability of women in the lives of these men. The report found that the presence of sexually available women in a man’s life substantially decreased his likelihood of criminal behaviour, of depression, and of poverty. Conversely, specifically being denied sexual activity by a woman dramatically increased a man’s risk in all three categories.

The reports caused a stir in government, which had already been struggling with suicide, depression, and education funding as major national issues. The government promised a range of measures to address the reports, but started off with a piece of legislation it had been contemplating anyway: the legalisation of subliminal messaging. The bill was signed into law, and TV and radio broadcasters were now permitted to broadcast subliminal messaging in their programs, on specific conditions: it could only be aimed at women, and it could only be used “to promote the happiness and education of females”.

Claire knew what these laws really meant, because Titcage had arranged to help the largest broadcasters with their messaging. “Promoting happiness” meant helping women to enjoy being raped, degraded, and kept as property. And “education” meant educating women on how they were just life support systems for two tits and a cunt....

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## **Chapter Thirty-eight - BACK TO SCHOOL**

In the second month of Claire’s pregnancy, Michael told Claire she wouldn’t need to come into the office anymore.

“You’re going back to school,” he told her.

Claire didn’t know what to think about that. By this stage she had been raped by most of the boys at her school; anyone the slightest bit interested in her tits or cunt had visited her house in recent weeks and paid her father for the privilege of sexually using her. She wouldn’t be able to pass the tests for graduation now anyway - she had already missed too much work.

She said nothing and just kept sucking Michael’s cock.

“Oh, it’s not your old school,” Michael explained to her. “It’s a new pilot program. The government is about to all but discontinue providing public education to women, thanks to our recent reports. Families who want to educate their girls will need to pay to send them to private schools. We’re going to trial a new model of school for this market. It’s going to let girls in for free, but the girls are going to pay for their education by being teaching aids.”

Michael ejaculated into Claire’s mouth. Claire held still, waiting for him to piss as well.

“The girls will learn to read and write, and enough maths to calculate their own bust size, but they’ll also learn how to be good little fuckpets for their daddies, and how to be obedient little cunts for their husbands.”

He started to piss. Claire relaxed, enjoying the warm, degrading liquid flowing into her mouth.

“We’re going to send you along to be part of the trial program, Claire. You’ll like that, won’t you?”

Claire tried to nod with a mouthful of cock.

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Claire's uniform for the new school was about what she had expected. A short pleated skirt, with no panties except for a small silver bell painfully clipped to her clitoris, and a button up white shirt, unbuttoned down to below her breasts. She wore a bra, but she was required to wear it with her tits pulled out of the cups, so that it provided no concealment or support at all but somehow left Claire feeling more exposed than if she had worn no bra at all. The complete outfit looked more like a stripper's parody of a school uniform than a real uniform, which suited Claire as she these days felt she was more a stripper than a schoolgirl anyway. Around her neck she wore a dog collar with a nametag reading "Fucktwat".

The school was called St Lucia's, and had every indication of being a prestigious private school, except for the small logos showing Titcage's sponsorship of the incident. When Claire arrived on her first day, she found it strange to be going back to a school with boys and sluts her own age. The boys were well dressed, clearly rich, and obviously excited about attending school with so many sluttily-dressed attractive sluts. It appeared not all the sluts had received as much re-education as Claire had about their roles in life. Claire watched several girls having to be pulled out of cars and forcibly marched into the school as they cried over their demeaning outfits. Claire found herself getting wet. Watching pretty girls cry was erotic.

School started with an assembly at which the students were told their expectations at the school. Males would be receiving a real education. Females would be receiving a "female education". The girls were chastised for dressing so sluttily, and warned that if they were raped it was their own fault. They were to answer only to the degrading names on their collars. The boys were told to never look at a girl's face, only her tits, and to get into the habit of slapping at least one girl a day in the face, to help them remember their natural dominance over women. Girls were expected to encourage this behaviour and report any boy who forgot.

There were no female toilets of any kind. Girls who couldn't hold their bladders for the day were expected to strip naked and piss outdoors on the oval, crawling on all fours. Girls who wet themselves indoors would be made to lick up their mess. If a girl needed to shit, she could use the male toilets, but she would have to strip naked before entering, and if she ended up occupying a stall while a boy needed to piss he would be entitled to use her mouth as his toilet.

In each class, the male teacher would select a girl to suck his cock for the lesson. The remaining girls would be given headphones playing training instructions, similar to Claire's training tape, and would be told to sit in their seats and masturbate and listen to their tapes while the boys received real education. The girls would only be called out for the degrading repetition of their headphones if something relevant to sluts was being taught, or if they were required for a demonstration of something.

## BIOLOGY

The class was taught how women had evolved to pleasure men and make babies. A slut's tits and cunt were sensitive not for her pleasure, but to give men a way to easily hurt and discipline her. She grew hair on her head to allow her to be easily pulled and controlled. Women were essentially a complex life support system for their tits, cunt and womb. Women's brains were less powerful than men's and their thinking was normally distorted by the chemicals their body produces to make them fuck men and get pregnant. The girls of the class were brought to the front and stripped naked to allow the boys to compare the difference in their tits and cunts.

A practical experiment involved allowing the boys to inject needles into the girls' tits to promote lactation. Claire, already pregnant and soon to begin producing milk, was spared this, and got to masturbate as she watched the other girls cry from the pain in their breasts. She, however, was chosen for another experiment on female cognition. She was made to masturbate to the verge of orgasm in front of the class, and then the teacher began to beat her tits with a ruler. She was told the beating would end when she asked for it to, but when she did she would have to stop masturbating. Claire chose to endure the violation of her breasts until she had brought herself to orgasm, demonstrating to the class the priorities of the female brain.

## MATHS

The girls learned very little in maths other than that females were stupid and bad at maths. Their education involved basic counting, wherein they were made to count how many times their breasts or pussies had been slapped with a leather belt, and estimations of volume, where they were given cups of piss and cum to drink and asked to estimate how much they had swallowed.

They girls were, however, called on for a number of demonstrations. The boys practiced a number of ways of determining volume by binding and measuring the girls' tits, dunking their breasts in full buckets of water and measuring the overflow, and pushing objects into the girls' twats.

## GEOGRAPHY

In geography, the girls had homework to draw maps of their houses, showing only the locations of the bedroom and the kitchen, being the only parts of their house relevant to them. Later, they learned the location of the city's strip clubs and brothels, to help them find easy employment after graduation.

## HISTORY

The girls received a full history education, with a focus on the ways that women had been enslaved, chastised and controlled over the centuries and how it had improved society. They learned about the many ways that women had fucked up the world, and why to hate the evil and ugly women who had attempted to argue women weren't fucktoys. Claire was ashamed to learn of all the horrible things feminists had done, and was glad she didn't live in a world where women were expected to fuck only a single man and no other girls at all. It made her really appreciate what Titcage was doing for her. She hadn't been fucked at all before Titcage came into her life, and now she got things shoved into her mouth and up her cunt every single day.

## PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Physical education was an important part of the curriculum, and the girls all stayed back on Fridays for an extra hour of it with no boys. In their extra hour, they were taught how to exercise to stay fit and pretty. This training was conducted with the girls naked, with small weights hung from their nipples and clitoris by clamps. The girls would run around the oval with their hands tied behind their back, the weights bouncing agonisingly from their breasts and clit. At the end of the session, the sweaty, exhausted girls would pair off to wrestle nude. Raping your opponent was encouraged, and Claire never missed the opportunity to pin her classmates and grind her wet, aroused fuckhole against her opponent's face.

The class they shared with the boys was focused on teaching the boys how to treat women. The boys would be taught how to slap a women's face without damaging her prettiness; how to overcome their reluctance to punch a woman in the tits or cunt; how to control a woman by pulling her hair, or pinching her nipples, or squeezing her clit. The girls, naked, were passive punching bags for these

sessions, with only a vibrator pushed into their twats to distract them.

In later classes, the boys were taught to rape the girls. Initially this involved turning the naked girls loose on the oval and letting the boys chase them down, wrestle them to the ground, and enthusiastically stick their cocks into the girls' twats. Eventually, most of the girls became resigned to this ritualised raping, and classes spent less time on subduing the girls and more time on helping the boys get the most enjoyment out of their bodies.

## PRESENTATION

As there was no a reason for a girl to learn chemistry or physics, during the time when the boys attended these classes the girls instead attended "Presentation". Here they were taught how to keep themselves looking rapeable, and how to please men with their attitude and posture. The girls learned how to put on make-up and how to groom their hair. They were given lessons in what sort of clothes were appropriate for sluts, and what sort were not. They were instructed on how to give themselves a douche and an enema to keep their fuckholes clean. They were shown ways to painfully bind their own breasts and how to apply clamps, chains, and cunt-spreaders to their bodies.

In addition, they were taught poses, postures and slutty walks. Claire had already learnt this material at Titcage, and her teacher was impressed, patting Claire on the head like a dog and calling her a "good slut".

## ENGLISH

English was a surprisingly important subject for the girls, and here again they studied along with the boys but also had additional lessons during their Monday lunch breaks.

The bonus lessons focused on vocabulary. The girls were taught to refer to females as sluts, whores, bitches or fucktoys. The learned to never speak of their tits or their cunt without degrading them. A good slut referred to "her slutty sex-udders" or "her dirty slutmelons", along with "her wet fuckhole" or "her whorish cuntmeat". Use of the words "breasts" or "vagina" by a slut was grounds to be stripped naked and beaten anywhere on the school grounds.

They also spent long periods listening to prerecorded tapes with electrodes on their nipples and cunt. When certain "forbidden words" were spoken on the tape, the girls would receive a shock. The forbidden words included "rights", "feminism", "indepedent woman", and "patriarchy". Claire already hated all these words, but she got the shock treatment for them anyway along with the other sluts.

In the classes they shared with the boys, the girls got to analyse pornographic films and books, which the teacher described as "women's literature". They would watch a film of a woman being raped, and describe which bits aroused them the most and why. They would discuss why rape films aroused the girls so much, and why films routinely focused on women as sex objects. ("Because women ARE sex objects," Claire answered, and was rewarded by applause and a pat on the head.)

The pornographic stories were treated similarly. The class speculated on what was motivating the female characters ("their cunts" was normally the right answer). Sometimes the class would read a problematic and difficult text, where a woman WASN'T fucked or raped but instead did something like work at a normal job. They learned that these texts were likely satire, and together they speculated on things the woman deserved to have done to her, like having her tits beaten or her cunt kicked.

The St Lucia's pilot program only ran for three months, until the end of the normal school year, but by the end of it a great many girls were pregnant with the babies of one of the many classmates or teachers who had raped them. A significant number had vanished during the last month and then returned with their tits obviously surgically enlarged. Most of the sluts now had a submissive, defeated manner about them, and willingly fucked and sucked anyone who showed interest in them. It was common to see some of the girls idly masturbating themselves in public.

