

In Front of A Camera!



By JJ Argus

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Smashwords edition

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

When I was very young, I wanted to be a dancer. My parents dutifully enrolled me in dance classes, ballet, at first, then as I got older I switched to jazz and more modern styles. But as I got older I also thought I'd rather be an actress.

People were always smiling at me and telling me what a pretty girl I was, and wanting to pat my head, and I loved it, playing to my 'audience', which admittedly was mostly older women. Of course, that audience changed to men of all ages as I hit my teens and grew through them. But I still basked in the attention.

It's just that the attention was now more sexual in its appreciation of and admiration for ME. And you know, when people express their admiration for you all your life, well, it's pretty easy to become a bit of a narcissist, and maybe somewhat egotistical.

After all, everyone was always nice to me, and always liked to do things for me, so I came to expect people to always be nice and do things for me simply because, well, I was me.

As I hit my older teens, however, I began to sense a new reaction among some people, particularly females: resentment. They didn't like all the attention I got, and didn't appreciate my assumption that I deserved it.

They called me vain and shallow – which was fair enough. I was. But I couldn't help feeling most of their resentment and catty attitude was sheer jealousy.

Now as I got older I had begun playing to a wider audience, on the internet. I loved having my picture taken, and took a ton of selfies of myself to post on the internet so people could admire how beautiful and sexy I was.

Then my best friend, Erin, discovered this perve site, where you could post pictures and little videos of yourself, and like, create a little page so that perverts could look at you and send you money or presents! I'm not talking about a porn site here, either. Apparently there were all these middle aged men who just loved to look at young girls and tell them how beautiful they were!

Which, hey, I didn't mind! Especially since I didn't see them.

Me and Erin started posting pictures and we'd answer questions and kind of flirt with these men and in return they'd send us money and presents! I did that for a little while, and then when I was at Erin's house one day I saw a check stub for several hundred dollars from the web site.

“How come you got so much?” I demanded.

She shrugged. “I guess they just like my sparkling personality,” she said casually.

Too casually! I know Erin and she's a bitch! I mean, I like her, but she's a redhead, and you know what they're like. She has a very bad temper and can get emotional about stuff. She's also vindictive. But she's smart and practical and will do anything for a friend.

“You don't have a sparkling personality,” I said with a scowl.

“Hmph, shows what you know,” she replied.

I gave her a squinty-eyed glare, one she fully knows (since we've been friends for years) means I have serious doubts about her truthfulness, but she just ignored me and flopped down on her bed to pick up a fashion magazine.

“What exactly have you been posting on your page?” I demanded.

“Paige, you know what I'm posting. We usually take the pictures and videos of each other before we post,” she said in irritation.

Which was true. I'd taken lots of pics of her, just as she had of me; in the park, at school, on the street, in stores, in our houses, etc. etc. At the same time, not every single picture on my page had been taken by Erin, and I knew I hadn't taken all of hers either.

“I think I'll look at your page and see what you're doing I'm not,” I said, pulling out my smart-phone.

She rolled her eyes. “You are such a distrusting person!” she complained.

“Yeah. Right.”

I brought up the site, then tapped in her site name, which was Molly McGuire, since she had red hair and a very Irish look to her. Everything seemed about the same, and I recognized all the pictures, but then at the bottom I saw a link to her 'more pictures', and when I tried to access them it said they were for members only.

“What is this members thing?” I demanded.

She shrugged, still looking at the magazine. “Nothing big. Just something for guys who have too much money.”

“What's in there?”

“Just some extra pictures.”

“Uh huh. What kind of pictures?”

She turned and glared at me. I glared back, and we held each other's eyes for a bit. But that's a game she always loses and she lost this time, shrugging and dropping her eyes back to her magazine.

“Let me see what's there,” I demanded.

“You aren't the boss of me!”

“I am too! Want me to prove it!?”

Erin is five foot two, and very slender. She's a small-framed girl with narrow shoulders but she's very pretty, with an ethereal face with a tiny snub nose and flowing red hair. Her lips are full and her chin is narrow, and she has these huge green eyes.

I, on the other hand, am five foot nine, and very athletic. All those dance classes gave me a very fit body which I have since honed by joining the volleyball, soccer, swimming and field hockey teams at school.

I could kick Erin's ass, in other words, and we both knew it.

She rolled her eyes dramatically, and got up, then went over to her desk and brought her page on her laptop, then shrugged and threw herself back on the bed.

I glared at her, then looked, and did a double-take.

“You're posting bikini pictures!?”

“Why not? People see me in bikinis at the beach or pool. What's the big deal?”

I scrolled down.

“Not these bikinis! I didn't even know you had a thong bikini? And these cups are... small! God, you little slut!” I said, half admiring, half condemning.

“They're perfectly fine bathing suits,” she said indignantly.

I folded my arms and glared at her.

“What? It's no big deal, Paige! I didn't even have to buy the bathing suits!”

“Where did you... some guy bought you bathing suits?”

“Yeah, a couple of guys. And since I started putting them up, even more. See, I offer to wear any bathing suit that they buy me as long as it covers what has to be covered.”

The way guys give us presents is they send it to a box office and the site then redirects them to a postal box we rent. That way there's never any danger these perverts can actually tell where we are.

I turned back to the computer and scrolled down, shaking my head.

“Some of these are pretty slutty,” I said.

“They're not slutty!” she said indignantly. “They cover what they're supposed to cover. And anyway, these guys are like, thousands of miles away.”

We live in the city of Baxter, in Northern California, which is a city of about twenty five thousand people nowhere near anything important, and which nobody has ever heard about. Nor wants to.

Life is pretty boring here, and there aren't a lot of opportunities for making money. Me and Erin had both graduated from high school, and both gotten jobs, but they were crummy part-time jobs. She worked at a place that sells ice cream

and I worked at a roadside tourist shop near the highway.

So almost everyone is at least a thousand miles away, or more.

I couldn't help admire her thinking, especially if it brought her this much money. And I couldn't help realizing that, since I have a better body than she does, I could probably make even more if I did the same. And it's not like we're in competition, either. There are hundreds and hundreds of girls on the site, after all.

Guys had forever been pestering us for pictures in bikinis or lingerie, or for naked pictures or worse. But we just ignored them. Or at least, I had just ignored them. It looked like Erin had compromised a bit. And it had paid off.

“Bitch,” I said. “How come you didn't tell me?”

“Because you'd call me a slut! Which you did!”

“You are a slut.”

“I am not!”

“You fuck way more guys than me.”

“That's because you had Peter for your boyfriend for a year and a half straight and were only fucking him! I bet you fucked more times than me!”

“Time doesn't count,” I said.

“And before that you were Tyler's girlfriend for a year.”

“You'd have a boyfriend too if you didn't have such a shitty temper.”

“Yeah, well, boys are assholes. How am I not supposed to tell them that?”

“They're not all assholes,” I said. “Just most of them.”

She shrugged.

“Well, I'm going to start a members section too.”

She rolled her eyes at me. “Copycat.”

“Oh right! Like you invented it!”

She shrugged. “I’ll take pictures if you’ll take pictures of me. We can use your pool.”

“How many slutty bathing suits do you have anyway?”

“Lots! Guys keep sending them to me! And they’re starting to send me lingerie too!”

I raised my eyebrows. “You’re not gonna pose in lingerie, are you?”

She shrugged. “It’s possible,” she said uncertainly. “I mean, when you get right down to it, they don’t show any more skin than the bathing suits. Well, most of them. I wouldn’t pose in the see-through stuff.”

I didn’t have any thongs bikinis, but I did have a couple of bikinis which were too small, older ones I didn’t wear any more, in the bottom of my closet. So they didn’t quite cover my butt properly. And then me and Erin sort of got into a competition trying to figure out which would be the sexiest shots and poses.

