



GAMER GIRL

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The Gamer Girl

By JJ Argus

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Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.

I am not a brave person. I mean, I like to think I have a very firm belief in right and wrong, and will stand up for myself, but I do tend to avoid confrontation wherever possible. That's particularly so when people are rude and aggressive, for I am neither.

I have always had a very determined sense of dignity. I am polite and respectful towards others and I expect them to be the same in return. It causes me a great deal of stress when they are not, as I have few ways of dealing with it other than walking away.

I mean, I'm certainly not going to get into an angry, foul-mouthed shouting match with someone in public! God! That would be humiliating! Everyone would be staring!

I do not like to be stared at, particularly in public, particularly by strangers, particularly by a number of them together. Being the center of attention is something I have avoided like the plague for a very long time.

That is mostly because being the center of attention is, in my experience, usually being the butt of jokes and snickering comments. That's been true since I got glasses when I was around eight. I cringed when I had to go to school and all the other kids teased me and called me 'four eyes'.

I coped, but I had less confidence in myself in public afterwards. Then, in adolescence, I was among the first in my class to get acne. Ugh! Again, I had to endure teasing and taunting and insults from other girls and boys. And all I could do was look down and feel embarrassed.

Of course, the teasing got more sexual as I developed. By then I was quite shy, and I guess the boys in particular knew they could say whatever they wanted and I'd just blush hotly. The pretty blonde girls, meanwhile, sneered at me.

It wasn't that I was ugly, though, especially since my acne relented in my mid-teens. But I had become kind of mousy in both my behavior and my appearance by then. I had been a very short girl, too, with dull brown hair which I admit letting grow over my forehead as much as possible to hide my acne.

The acne was mostly gone by my mid-teens but I was still mousy in my

behavior, and in how I dressed, and I never did change my hair style, with long, thick bangs which would fall over my glasses if I didn't keep brushing them back. I had confidence in my own abilities, but no confidence in my ability to deal with other people, especially groups of them.

I spent a good deal of time alone in my room, either reading or on the internet. I had more confidence on the internet, at least, as long as people didn't know what I looked like in real life. And I played a lot of video games, which got me involved – on the internet – with a lot of guys.

Guys on the internet were constantly flirting with girls, even though they had no idea what they looked like. And they would be nice to them for no real reason other than, I guess, they hoped to impress them. So I enjoyed that quite a bit.

I was kind of relieved when high school ended. I know some people consider it the best years of their lives. To me, it was a miserable time. But then the problem came of what to do next. What I wanted to do was become an astronomer. I loved looking at the stars and reading about them, and was a whiz in math. I didn't have the money to go to college, though.

I applied around for work, of course, but I still didn't exactly have what you might call an outgoing personality. Nor did I have a lot of connections and friends to find me work. Actually walking into a place and asking if they had work was ... not possible. No WAY could I have done that!

Not only was I painfully shy but.. it struck me almost like begging for money. You know, like 'poor me, do you have any work for me, sir? I'm poor and unemployed.' Ack! I could never do that! I had too much sense of dignity and... well, a kind of a weird sense of quiet superiority. I mean, I couldn't possibly admit I was 'less' than them, after all those years of being taunted as 'less than'.

Anyway, I was in my room, on the computer, playing a game called The Machine, which is something you play with a lot of other people across the world. I had an avatar which was this hot, sexy brunette, and was often flattered, teased and flirted with by guys on-line.

One of them called himself Turmoil, and he was always saying I wasn't really a girl but a guy. Finally, he offered me twenty dollars – not in cash, but in gold I could use in the game, if I showed him my breasts. Of course I laughed, but then he kept needling me, telling everyone I wasn't a girl.

And the idea took hold that I could take a picture of just my breasts, without my face, and put it up somewhere anonymously, and not only would it show him up but would get me the gold. In fact, I could just show him a picture of some other girl's breasts!

By then he had upped the offer to \$50 worth of gold, so after putting up with him too long I finally kind of snapped and said sure. That was when he attached conditions, of course. So I attached conditions, too. He had to put the money with a holder in the game, which was sort of like a neutral bank.

On his part, he said I had to write 'for Turmoil' across my breasts to prove they were mine.

Now you might say that wasn't much proof. If I was really a guy I could just do it to my girlfriend's breasts and take a picture. But most of these guys didn't have girlfriends – for a reason – and figured if I was a nerdy guy pretending to be a girl I wouldn't have one either.

So I took the picture. I stripped to the waist and stared at myself in the mirror, feeling anxious and nervous and... well, a little turned on, too by the idea of guys staring at my breasts! I was still a virgin, after all. Nobody had seen my breasts but my doctor, and she was a woman.

I stared at my breasts in the mirror very carefully. I didn't want to replace being taunted as a pseudo girl with being taunted for my breasts instead. But in fact, I had pretty nice breasts. I'm the worst judge of myself, I know, but my breasts are, well, not large but not small. And they're very firm.

They don't sag in the slightest, and are nicely rounded. They have pretty pink nipples in the middle with small but not tiny pink areolas around them. I have no freckles or blemishes or other marks on my breasts, and aside from my skin being pale, I thought there was really nothing there anyone could mock.

So I wrote Turmoil across them with a green whiteboard marker which could be easily erased, then, I very carefully took a picture in the mirror which had me slightly leaning forward with my abdomen against the counter, and the camera completely covering my head.

With a sense of bubbling, churning anxiety mixed with a strange, breathless sense of excitement I put the picture up on the site we had agreed to in our

public discussions. You see, I wanted to show off my breasts! I wanted to show this group that I was ... well, sexy. Or at least, that some part of me was sexy.

I guess in a way I longed for recognition as an attractive girl, even from anonymous people I had never met and never would. But I was anxious. What if they didn't find me sexy? What if they mocked my breasts? What if they sneered at me for being a slut?

On the other hand... hey, me, a slut? Me!? I mean, the idea was so ridiculous that I would have felt flattered.

The picture was posted in a public space, so everyone could see it. That left me breathless and nervous, but when the response came in I felt almost giddy with all the guys saying how incredibly sexy and hot and gorgeous I looked!

I mean, they weren't complete strangers. I had been playing with them for months, after all. A number of them expressed amazement, saying they had been sure I was a guy. I snorted disdainfully, and collected my gold.

Only now, of course, they knew I was a girl, and not a fat, ugly one either. And now they all wanted to do private chat room stuff with me. On the one hand, that seemed gross, but on the other hand, the idea that some guy would be masturbating and having an orgasm to the sight of my breasts was kind of empowering.

I had never been so flattered in my life. I guess I had been starving for it, in a way. And I got a bit cocky, I admit. I felt suddenly super popular and admired, and all the guys wanted me to like them. Of course, some of them just resented me, and insulted me, usually in a sexual way, though, like calling me a slut – and like I said, that didn't bother me.

I let myself be persuaded to do another picture. This one was basically the same except had me from about the bottom of my neck to the waistband of my sweat pants. They paid me \$25 in gold coins for posing, and again.

It was... fascinating, to see the guys talking about me, speculating, admiring, appreciating my breasts, my nipples, even my flat stomach, and my shape! I loved it!

And then this one guy, named Bannock asked me in a private message to go to a

private room for chatting. I said no. I'd gotten lots of those, after all.

"I'll give you \$100," he said.

Well, that was an eye opener. I could buy more stuff in the game for that, so I agreed, after he put the money up.

My name is Adam, he said, right off.

We don't use our real names, after all. My on-line name in the game was Delicious. And I was wary of giving him my real name, but then, he wouldn't know, would he?

Hi Adam, I said.

What's your name?

I thought up a name I thought sounded both sexy and smart and used it.

Taylor, I said.

I loved your pictures, Taylor. You have a really nice body, he said.

Thanks, I replied.

I'd like to see more of it.

I'll bet.

I'm willing to pay for it, too.

Uh huh. How much?

Lets start with something simple. I want a view of you from the side. I love side boob.