Claire had enjoyed the program immensely. She had learned some new perspectives on why women deserved to be enslaved and raped, and she had had a lot of wonderful sex and gotten to rape a lot of pretty girls. And as the program came to a close, she was now five months pregnant, with a round, visible baby stomach. On the last day of school she woke up with a wetness on her chest, and sat up to find a thin trickle of milk leaking from her left udder.

She had finally begun to lactate.

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Chapter Thirty-nine - THE COW

By the time Claire began to lactate, she had already noticed several changes in the way she treated her breasts.

First, she had gradually found herself completely unable to move her hands in front of her tits. She assumed this was a result of her tapes - over long months, she'd been conditioned to loathe the idea of covering her breasts using her hands. A side effect of this was that she was also unable to protect her breasts in any way. When her father whipped her large fuckmelons, she couldn't have raised her hands to stop him even if she had wanted to. On several occasions she bruised her breasts after accidentally walking into things and being able to make no effort to take the force of the impact off her tits. Claire still saw Sluthole on weekends, and once the other girl realised how Claire had been conditioned, she tested it out by stripping Claire naked and shooting at her udders with a paintball gun. Claire could do nothing but let the hard paint pellets burst painfully against her fuckbags, leaving deep purple bruises, and cry, and lick Sluthole's pussy to thank her for the abuse.

This torture wasn't so bad, though, as Claire had started to notice several kinds of anxiety about her breasts. Firstly, when her breasts were covered - by cloth, or a bra, or anything else that stopped them from being seen - she started to feel guilty and upset. It was only when she was able to expose her nipples to public sight that she felt normal again. She began to dread having to wear clothes for those few remaining times when she was obliged to act like a "normal" girl. (Not that Claire thought of "normal" girls this way anymore. "Normal" girls were the ones who were naked, on their knees, sucking cocks. The ones wearing clothes were brats and bitches and deserved to be raped.)

Also, and more worryingly for Claire, she was starting to notice when her tits weren't experiencing pain, and feel insecure about it. When she was aware of no sensation of torture in her breasts, Claire began to feel guilty and worthless and unloved. Having her boobs hurt still felt unpleasant - and often excruciatingly painful - but it also felt right, and relaxing. She began to look forward to the tit-whippings from her father, and in sex with cuntlike Slutkitten or her sister she often begged them to pinch and slap her fuckhandles to help her cum. She was conscious of this change, and was scared of it - she didn't want her tits to be in pain all the time - but there was nothing she could do to resist the conditioning, and in any case she knew it was what she deserved.

When Claire first discovered colostrum leaking from her tits on her last day of school, it didn't bother her too much, as she had been expecting to begin expressing milk at some stage during the

pregnancy. The man her father had arranged to fuck her that night was amused that little trickles of fluid came out when he squeezed her tits, but otherwise her day was as normal.

The following day, though, Claire returned to Titcage after her months at school, and when she reported to Michael at the office in the morning, and reported all her experiences to him, he was very interested to hear she was lactating.

"I'm going to give you a pump to take home with you tonight, Fucktwat," he said. "You'll probably find you can't touch your own tits at all now unless you're ordered to by a man, which will mean you can't milk yourself either. Once your tits are nice and engorged you'll have to beg a man to milk you several times a day to relieve the pain caused by fullness. You'll find the amount of milk your tits produce grows depending on how often you are milked - in short, the more you're milked, the more you'll need to be milked. Normally, the body also reacts to pregnancy, childbirth and the needs of your baby in fairly complex ways to control your output, but we'll be making sure you keep a consistently high production from here on."

He showed her the pump, and explained to her that it would need to stay attached to her tits all night long, constantly sucking at them, for the next several days. "It doesn't need to be painful, if it's adjusted right," Michael said, "but I've included instructions for your father on how to make sure it hurts anyway." He showed her that there was an attached special vibrator, paired wirelessly to the pump, to vary its speed depending on the intensity of the pumping, and help her associated being milked, and the pain that came with it, with sexual pleasure.

It turned out that Claire wouldn't need the pump while at Titcage for the next few days, as Michael had arranged something else. He had Claire get down on all fours in a corner of his office, with her udders hanging down and her legs spread as far as she could. He then brought in three of the newer female Titcage interns, and one of Claire's male co-workers. One of the girls positioned herself between Claire's legs and began to gently lap at Claire's pussy. The other two lay on their backs on either side of Claire, their heads underneath Claire's fuckmelons, and began to suck vigorously on Claire's boobs. The man knelt in front of Claire and stuck his cock into her mouth for her to suck on.

That was how Claire spent her entire day, and the next few days, with her udders constantly being sucked, her cunt constantly licked, and with a dick in her mouth. The sluts were rotated out and replaced by new interns every couple of hours, and a new man stuck his cock in her mouth whenever the last one orgasmed, but the action was constant throughout the working day. By now she was used to being on all fours, and it was easy to stay that way for an entire day. Her boobs quickly became sore from the constant attention, but that felt right in its own way.

After work when she went home, her father affixed the pump to her tits painfully tight, and it went to work sucking at her nipples, only being removed if someone fucking her that evening objected. She left it on all night, and dreamed of tit pain and degradation.

By the weekend, Claire's milk had come in fully, and she was producing a significant amount each day. Her Titcage ID was upgraded to reflect her milk flow and quality. When the constant milking was disconnected on Friday to test her flow, she found her tits got painfully heavy and full quite quickly, and she needed to be milked every six hours or so to avoid horrible pain.

Claire also discovered a horrid new effect of her conditioning tapes on that weekend. As her tits became fuller and the pressure in them increased, Claire found herself starting to make involuntary mooing noises, like a cow. Her face went bright red the first time she did it, but she couldn't help it. Whenever she stopped concentrating on trying not to make the sound, she would respond to an awareness of milk pressure with a vocal "moooo", growing in volume and intensity as her pain

increased. She didn't even really sound like a cow - her vocal cords couldn't do that - but it was clear that she was TRYING to sound like one, and even in her degraded state Claire still found that embarrassing.

When she was milked by hand, she mooed as well, and found it intensely erotic. She couldn't help but wiggle her ass as she was milked by her father, wanting attention paid to her cunt. Most times her father complied, and fucked her vigorously after milking her, but sometimes he just whipped her cunt with a belt instead for being such a slutty pregnant cow.

Claire's sister hadn't started to lactate yet, and when Ben visited he was always disappointed that his bride-to-be wasn't making milk yet. He loved that Claire was lactating, and enjoyed squirting milk from her tits by pulling on them, and sucking the milk directly from her fuckbags. He would violently milk Claire's sister's tits, making her cry, trying to stimulate them to lactate. He got Claire to do the same, and asked her to continue the abuse when he wasn't around.

Claire gladly helped abuse her sister's tits. These days she thought of her sister exclusively as Cuntcandy. She knew that her sister used to be called Stephanie, but that old name didn't suit the crying naked slut that Claire spent time with these days. It didn't properly convey how her sister's best part was her delicious-to-lick twat, and it didn't properly convey how Cuntcandy deserved to have that twat raped and used the way that made Claire wet to watch.

As Claire's milk had come in, her tits had increased even further in size from their already large dimensions. She couldn't fit them into any of her old pre-boob job clothes at all, but her father made her try anyway, his dick hardening as he watched her trying to cram the large melons into comparatively tiny bras and halters. Eventually she had to give up and go topless, and a part of her realised that she was never again going to have clothes covering her tits like a normal girl unless it was a special occasion. She felt simultaneously horrified and pleased.

Her lactating breasts became more tender and sensitive, too. Suckling at them drove her to the brink of orgasm. Pain, the more normal sensation in her boobs, was magnified. Whatever she was feeling in her tits was now the most dominant and distracting sensation in her body, and even when they weren't bruised or bound, the pressure of needing to be milked was there. Claire found herself thinking about her slutmelons all the time - aware of them every minute of every day - and began to understand on a direct level Titcage's position that she was nothing but a life support for her tits and cunt. Her tits WERE more important than any other part of her, and the way they were commanding her attention constantly told her so.

When she finally returned to Titcage on the following Monday, Michael was pleased to find Claire to be a confused mass of nerves. He watched as aggressively hand-milking her breasts made her flush with arousal and cry with pain at the same time, and enjoyed the humiliating little "moo" sounds she made as she tried to cope with the rush of sensations.

"Just think, Fucktwat," he said, as he plugged up her cow sounds by pushing his dick into her mouth, "this is how you're going to be for the rest of your life. We're going to keep you lactating forever. You're going to be a cow now. Isn't that wonderful?"

Claire sobbed as she sucked dutifully on his penis.

"And now that you're a cow, you've got one last preparation to go through before I marry you. You've already learned to be a good slut. Now you just have to learn how to be a good cow, and a good little house pet. We're going to send you out to the Slut Ranch, Fucktwat. Won't that be nice?"

Claire felt him orgasm into her mouth as he said this, and because her mouth was full of semen

knew that it must be a very nice thing indeed.

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## Chapter Forty - THE RANCH

The truck came to collect Claire and her sister on Tuesday morning. They were awaiting it in the driveway of their house, naked, on all fours, with motorized breast pumps running on their tits. Cuntcandy still wasn't lactating, and as far as Claire could tell the dry-pumping of her sister's udders was even more painful than the intense suction on her own tits.

It was still an uncommon sight to see two naked girls on all fours outdoors, but not as uncommon a site as it had been when Claire started work with Titcage so long ago. Some passers-by gawked at the naked girls. Claire was vaguely disappointed none of them came up and fucked her.

When the truck turned up, the driver (a man, of course) got out and came over to them. He removed each girl's Titcage collar, took the ID tag off it, and transferred it to a new black shiny collar, which he placed back on their neck.

"Okay, sluts," he said when he was done. "Now that you've got your new collars, I'd advise you against trying to speak. These are basically like anti-barking collars for dogs. They give you a shock when you make a noise. Not just any noise, though - they're triggered to recognise speech. You can make all the slutty little moans you like, and you can make animal noises like barking and meowing. But if you make any noises it recognises as you trying to talk, you'll get a shock. Sluts on the Ranch don't talk, they keep quiet like good little pets, okay?"

Claire nodded, frightened. Cuntcandy didn't nod, but she did stay quiet. They stayed still as the man clipped a flexible leather leash to each of their collars, and then obeyed as he used it to lead them up a metal ramp into the back of the truck, crawling on all fours all the way.

They were the only sluts in the cavernous space of the truck. It was dark - almost pitch black - and cold. They felt the truck rumble into motion, and began to carry them away to the Ranch, wherever that was. At first they stayed still, the only sound the hum of the truck engines and the motors of their breast pumps, but after a while their fear and boredom led the two girls to crawl together and 69 each other as best as they could with the pumps and leashes still attached. Licking her pretty sister's cunt helped keep Claire calm. When they orgasmed, both girls involuntarily pissed on each other's faces, as they had been conditioned to do, and Claire got scared that they would be punished for making a mess of the truck, so with Cuntcandy's help she licked up the acrid urine as best as she was able.