Erin took a picture of me topless, when I was changing, and I glared at her.

“Hey!”

She grinned impudently. “Bet that would get a lot of money!”

“Yeah, well, I’m not posting naked pictures!”

I had put my arm across my breasts as I talked, and now she took another pictures.

“Erin!”

“Your boobs are covered! In fact, your arm covers more of them than your top does.”

“Well... Yeah I suppose but – .”

“In fact, we could get creative without showing any actual nudity.”

“How?” I asked suspiciously.

She grinned and looked around. “Take off your bottoms too, but stand behind the table.”

I frowned uncertainly, then decided to give it a try. I moved behind the table and slid my bikini bottoms off so I was standing naked. She knelt on the other side of the table and took some pictures.

“This better not show my pussy!”

“They don't. Don't worry.”

She got up and came closer, picking up a can of coke and handing it to me.

“Try to hold it sort of natural, so your arm crosses your chest, and the can is like, right in front of your left breast.”

I looked down and then did as she told me as she snapped pictures.

It felt kind of weird, and even a little, well, exciting, to think about taking such sexy, naked pictures and maybe showing them to strangers!

So then we took more. She took one with my back turned, and you could see me naked almost to my butt, and could see a bit of side-boob, too. Then she took one where my breasts were pressed against the wall, and that had a lot more side boob in it.

She took one of me sitting at the edge of the pool, naked again, with my legs in the water. It was taken from behind, so it kind of showed a bit of my butt, and a bit of side-boob, but nothing too nasty.

“What about you?” I demanded.

“You're the hot, sexy girl with the sexy body,” she replied.

“You have a nice body!” I protested.

“I don't have your boobs or your long legs.”

Which was true enough, I supposed, though I thought her breasts were cute.

She took pictures of me swimming underwater naked, though from above, and with the water rippling around me so you couldn't see me that clearly. You could see I was naked, but it wasn't very detailed. Then she took pictures of me sunbathing on my belly, again, with some side boob, but only a bit of butt.

I wondered how we'd gotten from bikini pictures to naked pictures!

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My members area filled up pretty quickly! I started getting way bigger checks, and way more presents, including bikinis and lingerie.

"I'm not doing lingerie," I said a little obstinately.

"It won't show more than the bikinis," she said. "And will show less than you've already shown!"

Which was really too much common sense for me to ignore. So we started to take bra and panty shots, not including thongs at first, but eventually I gave in on them. It was in the members only area, after all, and guys had to pay twenty five dollars to join and then ten dollars a month.

I started making a shocking amount of money! I mean, before long I was making way more from the web site than from my part time job! The only thing was, the guys now were a lot more into sexy stuff than they had been.

I mean, we'd always gotten some perverts asking for naked shots, or asking personal questions, but now they were way worse! People were asking me my favorite sexual position, and whether I deep throated and whether I'd ever been with a girl, and stuff like that!

And they were asking for not just topless pictures, not just naked pictures, but pictures of me masturbating and using dildos and stuff!

"Got, what a perve!" I said, after reading one such request.

"Yeah, but he's paying ten bucks a month."

“So?!”

“So be nice to him. Giggle and flirt.”

“You giggle and flirt!” I said crossly.

She shrugged, sat down, and typed something into it, that had a lot of 'LOL' and stuff.

“He's in freaking England anyway,” she said. “Who cares if he sees naked pictures of you?”

“Send him naked pictures of you!” I said.

“I'm not the sexy playboy bunny type.”

“Do you see any blonde hairs on my body?” I demanded.

“You've got the rest.”

“I've never seen any guy turn you down! Put your own naked pictures up!”

“I might,” she said. “But you know what, maybe we should put them on your page.”

“What? Why?”

“Because you already have a bunch more people, and with two of us it will be even more popular.”

So she took a picture of me in lingerie in the bathroom in front of the mirror. The mirror showed my butt, but it also showed her with the camera in front of her face, wearing a bikini. Of course, then the men wanted to know who my pretty photographer was, so then we started putting some pictures of her in there too.

That inevitably led to pictures of us together, and to lots of dirty requests to see us making out.

“Why not?” she said. “It's easy to do. I mean, we do it all the time anyway at the Fat Boy.”

The Fat Boy was a bar, and what she meant was that we pretended to make out, usually when we'd been drinking, and just to get the guys all riled up.

We posted a few kissing pictures, with us in bathing suits, and then we did our first actual video! I sat in a chair, and Erin straddled me, her hands on my shoulders, and both of us in tiny bikinis, and then we kissed.

Like I said, we'd done this game before, but it had always been clearly for show, for guys we were with, and never alone and never sober. And it felt very different now on account of I was thinking of all the guys who would be watching us on the internet! It felt... sexier, nastier, hotter, and a lot more daring and wild now!

And Erin was really playing it up, too! Instead of just mashing my lips like we usually did in the bar, she gave me this hot, sexy look, kind of rolling and grinding her hips as if she were giving me a lap dance, and then leaned in and over and gave me this incredibly long, slow and, frankly, fucking sexy kiss!

I mean, she was good! She was leaning into me so her breasts were pressing against my chest, and her lips were sliding sensuously against mine as the camera looked on from the side, and I was, well, kissing back because I was supposed to, but playing catchup, kind of startled.

She pulled her lips back ever so slowly, then leaned in and began to kiss me lightly along the nape of my neck, then up under my ears.

“Let your hands stroke my back,” she whispered.

I was still kind of startled but that made sense, so I did that, my hands sliding up and down her bare back as she chewed lightly on the nape of my neck. She eased up and in and kissed me on the lips again, her hands caressing my shoulders, and sliding in around behind my neck.

God, this was some sexy kiss! I was delighted with how hot it was going to look on video, but at the same time, I was starting to react to it as if it was a boy! I mean, I had no idea Erin could kiss this well, and I was taking mental notes for the next time I kissed a guy!

Her lips were doing really wild fluttery things to me as they massaged mine, and her tongue was dipping and caressing my lips and teeth. She leaned in again,

chewing up along the nape of my neck once more.

“Undo my bra,” she whispered.

I felt a kind of mental flinch, since this was further than I had thought we'd go, but she wasn't saying to remove her bra, just to undo the bra strap. We'd done pictures of us with our bras undone before, though still showing nothing.

My fingers undid her bra, and the straps and cups loosened, but didn't fall away, and I felt my heart beating faster, eyes flicking down then back up as she kissed me hard once more. And then she slid her butt backward along my legs so she could lean in more and more.

I wanted to ask her what she was doing as she began to kiss the top of my chest. Then she shrugged off the bikini top! Still, I noticed her left arm was in place, going around me, and that would probably hide her breasts from the view of the camera.

And then she began to kiss lightly along the top of my breasts, the parts that weren't covered by the bikini, and I felt this hot little rush of something tingly and sexy and filled with energy!

But then she stopped.

"That should be enough," she said brightly.

I was like... woah! I was hot! And when we looked at the video I felt even hotter.

“This is hot!” I said.

“And notice it doesn't actually show us doing anything but kissing, and it doesn't show my boobs.”

“It shows some of them.”

“Not much. No nipples.”

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Guys sent us more lingerie, and then one sent me a big dildo!

“Holy shit!” I said, laughing.

“It's a strap-on,” she said, lifting the leather straps from the box. “It's from Ron. He wants you to fuck me with it.”

“Ha! I bet you'd love that, you little slut!” I teased.

“I bet Ron would love it,” she snorted.

“This is kind of big for your shrimpy body,” I teased.

“I've had bigger.”

“Really? Who?”

“Jeff.”

“Figures. A black guy. Slut.”

“Bitch.”

“Whore.”

“Skank.”

“Oh, hey, I could do a video with this,” she said.