I couldn't help laughing as I read that.

But I also want your wrists to be tied together behind your back in the picture and for you to be naked.

My eyes and mouth both widened at that. Wow! Pervert alert!

Mind you, it wasn't like bondage was that shocking. I'd spent a lot of time on the internet, after all, so I knew it was fairly common. I even had some sexual fantasies that involved bondage and stuff. But for a strange guy to come right out and say he wanted you tied up and naked was kind of – wow, you know?

Perve! I said, adding a smiley face to be disarming.

I'll send you \$100 cash for that picture.

My eyes widened again, but I also felt a growing suspicion.

You just want to know where I live.

No. You can do it anonymously. We can use bitcoins.

I'm not getting naked, I said.

If the picture is from the side it won't show anything but your hip, and it doesn't have to go lower. I just want to know you're naked, that you got naked for me.

Weird.

But \$100 for showing what I had already shown? Well, and a bit of my hip from the side, which was like no big deal.

I think you have a beautiful, slim body, he said. I love your breasts. They're so firm and perfect. I can imagine my hands cupping them and stroking them and rolling those pink nipples with my thumbs.

I gulped to read that, though I'd been in sex chat before. I was getting the idea this guy was older than most of the gamers I knew.

Anyway, I told him I'd think about it.

Is that in addition to the \$100 you said you'd give me to come into chat?

Yep.

Really?

Yep. I think you're really hot. You have long brown hair, too. I love brunettes. I love long hair. You can wrap it around your fist. I'd like to see a girl like you on her knees naked in front of me, ready to suck my cock.

I gulped again. I mean, I'd read worse, but he seemed so ... determined about it.

Do you know how to deep throat?

Uhm, I've never really tried, I said.

I could teach you. I'd love to bury my cock in your throat, to look down to see your mouth wrapped around the base of my cock and your eyes looking up at me.

Oh wow. This guy was seriously a perve! What I ought to do, I thought, was say goodbye and block him. But two hundred dollars was a lot of money. And besides, he was probably on the other side of the world anyway.

So I did it. I stripped naked in front of the bathroom mirror, feeling my heart pounding as I looked at my body. I made sure my legs were nicely shaved, anxious about him finding flaws in my body – or anyone else he might show the pictures to.

I had to set up the camera on my dresser using the timer setting. Then I took some rope and simply wound it around my wrists. I let the camera snap my picture, then went to look at it. It wasn't focused in enough and showed my head and face, so I deleted it.

I stood closer and had it take another picture, then another. When I got it right where it was showing me from neck to midway on my hip I took several pictures then deleted everything but the one picture I had settled on.

I have to say it was ... exciting. My nipples were rock hard the whole time, and afterward I had to masturbate because I found it such a thrill to be posing naked for a guy!

What did I use to masturbate with? A plastic bottle I had searched for, one which would be innocuous if my parents or brother came across it, but which would have the right shape and thickness and length. It wasn't perfect, but it did the job.

I sent the picture, not without some trepidation, of course, and was rewarded with the bitcoins he had promised! I was like, wow! I had just made \$200 for taking a picture!

And he loved it. And he wanted another one!

This was basically the same, except instead of being tied behind my back he wanted my hands tied together above my head as if I was tied to a hook or something. Again, it was from the side, so all he saw was my breasts, really, and, okay, the curve of my buttock.

I had to go to the basement to take this one, so I could tie a rope around a pipe overhead. Then I set up the camera and, naked, reached up and wrapped the rope around my wrists, and experimented again with taking pictures.

The picture was taken from the side, and I was able to hide my face simply by leaning my head forward so my hair screened it. And that actually looked really hot, too, like I was this poor, helpless girl tied by the wrists like that and my head was hanging low.

And just like before, it was incredibly exciting and arousing to do it. I also felt very... I don't know, smug and flirty and confident in his open admiration for what he was looking at when he saw them.

Tell me you want to suck my cock, Taylor, he said in the chat room.

I want to suck your cock, I replied.

Say sir.

I want to suck your cock, sir, I said, getting aroused despite myself.

Beg me to let you suck my cock, slave girl.

I swallowed and licked my lips, then typed quickly.

Please may I suck your cock, sir?

You love sucking cock, don't you, slutty girl.

Yes, sir. I love to suck cock, I typed.

You're a bad girl, Taylor. Do you know what happens to bad girls?

What?

They get spanked.

Ooooh, I said. I don't think I'd like that.

You'd like it. I could make you come while spanking you.

That was an odd thought, but I was aroused as we typed.

Do you really want to spank me?

Say sir.

Do you really want to spank me, sir?

You look like you have a beautiful ass. Do you have a beautiful ass, pretty girl?

Of course I do!

From what I can see it looks very firm and toned. I'd love to see the rest of your beautiful ass.

I bet you would.

I'm willing to pay for it.

I gulped, but money. Hey.

So he convinced me to do another picture. Again, I told myself it was anonymous anyway, and he was probably a thousand or more miles away.

For another \$100 I posed for basically the same picture I had just sent him, only instead of having it taken from the side it was taken from the rear.

I knew you'd have a gorgeous ass, he typed. Have you ever been fucked in that ass, Taylor?

Uhm, no, sir, I replied.

What a waste. An ass like yours should be admired and fucked every day, you hot, sexy girl. You have a gorgeous back too. I'd love to whip it, only lightly. I wouldn't want to cause any damage to your lovely skin. But I'd love to see you dancing and writhing and wriggling as the whip snapped across your back.

Yeah, I knew he was a perve but I still liked the admiration – not to mention the money.

I want another picture.

How can you afford all this money, I asked.

I make a lot of money in my job, but I don't get a chance to meet women much. I want to see more of your beautiful ass. I want to see it bending over from the rear, all ready to be spanked. And I want to see your pussy too.

I felt a flush come to my face, because that was taking things further than they had been.

I don't know, I said. I don't think I should show you my pussy.

I'll pay \$200 for that picture.

I bit my lower lip uncertainly, then agreed, though not without a certain amount of reservations.

But I have to admit, I was incredibly aroused as I set up the picture, knowing he would be seeing it and admiring it. He wanted me bent over something as if I was about to be spanked, with my legs a little apart so he could see my pussy.

I made sure I was really well shaved there, too, and then posed for the picture, my chest tight, my pulse pounding, and my face a bit flushed even as I bent over and the phone started flashing.

I examined all the pictures that it had taken, then selected the one I wanted, and deleted the rest before sending it to him.

You are gorgeous, he typed. I can imagine burying my cock in that tight little

pussy of yours and fucking you while you scream in orgasm again and again.

My eyes were wide as I read, licking my lips.

If you go back to the photobucket site you'll find a picture of me I put there, he typed.

I gulped, then quickly did so, and stared. Okay, I doubted it was him. It was, as I had suspected, an older guy, probably in his late twenties (which made him a decade older than me). He was nicely built though. I mean, he was cut. He didn't have huge shoulders but he had nicely developed chest muscles and a flat belly.

He wasn't bad looking, either. Oh, he was no male model. He had very short dark hair and an average joe kind of face. But he wasn't someone I would have turned up my nose at. But of course, his chest and face weren't what caught my attention.

He had an erection, and it was really thick and long and the name of the picture was This is what happens to my cock when I see your pictures, Taylor.

Eyah! Woah! I licked my lips as I stared at it and at him. Did I want to fuck him? Yes!

I mean, in a theoretical sense. I was not going to tell him my name or where I lived. I mean, he could be a crazy serial killer or something.

Did you see it?

Yes, sir.

Would you like to get your lips wrapped around this cock?

I don't think I could! It's too thick!

You can with practice, slut. You can even swallow every inch.

I don't think I could even get that inside my pussy!

Same thing. You just need to be loosened up first, and I know just how to do it too. I'd use bigger and bigger dildos until my cock could slide in easily.

Tell me you want to swallow every inch of my cock.

I want to swallow every inch of your cock, sir!

You're using a laptop?