After long hours, the truck stopped, the rear door opened, and the driver came to extract them. If he noticed their faces wet with piss and cunt juices, he made no comment, merely pulling sharply on their leashes to make them crawl down the ramp into the harsh sunlight.

Outside, the sisters found themselves in the main yard of what was clearly a small hobby farm. A fine three-storey farmhouse loomed over them. Fenced fields were visible in most directions, some with cows and horses. A small caged enclosure was filled with large dogs, ranging from border collies to Rottweilers, all yelping and barking cacophonously at the new arrivals. A little way up the road they had just come down stood a barn.

And all around, all nude and crawling on all fours, were sluts. There must have been almost a dozen females. Each wore a collar like Claire's, and each was decorated in the style of an animal. One pretty blonde teenager wore a headband with little cat ears, had whisker-lines daubed on her face in

face-paint, and had a fake cat tail emerging from a butt-plug in her anus. A brunette was done up like a puppy, complete with fake droopy ears, a dog-tail butt plug, and shiny black paint on her nose.

But the majority of the sluts were dressed like cows. Most were visibly pregnant, and all had pendulous milk-engorged tits. Each had a large cow-bell attached to her collar. Some had cow ears and/or a cow-tail butt plug, but some did not. Claire guessed that her fate was to soon be one of these cow-sluts.

The various pet-girls were pleased to see Claire and Steph, and they all came up to offer greetings. None of them spoke – Claire guessed this was a result of their collars – but they moved their faces near to Claire’s and Claire at first thought they were going to kiss her. She opened her mouth to kiss them back, but was surprised to find that instead they began licking her face, like a happy dog. It was a not-unpleasant experience, to be licked all over her face by the tongues of pretty submissive girls, and it was even better when those who could not get near her face due to crowding crawled around behind her and began to give her twat and anus a friendly tongue-licking. After a few moments of this treatment, Claire, ever a fast learner, extended her tongue and began to lick her new animal-slut friends back.

The truck driver didn’t bother to give Claire and Steph any instructions, instead merely climbing back into his truck and driving away, but soon after he left two figures emerged from the farmhouse. There was a man in an immaculate white suit, who introduced himself as Sir, and a big titted naked redhead who carried a whip, who Sir introduced as Obedient Slut. Claire noticed that Obedient Slut got to walk upright, and felt momentarily envious.

Under Sir’s instruction, Obedient Slut removed the tit pumps and leashes from Claire and Cuntcandy, and then gave their melons a vicious lashing with the whip to put them in an attentive mood. Once Claire was crying and wishing her conditioning would allow her to fondle and protect her abused udders, Sir explained the girls’ duties on the farm.

Steph and Claire would be given cowbells, to mark them as cows, and allowed to sleep in the barn with the other slutcows. In the morning they would be woken by the pain in their over-full tits, and would have to wait in agony while mooing until Obedient Slut came to give them their morning bath with a high-pressure hose. The cows would then be simultaneously milked and fucked by the male farmhands, with each farmhand ejaculating inside a slutcow’s twat. Afterwards the slutcows would be given 15 minutes to lick the sperm from each other’s fuckholes before beginning the day’s chores.

The chores were performed nude, on all fours. Claire soon discovered that if her head moved higher above the ground than a kneeling position her new collar gave her a shock. As promised, it also gave her a shock if she tried to speak. In short order Claire soon found herself never speaking, and after that, beginning to less often formulate her thoughts in terms of coherent speech.

Most of the work was outdoors, under the hot sun. The girls were allowed to apply sunscreen to their bodies regularly throughout the day, but never to their boobs or pussies. They were told that a thick coat of semen on these areas would protect them adequately from the sun, and if they wanted to avoid an agonising sunburn on their fuckbags and twat they would need to keep them glistening with spunk.

There were plenty of sources of sperm. The slutcows were milked five times a day, and their milkers often fucked them while they squeezed the cows’ large tits. Also, part of the work of the cows was to “relieve” the stallions and bulls – of the animal sort, not the human sort – kept on the farm, which involve carefully crawling under the large animals and pumping their massive cocks by hand until the animals ejaculated. Claire and the other slutcows were carefully to always catch the beasts’ cum

on their breasts, and transfer some of the copious sticky excess to their pussies to protect themselves from the sun. Obedient Slut warned the cows never to attempt to actually fuck the larger animals, as the large cocks were simply too big and could seriously damage or even kill a foolish little milk-meloned whore.

The same warning didn't go for the smaller animals, and indeed the Ranch's dogs were trained to hunt and rape girls. Sir seemed to enjoy releasing the hounds from their cage at random times each day, and watching the nude crawling fuckpets desperately try and escape the horny dogs. Few ever did, and Claire got used to having the large knotted dick of a dog stuck in her pussy on most days of the week.

The first time it happened, it broke another barrier in Claire. She felt the foreclaws of a German Shepherd land on her back, and its weight settle onto her, and its large doggy dick slipped between her labia and into her fucktunnel, as it started to spasmodically pump its hips against her. She hallucinated that she was outside herself, looking on, and knew what she looked like - a blonde bimbo, her tits surgically enlarged and swollen with milk, her stomach bulging with pregnancy, her breasts and vagina slathered with animal cum, crawling and nude, holding very still with fright as a large dog raped her from behind. And she knew, worst of all, that she was going to orgasm from this. She was going to cum from being raped by a dog, because she orgasmed from basically anything that was done to her these days. She wasn't a human any more - she was a milk producing animal designed for being raped. She knew this deep down in her soul, and she felt one of the last parts of "Claire" break away. She was Fucktwat. She was a twat, for fucking.

Sometimes after a dog fucked Fucktwat it would get stuck, its swollen penis trapped in her pussy, and they would both have to wait for its swelling to subside so it could withdraw. These waiting periods were if anything more degrading for Fucktwat but after the initial shock she grew numb to them. She just focused on doing the work she was assigned, and finding more cum to keep the important parts of her body - her tits and cunt - protected from the sun.

Fucktwat managed to avoid sunburn, but Cuntcandy, less willing to masturbate horses for their semen, was not so lucky. Her first bad dose of burn coincided with her milk finally coming in, a couple of days after they arrived at the farm. She came back to the barn that night with her tits red and raw, the skin peeling. By the next morning they were in excruciating pain, and she screamed when the farmhands started squeezing them to milk her. The farmhands must have reported her condition to Sir, because later that day he came out with Obedient Slut, and watched as Obedient Slut whipped Cuntcandy on her extra-sensitive pussy and breasts. Cuntcandy eventually passed out from the pain, and the other cows were allowed to watch as a couple of the dogs were let loose to fuck her unconscious body.

After that, Cuntcandy was the most enthusiastic of them all about milking the horses' cocks. Fucktwat never again saw her on the Ranch without fresh animal cum glistening on her skin.

While Fucktwat was on the Ranch, Obedient Slut helped her work on her Titcage grade. Fucktwat was still aiming for a P grade, so she worked down the requirements one by one.

\* Wears a leash except when instructed otherwise by a male: Leashes weren't required on the Ranch as they got in the way of work, but Obedient Slut helped her understand that back in the normal world she would go around with a leash always clipped to her collar, to help men understand her relationship to them.

\* Tits are at least a DD Cup - Fucktwat's tits were already a DD cup post-surgery. Lactation and frequent milking had expanded them to an obscenely huge F cup. It was now exceptionally painful

for Fucktwat to lie face down, and when Fucktwat crawled on her elbows rather than her hands, her nipples dragged painfully on the floor.

\* Does not wear clothes at home under any circumstances – Fucktwat had already been following this rule, and certainly she wore no clothes on the Ranch.

\* Allows anything to be put in her mouth by others – Obedient Slut would often test Fucktwat by putting things in her mouth, including her fingers or her nipples, which Fucktwat would obediently suck on, liquids like piss and cum, which Fucktwat swallowed, and even the handles of farm tools or clods of dirt. Fucktwat, submissive, accepted them all into her mouth and sucked on them or swallowed them as appropriate.

\* Twice per day carries objects in her cunt – Using her cunt as a storage pocket was actually helpful on the Ranch, as crawling while holding things was awkward. Fucktwat got used to pushing small tools or rags into her pussy to transport them around, and soon began to think it was normal. She knew that if she ever returned to office work at Titcage, she was going to be likely to shove office supplies like staplers or pens into her vagina as a matter of habit now – the natural state of her fuckhole was “full”, and she began to feel strange when it wasn’t.

\* Eat from a dog bowl / eat food flavoured by semen / piss on her meals – The slutcows ate their meals on the ranch from a trough, and the trough was filled with slimy chunks of dog food liberally flavoured by animal piss and cum. It was the only food they were given, so they soon got used to eating it. Fucktwat though, whose rise within Titcage had been noticed, was occasionally taken into the farmhouse for special training by Obedient Slut. This was a special privilege, as only the kitten girl (Rapekitten) and the puppygirl (Bitchcunt) were allowed inside the house out of all the animal sluts. Here Fucktwat was given the chance to spoon dog food into a dog bowl for herself, and then beg Sir or a farmhand to let her masturbate them into the bowl, and then piss onto her food in front of the approving Obedient Slut before eating it.

\* Hurts her tits or cunt during masturbations – Fucktwat didn’t get a lot of time to masturbate on the Ranch, although she was regularly raped. However, to pursue her P Grade, she found time in idle moments, and took care to pinch and slap her cum-soaked melons and pinch her clitoris as she engergetically fingered her cunt. The pain felt good, and it helped her cum faster.

\* Masturbates herself during morning exercise – Fucktwat didn’t get to do her morning exercise on the Ranch – it involved standing, which her collar prevented – but Obedient Slut told her a good replacement would be to randomly finger her cunt constantly as she crawled around and did her chores. Crawling with one hand fucking her pussy was difficult, and Fucktwat couldn’t always manage it, but it felt so good to be always touching her twat that she tried her best.

\* Receives sperm – Fucktwat was raped multiple times a day by the farmhands during milking, and most days by a dog as well. They almost always filled her cunt with sperm when they were done.

\* Is lactating – Fucktwat’s tits had reached their goal of both volume and quality of milk production. On the day Fucktwat was told her milk was A grade, Sir was so pleased that he allowed Fucktwat to rape another slutcow of her choice. Fucktwat chose a pretty brunette, and knelt over the unwilling slut’s face in a position that would let her beat the bitch’s tits and groin while the poor girl licked her to orgasm.