“Be my guest,” I said with a grin.

“Take the camera.”

“What? What are you going to do?” I asked warily.

She winked and then had me turn on the video. She was fully dressed, and she began to lick the dildo, up and down the head, then took it into her mouth. Then, as I held the camera steady, she slid it slowly down her throat until she was just clutching the base with her fingers!

I was like... wow!

She pulled it slowly out and kind of smirked at the camera, rubbing the head

from side to side over her lips, then slid it into her mouth again and tilted her head back to slide it right down her throat like a sword swallower!

Needless to say, the members loved it! Except of course they wanted even more. They wanted it in other orifices, for one thing. And they sent us more sex toys!

“What is this?” I asked dubiously, examining what looked like a stainless steel egg on a small round base.

“Butt plug,” she said.

“Really? Oooo.”

“You know, I have an idea for a picture that will make them happy.”

“What?” I asked suspiciously.

The picture was of me, but you couldn't tell it was me because it was a close up of the back of a bathing suit I'd never worn on camera before. But it was full-bottomed and white. I bent over, and you could see the round outline of the base of the butt-plug pressing against it.

I leaned against the wall, my arms outstretched, while she knelt behind me taking pictures. Then she switched to video.

“What if they figure out it's me?” I asked nervously.

“So what? There's no proof. And they don't know who you are. Even if your mother saw this she wouldn't know it was you.”

Which was true enough.

“What are you doing?” I gasped, as she started to tug the bathing suit down.

“Going to show a bit more.”

“But – !”

“Nobody can prove it's you. Even if it was sent around to our friends nobody could say who it was. And everyone's already seen your bare butt.”

“Only with a thong!”

“So this won't show much more!”

I was nervous, and anxious, but... kind of hot. Having these sexy pictures taken always seemed to turn me on.

She peeled the suit down low enough you could see the butt-plug resting against my skin like a half dollar pressed right over you-know-where! It still covered my pussy, though.

Then she slapped my butt hard!

“Ow!” I squealed, leaping forward and half twisting around. “Hey!”

She grinned and stood up. “I bet this will be a great vid.”

It was... very popular. We were getting more members, and the ones we had were sticking around to pay their monthly fees, so the money was growing even more impressive. We were being sent more lingerie, and now sexy outfits to model too, like miniskirts and sexy dresses slit up the sides and sexy shoes with long, stiletto heels.

And then we got this big surge of email, which I didn't understand at first, demanding more videos! But it wasn't from that. Because they talked about something entirely different. I had to go on-line to check and there my jaw dropped!

It was a video of Erin, and she was showing everything! Only the video had no name, and it was focused in on her from thighs to belly. She was sitting on a wooden stool, with her back to the camera, naked. You could certainly see that, but nothing more – at first.

Then she started to stand up, leaning forward veeery slowly. First you saw more and more of her round little butt. Then you noticed the butt-plug, a different one, cuz we'd been sent several, and then... you noticed not only her pussy, but that she had been sitting on a dildo!

“Ohmygod!” I gasped, staring with wide eyes.

The dildo appeared very slowly as she leaned forward, sliding her pussy up the long length of it until it was almost out of her, and then... she slid all the way back down again until she was sitting firmly on the stool! And the video ended!

This was like, totally X-rated!

I watched it again, reassuring myself that had to be her. I mean, I'd seen Erin naked lots of times, especially lately as we took pictures! I'd never seen her from this direction, of course, and stared as her pussy lips strained around the thick dildo, clutching it tightly as they slid slowly up its length!

I called her up immediately.

“Are you insane!?” I cried. “You just jumped right past nudity, which we haven't even done, to X-rated!”

“Maybe it was just a video I found on the internet,” she said.

“Fuck off! I recognize your butt, you slut!”

“And why are you staring at my butt?” she demanded.

“Erin!”

“Paige!”

“This is going to make them crazy, you know,” I said. “It's like feeding raw meat to sharks. They'll want even more now.”

She grinned a bit smugly. “So let's give them more!”

I shook my head in wonderment.

“What if this gets out to people we know!?”

“It won't! There's an ocean of this stuff out there! What are the odds the people we know will see it!?”

“Like the boys we know don't spend a lot of time looking at internet porn!”

“Yeah, but they won't pay for it!”

They also rarely visited web sites like the one me and Erin were on since most of the material was fairly tame in comparison to avalanche of internet porn freely available. It was mostly fully dressed girls flirting with middle aged guys to get some pocket money and presents. So I kind of knew she was right.

And the money was getting bigger and bigger. Even so, when guys started typing on our feed to find out which of us it was, I let my resentment show and typed in “It's Molly, of course, the little brat! She did it without even asking me!”

“Molly's a bad girl,” Toby said.

“Yes, she deserves spanking,” said Riku.

Riku was from Japan, and he had been suggesting spanking stuff forever!

“She does!” I typed in.

But they were awfully excited by the video, and I started to get jealous of all the attention Erin was getting. I mean, it was my page! I should be the main star!

And after all, Erin was right. And if I did this properly, no one could prove it was me.

So I aimed the video camera at my bed, and set up the timer to snap pictures. I had to keep getting up to change where the camera was, but I wound up with a bunch of pictures of me naked – minus my face. I was mostly on my back, arching my back a lot, spreading my legs, sliding my hands up and around, and in the most daring picture my pussy was completely visible, with my fingers in it!

I kind of flushed hotly as I took the pictures, and as I posted them, cringing a little. But the feedback I got was pretty fast and strong, with lots of praise that went straight to my ego. So then I posted a video. This was again on the bed, taken from behind me and just a bit to the side, with me on my knees bent way over.

So my face couldn't be seen, you see.

I used a dildo, pumping it in and out as my fingers thrust up beneath me to rub my clitoris. I was so hot at the thought of actually doing this in front of a video

camera, and of guys watching it, that I began masturbating for real, and came with a powerful orgasm right on camera!

I had to jam my face into the pillow so my cries of pleasure wouldn't be on the video!

That got me even more feedback, naturally! And some of it was from Erin.

“You slut!”

“You started it!”

“Yeah, but you called me a slut for doing it!”

“Well... you are a slut!”

“And what does that make you!?”

I glared at her, and then I had an idea, and smirked.

“You know, we should do another video, one that our members have been asking for.”

“Yeah? Which of us is gonna be in it this time?”

“Both of us,” I said with a flinty eyed smirk.

“Uh, what kind of video?” she asked warily. “Another lesbo thing?”

The members had certainly been asking for that!

“No. This is something else the members are asking for.”

“Which is what?” she asked suspiciously.

“For the bad girl who did that first video to be spanked,” I said sweetly.

She stared at me, eyes widening.

“Get out of here!”

“You deserve it anyway. Bad girl!” I taunted.

“And you're gonna spank me, I suppose?” she demanded.

“Sure! We'll set up the video so my face isn't in it.”

“And what about mine!?”

“You said yourself it's pretty unlikely anyone we know will find these,” I said sweetly.

“Well... yeah but...”

“Besides, we can do it up with you in that schoolgirl outfit you wore to that party last month,” I said. “It'll be perfect!”

“And you'll be the school marm, I suppose?” she asked sarcastically.

“Great idea! I'll wear one of my mother's dresses!”

She seemed dubious, but agreed. She brought over the schoolgirl outfit, which was basically a white blouse and clip-on tie with a short tartan skirt, white socks and flat shoes.

The problem was we didn't do the video just then. Instead we hung around out back and had a few drinks. Then my parents came home, but not for long. They were going out to a party. After they left we had a few more drinks, and only then did we make the video.

We weren't drunk... exactly, but we weren't entirely sober either.

Erin put on the outfit and I found my mother's ugliest looking oldest looking dress to wear. Since my face wasn't going to be in the shot it didn't matter how ugly it looked to me anyway.