Yes, sir.

I want you to get on your bed and kneel on all fours. You can take the laptop with you.

I was hot enough to do just that.

Are you naked? If not, strip naked.

I did as he asked and knelt on all fours, looking at the screen.

Raise your ass and spread your legs. Lower your front to your elbows.

I did as he ordered, my heart pounding, my blood racing.

Are you ready to be fucked hard, you hot, sexy slut?

Yes, sir!

Beg me to fuck you hard.

Please fuck me hard, sir!

Here's what I want you to do. I want you to reach down between your legs and slide three fingers up into your hot, wet pussy for me.

Okay, I typed.

Say yes sir.

Yes, sir, I typed.

And then... well, I kind of did it. My pussy was already wet and I slid a finger into it, pumping it in and out as he typed, then added a second.

I'm going to rub my cock up and down against you and over your clitoris, then I'm going to bury it in you slowly, with my hands squeezing your beautiful breasts, he typed. Then I'm going to grab your hair and wrap it around my fist, and fuck your brains out.

I thrust three fingers deep into myself, moaning weakly, my bottom raised high as I read, as I imagined him doing just that, imagined him fucking me like this, like a whore, like a bitch in heat!

Now rub your clit as you pump your fingers inside that hot pussy, and dream about me doing you hard, like a filthy animal.

I did, and I came, gasping and moaning and rolling my hips up and back at my fingers.

Did you come?

Yes, sir, I typed.

What a bad girl you are. You definitely need to be spanked, Taylor.

Of course, then he asked me where I lived, and I wouldn't tell him. But he didn't seem to be persistent about it.

You know what I want, Taylor?

What, sir?

I want a picture of you like you are now, with three fingers up your hot, wet pussy, and two fingers buried in your ass.

I don't think so.

Do it! I order you to. And I'll pay well for it.

I hesitated. How much?

Three hundred dollars.

I pursed my lips. Really, how was that picture so much worse than what I'd already sent?

So I took a picture and I sent it to him. He sent back flattery and lewd talk about what he wanted to do to me and my beautiful, sexy body.

I want to shove a big dildo way up your hot, tight pussy, and another one up that beautiful ass, he typed. Then, with your hands tied behind your back, you'd crawl across the floor on your belly until you reached where I was standing, and beg me to fuck you while licking my shoes.

Ewww, that was going a bit far! But on the other hand, the thought of it was wicked and hot and outrageously kinky! And it was just the internet, after all.

Besides, it wasn't like I hadn't had sexual fantasies before about being dominated by a guy, even forced to do nasty things against my will. I mean, it was kind of hard to realistically fantasize about a romantic thing with a guy where I stripped myself naked in front of him. That would be soooo humiliating!

But being forced to, well now, that I could see, and fantasize about, and play out a whole, dark, nasty scene in my mind that made my body squirm and overheat.

I want a picture of you in handcuffs, he typed, sending a link.

I don't have any handcuffs.

Order them on the internet. I'll pay for them.

No way I want handcuffs coming to my door!

So just get a postal box at your nearest post office or mailbox rental place. I'll pay for that too.

I don't want my parents to find stuff like that!

Aren't you over eighteen? Does your mom still clean your room for you?

Well, no. I mean, sometimes she grabs clothes off the floor.

So hide it in the closet. She's not going to go into the back of your closet rooting around is she?

Probably not, I conceded.

So I bought the handcuffs from the site he'd sent me, of course, to be delivered to the postal box I rented. I felt incredibly wild when I picked them up, even though they were just handcuffs! And even though I ordered them it was almost like he'd sent them to me to use!

Which, of course, I did, posing for the picture he wanted, of me on my knees, knees spread wide, taken from rear and side.

For \$300.

And that only led to his next request. He sent me a link to another sex site which sold toys. I gaped to see the big black dildos he wanted me to buy! One was called the 'triple ripple dildo, with three 'intensely thick graduated heads'. That didn't mean it had three cockheads by the way, but one, then another, then another underneath, sort of like three ice cream scoops.

The second was a more real looking dildo, thick, black, and ten and a half inches long! Both were very thick, too! The thought of having them inside me made my literally tremble!

I want a picture with both of those inside you, all the way, and I'll pay \$500 for it, he typed.

God, this was getting more and more wild, but also more and more profitable, and I was getting used to him seeing my body anyway. And none of the pictures had anything in them that could identify me anyway.

I was so ... aroused when I picked them up at the mailbox I knew my face was flushed and my nipples were hard. I took them home as if I had this horrible bomb in my bag that would explode at any minute – like if anyone found them on me I would be absolutely mortified!

But my parents and brother were away at work, and I was alone, and I tore open the boxes and gaped at them. Holy shit they were thick! I doubted I could even get them inside me, even though they had added a 'complimentary lube' tube.

I was so aroused I had to try, though! I started with the real looking one, oiling it up, then pumping my fingers in my pussy, which was already wet. I oiled it up anyway, feeling my clitoris throbbing with excitement as I knelt above the dildo and slowly let my weight down.

It wasn't easy! Despite how tremendously aroused I was! But slowly, slowly, I could feel the lips of my aching sex being forced apart inside me, being pressed back bit by bit as the slick silicone cock began to push upward into the mouth of my sex.

I moaned, kind of bouncing very, very lightly atop it, and then it managed to force its way into me, and I cried out, as I came, rubbing my clitoris frantically as I slid down and down and down! The orgasm was incredibly intense!

I felt sooooo stretched, so full! God, it was incredible! I rubbed my clitoris, with most of the big black cock inside me, gasping for breath, moaning, aching, and wanting it deeper! It had a suction cup, and I had placed it firmly on the floor. Now I had both hands free and felt a sense of incredible conquest when the last inch was pushed up inside me!

And I came again, rubbing and sobbing and forcing myself, despite how it ached, to slide up a few inches, then sink down again! I came again, and again as I rode the dildo, panting and flushed and totally overcome by the most incredible sense of arousal I'd ever experienced!

I groaned weakly, sinking down so deep that the entire dildo pushed into me, save only the suction cup at the base. It ached deep inside, but I knelt there, gasping for breath, still twitching a bit as the echo of the orgasm rolled through me. Ten and a half inches! I had gotten it all inside! God! I felt so utterly stuffed, so stretched!

I reached down and ran my finger along the edge of my sex where it was gripping the thick sex toy, groaning as I felt a wild thrill of conquest and victory, of doing something so ... bad! God, I could hardly believe I was going to take a picture of this and send it to a stranger!

But first, I had to get used to it. I slid up, up, up, gasping, and then sank down again, groaning at the wonderfully erotic and sensual sensation of the thick dildo sliding up inside me! I rose up and then sank down again with a groan, loving it, loving the fullness, loving how deep it was!

I came again! I was amazed at that, for sex had never been that huge an interest for me, for obvious reasons. I had, of course, masturbated any number of times, but I had stopped after reaching climax. I mean, wasn't that why it was called the climax!? But I was so aroused with these amazing sex toys that my body kept

wanting more!

And then there was the other one, which he'd said was for my ass. I was dubious, but I was also determined to try. I oiled it up, then slid off the first one and knelt over the second. It took longer, but I made it, gasping as I slowly slid down its length!

It hadn't hurt like I had expected. Oh, it ached, all right, but given time to get used to it my ass seemed able to accommodate the thickness more than my pussy was. Of course, the depth was something else again. The aching there was more like a cramping, worse than having the ten and a half inch one buried in my pussy.

It felt very... weird, and while not exactly sensual, there was a degree of excitement as I slowly rode up and down on the triple ripple. I gasped each time I slid down, just like I had with the dildo, and felt very wanton, very slutty.

And with that I kept it inside me and then slowly worked myself down the first one, taking it deep into my pussy! I came again, sobbing with wild, almost feverish pleasure as I rode them!

I pulled the dildo with the suction plug off the floor and bent over, moaning, raising my bottom high, and arranged the camera, then took several pictures, panting and moaning as I did, the dildos almost completely buried inside my churning belly.

