

## Consequences of Envy - Part 2

**For Killandra**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

Charlotte felt a shiver pass over her skin that had nothing to do with her lack of clothing. With only her thin, straining shirt and panties she should have felt exposed and in a way she did; but the shame was minimal and the exhilaration high. Everybody was staring at her sexy, scantily clad body and despite the humiliating transformation Charlotte had never felt more confident. Kate's hands moved down her shoulders, following the arched curve of her back and magically undoing the seams as she went. His tattered T-shirt changed into a floating aura of light and string as the outfit remade itself just like that time back in the library.

“What shall we dress her in folks?” Kate laughed, idly flicking her fingers back and forth so that the tattered fabric swirled around Charlotte in a whirlwind.

People began yelling out suggestions ranging from regular outfits to full on fetish dress up. In an effort to keep what modesty she had left Charlotte tried to hide her body but it was no use, her curves were simply too big, her dainty hands couldn't possibly cover her tits, let alone her naked thighs or stomach. She gave an indignant squeak as her bare pussy was suddenly exposed to the air; her panties were still there but now they were distinctly crotchless. She was so shocked she missed whatever the final suggestion was and was taken by surprise as she felt her whole torso squeezed.

She looked down to see a tight, strapless leather dress forming around her; the 'neckline' only just covered her nipples and the skirt was so short she couldn't bend over without risking exposure. Charlotte felt her blood begin to boil with desire; she was sex on legs right now. The lust was so strong she didn't even flinch as large gold hoops pierced her ears while a silver stud appeared in her nose.

“You wanted to be the centre of attention, you got it.” Kelly said with a satisfied smile, “Make sure you all show Charlotte here a good time folks! Oh, and somebody tell Daniel, he should know what's about to happen in his house.”

“W-what's going to happen?” Charlotte asked, both frightened and excited by the prospective answer.

“That’s up to you, sweetheart.” Kelly waggled her eyebrows and took a fresh cup of punch from an onlooker’s hand and passed it over, “Liquid courage?”

Charlotte looked at the swirling liquid; memories of that drunken night on the beach came swirling back; the pleasure, the humiliation, the wonderful mixing of the two. If she got properly drunk all her inhibitions would be gone and to be honest, she had so few left now anyway. She needed no liquid courage to act like her party whore self, but having the excuse would be nice.

She took the cup and gulped the burning alcohol down in one go, resulting in cheers from the crowd.

“Body shots!”

She didn’t have time to identify the voice in the crowd before she was being led backwards onto a nearby couch where she collapsed back, revelling in the feeling of so many hands brushing against her skin. Shot glasses were placed on her breasts. They were not even done filling them before the glasses tipped over, unbalanced by her hardening nipples and sending vodka cascading down her curves.

“Don’t let it go to waste, fellas!”

That voice again, this time she didn’t even try to find its owner she had far more pleasurable distractions. Tongues were brushing across her curves; men taking turns licking the spilt drink off her bare skin. She moaned, writhing under the tongue and blushing heavily as voices laughed and teased.

“God, it doesn’t take much to get her going does it?”

“How drunk was she before Kate changed her?”

“I don’t think it matters, she’s well drunk now. In more ways than one.”

The tongues didn’t stop until long after the vodka had been taken away and Charlotte finally sat up, shivering as her damp skin was exposed to the air. The party was getting back into the swing now; she was no longer the main attraction despite her many onlookers. Her skin was still tingling; her new pussy wet and throbbing to the point that a little wet patch was left on the couch as she stood. Her mind filled with only one thought, one desire; more.

Somewhere, music was playing; sugary sweet pop music, the kind that was perfect for shaking your butt to. So that is exactly what she did. Grabbing the bottle of vodka from the table she took a swig, basking in the cheers from those still watching as she hopped up on the table and began to dance. She kept drinking and dancing, moves becoming sloppier, but more bold as her coordination began to suffer under the alcohol. But she felt powerful; so many eyes were on her, so many people wanted her and she wanted them in return.

He scanned the crowd, finding Kate and Nina, the latter of which was rolling her eyes.

“God, she is such an attention whore when she drinks...”

“Whore is right. She really needs to learn some self control.”

Her sister walked away, likely to avoid the spectacle and she felt a stab of shame go through her. She really was a whore but the attention, the humiliation all felt so good, she just couldn't help herself. Especially when somebody reached up to squeeze her barely covered ass and another yelled;

“Take it off!”

Charlotte swallowed; she would keep some control this time, that way she could have her cake and eat it too when it came to Nina's opinion of her. She gripped the top of her dress and slowly began to lower it, all the while vowing that this was the last thing she would do. Everybody yelled and whooped as her breasts bounced free and already, that vow began to waver; they were all staring at her like a piece of meat; as if she was nothing more than a hired stripper or entertainer and that turned her on *so goddamn much*.