We set up the camera carefully. We'd bought a new one with a remote control, so I could adjust it from where I sat, and then I had her lay across my lap so I could further adjust it. It felt... weird having her across my lap, and she giggled and seemed a bit embarrassed to.

Good! Serves her right, I thought.

“Now you'll see what happens to bad girls,” I said.

“They have more fun?” she taunted.

I sniffed, then pulled up her short skirt. She was wearing a thong, but I wasn't having any of that! I tugged it down, and she gasped and reached back, trying to grab it.

“Hey! You don't need to pull it down!”

“But I want to!” I said, yanking it down to bare her completely.

The camera was facing us from an angle, in front of the chair and to the right, so it would have a great view of her ass ... and everything else.

“Are you ready for your punishment, naughty girl?”

“Bite me!”

“Ha!”

I slapped her butt sharply and she yelped.

“That didn't hurt!” she taunted.

I slapped her butt again, and again, and again. It kind of hurt my hand to be honest, but she kept mocking me like it wasn't hurting at all and I started to get irritated and wanting to show her, so I slapped harder! Her butt started to turn pink, then red as my hand smacked down again and again, and she started to wiggle around more and more!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Not so hard!” she protested.

Crack! Crack!

“Ha! I thought you said it didn't hurt!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“It does!”

Crack! Crack!

“Good!”

Crack!

“Bitch!”

Crack!

“Brat!”

Crack!

“Whore!”

Crack!

“Slut!”

Crack!

She tried to twist around and to shove her hand between mine and her butt and I kept batting it away. I was starting to feel a kind of powerful sense of satisfaction out of teaching her a lesson, out of making her admit it her, of... submitting, I guess.

“Ow! Stop it!”

“Admit you're a rotten little brat!”

Crack! Crack!

“Okay! I'm a rotten brat!”

“A rotten little brat,” I said.

Crack!

“I'm a rotten little brat! Ow!”

“Admit you're a nasty little slut.”

“I am not! Ow!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“All right! I'm a nasty little slut!”

I was enjoying this!

I looked down at her red bottom and smirked, noticing her knees were held tightly together.

“Spread your legs for your fans, slut.”

She hesitated and I slapped her butt hard.

“Ow!”

She spread her legs apart and I slapped her butt again.

“Wider, slut!”

She gasped and spread her knees even further apart, and I used the remote to zoom in closer on her puffy little well-shaven sex. Then, with it in close-up, I reached down and spread the lips of her sex a little apart. She jerked and gasped, and I could see in the laptop monitor across from us that she was kind of wet and glistening.

“Little slut,” I said, taunting her.

I started to realize that the sense of... power and pleasure I had been feeling while spanking her wasn't simply the satisfaction of showing her who was the boss. I was also getting turned on by all this stuff. My nipples were hard and tingly inside the dress, and I was willing to bet I was kind of warm and wet inside, too!

Crack! My hand slapped her bare bottom again.

“Say you're sorry for being such a little slut,” I ordered.

“I-I'm s-sorry for being a little slut!” she gasped, her breathing getting ragged.

“It doesn't look like you're very sorry,” I said.

And then I let two fingers stroke along the wet pink flesh between her labia!

She gasped and her body jerked as if she was trying to get away, so I spanked her several times.

“Keep still, brat,” I ordered.

I felt a tremor move through me, a breathless sense of energy and excitement that I recognized now as being very... sexual. I hesitated, thinking I should just stop the video right now.

“Bitch!” she moaned.

I slapped her again, then reached down with my left hand, gripping a thick mass

of her red hair, and jerked her head up and back.

“Ow!”

“Say you're sorry, brat,” I ordered sternly.

“No!”

Crack! Crack!

I slapped her ass while I held her hair up and back, and she reached up and grabbed my wrist, digging her fingers in until I yelped and let go of her hair!

“Bitch!”

So, she wanted to resist, huh!? Well, I was a lot stronger and bigger than she was! What I decided to do was to yank her blouse further up her body, undoing the buttons behind her neck, and then as she struggled weakly, yanked the blouse right over her head and off.

“Wh-what are you doing!” she gasped weakly.

“Punishing a bad girl!” I said.

I undid her bra and removed it. She struggled but... kind of weakly, but I got it off, then zoomed the camera out and shifted it a little to take in lots of side boob before grabbing her hair and yanking it up again.

“Ow! Hey! Paige!”

“Brat!” I taunted.

I released her hair and undid her skirt, wanting it completely off her, then tugged it down her body and off before resuming spanking her.

“Ow! Oh! Don't! Ow! Paige! Ow!” she cried, wriggling and twisting more, and trying to get her hands over her butt.

The dress I was wearing had a thin fabric belt and I undid it and whipped it around her arms, then yanked it tight, forcing her arms together.

“Ow! What are you doing?”

I didn't answer. I buckled the belt and then, feeling a sort of heady sense of sexual heat, hunger and even some sadistic satisfaction, resumed spanking her butt hard!

Her cries got louder, and she wriggled and twisted more and more, but then seemed to give up, gasping breathlessly and moaning.

I traced my fingers down over her pussy, telling myself I was just doing this to humiliate her in front of the camera to ... to teach her a lesson. But the truth was I was going well beyond what we'd agreed to, and I wasn't even sure what the hell I was doing! All I knew was I was feeling an incredible charge of... energy!

“Are you going to make sure you ask permission before posting anything again?” I asked, my fingers sliding up and down along the line of her sex.

“Y-Ye-Yes!” she moaned.

I slapped her bottom.

“Yes mistress,” I said.

“Yes, mistress!” she moaned.

My fingers pushed in against her, and I felt a shock wave roll through me as they sank slowly into her body. I felt the shock in her, too as she jerked and gasped aloud, but I couldn't stop my fingers from pushing deeper and deeper and deeper, until my knuckles were jammed against the mouth of her sex and my fingers were buried in her pussy!

And then I rotated my hand a bit to bring my thumb in under her clitoris, and pressed up against it, rubbing slowly.

“Oh! Oh! Oh God!” she moaned. “Oh! Please! Oh! Ungh!”

Her hips began to roll back against me, slowly, then with a very rapidly growing desperation. I rubbed my thumb harder against her clitoris, and pumped my fingers inside her, and ... she came! I was awed, and almost shaking with excitement as she twisted and writhed and jerked her hips against me!

I reached down with my other hand, burying it in her hair and yanked her head up and back, pulling her shoulders up with it. She cried out, but her voice was still filled with passion and heat and pleasure as I thrust my fingers into her hard and ground my thumb against her clit!

This was way farther than the two of us had ever gone, sexually! In fact, aside from faking things for boys, and that one video, it was the only sort of sexual thing we had ever done with each other! I hadn't even planned it! It had just... happened!

And I was still feeling supercharged with sexual energy!

I tumbled her onto the floor, but I kept hold of her hair, pulling her in on her knees as I spread my legs apart.

“Are you going to make it up to your mistress, bad girl?” I asked in a breathless voice.

I drew her face in against my crotch, rubbing it there as she gulped in ragged breaths of air.

Then, my fingers trembling, I tugged the long skirt up over my knees, then back, spreading my legs wider. I'm not sure what I intended. I didn't have any of this planned out! It was just... happening, all on impulse! I think I just intended to kind of rub her face against my crotch through my panties to once again show her who was boss.

And I did, only her mouth was open wide as she gasped for breath, and I felt the wetness of her lips through the thin panties, then this jolt of heat and passion and need rippled through me so that I could hardly breath. I ground her face against me a little more, and her tongue pushed out!

Oh! My! God!

I felt another huge rolling wave of heat.

“Nasty little girl,” I gulped.