And for that amazing sexual experience I made \$500!

But he wanted still more!

I want you to buy these, he typed.

He sent me another link to that same sex site. It was to a studded black collar with a matching pair of leather wrist restraints. They were black, with metal studs, and had clips to lock them together. They were fifty dollars, but once again, he said he'd add it to what he was paying me for pictures.

Well, so I went to the site and ordered them. I couldn't resist!

When they came I picked them up, feeling that same wild sense of sexual

excitement I had before. I brought them home and immediately put them on, staring at them excitedly. I stripped naked and looked at them on me. Then I put on the collar, and I had to masturbate!

I started stroking my clitoris, staring at myself in the mirror, my skin getting hot.

Then I stopped and hurried to the closet, pulled out a couple of boxes, then went into the box underneath and took out the dildos and lube! I worked the triple ripple up my ass first, because I knew I'd never be able to keep from coming if I started on my pussy.

With that deep inside me I worked myself down onto the other one, and came twice, masturbating feverishly as the orgasms swept through me!

I took pictures of myself below the chin, showing the collar and restraints, and of course, the dildos, and sent them to him. He was... enthusiastic. He talked about how hot and gorgeous and sexual I looked, and then we did this dark, nasty sex chat thing where he tied me up and spanked me and used the dildos to make me scream in pleasure!

I have to admit that my sexual fantasies had been really deeply affected by all this stuff, and that I had, since we'd started doing the pictures and sex chat stuff, spent a lot more time thinking about sex, and looking at myself, and thinking of how I'd like to try all sorts of kinky things. I'd also been masturbating a lot more, and always to these dark fantasies of bondage and sex.

I want a picture of you outdoors, naked, with your wrists locked together around a tree, and your bottom pushed out and back towards the camera, with both dildos inside you.

No way! I typed.

A thousand dollars.

I gaped at it.

You're crazy!

No, I just have a lot of cash.

I'm not getting arrested, even for a thousand dollars, I typed.

You don't have a park or something around you, somewhere no one is likely to be walking?

In fact, I had a big back yard and there were woods and trees behind it, but I wasn't going to say that.

Actually, there was a tree in the back yard, a honey locust. It was about thirty feet high, and the trunk was maybe eight inches wide. And there was a big evergreen next to the fence with the neighbor on that side so he wouldn't be able to see me. The other side had a garage and shed blocking any view.

I could do this, I thought, more than a little wildly.

You would really pay me a thousand dollars!?

Sir.

You would pay me a thousand dollars for that, sir?

Yes. You're incredibly hot and sexy and I want you to be my sex slave. I want you to buy this, though and put it on and put the chain around the tree.

It was another link to the sex shop. I brought it up on my computer and saw it was to a pair of nipple clamps with a chain between them! They had little round loops at either end which pulled in tightly around your nipples! Freaky!

So I ordered them, and when I got the email notice that they had been delivered, I went to the postal box and got them. Compared to what I had picked up before I was pretty casual about this, though kind of fascinated too. Nipple clamps?

I got home and stripped, then put them on, wincing a bit as I tightened them around each nipple. It kind of hurt if you tightened them enough to stay on, but the pain, though sharp, was a passing thing that faded into a dull ache. And then it just made my nipples feel really, really... hot!

I put on the collar and restraints, then took a picture of myself like that, minus the head. I worked the dildo into myself, getting more and more aroused as I worked it in and out. Then I got the other one in my ass, deep, groaning at how

full I felt!

I was really hot as I anxiously put on a robe and went outside. I had already looked around, measuring things, of course, and had even dragged over a bench to put the phone on so it could take pictures.

I set it up on timer, then stood against the trunk and undid one of the clamps from my nipple. I put the chain around the tree and redid it quickly, wincing again, though I felt really aroused now. I reached my arms easily around the tree and clipped the restraints together.

It took some careful manipulation, but I knew I could get them both on and off with my long, slender fingers. There was a way of locking the thing by using your thumb to push over a sliding metal bolt that would make it impossible to get off yourself, but you couldn't do it yourself so it wasn't like I could get accidentally trapped.

I was panting a bit, still aroused, and pushed my bottom back, leaning forward, spreading my legs, feeling incredibly wild and hedonistic, my nipples tingling and my breasts pulsing with arousal. The chain pulled tautly against them and they burned hotly as I waited for the camera to snap.

The camera snapped several times, with me shifting position a little each time.

“You look just as gorgeous as I thought you would.”

Shock! Absolute shock! I flung myself away from the voice, against the tree, my head jerking around to see a figure coming out from behind some bushes! A male figure! The guy in the picture! I was... stunned! I was also horrified, mortified! My face burned hotly, and I jerked my eyes away from him, unable to meet his eyes!

But I couldn't get away either! My nipples and wrists were locked together around the fucking tree! And I was so stunned I didn't know what to do at first! Then, by the time I started to fumble at the clip of the restraints he was already there behind me, and he gripped my hair, jerking my head up and back sharply!

I cried out, but he chuckled softly.

“Don't make too much noise or your neighbors might hear,” he said. “Don't

worry. I'm not going to hurt you. I'd never hurt a beautiful girl like you.”

“You're hurting me!” I blurted.

He laughed again, softly.

“Okay, let me rephrase that. I will not do anything to harm you. I would never harm a beautiful girl like you.”

He released my hair then reached to my wrists, but it wasn't to unlink the cuffs. Instead he slid that bolt across to make it impossible for me to take them off!

I gasped, then gasped again as he slid his fingers through my long brown hair and pulled it back once more, though not as sharply. Still, it forced my head up and back, and my back to arch! Then I felt his other hand coming up to cup my breast!

“Gorgeous,” he whispered. “You really are a walking, breathing sex doll, Taylor.”

Then he pulled further back on my hair, forcing my head way up and back, and he brought his other hand in against my mouth with something in it! I knew what it was, in the instant before he forced it into my mouth! It was a gag! It was like, a ball-gag! I'd seen it on that sex site!

I squealed as it pushed into my mouth, as it forced my jaw wider and slid deeper, pressing down against my tongue and up against the roof of my mouth as it filled it! I moaned, my teeth forced wide by it as he drew the strap around behind my head.

“I've been having fantasies about you since you posted that first picture. What a gorgeous pair of breasts you've got!”

He let go of my hair and pressed himself against me from behind, his arms coming around me, his hands cupping and kneading my breasts.

“And if you don't mind having big dildos inside you, a cock would be way better. You know I'm right. I bet you've been dreaming about one, pretending these are real cocks.”

His hand slid down my belly and pressed lightly against the suction cup protruding from my sex. Then his finger began to stroke against my clitoris.

“I don't mind paying for what I want, baby,” he said. “I'll pay a lot for what I want. And what I want is you.”

I was still, of course, totally stunned and totally mortified!

“Your body is just like the pictures, beautiful ass, beautiful tits, and a beautiful tight little pussy,” he said. “I was afraid you were hiding your face because you were ugly, but you're beautiful!”

Okay, true, he had already seen my body parts in pictures. But my face had been hidden and as far as I had known he was thousands of miles away! Even if he had shown up at my door and I was fully dressed I would have been humiliated, knowing he could now match me with the pictures he'd seen!

But with me naked and with the dildos inside me it was beyond humiliation!

“In case you wonder what my job is, I manage several web sites, and own the sites you've been buying stuff from, so I was able to get your name, address and credit card information. Then I sent you the email that the nipple clips were ready and just waited for you to show up. I knew a hot little slut like you wouldn't wait long.”

His hand slid down my bare back and squeezed my buttocks, then slapped them.

“Such a bad girl,” he said in delight.

I gulped as he seized my hips and pulled them backwards.

“Push that beautiful ass out, slave girl,” he said, and spread your legs.”

I moaned helplessly as he forced my legs back and my feet apart, leaning forward as I was before, with the chain tight around the tree, tugging on my nipples.