\* Public lesbianism – On one occasion Fucktwat was brought into the house to be fucked by Sir, who had taken a liking to the pretty big-titted girl. As he pumped his dick in and out of Claire’s pussy, he watched one of the new “men’s channels”. Fucktwat was surprised to see herself on the program, in

footage supplied by Titcage, 69ing her sister and pissing on her sister's face. She realised this was being broadcast to the whole nation – that everyone she met for the rest of her life might now have seen this footage. It bothered her a little, but then she thought about the way she looked with her obscene lactating udders, and realised people didn't need to see a sex tape of her to assume she was a cow fit only for sex.

\* Begs a man to rape her at least twice a week – For this requirement, Fucktwat was let into the house, and her collar was temporarily removed. She was given a phone and told to phone people she knew. At first, when she tried, she couldn't find the words – she had gone without speaking so long it felt hard to talk. But eventually she found the ability, and would phone former teachers, friends, family friends, and strangers, and tell them who she was and what a slut she was and how much she enjoyed being raped. She encouraged them to visit the farm and rape her, and a good number actually did. When they arrived, of course, Fucktwat was wearing her collar and could say nothing to contradict her earlier pleading for rape, even had she wanted to.

\* When talking to a sitting man, massage his cock – This was another skill Fucktwat practiced inside the house, mostly on Sir. She didn't talk to him of course – she couldn't speak – but she listened to him, and kneaded his dick through his trousers as he talked about how worthless she was until he grew aroused enough to rape her.

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By the time Claire's pregnancy was entering its eighth month, and her time on the ranch was coming to an end, her transformation into an animal for fucking was complete. Claire now regarded herself as nothing but a slut, designed to please men. She regarded her body as life support for her tits and her twat, and she felt anxious and worthless when those tits and twat weren't being fucked or hurt. The idea of wearing clothes or protecting her own body horrified her. She saw men as nearly godlike beings who would judge whether she was a good slut, and fuck her and hurt her, and the thought of disobeying a man or leaving him displeased left her feeling physically sick. She saw girls as not entirely human – cuddly, fuckable pets like herself. Her natural instinct upon seeing a pretty girl was to hurt, degrade and rape her. She preferred crawling to walking, and felt insecure and exposed when made to stand up. She had almost forgotten how to eat from a plate with cutlery instead of taking her meals from a dog bowl or a trough or another slut's cunt. She had trouble eating food that didn't taste like piss or cum or cunt – her body didn't recognise it as food and it would sometimes make her feel nauseous. She never spoke by choice, and had to be given a direct order to speak at all. When she did, it took her time to remember how to form words. Her mental processes were simple and rarely involved formulating complex thoughts. Her mind was usually filled with pictures of cunts and tits, and a formless desire to degrade women and please men and to have her udders and twat used and abused.

The result of all of this was that Claire was finally ready to go through the event that would confirm and finalise her new role in life. Claire was ready for her wedding.

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Chapter Forty-one - THE HEN'S NIGHT

The day of Fucktwat's wedding was approaching. Her belly was bulging with pregnancy, and since she had come back from the farm her "work" at Titcage consisted of kneeling, leashed, in Michael's office, with milk pumps attached to her tits. Michael would fuck her from time to time, always without asking, and always taking the time to hurt her breasts or pussy as he fucked her.

During these sessions he told her about the arrangements for the wedding. He was vague as to most of the details - he merely said he was arranging them - but he sought her input on some aspects. For instance, he wanted to know who should be her bridesmaids. He encouraged Fucktwat to name the sluts she cared about most.

Some of the names were easy for Fucktwat to name. There was her sister, Cuntcandy, of course.

And there was Slutkitten. When Fucktwat had returned from the ranch and been allowed to see Slutkitten for the first time, she had thrown herself at the other bitch and hugged her so tightly she was worried she might damage the beautiful blonde teen. She had kissed Slutkitten passionately, and Slutkitten had kissed her back, and in one of the parts of Fucktwat's mind that still remembered what it was like to be a normal girl she realised that she was in love with her friend. They had French-kissed, and started to move to 69 each other, and Fucktwat's father had had to pull the two girls apart. This had all happened on the front lawn of Fucktwat's house.

After Slutkitten, Fucktwat's next choices were her friends Amy and Elena. As women's rights had eroded over the past months, the two girls had found that they were spending more and more of their time being raped and degraded by men. This made Fucktwat happy, as they were becoming more like her, and also because sometimes she got to join in the raping and use them to make herself cum. In her mind now, this was what female friends were for, and it barely registered on her that the fact they were crying as she used them meant they were unhappy. The two girls were still in a relationship of their own, Amy dominating Elena, but despite their intention to be lesbians they were nevertheless fucking men these days more than they were each other. Fucktwat had helped them pick out names suitable to the new paradigm. She called Elena "Titbunny" because Elena had big tits and she fucked like a rabbit, and she called Amy "Rapepuppet", because it made Fucktwat wet when Amy was completely helpless and being raped. The girls hadn't liked their new names at first but Fucktwat had got their male friends to help, and applied a Taser to their pussies a few times, and before long they were reluctantly answering to the better, more descriptive names.

Michael asked Fucktwat for two more bridesmaids, and Fucktwat had to think for a while. Finally, she nominated Sluthole from work. Sluthole had never been anything but cruel and abusive to her, but in Fucktwat's mind this was increasingly cross-wired with affection. Maybe by hurting and humiliating her all those times Sluthole had been actually loving her? In any case, once she had thought of Sluthole, she thought of how angry Sluthole might be if she DIDN'T get picked as a bridesmaid, and that made up her mind.

Her last pick was also from work. It was Bitchmelons, the brunette who had initially started work under the name Kimberley. Fucktwat didn't really like Bitchmelons but the girl was sexy, and Fucktwat dimly guessed that Michael might let her fuck her bridesmaids, so she added that name entirely in the hopes of getting to make Bitchmelons suck on her pussy.

Michael then notified Fucktwat's chosen bridesmaids of their selection. Her sister and the Titcage girls agreed obediently but Rapepuppet and Titbunny - formerly Amy and Elena - had to be coerced with slaps and threats. Michael told Fucktwat about having to force the girls to be Fucktwat's bridesmaids afterwards, as Fucktwat masturbated, unable to think properly about what it meant.

The first duty of the bridesmaids was the hen's night. For this event, Michael rented out an entire restaurant in the city. Glass windows along the frontage allowed passers-by to see inside clearly. Within, he had arranged Fucktwat's bridesmaids - each of them nude, kneeling, their hands cuffed behind their back and their clitoris clipped to a bracket in the floor by a short chain. Rapepuppet and Titbunny were gagged, as was her sister Cuntcandy and the Titcage intern Bitchmelons. Slutkitten and Sluthole, presumably trusted not to be disobedient, had their mouths unrestrained.

Michael brought Fucktwat in, crawling and nude, her pregnant belly and milk-filled tits hanging downwards, leading her on a leash. She was happy to see her friends here, and aroused by the way they were presented. She noticed a few men here too – Ben and Jayce, and her father.

“Welcome to your hen’s night, Fucktwat,” Michael said. “The point of tonight is for you to have some fun, and for you to help your bridesmaids get pretty for your wedding, which is only three nights away now.” He knelt down beside Fucktwat and stroked her cheek. “When does a slut look prettiest?” he asked her.

Fucktwat knew the answer. “When she’s naked and crying and there’s cum on her and everyone can tell she’s a whore.”

“Good slut,” said Michael. “Now, we’ll take care of the naked and the cum at the buck’s night. What I need you to do is to make sure your friends are crying and look like whores at your wedding. I want you to torture each of them in a way that will be visible to the guests in three days. Either hurt them very badly tonight so the effect still show, or demonstrate a way of torturing them on the day.”

At this, Rapepuppet and Titbunny – Amy and Elena – began to squeal and buck against their restraints. Cuntcandy’s eyes began to fill with tears. The other girls, resigned to abuse, showed nothing. Slutkitten looked positively eager.

“No damaging them – they need to still be pretty and fuckable – but there’s no reason they need to enjoy being fucked,” Michael went on.

Fucktwat could feel her pussy wetting at the thought of hurting other sluts. The idea made her very horny.

“You can use them however you like to make you cum as well,” said Michael. “You can orgasm as many times as you like. And if you need props, we have an extensive collection of toys and oddities for you to use. But you need to know one thing, my little slut.”

Fucktwat looked up at him. She wished he’d stop talking so she could start raping her friends.

“Everything you do to these girls tonight will be done to you on your honeymoon. There is no pain that you can give out tonight that you will not receive back.”

Somewhere inside Fucktwat, she panicked. She knew that she was broken. She knew that, with her pussy this wet, she was going to hurt and rape her friends and make them scream and cry. She didn’t want to feel that pain herself, but she knew she couldn’t resist her cunt and its urge to hurt and degrade other sluts. She tried to control herself. Maybe she could be good to her friends?

Then she saw the little chain leading from Sluthole’s clit to the floor, and how it was pulling on her clitoris, and how Sluthole looked like she might cry, and she gave in. She wanted to hurt and rape Sluthole very badly. The sexy bitch had bullied and degraded her and now Fucktwat could do anything she liked to the slutty little brunette.

She crawled across to Sluthole and started by slapping the slut hard across both cheeks. Then she kissed Sluthole, unclipped her clitoris from the floor, pushed her down, and positioned her cunt over Sluthole’s mouth. She wanted to start with a good tongue licking, followed by pissing into Sluthole’s mouth. She pinched cruelly at Sluthole’s clit as the girl tongued her to orgasm.

Once Fucktwat had had her first orgasm on Sluthole’s face, and emptied her bladder into the slut’s

mouth, she had a good idea of how she wanted to torture the bitch. She remembered how Sluthole had always assaulted her in the toilets, had pissed on her legs and made her urinate humiliatingly in front of her. Pussy still wet, Fucktwat crawled across to Michael and explained her idea while nuzzling her face against his dick, and he agreed that it was something Titcage could make happen.

Sluthole cried when she was told what would happen to her. Titcage would implant a chip between her urethra and vagina. If Sluthole pissed while standing up, while the microphones in the chip could hear multiple male voices, it would reward her by vibrating pleasantly against her G-spot. If it detected her urinating at any other time, it would give her a painful electrical shock. Over time, she would find she would not be able to relax her bladder unless she was standing up, in public, near men, and that when she did meet those conditions she would have almost no control over her need to piss. It would turn her into a dirty slut-animal who habitually pissed in public. Michael assured Fucktwat that he would keep Sluthole isolated in the twelve hours leading up to the wedding, ensuring that she would wet herself as she stood in front of all Fucktwat's family and friends.

Fucktwat had already forgotten Michael's warning. Her pussy was throbbing wet at the sort of making Sluthole into a stupid pissing bitch. She didn't consider the idea that the same thing would be done to her on her honeymoon. Instead, she crawled over to Cuntcandy (her sister) and Slutkitten (her lover). Her tits were aching full of milk, so she offered one to each of the girls (first removing her sister's gag) and stroked their hair as they gently sucked the milk from her udders. She couldn't help making little "moo" sounds, as she had been trained to do, but it felt so good she didn't care.