She was kneeling naked in front of me with her arms tied behind her back, helpless, and that was a huge turn-on! It wasn't that I was hugely into girls, but...

it was this sense of being able to do anything I wanted to her or with her that was lighting up my mind!

And the excitement and heat just... it caused me to act without thinking! I tugged aside the crotch of my panties and pulled her mouth in against me! She seemed to struggle a bit, but then she was licking me there, and oh God how incredible that felt!

I shuddered and jerked my legs even wider as her tongue licked rapidly across my clitoris! It was feeling more and more swollen and hot with every lick, and I found myself hardly able to breath with the strength of the sexual tension and electricity ripping through my mind and body!

And then the orgasm hit me and I cried out in pleasure, jamming her mouth against me, my hips bucking desperately up against her mouth as she licked harder still!

*

Afterward... it was a little embarrassing for both of us. I found it hard to look at her, and she dropped her eyes, too.

“I... that wasn't what I had planned,” I gulped.

She didn't say anything. I looked at her anxiously. Was she going to be really upset with me? Was she going to hate me and call me names?

She raised her head at last, and gave me a sort of snotty look.

“I knew you were a dyke.”

“I am not! Shut up!”

“Dyke!” she sneered.

“Fuck you! You came on my fingers, slut!”

“I did not. Dyke!”

“You lying slut!”

“Why don't I bend over again so you can kiss my ass, mistress?” she said with a sneer.

I glared at her.

“Maybe you'd like something worse than my hand on your skinny little ass!” I said.

“Ha! Like you'd dare!”

Now, the thing you have to realize is I'd known Erin for almost all my life. I knew her, in other words. She was deliberately taunting me. I mean, I know the difference between actual anger and her taunting me for some other reason. And this was more like she was goading me, rather than real anger.

And she hadn't demanded I untie her either.

And I realized that I was still feeling a sense of dark excitement at having this beautiful, helpless naked girl completely at my mercy!

“You came like a nympho whore!” I said.

“I did not, you fat dyke cow!”

“Maybe your ass needs another beating,” I growled.

“Ha! Just try it, dyke!”

Now just because the web site we used wasn't normally all that pornographic didn't mean I haven't seen a lot of internet porn in my life. And I was suddenly thinking of one I'd seen briefly while looking for ones on spanking – so I could plan out this video.

I stood up and then turned the chair around, grabbed her hair, and pulled her to her feet.

“Bend over the chair,” I ordered.

“Make me!”

I forced her to bend over the chair, and she kind of kicked at me with her feet as

she was bent over.

“Bitch! Brat!” I shouted.

She stood up, smirking at me.

“Fat cow dyke!”

“Go and kneel in the corner!”

“Make me!”

I was starting to get frustrated, which is why I yanked open my desk drawer and fished in it for what I wanted. It was a roll of string. I tied a loop in the end and then grabbed her.

“Let me go, dyke! Fat pig!”

I pinned her, and then slid the loop over her nipple, squeezing her breast to make it stand out even more, then tugged it tighter and tighter.

“Ow! Ow! Fuck! What are you doing!?! Bitch! Dyke!”

I laughed and then forced her to bend over the chair again, but this time moved quickly around in front of it and tugged on the string, feeding it down across the front of the seat.

“Pervert! Freak! Dyke!” she gasped.

I tugged and her nipple stretched, pulling her breast with it! I fed the string under the seat of the chair, over the crosspiece below, then back up, where I grabbed her other breast, squeezing hard and tying the string around her nipple!

“Oh! Don't! Don't! Oh! Don't! Ah! Oh! Ow!” she cried as the loop tightened and dug into her tender nipple!

With that done I found some shoelaces and tied her ankles to the back legs of the chair, laughing at her as I re-positioned the camera.

“Since this is about you being such a slut you used a dildo and took a video and posted it without permission, I think we should make the punishment fit the

crime,” I said.

“Bitch whore! Dyke freak! Pervert!” she gasped.

The vibrator was purple and covered in silicone, with lots of studs around it. It was long and thick and had this little arm near the base which curved up and in to press against a girl's clitoris.

I slowly worked it into her pussy as she squealed and wriggled helplessly and cursed me out, ignoring her protests as I forced it deeper and deeper. Her curses turned to moans and gasps and groans! Then the little branch made contact with her clitoris and I turned on the vibrator.

Her body jerked and she started to tremble and shake as I ground the little arm against her clit!

I pumped the vibrator slowly, mostly keeping it in so I could grind the arm against her clit, and her breathing got more and more ragged and excited.

“Do you admit you're a filthy little slut?” I demanded.

She only moaned in answer, until I pulled the thing slowly back and held it still with the front just in the mouth of her sex.

'Admit it, slut.’

“Oh! Paige!” she groaned.

“Admit it.”

“Okay! Okay!” she moaned.

“Say it.”

“I'm a filthy little slut,” she groaned.

I pushed the vibrator deep into her quivering body again, and she began to tremble more and more violently, her hips grinding against it as the vibrator ground back against her clitoris.

I pulled it back again, till just the head was inside her.

“Admit you're a filthy little lesbo.”

Which was silly since I knew just how many boys she'd fucked.

“I'm a filthy little lesbo!” she moaned.

I pushed the thing deep inside her again and she came, crying out in helpless pleasure as I ground the arm against her clitoris. Her head thrashed from side to side and her upper body seemed to sort of jerk up and down, almost as if she were deliberately tugging her nipples against the strings!

It wasn't just an orgasm either. She was having such a huge, powerful and extended orgasm I was starting to become jealous!

When she finally calmed down a little I sniffed, then picked up the camera and moved around her body, taking more video, and not even trying to avoid her face. In fact, I grabbed her hair and pulled her head up and back so I could get a close up.

“Tell me you're a filthy little slut,” I ordered.

“I'm a filthy little slut,” she moaned weakly, eyes glazed.

“Ha.”

I dropped her head, thinking of how else to punish her, then I thought of more of the sex toys we'd been sent. I went over to box and took out a thick, very realistic looking dildo. By realistic I mean it looked very much like a real cock.

I returned to her and set the camera on its tripod, having it record, then lifted her head up and back by the hair again. She moaned, mouth widening, and I slid the dildo into it!

She blinked in surprise, then closed her lips and sucked, acting like it was a real cock. I pushed it deeper, pumping it in and out, letting her suck and lick it while the camera looked on. That didn't seem to bother her at all, though, and then that sadistic side of myself I was hardly aware of got a nasty thought that made me gasp.

I pushed it deeper, and her eyes widened, but she couldn't do anything! With her

body bent over forward, and her head pulled up and back, the dildo could slide straight into her throat! I pushed it forward, inch after inch going into her gurgling throat as she choked a bit and gagged and gurgled!

I put almost every inch of it into her, then drew it slowly back. As the head came out of her mouth she coughed and saliva poured after it, her eyes glassy.

“You love sucking cock,” I said in a sneering voice.

I reached behind her, pumping the vibrator in and out and grinding the arm against her clitoris as I fed the dildo into her open mouth again, then pushed it down her throat. I thought the sound of her gurgling as it pumped slowly in and out was kind of hot!

I pulled it out and back and she coughed and gulped in air, face flushed.

“Are you going to obey your mistress from now on, slut?” I demanded.

She moaned dazedly, and I jammed the vibrator in hard, grinding the arm against her clitoris so that she gasped in pain.

“Answer me, slut.”

“Yes!” she cried dazedly.

“You're going to obey me?”

“Yes!” she said again, moaning.

“Say you'll obey your mistress, slut.”

“I'll obey my mistress,” she moaned.

I rubbed the spit-wet dildo over her face, then slid it into her mouth and down her throat again, pulling her head up and back by the hair so that her nipples tugged sharply against the strings. She cried out weakly, whimpering and moaning in pleasure at the same time as obvious pain.