“What a gorgeous sight!” he said, reaching under me to gently knead my breast.

Then he moved back and picked up a plastic lawn chair, putting it about six feet behind me.

“So let me tell you something about myself,” he said as he sat down.

I was still in a state of total shock, of course, but it was starting to wear off a little.

“My name is Adam Borokovsky. I'm a graduate of MIT. I live in Denver. I've started up a bunch of web sites in hopes of making it big, but none have really caught on. It's a bit embarrassing to admit that the only ones making real money are the porn sites and sex shops. Still, I cleared over a hundred and twenty thousand last year from them.

“That requires a lot of work, though. And since most of my customer inquires and problems are in the evening and early morning hours I have to work odd hours. I don't have much time for socializing, and it's not like I meet any girls in my apartment where I'm working at my computer. So it gets a bit lonely.

“I play video games for entertainment because I can just do it from where I'm at,

then stop twenty or thirty minutes later, or an hour. And of course, almost all the people I'm playing with are guys too. There are a few women but I doubt many of them are as incredible looking as you are.”

It was so... weird! Here I was start naked, bent over, with dildos sticking out of my pussy and ass, and this crazy man was introducing himself as if we had just met at a party! He apologized several times for scaring me, and kept insisting he would never harm me.

I was still, of course, extremely anxious and nervous and even scared, as well as horribly embarrassed! But I was sort of calming down. I mean, I guess you can only be mortified about something for so long, you know? Then you get used to it. Was it possible to get used to a stranger staring at you naked while you're bent over like that!?

“I'm actually a pretty nice guy,” he said. “But I'm a bit bossy. It's hard keeping staff.”

He stood up and moved around in front and I turned my head away, letting my hair spill down over my face.

“I guess I resent women too,” he said. “I mean, you have what I've always wanted, those hot, beautiful, soft, sexy bodies. It's like I'm a pauper, and you're rich, and you take your wealth for granted and never even use it for anything while I starve.”

That was the dumbest thing I'd ever heard of!

I flinched as his hand slid through my hair and pushed it back from my face. Then he plucked my glasses off and tossed them on the grass behind him.

“Beautiful face,” he said, pulling my head back by the hair a little. “You have a beautiful everything, Taylor. Except that isn't your real name, is it? The name on the credit card you used was Lacy. Is that your real name?”

I gasped as he forced my head back so I had to look at him.

He slapped my bottom and I yelped.

“Answer the question, slave girl?”

I jerked my head, nodding slightly.”

“I don't really blame you. It would be dumb to tell a guy your real name on the internet. On the other hand, lying to me was bad. You're a bad girl, Lacey,” he said with a grin.

I gulped, then gasped as his other hand slid down between my legs, his fingers pressing lightly against the suction cup as his thumb stroked across my clitoris.

“I really want to fuck your brains out,” he said. “But don't worry. I won't. Unless you want me to.”

And then he let go of my hair and then dropped down onto his knees! He moved between me and the tree, and his hands caressed my thighs as he stared at my pussy!

“God, you're so sexy!” he said admiringly.

And then he pressed his lips against my clitoris and kissed me there! A moment later his hands slid around my thighs and he started to lick my clitoris!

It was the first time I'd ever felt a tongue there, and despite the fading shock and the embarrassment gripping me, well, it felt awfully good! Nor was it a brief thing. He knelt comfortably in front of me as his tongue licked at me, and his hands coasted up and down my thighs, or sometimes slid around me to caress my buttocks.

For long minutes I stood there, eyes wide, gasping, staring at my bound wrists, feeling the tug on my nipples, as his tongue lapped at my clitoris! This was so bizarre, so impossible, so perverted!

But I was calming down further. I mean, yes he was a stranger, but not entirely. We had sex chatted numerous times, and he had said the most sicked, sick things to me, things which had aroused me and made me breathless with excitement.

I had said things to him, and sent him those naked pictures, and in a way I guess I sort of felt I knew him, in a way. That did not, of course, mean I trusted him at all. He could still be a serial killer for all I knew!

On the other hand there wasn't anything I could really do about it. I couldn't

move or get away. And now he knew where I lived, and he had those pictures!

And I have to admit that all those dirty sex talks of his, where he made me call him sir, and he called me his sex slave and talked about really wild, outrageous things had gotten to me. I mean, it had had an affect on my own sexual fantasies and thoughts, and I had been thinking about sex and bondage for some time.

And now here I was tied up and naked and a guy was licking my pussy!

The first reappearance of actual physical excitement appeared as his tongue flicked across my swollen clitoris. My nipples tingled and my breasts felt hot and swollen. The more time passed the less shocked and humiliated I felt, though of course, I remained terribly embarrassed.

But the sexual heat was starting to spread through my body like a fever, and with it came a shift in my thinking. As if I was getting drunk on pleasure, as if it were influencing my mind, making me more willing to do stupid things, I began to feel a sense of acceptance, then a sense of hunger and need.

And then he gripped the dildo and slid it slowly back. I gasped, the sensation as delicious as I had felt it the last few days as I'd used the thing. He slid it back into me again, then out, then in, moving slowly, but using longer strokes as his tongue continued to lick at my clitoris.

I was getting more and more turned on, and the heat within me was pushing away all other cares and concerns, or at least, diminishing them, clouding my mind with a sense of hunger and desire and a growing sense of thrilled pleasure!

One of his hands slid up my belly, up under my breasts, as I bent over above him, gently kneading and squeezing them as he licked, and kind of tugging my breast gently, but insistently back to pull my nipples against the nipple clamps! Since they were locked together pulling on one pulled on both, of course, and my nipples burned!

My eyes were wide and my body was swept by contrary emotions of fear, alarm, embarrassment and a dark, wild, irresistible lust! And then, the orgasm just seemed to surge up from between my legs and explode through my body!

I couldn't help myself as my hips jerked and bucked and I cried out into the gag, swept by wave after wave of wild, seething pleasure that just about blew my

mind!

He rose and smiled, then combed his fingers through my hair before pulling back on it and kissing me on the cheek.

“To demonstrate that a man who is disciplined has to be in control, I'm going to leave now,” he said.

He released my hair and then not only unlocked the restraints he unclipped them. Then he winked and walked away!

I quickly removed one of the nipple clips from my nipple and then darted into the house, gasping, and panting, then locked the door and hid in my room!

I had no idea what to do about what had happened! I mean, should I call the police? And tell them what?! I sure wasn't going to describe what had happened and why! Besides, he hadn't done anything except grope me a little and then lick me to orgasm.

I was pretty tense and stressed out about it, but after a while I began to calm down. Then I got his email, apologizing profusely for scaring or embarrassing me and telling me that he wasn't able to resist seeing me and touching me. He also sent me a thousand dollars in bitcoins!

I didn't reply. I didn't know what to say. I wanted to say something angry and threatening. On the other hand, well, I found myself thinking about how dark and kinky and exciting it had been, my memory of being out there like that naked and having him touching me. It had been the most exciting thing to ever happen to me, to be honest.

Of course, the term exciting has more than one meaning, and they're not all good. Being in a car wreck qualifies, for example. So do hurricanes and tornadoes and earthquakes, or being robbed at gunpoint.

And then he sent me an email. It was a picture. Of me. In the back yard! I gasped, opening it, for unlike the pictures I had sent him this one had my whole body in it, including my head and face! It showed me standing there with my butt pushed back and my head up and back, with him kneeling between my legs licking me!

And then I realized it wasn't a picture. It was just a link. I clicked on it and my eyes got even wider as I gaped at the video which began to play! It started with him licking me, and ended with my orgasm, my body jerking, my hips rolling and bucking, and my head flying back as I cried out in pleasure!

He must have put a video recorder in the yard and focused it on the tree without my seeing it! Ohmygod! I stared at it with a sense of disbelief, at first. It wasn't entirely recognizable as me because of the gag in my mouth and my long hair, but anyone who knew me would recognize me!

