**Maid for a Night**

by jastes22

**Part 19: Exploration**

Finally, the video ended. To be honest, I had completely forgotten about Lindsay’s condition of cumming within two minutes. It felt like longer, but even if it was, I hoped that our new visitor was enough of a distraction to make Lindsay forget about it.

“Wow,” the visitor said. “That must have been so humiliating. I can’t believe she actually did that willingly in front of a camera.”

“Oh, more than willingly. She was begging throughout the night to do this. This was actually her reward for good behavior.”

I blushed. Lindsay made it sound so much worse. Now I wasn’t only slutty, but I was also desperate for humiliation.

“Here, watch this,” Lindsay said. “Slut? Put your leash in your mouth, get on your knees, and crawl around for our guest. ”

I whimpered. I couldn’t fight back, but I didn’t want the stranger to think I wouldn’t even resist the thought of such a humiliating task.

Unfortunately, my fear of Lindsay was greater than my desire of losing the last shred of dignity I had in the eyes of this stranger.

I grabbed my leash and brought it to my mouth. The fabric was harder than I expected, and I couldn’t quite clench down on it comfortably.

“Good. Now crawl around like the slut you are.”

Leash in my mouth, I fell to the ground and got on all fours. I thought back to the last time I had been on all fours, only earlier this night. I had just been demoted from maid to pet. I had fal a lot further from that since.

I wasn’t sure where the visitor was in regards to where I was, but I imagined she could get a better view of my back and butt from any vantage point. I started to crawl around, the sensation of my tits jiggling returning. I wasn’t sure where I was supposed to go, so I opted to crawl back and forth in front of everyone. I felt a burning in my crotch and an uncomfortable pressure.

I needed to pee.

But I knew there was going to be no way to convince Lindsay or the others to let me go to the bathroom without making a serious concession, not when I was their favorite toy. I was just going to have to hold it in.

“Okay, good, slut. Now sit up, open up your legs, and touch yourself.”

Anything but that. The visitor had already seen me get off on myself, but a video was one thing, and in person was another.

Still, seeing no other option and holding true to form, I said nothing. Was I actually enjoying this? Was my inability to resist because I was scared of Lindsay’s punishment, or because I didn’t want this to end?

I moved to sit and brought my knees up to my head, spreading them wide. My pussy was still wet and covered in cum, but I couldn’t think about that as I splayed myself in front of our visitor. My fingers slid inside me. I barely contained a moan. How could I be getting off again so soon after orgasming? The pressure from needing to pee was still growing, and touching myself and opening up was not helping.

“She’s completely obedient,” Lindsay said. “Stand up, slut.”

I swallowed and did so, my legs feeling like Jello.

“What would you like to do with our cute little slut?” Lindsay asked, obviously speaking to our visitor.

“Can I…touch her?” She seemed hesitant, almost nervous, to ask it. I realized that being anonymous combined with not knowing who I was made her more willing to try something that was more forbidden. Gazing on a naked girl you didn’t know was one thing, but actually touching her? That was different.

“Of course! She’s our slut, and you’re our guest. What’s ours is yours.”

Lindsay always knew how to make it worse. Now I was no longer just a slut. I was property, something that could be exchanged or given as a gift. I was a toy to be enjoyed.

Before I could completely comprehend what was happening, fingers thrust themselves into my pussy. For some reason, I expected the visitor to explore my tits first, so the sudden sensation and pressure on my crotch, combined with the fact that I already felt weak in the legs from just cumming and touching myself almost made me crumble.

The ferocity of her exploration nearly threw me off balance, and I stepped back to regain it. Fingers grabbed my leash and yanked me forward. A little squeak escaped my lips as I nearly fell on top of my unseen visitor. With the better angle, her fingers thrust inside and out of my very wet and moist pussy, and I felt my legs open up almost as a reflex to give her better access. Her fingers were soft and warm, and a soft purr mixed with a moan escaped my lips.

“Mmm…she likes this,” she said.

I blushed because she was right. There was plenty of evidence from the pictures and video to support that statement, but actually hearing it being said by someone who wasn’t there for all the buildup really solidified it.

The visitor giggled as she pulled out her fingers, leaving me gasping for breath. “She’s still sticky and so wet!”

Her fingers crawled up my stomach and to my tits. I was forced to keep myself still. Just like when I was shaved, being free to move around and yet having to force myself to hold still while I was groped required a certain active participation that kept me hyper-focused on the humiliating nature of what was happening to me.

I felt the visitor step behind me to get a better angle on my tits, squeezing and spreading them. I moaned at the sensation of strange, unknown hands touching my privates. The fact that this visitor was completely unknown to me only served to heighten the arousal I felt as she explored my body.

She paused for a second, and I forced myself to take in breathe. This entire night it felt like I was holding my breath, waiting for Lindsay to come up with something new, so I was grateful for the brief pause.

I felt another pull from my leash, followed by another hand on my head, pulling my neck back gently. I allowed her and let my head fall back.

Fingers combed through my hair. Oddly enough, combing through my hair felt more violating than when she groped my tits. Girls only let girls touch their hair when there was a good amount of trust, and I had no idea who this was. I shuddered at the sensation, letting my head fall back further so she had better access.

Her fingers rubbing off my hair smelled like peach lotion.

There was something else there, another smell, something the visitor had brought, but I couldn’t put my finger on it.

My hair! I held in a groan. My hair would be recognizable with or without the mask. If there was a chance the visitor knew me, If I really wanted to protect my identity, I would have to cut my hair from its long, silky length to something much shorter. I imagined myself with a pixie cut and shuddered a little at how slutty I looked in my head.

“What would it take to get that mask off?”

I held my breath. Lindsay had already shot down the idea once, but that was no assurance that she wouldn’t relent at some point if the visitor kept asking.

“What do you think, slut? Should we take off your mask? That way you can know who our mystery visitor is.”

I realized I desperately wanted to know who the visitor was. I don’t know why, but I was starting to get the feeling that I did know the visitor, and I needed to know who it was. But it was too much. The tradeoff of identities was too costly. I might find out who she was, yes, but I couldn’t do anything about it. If she knew, however, with her pictures, she could do so much damage to my reputation.

I opened my mouth to adamantly refuse, but nothing came out. I felt like I was going to explode, and my mask and the constant threat of being identified kept me so close to the edge that it was excruciating.

“If you don’t say anything, slut, we’ll come up with your answer.”

I clenched my legs, as if that would do anything to stymie the ever-increasing pressure between my legs. I had just cummed! How could I be so close so soon?

“N-n-no,” I managed, my stutter less a result of my fear and more a result of the strength quickly leaving my body.

“Hm,” the stranger said. “That wasn’t the answer I was hoping for.”

“Tell you what,” Lindsay said. “Let’s play a game.”

A game? No no no! There was only one prize the visitor would be interested in, and that was my mask.

“We’ll give you 5 minutes. For every unique way you get our slut here to moan—which shouldn’t be too hard, honestly—I’ll give you a clue as to who it is under the mask.”