She could feel herself leaking as the dress fell around her feet, cold slickness dribbled down her inner thigh as she kicked it into the crowd. The tight fabric disappeared into the crowd; likely out of reach for the rest of the night; she had given herself no choice but to continue in nothing but her panties, which were already soaked through and half translucent despite being crotchless. She wobbled up on the table, falling backwards into the crowd and moaning as dozens of hands held her aloft, palms pressed into her sides, her ass cheeks, some even reached up to brush and hold her tits. All the while she could hear their voices, their judgmental tones, admonishing her behaviour, calling her a slut; it was all fuel for the fire inside.

Somehow, she wound up on her knees, the familiar warm sensation of a cock between her breasts. Instinctually she pressed her breasts together, as her eyes fluttered

open to watch the mystery man thrust. His tip came within inches of her lips each time as the tit job continued. Was he aiming for her mouth? For a moment, Charlotte was Charlie again and he realised just how far he'd fallen; he didn't even know who this guy was he was letting use his body. It just felt so nice he couldn't stop himself. Then there was a groan and hot seed was spraying in his face; coating his lips and getting stuck in his blonde waves. As it dripped from his lips, Charlie disappeared once more and Charlotte was back and so. Very Horny.

She was on her knees; covered in seed surrounded by strangers and then, the crowd parted. Her vision was blurry, she'd had to close one eye to avoid getting cum in it; but then somebody handed her a towel and she quickly cleaned herself up as best she could. A man she did not know was standing before her; wearing black jeans and open button up shirt; his expression was cocky, with a wide grin.

"You know," He drawled, "I don't think I remember inviting you to my party.

Daniel.

Shame burned through her like white hot metal; what must this stranger think of her now? Showing up to his place uninvited, getting drunk and stripping in his living room? She looked down to the floor in shame, palms pressing into the carpet between her knees but then a finger hooked itself beneath her chin and forced Charlotte's gaze upwards. Right into brilliant blue eyes that seemed to glimmer in the low light.

"I have heard a lot about you, Charlotte." He murmured, the people around them whispered in hushed tones.

For a moment he gazed down at her with an almost analytical look before turning to the crowd.

"What do you think folks, shall I take her for a spin?"

Charlotte's cheeks turned bright red; did he mean...? Right here? In front of everybody? That would be a new low for her, there was no coming back from that sort of humiliation. Nobody would ever let her forget it; everybody would be talking about the girl who debased herself in front of an entire party for months, maybe even years. Just the thought made her pussy quiver in anticipation. Daniel finally let go of her chin and instead reached down to clasp both Charlotte's hands, placing them on the waistband of his jeans. The indication was

clear; her point of no return, her choice here would make or break her. She tugged down and the room cheered. Daniel's underwear came with the jeans, leaving his semi hard cock already exposed to her; she was tempted to take it in her mouth but her hole was aching so much already she didn't want to wait any longer.

"Please." She begged, pulling Daniel down to the floor with her and spreading her legs wide.

Charlotte expected him to lunge forward and take her hard but instead he pulled her forwards so that he was on his back and she was poised above his erection, now fully hard. Did he mean for her to ride him right here, in full view of everyone? She had expected his body to shield her from the eyes somewhat but in this position her whole body would be on full display. Daniel's eyes met her and he nodded.

Charlotte sank down.

Her eyes fluttered closed as she moaned, feeling the thick length part her slick folds. The crowd was all around her, no matter where she looked there were people watching; judging her on everything from her looks to her performance. It was then that Charlotte made a new vow; she was going to give them the best show they had ever seen. She rose up again, shuddering as the rough skin teased her inner lining and sunk back down again. Soon her hips were rising as falling instinctually and she started to bounce. Her breasts jiggled and began to slap together as her movements became more erratic, her ass slapped against Daniel's balls and both of them began to breathe more heavily. Each time she sunk down a breathy, high pitched whine escaped her; the sound turned to a full on wail as Daniel reached up to grasp one of her nipples between his thumb and forefinger.

It was so hard to keep from cumming, she had been wanting this for so long. Already her insides were tightening and judging by the smile still on Daniel's face, he could feel her getting close. She couldn't cum first, she had to hold on she had to-

A thumb pressed into her clit and Charlotte cried out, her pussy pulsing hard as she came. People around her were cheering; Daniel was still thrusting up and into her, fucking her through the orgasm. It felt like an eternity later when he finally came and she greedily rode him through it, trying to make their coupling last as long as possible. When she finally fell back onto the carpet her legs were soaked with fluid. People were all around and Daniel was standing, cleaning himself off before turning to the crowd as he redressed and asking.

"Alright, who's next?"