Look how beautiful and sexy you are. See how much your body enjoys sexual pleasure? You were made to be like this, Lacey. You were made to feel hot pleasure in your blood, made to have intense orgasms and to be treated like the sexual goddess you are, he wrote.

I had never seen myself like that before, on video, I mean, having sex (sort of), having an orgasm. I had never imagined I could look, well, like those women, those hot women in the porn videos and pictures. Yet I did. That was a strange revelation. I mean, I kind of had known that my body was pretty good, but I looked so.... hot and sexual!

I want to make you come again. I want to make you come more powerfully. I want to make you scream in pleasure, he wrote. I want you on all fours before me while I fuck you, while my hips slap against your beautiful ass and my cock drives deep into your hot, tight pussy. I want to feel your breasts in my hands and your skin against mine.

“God!” I exclaimed, staring at the monitor.

It was three days later before he could persuade me to meet again – in a chat room, of course, not in real life. He apologized again, saying he had lost control and had intended to try to arrange a meeting slowly. I was so hot and sexy, though, that he had taken a short cut.

You scared the shit out of me! I typed angrily. Not to mention humiliating me!

Why would you be humiliated? You looked so incredibly, amazingly sexual and sexy and gorgeous and hot and beautiful! What do you have to be ashamed of?

God, you are so stupid!

I'm sorry I scared you. I can see that. But that's why I left without doing anything. I wanted you to know I had self-control, and that if I wanted to harm you I could have done it. I wanted you to understand I had no interest in harming you. I'd kill anyone who harmed you.

And what are you going to do with that video, I demanded.

Nothing but watch it and remember how incredible you looked and sounded and felt. I could get an erection just touching your skin, even on your shoulder or the back of your neck, or sliding my fingers through your gorgeous soft hair. You are the ultimate sexual animal!

Again, I have to admit that even angry, all this over-the-top flattery was having an affect. I won't say I was exactly starved for compliments, but I admit I hadn't gotten an awful lot of them in my life. Of course, being fairly shy, and walking along quickly, wearing heavy clothes, and keeping my head down didn't leave a lot of opportunity for guys to tell me I was hot...

And... well, I sure had a preference for dealing with guys telling how hot and beautiful I was as opposed to yelling at a guy and cursing at him for scaring and embarrassing me. So... ultimately, I agreed to meet him, somewhere safe. I know, I know. You think I'm crazy, but well, I guess I had been kind of lonely for male company for a while and... well, my mind was confused.

And maybe the thought of actually doing some of those things he had talked to me about in the sex chat rooms, actually having sex with a guy, even dark, depraved, kinky sex, had caught at my imagination, had caught at my desires.

Not that I would admit that!

So I met him at a coffee shop, and we sat on the patio drinking coffee while I tried to keep my face from burning off! I was wearing big dark glasses and a hat, but even so I was sure he could easily see just how red my face was because he kept reassuring me of how gorgeous and sexy I was.

He also offered to send me more naked pictures of himself. Oddly enough, that made me feel a bit better, remembering that I had seen him naked, too, with his cock all hard and stiff. That was something he didn't seem in the least bit embarrassed about but, well, guys never were.

“I'd like to buy more pictures from you,” he said, “Videos too.”

“Forget it!”

“Why?” he asked quietly. “I mean, I've seen everything, right. It's not like any other pictures or videos can, like, harm you. And I could pay well, especially if you let me take them.”

I gulped. The thought of being naked and posing while he took pictures made my chest tight!

“And what else would you want to do while I was all naked and tied up?” I demanded.

“Nothing you wouldn't allow me. I mean, I could have done anything I wanted when I saw you in your yard. I sure wanted to! Leaving was the hardest thing I've done in a long time!”

“Then why did you leave? Why not just fuck me?” I demanded in an angry, low voice.

“Because you weren't in the right head space for it.”

I stared at him.

“If I had done it I doubt you would have really enjoyed it. When I have sex with you I want you to be so hot and wet that you come almost as soon as I'm inside you.”

I flushed again.

“I want you to scream so loudly that the next day people will ask you if you've got a cold because your voice is hoarse,” he said, his eyes intent. “I want to give you the most incredible sexual experience of your life.”

He sat back in his chair.

“And, I admit,” he said, “That I want to play out my own fantasies, too. One of them is to be able to take pictures and videos of an incredibly gorgeous girl who does everything I tell her, and who gets really hot while she's doing it.”

He reached into his pocket and took out a roll of hundred dollar bills. I have to admit, never having actually seen a hundred dollar bill in my life, I was impressed. I now had a bank account, partly because I was afraid of buying anything my parents would notice, since I had no way of explaining where the money came from.

I had also signed up for a course, a university internet credit course in Astronomy, an Introduction to Astronomy and Astrophysics.

“What kind of pictures and videos?” I gulped.

He smiled. “Kind of like the ones you've already done.”

“Would my face be in them?” I asked, blushing hotly.

“Not if you don't want it to be.”

“I don't!”

“Whatever you say, goes.”

So we drove back to my place – in his Lexus. I was nervous, anxious, and embarrassed, but also feeling an incredible sense of sexual anticipation like nothing I'd ever felt before! I let him into the house, and he looked around curiously, and I showed him where I'd taken the other pictures, and where all the ... stuff was that I'd gotten from his web site.

He had a real camera, a fancy one, and he hooked it to a laptop and set up in my bedroom.

“You have to get undressed first,” he said.

I flushed hotly, and hesitated. I mean, I'd never actually undressed in front of a guy before!

My pulse and heart raced, and my face flushed, but I forced myself to peel off my top, blushing furiously as I reached behind and removed my bra. Despite that, my nipples were rock-hard.

I turned away from him to undo my jeans and slide them down, then, my mind

squirming wildly, I slipped my panties down and off, standing up naked with my back to him.

“Give me your right hand,” he said, ordered really.

I gulped, and held it out and he slipped the leather restraint around my wrist and buckled it.

“Now the left.”

I shuddered, and reached out my left arm as he put on the other restraint. When he was done I pulled my arm in against the front of my body as he remained behind me. I felt his fingers in my hair and gasped, twisting my head around, and saw he had the collar in his hands. I let him slip it around my neck and buckle it together.

“Put your hands up and back behind your neck,” he said.

I was surprised at the request – though it wasn't phrased as a request. I did it, slowly, uncertainly, and he took my wrists and drew them down further, then fumbled at something with the collar. When he released my hands I discovered my wrists were clipped to a ring in the back of the collar!

Then he turned me around.

I blushed furiously as his eyes ravished me.

“God, you're sexy!” he said.

“J-Just pictures and videos!” I gulped, my voice kind of squeaking.

He grinned and then led me forward.

“On your knees!” he growled.

I jerked at the voice, my heart skipping a beat, but I knelt on the floor as he turned away. When he turned back he had the dildo in his hand, and had oiled it up. He placed it on the floor right in front of me, making sure the suction cup was firmly set.

I rose and eased a bit forward, my mind squirming even more furiously, filled with embarrassment and wild excitement. I positioned myself over the dildo, then sank down until it was pressing against me! I felt the pressure growing greater, felt the force of my weight pushing down against it as the thick rounded nose slowly forced aside the lips of my sex and began to push up into my body.

I did my best to show no reaction, to hide how incredibly aroused I was becoming, as I slowly worked my way down its long length. But given he was watching me, looking at me, licking his lips appreciatively, I don't think I could really hide it all.

Then he showed me something I'd never seen before. For want of a better term, it sort of looked like the handle on an umbrella, except the tip looked like a penis. The other end was just a round ring, and I had no idea what its purpose was. He tied a thin cord to the ring, though, and oiled up the other part.

I gulped as he moved behind me.

“Wh-what are you going to do?”

“Just set up for the picture, so you'll be anonymous,” he said.

I gasped as I felt the tip of the thing pushing against my back passage, but I didn't protest as it wriggled and turned and slowly slid up inside me! It pushed about four inches into my bottom, then the hook part curled up over my tailbone and I felt him gathering my hair back.