The relief from her tit pain, and the site of her sister's breasts swollen with their own pregnancy, gave her an idea, which she explained to Michael. She wanted her sister to not be milked for 36 hours leading up to the wedding, with clamps placed on her nipples for the last 12. The pain in her bloated fuckbags should be excruciating by the time of the wedding, and even more painful when the clamps were finally removed and her tits roughly hand-squeezed afterwards.

She felt a little bad for hurting her sister that way, so she instructed Sluthole to lick her sister's pussy while she herself moved on to Rapepuppet. She remembered when Rapepuppet had been called Amy. She had been a lesbian, who liked dominating other girls, and she had loved Elena. It was a shame she had never worked for Titcage, where she would have been allowed to dominate all the girls she wanted, Fucktwat thought. Rapepuppet still called herself a lesbian, and she cried when men fucked her, but Fucktwat knew that was a silly way for Rapepuppet to describe herself. Being a lesbian was about who *she* wanted to fuck, and who she wanted to fuck was irrelevant - she was female, and her place in life was therefore to be fucked by whoever wanted to use her.

Fucktwat kissed Rapepuppet for a bit while she thought about how to torture the girl. Rapepuppet's tits were small, which ruled out a lot of ideas, but her cunt was delightful, with a prominent clitoris and a lovely taste. She told Michael she wanted to see Rapepuppet fucked until she was pregnant, which Michael agreed was a good idea, but it wasn't Fucktwat's actual torture idea. She had a different thought, and was delighted that Michael would be able to provide the components.

She got Elena and Bitchmelons to hold Rapepuppet down on the floor, nude with her legs spread, and then she smeared honey over Rapepuppet's breasts and vulva, taking care to get a bit up inside her sluthole. Then, to Rapepuppet's horror, Michael produced a small jar filled with biting ants. Fucktwat giggled and masturbated as the ants were poured over Rapepuppet's most sensitive areas and began to bite at her. Rapepuppet screamed and bucked, particularly when some of the ants got up inside her vagina and began to bite at the sensitive interior walls. Fucktwat left the ants there until she had jilled herself to an orgasm, and then had them cleared away. Rapepuppet was in tears, her boobs and cunt covered in angry red welts. She had to continue to be restrained to stop herself scratching at them madly - she ended up left with her hands cuffed behind her back again and the

gag back in her mouth. Her breasts and genitals would remain in agonising pain until the wedding. Michael told Fucktwat that all the fucking of her needed to impregnate her would both feel good to Rapepuppet, because of it scratching her itchy cunt, and at the same time make the pain a hundred times worse. Fucktwat wanted to see, so asked her father to rape the girl who had been Amy right now. Her father complied, and Fucktwat watched breathlessly as her father ploughed his cock into Amy's swollen fuckhole and Amy screamed into her gag.

Amy's screams mirrored a part of the back of Fucktwat's mind that was also screaming. She called that part "Claire". Claire was a dumb bitch who thought she had rights. Fucktwat was glad she could barely ever hear what Claire was thinking anymore. She wished she could hurt Claire the way she was hurting the other sluts, the way sluts deserved to be used. Fucktwat couldn't think of a time when she had been happier than this, abusing beautiful sluts and orgasming while men watched approvingly.

Next was Titbunny - formerly Elena. Fucktwat thought about how Elena had been dominated by Amy, taken as a girlfriend-slave. She had never been entirely sure if Elena had consented - on one level she had been reluctant, but on another level she seemed to realise it was where she belonged. Fucktwat got Titbunny to lick her father's cum out of Rapepuppet's abused pussy while she thought, and the sight of the two girls 69ing gave her an idea.

She talked to Michael and he agreed. They would implant small powerful magnets in each of Titbunny's nipples, in her clitoris, and in her tongue, and put little pieces of metal in the corresponding places inside Rapepuppet. When the girls hugged, they would find their tits and cunt literally pulling them together. Titbunny's tongue would be drawn towards Rapepuppet's mouth, her breasts and her pussy. Both girls would be able to be stimulated just by passing a magnet in front of them, and they could have small magnets sewn into the crotch of any panties or bras they wore (not that a good slut wore underwear) to pull at their nipples and clit all day long.

Michael arranged for the two girls to be taken to a doctor after the hen's night to have the magnets implanted. Fucktwat overheard him make a third appointment for shortly after her own wedding, and briefly remembered that what she was doing to these girls would be done to her. It was a scary thought so she immediately forgot about it like a good little bimbo. In the meantime Fucktwat borrowed Michael's leather belt and settled for making Elena masturbate to orgasm while Fucktwat whipped her boobs.

That left Slutkitten and Bitchmelons. Fucktwat already knew what she wanted for Bitchmelons. The girl's breasts weren't large enough. She asked Michael if they could get Bitchmelons a boob job so she would have nice big fuckballoons for the wedding. Michael said it would take several surgeries to safely grow her B-cups up to something truly obscene, but if they took her to hospital tomorrow she could probably be showing off D-cup udders by the time of Fucktwat's big day. Fucktwat agreed eagerly, and settled for whipping Bitchmelons' cunt with a leather belt for this evening.

Last was Slutkitten. Fucktwat knew now that she loved her friend. She kissed Kitten on the mouth, and Kitten kissed her back eagerly, but with some fear. They both knew she had to do something to Slutkitten, had to degrade her, because that was what women were for. But Fucktwat didn't really want to hurt her friend - or rather, she did, but only in little, sexy ways, like fucking her in public or pissing in her mouth or pinching her clit until she orgasmed.

She looked into the beautiful blonde girl's eyes, and suddenly she knew what she wanted. She herself was marrying Michael, and her sister was marrying Ben, but Slutkitten wasn't claimed. Was it possible Fucktwat could....

"I want to own her," she said suddenly.

Michael came over and stroked Fucktwat's hair. "Say that again?" he asked.

"I want to own Slutkitten," said Fucktwat. "I want her to be my own personal cuntlicker. I want her life to be servicing me - and my master. I want her to sleep naked at the foot of my bed when she's not in that bed being fucked. I want her to be my sex-pet and my slave. Every time a man cums in my mouth I want to share that sperm with her. And I want to have her on a leash at my wedding and I want to kiss her before I saw my vows."

Slutkitten's eyes began to fill with tears. At first Fucktwat thought she had hurt her friend and lover after all, but then she realised they were tears of joy. Fucktwat smiled hesitantly, and then, not able to help herself, she grinned. Slutkitten wanted to be her slave and her pet. She felt full of happiness and joy.

But the opinions of a slut, even one she loved, didn't matter next to those of the man standing next to her. She looked up at Michael for approval.

"Good slut," he said, stroking Fucktwat's hair again. "You deserve a treat. I'll give you Slutkitten. She's yours now."

Fucktwat smiled even harder, biting her lip cutely.

"Now," Michael said, "I think your daddy wants to rape your new pet. Why don't you hold her down for him, and then you can lick his cum out of her cunt afterwards?"

Fucktwat obeyed. And even though Slutkitten orgasmed twice during the rape, her eyes were looking at Fucktwat's each time, and were filled with love.

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## **Chapter Forty-one (2nd Part) - BUCK'S NIGHT**

For the buck's night, Michael had a special assignment for Claire. While her training and constant fuckings had dulled her mind somewhat, she still knew how to take orders. When he explained the mission to her, she looked confused, so he said she could bring Kitten for help. Claire and Slutkitten were to dress like normal women who had yet to undergo conditioning. Michael picked out conservative looking outfits for Claire and Kitten, but they were special. Because Michael didn't want the sluts to get confused about whether or not they were supposed to be wearing clothing, the bras he gave them had tacks in them, causing the sluts constant pain in their fuckmelons. They also both had weights on their clits, and large anal plugs that hurt whenever they stood, to remind them that this was an exception, and standing was not for sluts (unless a man told them to).

Michael instructed Claire and Kitten to go out dressed like this with one goal: bring him back something to play with. Michael explained (while fucking Claire's mouth) that some sluts were still unenlightened, and thought they were people, like men. They didn't understand that they were pieces of fuckmeat to be used and bred, yet. Claire and Kitten were to go out and find a group of some ignorant women and bring them back for Michael and his groomsmen. He showed them some videos of women who didn't know they were sluts yet, so Claire and Kitten knew what to look for. The girls watched the videos, waiting for the women in them to get raped, or start servicing a man, but they didn't. They didn't even have decent sized fuckbags! Claire didn't think about what her fiancé and his groomsmen would do to the women; that wasn't her job. She felt strange wearing pants, and Michael had to help her put them on. She hadn't had access to her cunt blocked in such a

long time, it felt unnatural. When Kitten went to suck on Claire's enlarged tits, Michael slapped both of them across their tits.

"You have to act like these stupid sluts, not like the enlightened slut you are. You know what you're for, right?"

"To hurt, and to cum in and on," Claire answered immediately. Her tits stung, and the pain made her horny. But Michael insisted Claire and Kitten had to act like they hated sex, and men, in order to complete their mission. Claire thought of it like roleplay, which some men liked. Although she didn't get why men would want a slut to act like she didn't want him to piss in her mouth.

Outfitted in flattering but conservative jeans, sneakers and highcut t-shirts, Michael dropped Claire and Kitten off outside a college dorm. Titcage had made them fake IDs so they could go into any of the university buildings. Before she got out of the car, Michael squeezed Claire's tits hard, so the tacks bit into her flesh and she moaned in agony, begging to be allowed to suck Michael's cock and touch herself. He assured her they would both be fucked thoroughly when they returned, and slapped Claire lightly across the face, so there were no marks when she went into the building. Claire stood up and tried to walk normally, something she was still remembering how to do. Claire and Kitten walked into the dorm building and began looking for sluts for Michael.

"I can see why they're at University," Kitten whispered to Claire. "Look at all these men, they need someone to rape." Claire agreed, and her pussy ached knowing she would probably not be fucked by any of them. Claire walked up to the corkboard where announcements were posted and scanned the fliers for anything that looked like they might find the kind of women Michael was looking for. She was in luck; given the strides Titcage had been making in the restructuring of gender in society, there was a lot of attention being paid to women's rights. There was a flier advertising for a "Women against Titcage" meeting that was starting in under an hour. Claire wrote down the information on the flier, and together she and Kitten found the room it was being held in.

Sure enough, there was a small group of female students already in the room. Claire strained against her conditioning and tried to remember what Michael told her. This was just like roleplaying, she told herself.

"They're not even trying to look rapeable," Claire muttered to Kitten, who nodded sadly. These poor sluts didn't even know what they were supposed to be doing.

Claire was visibly pregnant, and her cover story was that she had been raped (which wasn't totally untrue) and forced to keep the rapist's baby. She and Kitten were lovers, trying to get justice. Claire remembered the plan as Michael had laid it out to her while he had been fucking her mouth earlier, and stepped forward to approach the group.