I dropped her head and moved behind her, feeling my own re-surgng heat, and pressed the head of the dildo against her back opening. She gasped, said “Oh!”

but didn't protest as I slowly worked the dildo deep into her tight little butt!

Then I stripped naked, making sure the camera again was at a height that it didn't get my face, before moving directly in front of her. I gripped her hair and pulled her mouth in against my pussy again.

“Lick me, slut,” I ordered.

She didn't hesitate, gasping and licking and slurping at me as I kneaded her breasts roughly and reached down to pump the dildo in her ass.

*

Needless to say we couldn't just put that up on the internet. It was so far in advance of what we'd posted so far that it would shock the heck out of our members. Not that I didn't think they'd like it, mind you.

We needed to do some tamer videos first. And the first one we did was to redo the one where she'd sat on my lap and we'd kissed. The difference this time was that we were going to go much, much further.

I was... nervous, but feeling that same kind of electrical charge that leant me energy as she sat in my lap, straddling me. She slid her hands through my hair and leaned in to kiss me, and I kissed back. Only this time, my hands slid up and down her back, then up between us to fondle her breasts through her tank top.

Her own small hands slid down my body onto my bigger breasts, sinking into them through the tight t-shirt I was wearing. Our kiss deepened and I felt the blood rushing through my veins as our tongues moved together.

I slid her tank-top up and over her head, and we resumed kissing, then I undid her bra and pulled it forward off her shoulders. I felt my heart pound as I leaned in to lick and suck at her nipples. I mean, I'd never done that to a girl before!

Meanwhile, she was peeling my own t-shirt up and off, and then freeing my own breasts. She slid downward, mouthing and sucking on my nipples, and chewing softly, achingly, deliciously, on my full breasts!

I began to slide my hands up under her short skirt, and then she stood up and undid it, letting it slide down around her ankles. She stepped out of it and

straddled me again, wearing just the thong, and we continued to kiss, both of us heating up rapidly as our hands moved over each other's bodies.

My fingers kneaded her buttocks, and rubbed her through the crotch, then pushed down inside her thong. Her body stiffened, and she whimpered and moaned, grinding herself against me as we kissed. I reached up with my other hand, taking her hair and forcing her head up and then back so her back arched sharply.

I licked and sucked and chewed at her breasts as my fingers rubbed her inside her thong, then tugged the crotch aside. The camera would be able to see it as my fingers slid up into her tight little pussy, and could then see her face as she came, crying out in hunger, passion and heat, grunting and grinding herself and riding my fingers!

I was thinking, boy, she's a great actress, but at the same time, my fingers were feeling how wet and hot she was inside, and I started to wonder whether she was even acting! When I realized she wasn't, that started to turn me on even more, too! By the time we were both naked, and we were kissing for long, passionate minutes as our hands roamed and caressed each other's bodies, we had practically forgotten the camera!

Then she slid off onto her knees, pushed my thighs apart, and started to lick my pussy! I was breathless and gasping with heat and the intensity of the sexual pressure inside, and I could only moan and grip her hair and pull her in tighter!

We had not only lost control of what we were doing, we'd kind of lost control over what we were putting up on the web page. It was like a dam had broken, and we had all these wild, exciting ideas, and there were practically no sense of fear. We were taking our anonymity for granted, presuming no one who knew us would ever see any of this stuff.

Which I know was fucking dumb, but we were kind of giddy with all the money and the kinky sexual heat of what was happening.

We did another lesbo thing, this time with the two of us in bed naked together, but after we posted that spanking thing, which was in several parts, the more demanding members kept wanting more spanking and bondage stuff, wanted to see "Molly" or me tied up and 'punished' more.

And they'd send in suggestions for scenes, and promise money, too! Like, if we did this scene, a guy promised to send us \$200, or if we did that scene, another guy offered us \$100.

“Wow, these are so pervy!” I said, marveling at them as I read.

“Yeah, but we can get paid for them, and then put them on the members thing and get paid again,” Erin said.

“Look at this guy? Hot wax on the nipples? Ouch,” I said, reading. “He's willing to send us \$500, too,” I said, giggling.

“Really? Wow. That's the highest yet.”

“Can't you, like, actually go and fuck a prostitute for less than that?”

“I suppose, but maybe he's afraid he'd catch something. Let's do the hot wax on the nipples thing.”

“Uh, no.”

“I can take it.”

“Yeah, but he wants me to have the wax on my nipples and breasts.”

She smirked. “You do have bigger boobs.”

“And I like them unburned, thanks.”

“How about chained up in a dungeon? That's you again.”

“All we need is a dungeon.”

“We've got your basement, you know, in the back with the cinder-block walls.”

“Yeah, but there's no, like, cage or anything, like he wants.”

“We can fake it.”

“How?”

She grinned. “Leave that to me.”

I shrugged, and next day she came over with what looked like a section of black metal fencing. It was about waist high, and maybe three feet long.

“What is this?”

“I bought it at Home Depot for ten bucks.”

“What are we going to do with it?”

“Shoot the video through the bars as if you're in a prison.”

So we went down to the basement, in the back, where it was kind of bare and dirty. We moved everything out of the corner, and she took out a bag with the bondage collar and restraints a guy had sent us as presents. It felt kinky and kind of hot putting them on, and we giggled a lot while I was doing it.

She used two long two by fours, screwing eyes to the ends, and then chained my wrists and ankles to them as I lay on the cold floor. Then she chained the two-by-fours to a pipe set against the wall, and to the base of a sink on the other side of the room.

I was getting kind of hot, especially as she pulled the things tight so I was helplessly spreadeagled on the stone floor. Then she knelt next to my head, and gripped my hair to roll it up and back sharply. When I opened my mouth, crying out in pain, she shoved a ball gag – another present – into it!

“You'll be a better actress if you can't speak,” she said with a grin.

I glowered at her but couldn't deny it would be easier, and raised my head so she could more easily buckle the gag behind me.

She grinned at me and then showed me a pair of dildos. I hadn't seen these come in as presents, and wasn't sure if she'd actually bought them. They were identical, both long and thick, but both thickened very sharply towards the base, as if there was like a ring, or a donut around them just an inch above the bottom.

She lubed them up and slid one into my pussy. It was tight but not difficult to get in, since I was already hot. It did get kind of hard when it reached the 'donut'

part, and I moaned and gasped as she twisted and turned it to get that part through.

The thing was very deep at that point, though! But she forced it through, ignoring my gasps and moans and muffled complaints. She got the second one up my butt in the same way, and I started to realize that she was changing the script a lot without asking me.

I mean, I'd agreed to kind of lay here and wiggle and moan dramatically while she took a video through the bar. I hadn't said anything about a gag, and now there was these dildos she hadn't mentioned either. With both of them stuffed inside me I felt, well, stuffed!

And then she plugs an extension cord into the wall and then plugs a small black box into the end. The black box had a three foot long wire which she drew up between my legs to connect to the bottom of the dildo in my pussy! As soon as she did it started to buzz pretty strongly, so I knew it was a vibrator, not a dildo.

Of course, it was inside me, which wasn't the same as being directly against my clitoris, but it still started to have an effect, because it was kind of strong. I mean, I'd never tried one that plugged in before! This one seemed to have a lot more energy!

She leaned over me then, and showed me this small, thumb sized piece of plastic and silicone. I had no idea what it was for. She winked, then bent over my crotch.

I raised my head and stared down my body to see her attaching the thing to the base of the dildo – I mean, the vibrator – and then she lays it down and it presses directly against my clitoris! The vibrations suddenly began to really take affect as I gasped in surprise.

She moved back to where she'd put the 'bars' up on a table, then began to take video of me through the bars as I lay there all naked and helpless and gagged and all. I started to kind of ... wriggle, for affect, kind of proud of how our special effects were going to look.