He gathered it back into a pony tail, and then pulled slowly, forcing my head further and further back until I was looking up at the ceiling. Then he tied the cord to it to hold it in place!

He moved around in front of me and did something with the camera.

“Now ride that cock, slave girl,” he ordered.

I gasped helplessly, and started to obey, sliding myself up, then down, up then down, as he took video of me! But I knew it wouldn't show my face, so I thought, well, it's not much worse than the pictures I'd sold him, right!?

Of course, it wasn't the money, really. My body was soon trembling with heat,

and the flush in my face had spread down onto my chest.

I was naked and sliding up and down on a dildo in front of a guy! My entire body was churning with sexual heat and thrilled excitement!

“You look so fucking hot. Take it all, baby! Take every inch up inside your hot, buttery little pussy!” he growled.

I shuddered at his words, for as embarrassing as they were they were also incredibly hot!

When he came forward it was to stop me. I was gulping in air, then as he untied my hair and then drew the hook thing out of my ass to let it drop on the floor. I was a bit dizzy, by then, from having my head way back, but as I tilted my head forward again I felt another jolt, for he was completely naked and he his cock was hard and thick and red and pointing right at my face!

“I hope you don't mind. I thought it would make you more comfortable being naked if I was naked too,” he said.

That was so much bullshit, I thought, but at the same time my frantic mind wanted to believe it and so thought that, yeah, in a way, sort of, that made sense.

I stared at his thick cock, though, in a kind of fixated way, imagining it inside me!

And then I thought, what the hell. I was in thrall to my own heat, so I opened my mouth.

He moved forward slowly, inch by inch, as if giving me a chance to reconsider, but I kept my mouth open as I gulped in air, and the head of his cock slid in through my lips! I had to widen them some, for his cock was very thick, but then it was sliding over my tongue and deep into my mouth!

I moaned around it, sucking and licking, stroking the underside of the head with my tongue as his fingers combed through my hair. I moaned around him, slurping and sucking as he pumped slowly in and out. He pushed as deep as he could before I gagged, then drew back, pushed deep, until I gagged, and drew back, again and again.

His fingers tightened in my hair then, and gave it a sharp jerk, and I felt a jolt of heat at the sign of his control over me.

“Suck my cock, baby,” he growled. “You know you love it!”

I moaned and rolled my eyes up at him, then down again, blushing hotly as he pumped it in and out. He pulled it out and jerked on my hair again, rubbing his spit-wet cock over my face

“Tell me to put it back into your mouth,” he growled.

“P-Put it back in!” I gasped.

He jerked on my hair and I cried out.

“Sir!”

“Put it back in, sir!” I exclaimed.

Again he jerked on my hair.

“Say please.”

“Please put it back in, sir!” I cried.

“Open your mouth wide, slut!”

I flinched at the words! But they also gave me another hot jolt of excitement! It was like they were words an actor would use in a play, like he was playing a role, the role of an evil captor or something, who had me all tied up!

I opened my mouth wide, and he slid his cock into it, pumping it in and out as he controlled me with his firm grip on my hair. I moaned and sucked and he pulled back out again.

“Beg me to push it in again, slut!”

“Please put your cock in my mouth again, sir!” I gasped.

He slid it into my open mouth, deep into my open mouth! I sucked and he pumped harder, then jerked back on my hair again, making me cry out as he

drew back. He pulled my head back, then forward again, gripping his thick cock and lifting it up and back against his belly.

“Suck my balls, you nasty little slave girl!”

I shuddered and obeyed, sliding my lips around his balls, sucking them into my mouth as he pushed hard on the back of my head. He drew back and fed his cock into my mouth again, pumping in and out, making me gag repeatedly each time he pushed too deep.

I was getting dazed by the swirling rush of heat and the wild, pulse pounding thrill ride he had launched me on. My pussy was thrumming hotly around the big dildo I was sitting on, and then he pushed deep and pulled on my head and the gag as he pushed deep didn't stop.

Because he pushed himself right down my throat! I gurgled wildly as I felt the head filling my throat and then pushing down deeper and deeper! I tried to jerk back instinctively, but with my wrists bound behind my neck and his hand on my head and hair I wasn't in any position to do so!

And the next thing I knew my lips were wrapped around the base of his cock, pressed right up against his groin! He held me there despite my trembling and gurgling and moaning, and then drew back. His cockhead popped free and I coughed explosively, gasping for breath, saliva pouring over my lower lip and onto my chest as I gulped in air.

“Congratulations, you've just deep throated a cock,” he said. “You hot little sex toy.”

He jerked my hair to pull my face in against his cock again as I panted frantically.

“Do you want it in your mouth or you pussy? Which?”

He jerked on my hair.

“Which!?”

“M-My pussy!” I gasped.

He jerked me forward and down, my pussy sliding up and off the dildo, until my face was against the floor and I was on my knees, then he released me and moved behind me, kneeling.

Crack! He slapped my bottom sharply!

“Raise your beautiful ass, you sex toy.”

He gripped my hips and jerked up, then gripped my waist to pull my belly in tighter against my thighs, then spread my legs.

“Now kneel just like that. That's the way I want you,” he said.

His cock was sliding up and down the line of my sex, and I was shuddering and gasping, my eyes wild and my entire body feeling a churning sense of heat and anxiety.

“Remember this position. This is the position a slave girl takes so her master can make use of her body,” he said, slapping my bottom again.

I groaned as his cock penetrated me. He was thick but the dildo had prepared me, and I was sopping wet as he slid slowly into my trembling body.

I cried out weakly, and he slapped my bottom again, and then again, before reaching forward and gathering my hair in his fist.

“Beg me to fuck you,” he said, slapping my bottom.

“Ow!”

“Beg.”

He slapped my bottom again, and jerked on my hair.

“Ow! Don't!” I cried.

He slapped my bottom again.

“Beg.”

“Please fuck me!” I gasped.

Crack! He slapped my bottom sharply.

“Sir!”

“Please fuck me, sir!” I cried.

He eased his grip on my hair, but didn't release it, as he ground his hips against me.

“What a hot, tight, gorgeous pussy you have!”

He started to pump slowly, steadily, using long, deep strokes as I moaned dazedly. My mind was swimming in dark heat, anxiety and embarrassment, but alive to the wild realization that I had just lost my virginity.

This was hardly the way I had imagined losing it, of course, on my knees with my ass in the air and my wrists locked together behind my neck. But my body didn't seem to mind the lack of romanticism. It was trembling with heat and a wild, feverish joy at having a real cock inside it!

It was loving the feel of him moving in and out, of him jamming himself deep! It wanted even more!

“Harder!” I squeaked.

Crack! His hand slapped my bottom sharply.

“Ow!”

“Beg!”

“Harder!”

Crack!

“Beg, slut!”

“Fuck... fuck me harder, please!”

Crack!

“Oww!”

“Sir!”

“Please fuck me harder, sir!” I cried.

He picked up the pace immediately, and I shuddered and cried out, his hips now slapping against my buttocks as he used me. His hand tugged on my hair, jerking on it, lifting it up and back so that my scalp stung. But the stinging wasn't really very bad, and the sense of being... used, dominated, forced, manhandled, was a tumultuous dark thrill as he drove himself into me!

The orgasm exploded within me and I cried out again and again, rocking back against him as he thrust into me, waves of wildfire heat spreading through my body as he rammed himself into me from behind in rough, wild, violent thrusting that had my entire body shaking.

“Take my cock, slave! Come around my cock, sex slave!” he growled, slapping my bottom and yanking on my hair. “You know you love cock!”

He rode me with almost savage hunger, rode me through the orgasm, slowing, then rode me through another as I sobbed for breath and the pleasure rolled over me in waves.

And once the dam broke it was broken and I was his.