"Hi," she said unsteadily. Claire didn't speak much anymore, and felt odd talking like a person. The women in the room turned to look at her. Kitten took Claire's hand and they walked forward together. "I'm here for the anti-Titcage group?"

"That's us," said one of the women. She was stocky, with short hair. Claire thought she almost looked like a man, and briefly became concerned Michael would be displeased.

"I was raped 8 months ago, and couldn't press charges, and now I'm almost due," Claire said, resting a hand on her bloated belly. "So I'm really interested in your group."

"And I'm her girlfriend," Kitten added. The women in the room nodded and started to walk over to them. So far so good.

"Well, we're trying to organize women to stand up to their lobbyists and get our rights back," another woman piped up. She at least had long hair, so she could be dragged properly.

"It was actually on campus, though, so I haven't attended any meetings yet, because I'm scared," Claire continued. "Would it be ok if we took this meeting to a café just off campus? I'd feel safer." She made big eyes at the women, and Kitten made a big show of hugging Claire supportively. The hug made her tit-tacs dig in, and Claire felt her pussy get wet immediately.

"Of course," said the stocky one. "Let's go."

Claire sighed in relief, though not for the reason the group thought. There were six of them altogether, which Claire hoped was enough. Holding hands with Kitten, she led the group out of the building, and two blocks south to the café. They talked the whole time about the newest regulations Titcage had gotten passed, which included education reforms forcing female students to drop out of school in 8th grade and tighter bans on birth control. When the group arrived at the address Michael had given her, Claire noticed that it looked totally normal on the outside, and she hoped she hadn't stupidly gone to the wrong place. She opened the door, and Kitten went to the back of the group in case anyone tried to run. It was dark inside, until they were all in and the door closed. Then, the lights came on.

Michael was standing in front of the group, with Jim, Ben, Claire's father and some of the male Titcage employees behind him. The room was outfitted with hard metal tables with restraints and IV stands, and there was a wall full of whips, paddles, dildos, and other tools of sexual torture. Steph was also there looking miserable with her tits clamped.

"Fucktwat, come here," Michael ordered. "Crawl like a good slut, roleplaying is over." The female students tried to run for the door to escape, but it was bolted shut from the outside. Their screaming only seemed to amuse the men. Claire got down on all fours, grateful to return to her natural subservient role, and crawled over to her fiancé. He took a pair of scissors and savagely cut off the clothing she was dressed in, and peeled off the bra full of tacks. Some of them had dug so deeply into her titflesh that they remained imbedded. "Now strip your property," Michael instructed. A wave of gratitude washed over Claire; Slutkitten was hers now. She beckoned her slut to crawl over to her as she had to Michael, and similarly removed her clothing. Now both fully nude, the girls began hungrily 69ing, their pussies desperate for abuse after being unattended for so long. Ben pulled them apart and spanked Claire on the anal plug still jammed in her ass.

"Quiet!" Michael commanded, and the female students went silent, whimpering and crying. "You are all very lucky to be here. Up until now, you've been laboring under the delusion that you are people, equal or even better to men. Well, tonight, you will be taught what your real place is. Right, guys?" he called back to his party, who whooped in response. "First step. Sluts don't need clothes, unless a man wants to dress them up to look more fuckable."

With that, the men advanced on the students. The girls started screaming again but it made no difference. In a matter of moments, they had all been stripped bare, their clothing hacked off just as Claire's had been. When one of them would protest, the man closest would slap them, hard, either on the face, tits or cunt.

"Now, you're still standing up, which is also inappropriate. When a man is standing, you kneel. Kneel!" he barked.

"Fuck you!" yelled the stocky girl, who was still trying to cover herself up. Claire was gratified to see she had quite big udders, and hoped Michael would let her abuse them later.

"What did we say about talking?" he jeered. Suddenly, Jim produced a taser and shocked the girl's twat. She fell and spasmed while the other girls wailed, kneeling in terror. "Better. If you disobey, you will be punished," he announced. "Or if it happens to amuse a man. Whichever. I'm concerned you're going to try to get away again, and that irritates me. So now you have to be restrained."

Each woman was dragged over to a table and thrown down onto the hard surface. Some of them were still fighting and crying, while some had gone limp with shock. The men seemed to have each claimed a girl, and began strapping them down to the table with their legs stretched far apart, exposing each of their cunts, and their arms strapped outstretched. They were also fitted with O-ring gags, so they couldn't resist a mouth fucking. Not that Claire understood why a slut would try to resist her purpose. Then, a man Claire didn't recognize inserted a needle into the arms of each girl. The IV bags they were connected to held a strong aphrodisiac, the same kind secreted by Claire's tits, which began to work immediately on the bound college students.

"Now, you're all not groomed properly, which is a problem. Cuntcandy?" Steph crawled forward miserably, and had some kind of bag in her teeth. When she reached the first table, Jim reached in the bag and took out an electric razor. He slapped Steph's tits and she moved to the next table, bringing each man the same shaving tool. She stopped at Michael, who drew out a buzzing razor and ordered Steph to turn around so he could spank her for moving too slowly.

Michael went to the table where the stocky girl was strapped down, and grinned.

"You probably think you're a lesbian, right?" She didn't answer, and kept struggling, not looking Michael in the eye. "Don't worry. Cuntcandy did, too. Now she loves cock." Michael turned on the razor, all the men following suit. "No one likes hairy cunts!" he yelled, and jammed the buzzing razor onto the woman. All the men gleefully took to their victims, who writhed around under the razors. They weren't just regular electric razors. Michael had outfitted them to act like Tasers, so as the women were shaved they were also being shocked at a high voltage on and around their pussies. All the women struggled and shrieked through their O-gags, while the men used the razors to shock their tits and cunts.

"That's better," Michael said, turning off his shaving tool. He put it down on the table and grabbed the girl's tear streaked face. "Are you a slut?" he asked. She shook her head furiously and tried to curse at him. Michael went over to the wall of sex toys and tools and picked out a very large, bulb-headed purple dildo. "I hope you're wet," he said to the girl, and jammed the rubber cock into her twat. The girl screamed through her ring gag and sobbed as Michael fucked her violently with it. The men came and gathered around the girl, pawing at her breasts and grabbing her throat, mocking her and telling her what a slut she was.

"Are you a slut?" Michael demanded again. This time the girl nodded, sobbing. Michael pulled the dildo out and slid it through the ring gag into the girl's mouth, making her sputter and choke. "Of course you are." The men cheered and Michael addressed the room. "Enjoy breaking in your new sluts!" he announced. His guests went to the wall of tools and began picking out paddles, canes and obscenely oversized dildos for their victims. While they went to work on their toys for the night, Michael pressed a button on his girl's table which made it rotate 90 degrees, so her head was hanging down and her feet in the air. He removed the dildo from her mouth and beckoned Claire over. Claire crawled over and Michael gave her the dildo to fuck Kitten with as a reward for completing her mission. Then he took his cock out, turned to the upside down girl and pissed all over her.

"This is what sluts are for. Try to catch some in your mouth, you need to get used to drinking piss. Good slut." The girl had stopped struggling and merely hung there, catching Michael's warm urine

in her mouth. At the other tables, the men were violently raping the girls, fisting their cunts and fucking their mouths.

"If I can have your attention, for just a minute," Claire's father announced, after cumming on a girl's tits. "I have a little present for the groom-to-be." Michael turned to listen, but continued facefucking one of the sluts. "Michael, your slut fiancé and Slutkitten are going to put on a little show for you, just something we thought you'd like." Michael came on the girl's face and slapped her head down on the table.

Kitten and Claire crawled out in front of the group and knelt facing away from each other, their assholes just a foot apart. Jim pulled a large, double headed dildo off the wall, and after lubing up the heads with each girls' sopping cunt, shoved the heads in their asses. For a moment, the girls waited, their assholes gaping around the thick dildo. Even they didn't know what was planned for them.

"I call it Tug of Whore," Claire's father said chuckling, and then men all grinned broadly. "Sluts, you are going to pull away from each other, but you have to try to keep the dildo in your ass. Whoever drops it first, loses. Go!" Both Claire and Kitten tried clench their anal muscles around the sextoy as best as possible, but it was slippery from their cunt juices. After a couple minutes, the head dropped out of Claire's ass. She felt shame start to blossom on her face.

"Loser has to clean the cock," her father taunted. Claire turned around to Kitten, who still had the toy in her ass, and closed her mouth around the head. She could taste her own filth on the dildo, but diligently worked her tongue around it until it was clean. Jim pulled the other end out of Kitten, and Claire repeated the cleaning act. She was grateful when Ben pissed in her mouth to wash away the taste.

By the end of the night, each girl had been raped repeatedly in all three of their holes, been pissed and cum on and had their tits and cunts shocked repeatedly. Whenever the IV aphrodisiac ran out, the bags were replaced. Over the course of several hours, each girl was turned from a strong willed feminist into a mewling, cock hungry slut. Michael and his friends raped and tortured the girls all night, occasionally letting Claire, Kitten and Steph take turns raping them, too. After a couple hours, the ring gags weren't necessary. Neither were the restraints. It had become a full-blown rape party, which all the girls begging to be used, all thoughts of their former lives abandoned.

Now, they were proper sluts.

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Chapter Forty-two - THE WEDDING

Her wedding was the happiest day of Fucktwat's life. And it was all the happier for the misery and degradation that that slut Claire was experiencing in the back of her mind - the frigid bitch she had used to be, who didn't worship men and didn't like being raped. The wedding was her opportunity to say goodbye to Claire forever, and be forever the good little degraded slutpuppet she had been taught that she wanted to be.

The guest turnout was huge. Each invitation had been printed on premium white card, announcing the wedding of Michael Beston to his property Fucktwat. The front of the cards showed separate pictures of the happy couple - Michael smiling and dressed in a suit, and Fucktwat represented by a close up of her shaved twat with semen dripping from it.

Michael had been training Fucktwat recently to think of images like this as her primary identity,

showing her pictures of her face and then hurting her, followed by cropped pictures of her tits or cunt with no face showing and an associated buzz of sexual stimulation. He had also been getting her to spend time with a mask that fitted over her face that allowed her to see only the output of a tiny camera clipped to her clitoris. Seeing the world from the viewpoint of her cunt was slowly adjusting her to think of her vagina as the centre of her identity in the way that normal girls thought of their head and face. Her mind – such as a slut could have a mind – was in her pussy, and her face was just a hole to put things into.