And that got me to thinking of all those men – we had a hundred and fifty four members now paying \$20 a month – would be watching this. That got me hot, especially combined with the vibrator, and I started to writhe and twist against

the restraints for real, my body getting hotter and hotter!

She turned off the camera, though, and then she carries a chair over and puts it down so the legs are on either side of my torso. I had no idea what she was doing! She stood up on the chair, dropped off, then climbed on, dropped off, then climbed on again. I was mystified as to what was going on up there!

She climbs down and moves the chair away, and I see, about oh, four feet or so above me, are three thick candles hanging by strings! Two were over my breasts, and the third was down, over my lower abdomen, or maybe even my pussy!

I stared at them and then turned outraged eyes on her, but her back was already turned to me. She was lifting a fan onto a high stool. She turned it on, and the candles started to kind of sway in the breeze.

Grinning at me, she walks over and lights the candles!

I yelled at her but she ignored me, going back to the camera and starting it up again. I yelped as the first droplet of wax hit my breast, then again, my body flinching and twisting. One landed on my lower abdomen, and another on my chest!

I cursed breathlessly, yelping and twisting again and again as small drops of hot wax fell onto my breasts and nipples, and around my pussy! Fortunately, my clitoris was covered, but the little droplets rained down on everything else!

Each drop stung a bit, but not a lot. Of course, there were a lot of drops! She hadn't tied the candles hanging straight up, but sideways and at a downward angle. The blowing fan made sure the candles would keep twisting and turning and swaying gently so the wax didn't drop in exactly the same place as I writhed helplessly underneath!

The vibrator was still buzzing, and I started to get hot again, hot on the inside to match the way my body was heating up on the outside as the hot wax spilled down on it! God! I was going to kill that little brat! But in the meantime, I started to feel the strength of the sexual heat inside me turn into a raging fever!

I moaned and panted quite realistically through the gag, because it was real! I writhed and twisted and pulled and strained against the chains, my body gripped by twitching, trembling spasms! God, I felt so full, my lower belly absolutely

crammed! And I started to feel an almost masochistic heat, a dark, wild, kinky heat at the way the wax was torturing me!

Imagining all those men watching and getting incredibly aroused at the sight drove me over the edge into an incredibly powerful and extended orgasm! I came like crazy, my hips bucking and jerking as my head thrashed from side to side. My breath sobbed through the gag as my back arched repeatedly, and I cried out in wild, uninhibited pleasure!

Erin turned off the camera, grinning at me through the bars, then came over and snuffed out the candles, much to my relief. I lay there panting and groaning, as her small fingers broke the candle wax off where it was climbed against my skin, and brushed the rest of it off my body.

“I bet they love that one,” she said.

Bitch, I groaned through the gag.

Instead of unchaining me, though, she removed the candles, then knelt above me with a pair of thin clips which she snapped together around my nipples! The pain was instant, of course, and I squealed and jerked beneath her, my nipples burning hot!

“Don't worry, it won't sting much after a few seconds,” she said soothingly.

Easy for her to say!

I cursed and yelled, or tried to, through the gag, but she ignored me. The two clips were attached to little chains and she drew them up to the strings overhead and then tied them there, but pulled on them first so I had to kind of arch my back to ease the sting!

She knelt next to me and took out some kind of cherry smelling body oil, then squirted it over my belly and chest, then her hands coasted slowly up and down my body, spreading it out over my skin until I was glistening. I wanted to ask her what the hell she was doing but obviously I couldn't.

Just wait, I thought. I was going to give her such a long spanking the members would get bored of it! She moved back behind the 'bars', then, and took a little video. I refused to move, but just lay there. She moved away, leaving me there

by myself for a couple of minutes, and I started to feel the heat rising again from the vibrator.

Then she returned and I kind of gaped at her. She was dressed all in leather! She even had a leather mask on! Her entire body was totally covered in PVC leather, including tight leather pants. And the leather pants had a huge black dildo attached to the front. It was kind of curving upward, and had a thick, real looking head.

I stared at her as she set up the camera, then came around and knelt between my legs. I knew it was her, of course, but if I didn't, well, you couldn't tell! She was completely covered! It could have been anyone under there!

She looked down and then slowly drew the vibrator thing out of me. I groaned, then gasped as she dropped low and started licking me. She had gotten a lot of experience somewhere, I thought, even if she wouldn't say where, because her tongue was very... skilled.

I couldn't help moaning in pleasure. The vibrator was really good for stimulating my nerve endings, but the type of stimulation a tongue gave was so much more – real! She sucked lightly on my swollen clitoris, then harder, until I started to moan and wriggle, my hips grinding up against her.

Then she straightened up on her knees and guided the nose of that fat black strap-on dildo thing against me. I groaned as it pushed in, but even though it ached I felt a wild rush of heat and excitement. It was even thicker than the vibrator, and it stretched me achingly wide!

Despite that, I reveled in the sensation of fullness as she thrust it deeper and deeper into my quivering belly! I was getting more and more turned on, especially knowing people were going to be watching this, and as she plunged it really, really deep another orgasm tore through me!

My body writhed and twisted, my hips bucking up against her, and every time my chest shifted or turned my nipples tugged sharply against the clips chained to them so that hot little stinging pains shot into them again and again!

She was fucking me hard, too! I mean, it was none of this soft, tender kind of lovemaking like we'd done in the bed video. She was really pounding it into me, and ignoring my gasps of pain! But I didn't care! It was all wild and thrilling and

deliciously nasty!

She let me calm down, her hands dancing lightly across my oiled up body. She unchained my ankles from the lower two-by-four, but then she looped leather straps around my legs just above the knees and pulled them straight out to the sides!

I groaned as she forced my knees almost directly to the sides, feeling the tension and strain in my groin as the tendons in my thighs stretched alarmingly! Then she pulled the chains on my nipples up harder, so I had to arch my back sharply!

That left me in a position where my bent legs were pulled out to the sides so sharply my butt was completely off the floor, and my back arched so sharply only my head and shoulders were touching the floor.

She turned on the camera again, but then came forward with a second camera I hadn't even known she had. She set that up closer and at a different angle before kneeling between my legs and starting to lick me. I moaned weakly, panting and filled with a strange mix of heat and aching pains. My nipples were stretched up and out stingingly, and whenever she pushed on the dildo in my ass I felt a sharp cramp deep inside.

The tendons in my thighs ached too, and I was moaning protests in the gag even as she licked me.

She slid two fingers into my pussy easily, then a third, then a fourth. I moaned at that last one, for though the dildo thing was fat, the deeper she pushed her fingers, the wider they got. I mean, the first inch was easy. The second inch stretched the lips of my sex deliciously wide.

After that, I began to moan and gasp as she licked and sucked hungrily on my clitoris, her fingers pushing in and back, then jamming up against the entrance to my sex, where she would twist her hand from side to side before pulling back.

My mind began to haze up, like a bathroom mirror during a hot shower. The foggy heat swam around my brain and my hips began to tremble and roll as her fingers plunged into me and her lips sucked hungrily.

I groaned as I felt her pushing especially hard, the mouth of my sex stretching and stretching and... and then her fingers slid suddenly deeper, something

grinding through my labia. I forced my head up, staring, gasping, eyes widening.

The knuckles of her small hand had actually pushed through into my pussy! I gaped around the gag, filled with heat, fear and... and a sudden burning heat, a kind of thrilled dark sense of wickedly outraged excitement!

I watched Erin's hand slowly sink into my body! Even the heel of her hand disappeared through the straining lips of my glistening sex! I could feel her fingers up inside me, impossibly high!