He had me lay on my bed with my legs spread wide, and masturbate with the dildo, then gave me a vibrator to use. I'd never used a vibrator, and at first feeling it pressing against my clitoris brought an uncomfortable sensation, very powerful, but not all that arousing.

That quickly changed, though. I soon felt my body beginning to vibrate as much as the machine, and as I rolled it over my clitoris the sexual pressure became intense, then unbearable!

I had objected, almost pro-forma, to this, but he'd assured me that all I had to do was keep my head back. Since he was kneeling taking video almost up the line of my body, all the video would show was the underside of my chin, as long as I kept my head back.

Of course, I had completely forgotten, lost in the sexual fever as orgasm after orgasm rolled over me, writhing and arching and crying out as he took video tape and my body went into convulsions!

Then came pictures, lots of them, in every obscene position he could imagine, often with one or both dildos inside me. And those turned me on all over again as I acted the part of the porn star, arching and positioning my body while the camera flashed!

He stopped asking me at some point, simply telling me what to do. And I mostly did it. If I hesitated, he'd bark at me, or grip my hair and jerk at it, or even slap my cheek – though lightly, or my bottom, not at all lightly.

It was all... out of control. I was overwhelmed by it all and being carried along like a small boat on white water.

He put the ball gag in my mouth, then, for pictures, and that shut off even the possibility of my objecting, assuming I wanted to, assuming I could work up the necessary determination to do so. Shortly after he snapped a leash to the collar and had me crawl on all fours, then go outside in the back yard.

He set up the camera to take video and walked back and forth in front of it with me on a leash like a dog or something, then had me drop my chest and shoulders forward, reach behind me, and masturbate, with the dildo and butt plug inside me.

Then he pulled the butt plug out and, in the same position he had taken my virginity, he sodomized me, fucking me into the ground, into the grass, stuffing his big cock deep into my ass, his hips slapping against me as I cried out wildly and came again.

He left a thousand dollars behind, not for the sex, for the videos and pictures, he said.

And he promised to return the next day for more.

I was aghast, in a way. I had done so many filthy things! Yet having done them, I also felt elated! I had done so many hot, sexy things! Yes, the money was nice, but not a big deal. The big deal was I had lost my virginity, and done all kinds of things I had only ever dreamed about!

And next day he was back again. He made me strip, and take a shower while he videoed me doing so, then pretend to masturbate while my hands slid over my soapy body. Given how aroused I was the pretense quickly became the real thing, of course, and I came, shuddering and crying out.

“What a bad girl you are,” he said sternly.

I could hardly deny that, of course.

He set up the video camera then drew me across his lap and spanked me. The spanking hurt, and the longer it went on the more it hurt and the hotter my bottom got. But he kept interrupting the slapping to finger my pussy, and then got the dildo and slowly worked it into me so I was stuffed again, my body thrumming with heat.

He wound up spanking me hard and fast as he thrust the dildo into me and I came, jerking and spasming and crying out in pleasure.

Then he tied me spreadeagled to my bed and spent a good deal of time, again, with the camera looking on, licking up and down my body, using his tongue and lips and fingers and teeth on my body, sucking and chewing on my breasts, pinching and rolling and massaging my nipples, and of course, fingering my pussy and licking my clitoris.

I came repeatedly, maybe four times, while he did it, then another four times when he started using the vibrator and dildo on me. After that he untied my ankles, pressed them back against the bed next to my head, and fucked me hard and fast, so that I came again.

He left me with another thousand dollars, and a promise to be back the following day.

And the same the next.

After that, I had to wait through the weekend, though he sent me the videos he'd edited, along with some of the pictures. I was... horrified, mesmerized, fascinated, shocked, and deeply, helplessly aroused as I looked at them. God, imagine if anyone I knew ever saw them!?

I masturbated wildly as I watched them, though, remembering all those wicked,

nasty, thrilling things I'd done!

And on Monday morning, there he was again. This time we went to the basement, and he tied me spreadeagled again, only this time standing up. He had brought a whip, and after gagging me, and sliding the dildos into my body, and working me up to a feverish heat with the vibrator, he introduced me to being whipped.

It wasn't a harsh whipping, of course. I mean, it wasn't the kind of whipping that left welts and cuts on my skin. But each blow did sting, and the longer it went on the harder he hit, until my entire body, front and back, was pink and red from the repeated blows!

Then he sodomized me, fingering my clitoris as he did, and I came so intensely I almost lost consciousness, and only the ropes around my wrists kept me from falling. He made me crawl, then, and lick his feet, just the way he had once spoken about in chat room.

And he did a kind of "Simon Says". You know the game, where someone gives you an order and you have to make sure you do it fast, because if you're the last one to do it you lose? Only this, of course, was more about posing my body in sexual ways.

And if I was late I wasn't 'out'. No, if I was late he'd hit me with a thin riding crop, usually bringing it down across my bottom. It was quite the workout, let me tell you. I was sweating and out of breath from throwing myself up and down into different positions at his orders!

After days of this I was drowned in sexuality and the dark, thrilling sense of being his sex slave, his sex toy, his obedient fuck doll! I simply did whatever he told me to do, moved how and when and where he ordered me to, however degrading it was. And lots of it was definitely designed just for that, like licking his shoes and feet, or masturbating while he watched.

But that was even more exciting for some reason.

"But what will I tell my parents?" I asked anxiously.

He'd moved to town and rented a house. Now he wanted me to move in.

“You tell them you got a job and are renting a room. It's time for you to be out on your own anyway.”

It was ... hard to say no. And anyway, it wasn't like I had a job, or much chance of getting one. And living with him would be incredibly exciting!

So my parents helped me move into the 'basement apartment' that he was 'renting' to me. It had a separate entrance, and a lock on the door leading upstairs. Of course, the moment they were gone he took me to the unfinished part of the basement, strung me up by my wrists, and whipped me.

The next day he had me masturbate with the black dildos while crying “I love nigger cock! I love nigger cock!”

He was taking a video of course, while I did it. And then the closet door opened and out walks a large naked black man with a big hard, erect cock.

Needless to say I was mortified, shocked, horrified, appalled. Just the term you like. I was all of them! But... I couldn't disobey. I mean, I couldn't refuse. I had gotten into the habit of doing what he told me and... he said he wanted to get it in a video and stop being a stupid bitch, and I was a slut anyway and, well, I didn't want the big, angry looking black man to get upset...

So I gave in and he took me hard, riding me, pounding into me, flinging my body around, manhandling me, spanking me, sodomizing me, and making me climax again and again and again.

And the next day he came back with two friends and Adam got even more video, then strung me up and whipped me again, harder than before. This time I was completely hanging by my wrists, dangling by them, and the whip left welts that took a couple of days to fade.

But I came even more intensely!

Adam changed my wardrobe, of course, and had me walking outside with him and going places wearing shorter and shorter skirts, and tighter and tighter tops, and then dresses with lots of cleavage. Then he bought a cage for me to live in at home and brought another woman to stay there.

Her name was Hannah, and she was older, like him. That was humiliating, as

well, at least at first, but then her tongue began to make my body twist and writhe, and she soon taught me to use my tongue on her, too.

During the day I kept house, always naked except for collar and restraints, and in the evenings I cooked, and had sex, sometimes with both together, sometimes separately, sometimes with their friends.

At some point I became aware that all the videos and pictures of me were on one of Adam's porn sites, and since I was a very popular 'model' they got lots of requests for more, which Danny, of course, didn't hesitate to fulfill.

But in between all that, I still found time to take Astronomy courses, and eventually got my degree. Of course, after that I had to persuade Adam and Hannah to let me actually go to school to get my masters. I eventually persuaded them by promising to try and recruit other shy, nerdy, mousy girls at school to take part in their videos.

It's been an interesting experience, filled with the most incredible and passionate sexual experiences, and it's brought me the freedom to expand my mind in a lot of different directions, as well as to enjoy my body and its many pleasures. Soon I'll have my masters degree and will start working in my dream job, but I'll always be the incredibly sexual person Adam taught me to be.

END

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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