The invitations had taken a long time to send out, because Michael had made Fucktwat masturbate to orgasm over each and every guest. He found pictures of them and got Fucktwat to imagine fucking the guest, being raped by the guest, sucking the guest's cock or licking their pussy, while she frantically jilled her fuckhole. And the guest list was long – it included every member of Fucktwat's extended family, every person she'd gone to school with, including her teachers, all her co-workers, basically every person she could think of who had ever met her. She pictured licking her mother's cunt, fucking her cousins, having her grade-school teachers fill her full of semen. A camera took a picture of each of her masturbations, and the photo was included in the relevant guest's invitation with an explanation that Fucktwat had been thinking of the guest as she masturbated. Not every person Fucktwat invited RSVPed immediately – while many were turned on at the thought of seeing the pretty girl degraded at a wedding ceremony, others were disgusted by the whole idea – but Michael arranged for Titcage to make some encouragement payments to get as many people as possible to attend. He felt it was important that his bride-to-be not have anyone left in her life who didn't primarily see her as a slutpig. Fucktwat's mother wouldn't attend even with the money, so Michael got Fucktwat to personally sign the order to have her kidnapped, raped, and brought to the ceremony naked in a cage. Such things were technically still illegal – though not for long – but Titcage's money and privilege would see that no one much cared about it.

On the morning of the wedding, she woke up naked in bed. Sleeping in a bed instead of on the floor or in a kennel was a special treat because it was her special day. Slutkitten was naked between her legs, licking gently at Fucktwat's pussy, as she had been doing all night. Slutkitten had slept all yesterday in preparation, so she could stay awake to service Fucktwat and then attend the wedding. Her tongue had kept Fucktwat devastatingly aroused without allowing her to orgasm. Fucktwat's arms and legs were strapped spreadeagled to the corners of the bed to stop her from pulling Slutkitten's face against her cunt and grinding it there until she orgasmed. Michael wanted Fucktwat tired, confused, and thinking about nothing but her fuckhole for her big day.

Michael hadn't come to unbind Fucktwat's arms yet, so she waited obediently, enjoying Fucktwat's tongue, and looked down at the floor where her other bridesmaids slept. Her sister Cuntcandy slept alone, her belly big and round like Fucktwat's. They were both expected to give birth in the next couple of weeks, just after Fucktwat's honeymoon. Cuntcandy's breasts were big and swollen. Fucktwat noted happily the painful clamps on her sister's nipples. Cuntcandy would have started feeling the pain of needing to be milked earlier this morning, but she wouldn't be allowed the release until well into the afternoon, by which time she should be crying from the agony in her boobs.

Titbunny and Bitchmelons were sleeping together. Bitchmelons was sporting her new, humiliatingly large modified tits, which made Fucktwat wet every time she saw them. The large fake tits had little discs of metal inside them, as did Bitchmelons' cunt and tongue, and the metal reacted with the magnets in the same locations that Fucktwat had asked to be added to Titbunny. It was funny watching the two girls' tits pull together, defying gravity to connect with magnetic force, and it was funnier still watching the pain on the girls' faces as they pulled their tits apart. Even better was when Titbunny was told to eat out one of the girls who had the discs (Rapepuppet was another) and got her magnetic tongue stuck in the other girl's twat. The magnet was right in the tip of Titbunny's

tongue, and the discs a fair way inside the other girls' vaginas, near their G-spot, so Titbunny would always feel her tongue being pulled deep inside the other girl's snatch. Fucktwat liked it best when Titbunny fell asleep that way, her mouth stuck to another girl's pussy.

Sluthole had fallen asleep sitting upright in a chair. Her conditioning from her new chips had already made it almost impossible to relax her bladder in that position, so it would stop her wetting herself in her sleep. Her bladder must already be starting to feel full - it would be much more uncomfortable by the time she was scheduled to piss herself in public at the wedding.

And poor little Rapepuppet - the lesbian formerly known as Amy - lay by herself, rubbing her pussy. Her breasts and twat were still swollen and red with the ant bites Fucktwat had inflicted on her at the hen's night, and she had not been allowed any painkillers. Stimulating her cunt as she was doing must have been extremely painful, but at the same time being horny was basically the only way to make her body release the endorphins to help her manage the pain. Fucktwat smiled at the thought. And of course, Rapepuppet was recently impregnated too, having been repeatedly fucked by the men in Fucktwat's life over the past few days. Fucktwat wondered who the father would turn out to be. She felt weird at the thought it might be her own father who had impregnated Rapepuppet, and that Rapepuppet might give birth to a sister to Fucktwat. But Fucktwat knew that despite her father's intentions, her own baby might be his, so she supposed it didn't matter.

She felt an orgasm drawing near, but Slutkitten, responsive to Fucktwat's moods, backed off, not letting Fucktwat cum. Fucktwat moaned, and called Slutkitten a stupid bitch cunt, and begged her to let her orgasm, but Slutkitten ignored her.

After some time, Michael came into the bedroom with Fucktwat's father, Ben, and Jim. He stuck his cock in Fucktwat's mouth, and she sucked on it obediently for a few minutes, but before she could make him spurt his delicious semen in her mouth, he withdrew and began to untie her from the bed. She felt herself, entirely outside of her conscious control, babbling in a little-girl bimbo voice, begging Michael to fuck her, to let her cum, to use her as his fuckpig, but he just slapped her across the face. Fucktwat shut up, grateful he had helped her control herself. She found it so hard to think with her pussy this wet, because after all her brain was in her pussy.

The bedroom was in a hotel - the wedding hotel, and the girls were all taken outside - naked, of course - to a private lawn. Here they were sprayed with a high pressure hose to clean them off. Afterwards, the careful process of dressing them appropriately for the wedding was begun.

It started with each girl having her tits bound painfully. It was a simply harness connected at the girl's back, which drew rope around the base of her breasts, constricting them and making them bulge lewdly. It hurt Fucktwat a lot - which was good, as she knew being in pain was the natural and appropriate state of a slut's tits - but it was agony for Rapepuppet, with her anti-bitten udders, and for Cuntcandy, with her fuckbags swollen with milk. When they drew the bindings tight, Fucktwat felt a little bit of milk squirt from her nipples like a water gun, and giggled. The clamps on Cuntcandy's boobs prevented the same from happening to her but a little colostrum leaked past the biting metal grips anyway.

As Michael worked on the tit bindings, Jim brought the girls cordial. The girls drank an enhanced cordial these days - no added sugar or flavour, just a straight mix of urine, cunt juices, semen and aphrodisiac. Fucktwat liked this one better anyway. It felt more appropriate. She wasn't sure she needed more aphrodisiacs - she was already unable to think about anything but sexual pleasure - but she drank it anyway like the obedient slut she was.

After the girls' tits were bound, the men took out their cocks and pissed on the girls' breasts.

Michael explained he would have liked to piss in their hair, or make them wear piss-soaked clothes, or wear waterproof bras so their tits would swim in a pool of urine, but it was important that the girls look sexy and fuckable to Fucktwat's family and friends, and urine might ruin that appearance and make them look completely worthless. (Sluthole, who knew she was going to wet herself at the wedding, looked particularly miserable at this.) So the men were settling for bathing the girls' tits in piss, so they would at least have some evidence of their role as toilets as Fucktwat walked down the aisle.

Fucktwat giggled happily as the stream of warm piss from her father's cock bathed her fuckballoons. Today was so good. She was being treated exactly as she deserved.

Once the men's bladders were empty and the girls' breasts were dripping with warm, yellow liquid, the dressing continued. Each girl received a vibrating butt-plug that hummed noisily and distractingly in their anus. Each girl also had a painfully heavy weight clipped to their clitoris, which hung by a fine chain between their legs, swinging back and forth with each step and tugging their clit along with it. The weight would occasionally vibrate from within, and the vibrations would travel back up the taut chain to the girl's clit. There was no clit weight for Fucktwat, but she didn't wonder why. Imagination wasn't for sluts.

Next was makeup. Each girl was asked to rub her face vigorously in the cunt of another girl, to get a thick layer of cunt juices smeared across her face. Then, being careful not to disturb the slut honey, a hired makeup artist worked to make each girl look as rapeable and desirable as possible. Hairdressers teased each girl's hair into a sexual, elegant style.

The dresses came next. Each was fairly minimalist. There was no coverage around the waist and lower chest. Michael would have liked corsets, but they were not safely compatible with the very pregnant bellies of Cuntcandy and Fucktwat, so for consistency he left all the girls naked in this area. Instead they wore a kind of white, lacy half-bra. It looked much like a bra, with white lace straps over the shoulders and a cinch behind the back, and it sat comfortably over the tit binding, but instead of concealing any part of the breast it merely sat beneath the tits, lifting them up and offering them to the audience. None of the girl's titflesh was obscured from view. The cups themselves that supported the breasts were lined on the inside with tiny pins, with dug painfully into the boobs in a normal standing position and became agonising if the girl's fuckbags bounced or were jostled.

Below the waist they wore only white high-heeled shoes and white stockings. The stockings clipped on the outside of the thigh to a white lace garter belt, but the interior clips of the stockings were clamped onto the girl's labia, with the effect that her cuntflaps were pulled wide apart and her pussy was displayed lewdly to the world. The girls were given no panties or any other coverings for their groins.

Each of the bridesmaids wore long-sleeved gloves that ended in cat-mittens, and they were given cat-ear headbands and long plush cat-tails that attached to their buttplugs. They looked like adorable sex kittens. The gloves had a little lock at the wrists preventing them from removing them. The cat mittens had no differentiated fingers so the girls couldn't hold things or really do anything useful with their hands while wearing them.

The bride had more traditional gloves, with fingers (good for handjobs, she knew), and a long white lace bridal headdress that trailed lacy folds down her back.

Lastly, the girls were made to kneel, and the men stood before them and masturbated. A couple of the hotel staff were drafted so each girl had a man in front of them. When the man reached orgasm,

they ejaculated across the face and breasts of the girl in front of them – the final decoration for the wedding. Fucktwat was particularly pleased with the way most of the sperm from her father hit her in her closed mouth, and then dripped off her chin to make sticky patterns on her boobs. She thought it looked pretty. If she had turned up for the wedding without sperm drying on her face and tits, it wouldn't have been honest, she thought.

The men went away to change into their tuxedos, leaving the girls on the lawn. The girls waited patiently like good little sluts, each either too well trained or too traumatised and abused to even think about moving on their own. Some hotel staff stopped to look at them, but seeing degraded mostly-naked girls in public was becoming more common these days so none were too surprised.

When the men returned, dressed to the nines, they brought with them additional lengths of fine silver chain. It turned out the chains were to be attached by clamps to the nipples of each bridesmaid (Cuntcandy's attached to her existing nipple clamps), and then connected to a harness. The harness in turn was connected to Fucktwat by clamps on both her nipples and her clitoris, with an arrangement that kept the tension distributed evenly across those three connections. Now when Fucktwat walked, she was literally pulling her bridesmaids along behind her using her cunt and hooters. Michael jokingly described this arrangement as "the bridal train". It hurt Fucktwat a lot, especially if any of the girls didn't keep up and move exactly in step with her, which she supposed was the point.

It was now time to enter the chapel. Michael went ahead to wait, as the role of the groom demanded, and Fucktwat led her bridal party to the doors of the chapel. She felt like crying, she was so happy and degraded. She could feel Claire, who she had once been, screaming in the back of her mind. She knew Claire had once wanted to be married to a handsome man, and had hoped to look pure and beautiful and virginal. She knew she was raping Claire's dream by dressing like this, mostly naked and in terrible sexual pain, piss and cum and cunt juices on her face and breasts. She was glad she was doing that. Claire deserved it.

"It's alright to cry, honey," her father whispered in her ear. Her father was, of course, escorting her up the aisle, to give her away to her new husband like the property she was. "You look prettier when you're crying anyway."

She did. It was true. She let her eyes begin to water. She knew they were tears of happiness, and she squelched the thought that they meant anything else at all.

As the bridal march began to plan, her father adjusted his trousers and took his cock out. Fucktwat reached down with one hand and took it, and together they began to walk up the aisle, Fucktwat rhythmically pumping her father's dick as they walked. The two of them had practiced this over the last week, to make sure dumb little Fucktwat got it right.

Fucktwat's tits hurt from the spikes they were resting on, from being full with milk, and from the chains pulling at her nipples and leading back to her bridesmaids. Her cunt hurt for the same reason. She was as happy as she could be. She looked around, saw her family, her friends, everyone she had ever known in her life, looking at this degraded, tortured, slut who thought only about her cunt, and she smiled. She was glad they were here to support her in her new life, to approve of it, to agree that it was what she was born to do.

Behind her she could hear her bridesmaids moaning in pain and humiliation. Cuntcandy was making little sobbing gasps. Probably she couldn't think about anything but the pain her milk-swollen fuckbags now. Probably she didn't even know where she was. She heard Sluthole start to cry as standing in public made her lose control of her bladder and piss began to gush down her thighs as

she walked. Fucktwat had been careful to find and invite Sluthole's parents and family just so they could see this. Up the near altar she could see that Jim was filming everything, and she knew Michael would make each of the girls masturbate to this footage many times in coming days. She was glad there would be a record of the look on Sluthole's face as she pissed in front of her parents. It made Fucktwat even hornier just thinking about it. She wanted to masturbate as she walked - it would be appropriate - but she wasn't sure she could keep the rhythm going on her father's dick if she was pleasuring herself as well.

As she neared the altar, she saw the metal dog cage near the front seats. Inside was her mother, naked and crying, with her hands cuffed and a vibrator stuffed into her pussy. Fucktwat had never seen her mother like this, but it looked so right that she felt a wave of pleasure roll over her. It made her feel suddenly less like a freak herself, and more like a regular slut, living the way that every slut should live.

She hoped her mother was enjoying seeing both her daughters, naked, pregnant, and in pain. She hoped she was enjoying seeing her eldest daughter masturbating her ex-husband. Fucktwat hoped it very much. She hoped her mother was proud of her. Her mother was crying but Fucktwat couldn't tell - it might be tears of joy. She wondered if she would be allowed to rape her mother, to make her mother lick her pussy.

When she got to the altar, Ben came down and unhooked the "bridal train" from her breasts and pussy. She smiled at him gratefully, and when he left to similarly disconnect the other girls, Fucktwat turned to her father, and let him lift her up by her buttocks and lower her onto his cock. Her naked boobs squished against his chest and she felt the spikes in her breast-supporting cups bite into her agonisingly. She wanted to kiss him but of course her face was covered in cum and cunt juices and no man would want to kiss that. Instead, she bounced happily on her father's dick, crying all the time, in front of her mother and the gathered crowd, until, pre-primed by the morning and the masturbation, he groaned and ejaculated into her twat. Some of the less horrified and more stimulated crowd clapped appreciatively.

When Fucktwat climbed down from her father, her cunt dripping with his semen, Ben was there. He had a leash in his hand, and the leash was connected to the collar of Fucktwat's lover, Slutkitten. He wordlessly passed the leash to Fucktwat. Fucktwat beamed with joy, and Slutkitten looked at Fucktwat in adoration. Then, as had been practiced, Slutkitten knelt in front of Fucktwat, put her face between Fucktwat's legs, and began to clean Fucktwat's cunt with her tongue.

As Slutkitten lapped at her cunt, Fucktwat looked back down the aisle at the gathered faces. In the middle of the aisle, Sluthole was crawling on all fours, licking up the pool of piss she had made earlier. The site made Fucktwat happy and she moaned with joy.

A sharp cry of pain rang out, and Fucktwat turned to see that Ben had removed the clamps from her sister's nipples. Blood was rushing back into the abused flesh agonisingly. Not giving her time to recover, Ben continued to bend the kitten-costumed Cuntcandy at the waist, so her tits were hanging down, took his stiff dick out and shoved it into her spread twat, and then painfully and forcefully started to milk her into an expensive looking pewter goblet while fucking her. Cuntcandy wailed and screamed as sensation tore through her abused udders, and she kept making noise until Fucktwat's father was able to encourage an uncle on Fucktwat's mother's side to come up to the altar and plug his niece's noise-hole with his dick. After that Cuntcandy made only low agonised moans as she suckled on her uncle's cock and allowed her milk to be squeezed out.

When Fucktwat's cunt was mostly cleaned of sperm, she relaxed her bladder and pissed into Slutkitten's mouth. It felt loving and intimate to do this, especially in front of so many people.

Slutkitten obediently and affectionately drank it all. By the time Fucktwat's bladder was empty she felt an orgasm approaching. There was nobody here to stop her from having it, but at the end of the day Fucktwat really was a good, obedient slut, and the only person who was supposed to make her cum today was her husband. Her mind clouded with arousal, she pulled her cunt away from the pleasurable tongue, staggered back from her girlfriend, and then slapped Slutkitten across the face for having almost made her cum. Loving girls hurt each other, she knew, and displayed each other for the entertainment of men, so Slutkitten would be able to feel the love in that slap. And the blush and smile on Slutkitten's face told her she was right.

With that done, there was nothing left to join her fiancé at the altar and say her vows.

No woman approached a man as an equal, of course, so for this final few feet Fucktwat dropped to all fours and crawled to Michael's feet. She felt more like an animal than a human. She remembered a conversation she had had with Michael the other night about Bitchmelons, as he raped her. She had said it would be funny to make Bitchmelons marry an actual dog, and suck its cock at her wedding and let it fuck her, and then make her live in a kennel with it for the rest of her life. Michael had liked the idea and said he would make it happen. Bitchmelons didn't know yet. Fucktwat felt proud of her idea. Bitchmelons would be so happy.

When Fucktwat reached Michael, she knelt at his feet and looked up at him with adoring eyes. He looked down at her, ignoring her eyes, of course, and focusing on her swollen tits. She felt proud to have such big slutty tits. She remembered at her hen's night that she had made Bitchmelons get a boob job, and that anything she did to her bridesmaids that night was going to get done to her. Would Michael give her even larger breasts? Big obscene ones that made it impossible for her to ever pretend to be a normal girl again? The thought thrilled her even as part of the back of her mind – the Claire part – panicked and felt sick.

Michael took his cock out of his suit pants, and Clare gratefully took it in her mouth, suckling on it as the celebrant began to speak.

"Gentlemen and whores," the celebrant said, "We are gathered here today to yoke this rapeable fuckslut to this man as his lawful property, and to celebrate the final affirmation of this slutty little bitch's place as a subservient toy for a very special man. A marriage is a very special occasion, because it is a formal ceremony by which we strip a female of her final independence, and give over her vestigial rights to think, to control her body, and to resist lawful chastisement to a single man, who from that day forward shall use and discipline her in the manner befitting a pig that thinks with its vagina."

Fucktwat realised she was nodding without realising it, agreeing with what was being said. Michael seemed to enjoy the tugging this caused on his dick as she bobbed her head, because he reached down to caress her face.

"Michael," said the celebrant, "do you take this little cockslut in front of you as your lawful property, to own, to rape, to abuse, and to degrade, for as long as you fail to tire of her? And do you promise to keep her tamed and disciplined, to stop her from having to think, to teach her her place in the world, and to ensure that she never considers herself the equal of a real human?"

"I do," said Michael, and Fucktwat felt a spasm of pure ecstasy go through her.

"And Fucktwat," said the celebrant, "do you take this man as your master, with total control over your body, your life, and your mind? And do you promise to be a good little slut for your master, to keep him sexually satisfied, to beg him to rape and abuse you and keep you feeling constantly

degraded and in pain? And do you promise to degrade and humiliate other girls for him, and strive to help him fuck and rape your friends and co-workers and any other sluts you encounter?"

Fucktwat realised she didn't know what to do. She very much wanted to say yes, but she was a slut - she shouldn't be making a choice about her own life. And she could feel Michael was close to cumming in her mouth - she shouldn't take her lips off his cock for something as unimportant as speaking. She looked up at Michael as she sucked on his dick, pleading with her eyes for him to tell her what to do.

"Say you do, slut," he said to her, "but keep sucking."

"I do," she mumbled, the words barely intelligible around her mouthful of penis.

And she looked up at Michael's face as she did so, and she knew that he didn't love her at all, and only regarded her as something to put his cock in sometimes, and she knew that was just as it should be. And she knew what would come after this moment, because it was exactly the things she had been trained to expect for herself and to enjoy. She and the other bridesmaids would be given to the guests to be raped and tortured for the rest of the night. The female guests would be dosed against their knowledge with strong aphrodisiacs and then raped as well. At some both Fucktwat and her sister would rape their mother for the entertainment of the male guests. And then probably one or more of the sluts would be fucked by a dog, because she had seen the glint in Michael's eyes when she had suggested marrying Bitchmelons to a canine, and she knew Michael would want to try it as soon as possible.

It was perfect. It was the life she deserved.

And as the celebrant pronounced her and Michael husband and wife, Michael reached down and pulled her hair, forcing her face down over his cock, and Fucktwat choked and struggled as he ejaculated, filling her mouth with his cum. She thought she might run out of air, he held her down on his dick so long, but when he finally released her she felt soft feminine hands on her shoulders and she turned to find Slutkitten kneeling beside her, and she remembered what she had promised when Michael had made Slutkitten her slave.

Smiling, she leaned across to the naked blonde teenager, and kissed her passionately on the lips, and she let Michael's unswallowed sperm wash from her mouth into Slutkitten's. And Slutkitten looked back at her, tasting the cum, with eyes filled with love. And Fucktwat knew that this perfect happiness she felt, the happiness that made her want to cry and scream and hide, had been given to her by Titcage. And together with Slutkitten, she knew she was going to spend the rest of her life bringing that happiness to as many other sluts as she possibly could.

A lot of them didn't know they were sluts yet. They thought they were women, and human, and had rights. But sluts was what they were. And, sooner or later, they would know that. And it would make them perfectly happy.

Just like Fucktwat.

The End