I had to drop my head back, gasping, moaning, whimpering, as I felt her hand slowly turning from side to side within me, then pushing even deeper! I felt the lips of my sex closing around her wrist now, as she bent and started licking at me again!

Heat swept through me like a forest fire! Yes, I ached inside, but I ached wonderfully! Every time her hand moved I cried out, and it never stopped moving! It pushed deeper and deeper, as if her questing fingertips could find my cervix and caress it!

An orgasm tore through me with such strength that I actually screamed. I don't mean I cried out. I screamed! I twisted and writhed and shook violently, screaming into the gag as my body exploded with this a searing blast of pleasure that almost knocked my mind to pieces!

I screamed out all the breath in my lungs, gulped it in and screamed it out again!

Erin pumped her hand slowly and licked my clitoris fast, and then when I slumped, chest heaving, she rose up and back a little, and then I felt the fingers of her hand slowly drawing in, the tips one by one, pressing hard against the stretchy, straining walls of my sex, before pulling in against her palm.

Then her fist pushed deeper into my body.

I shuddered helplessly, and she picked up the vibrator in her other hand and turned it on. She started grinding it back and forth across my clitoris as her fist worked deeper. When her fist started to pump in and out, I just lost it, and another even more intense orgasm raged through my mind and body!

I was feverish, dazed, light-headed, sobbing for breath as orgasm after orgasm

swept through me and over me and batted my mind around like a toy!

I felt her fist pumping in and out faster, turning and twisting, her wrist caressing the lips of my sex, then stretching me wider with each thrust as her fist drove deep and my labia rode part way up her forearm!

God, I came so insanely I thought I was insane! My body was thrashing and twisting and straining against the leather restraints as convulsions tore through me. It was like I was having a fit, losing control of my body, my muscles spasming violently as I felt my mind being torn apart by the strength of the wild rush of sensation pouring into it!

*

I would have loved to have returned the favor and done the same thing back to Erin! But I was a lot bigger than her, and so was my fist. But that was okay. Our pervy membership, which soon doubled, had all kinds of ideas for punishing her!

All it took was a sawhorse.

I put a length of leather over the middle of the thing, then made her sit on it. And I don't mean sideways! Oh no, she straddled the narrow two-by four with just a thin strip of leather between her hairless little pussy and the hard wood.

I had her wrists shackled behind her, and had them drawn up very hard and high between her shoulder blades, chained to the ring in the back of the collar around her neck! Then I put a strap around her elbows to force them in even tighter together.

I chained her legs apart so she couldn't even try to grip the horse with her thighs, then used the same nipple clips on her she'd used on me, pulling the chains up and forward so she had to arch her back as sharply as I had.

The vibrator I used was also the kind that plugged into the wall, but it had a pencil thin tube leading to the thick handle, and a small round buzzing ball at the end which I jammed in against the top of her sex where it was pressing in so hard against the sawhorse beneath.

She was gagged, of course, but it couldn't muffle her screams. Again, I wondered if she was faking it. I mean, not after the first orgasm, but then second,

which lasted way too long, and then the third came only half a minute later.

I think she had like, ten friggen orgasms in a very short time. I hadn't oiled up her slender, petite body, but her skin was gleaming with perspiration before long, and her face was flushed, her eyes wild as she kept trembling and shaking and screaming into the gag as she came again and again.

The more sore and tender her pussy got from having all her weight jammed down on it, the more sensitive it got to the vibrator, until it was like she couldn't stop coming! And then she actually seemed to lose consciousness entirely!

I was alarmed and got her down, halfway convinced she was faking, but she showed no reaction when I pinched her nipples or slapped her face lightly, at least, not for like, almost a minute! Then her eyes opened and she curled into a ball and stretched trembling and twitching. So I didn't think it had been faking.

“Slut,” I said, more than a little envious.

She returned the favor by suspending me upside down from my ankles and using a flog on me! That hurt! But the vibrator helped make up for it, so that of course I came explosively.

I tied her up in the same way, except right-side up, and flogged her in turn, which wasn't very creative, but I had a surprise. I got her worked up to near orgasm – by then I knew the signs, only flogging her lightly in between using the vibrator, my lips and my tongue on her clitoris.

Then, as she was practically hanging there, literally drooling around the ball gag, I introduced the surprise.

His name was Jones. He was a local guy we had known in high school. He was short and muscular, with a huge cock. And he was black. Since Erin had used that black dildo on me, the members had been pestering us to bring in a real guy with a big dick.

Jones, Mike Jones, had been dubious about the whole idea. I hadn't told him about the web site – exactly, but had told him some guy was willing to pay us for the video. I gave him a mask to wear, so with the prospect of fucking Erin – in the ass – he was willing to do it.

The first Erin knew anyone else was there was when his black hands came around her chest and started fondling her breasts. She froze, eyes going enormous. Then as he pulled the dildo I'd shoved up her ass out and began to force his own big cock into her she started to lose it much as she had when she'd been on the sawhorse.

I moved around in front of her and started licking her clit, and her screams were soon echoing off the ceiling again as Jones enthusiastically crammed his big black cock all the way up into her ass!

We had five hundred members now, and that video was real popular! We were up to \$20 a month per member now, so we were really pulling in a lot of cash! And introducing someone else into the videos opened things up for a lot more ideas. Even if all he did was operate the cameras!

It also opened up new ways for Erin and I to one-up each other, of course.

I let her convince me to don a schoolgirl outfit, then she tied me up. I mean, using ropes. She tied my arms behind my back at the elbows and at the wrists, then tied my legs together at ankles and knees, and put a blindfold over my eyes and a gag in my mouth.

The blindfold should have been a clue...

When I felt big male hands on my body I figured it was Mike. They were a little rougher than he usually was, though, and I felt a jolt at how big, especially when I felt a second pair of big hands on me!

“Fucking white girl,” A black voice growled.

“I love fucking these hot little white bitches,” said another male voice.

I didn't recognize either of them!

I squirmed and moaned, wide eyed behind the blindfold, as their hands pawed and groped me, sliding up under my skirt. I squealed as my blouse was torn open, the buttons popping everywhere, then my bra was yanked down and hard male hands roughly groped my bare breasts!

“This pussy feels tight,” said a third male voice, though at least I recognized this

as Jones!

They untied my legs, and my feet flailed briefly, but with six strong male hands on me I couldn't possibly resist even if I wanted to! Fingers pushed into me front and back, fingers with lube on them, and hands mauled my breasts as they spoke crudely and nastily about what they were going to do to my body!

I was filled with anxiety and embarrassment, but also starting to burn with greater heat as my mind got used to the idea there were two strange men there pawing me! I was stripped naked! Big hands yanked my hips high and slapped my bottom.

“Spread your legs, you white slut,” he growled.

I shuddered, then cried out as his fingers found my sex, thrusting into me.

Crack! A hand slapped my bottom again.

“Spread em white, slut!”

A big hand was on my neck, forcing my face against the floor as my bottom was raised up high! Fingers slid in and out of me, lubed fingers, thick, long lubed fingers as a lubed thumb stroked rapidly across my clitoris!

My hands were untied, and my arms spread out to either side, then held tightly against the floor as big hands pushed under me to fondle my breasts.

“What pretty white skin she has,” said one of the black voices.

“She's pink on the inside. That's what matters,” said another.

Crack!

I cried out as I was slapped again!

“I bet her throat is pink too,” said the first voice.

Fingers pushed at my back passage now! I squealed into the gag, but even though I was untied big, strong hands held me firmly in position. Fingers pumped in and out of both my pussy and my ass, while my clitoris was stroked

and rubbed and my breasts groped!

It was all so... so fucking insane! I was still horribly embarrassed, but that didn't seem to matter any more compared to the raging heat churning through my mind and body!

Then the fingers slid out of my back passage and what I knew was a real cock pushed into me. It was big and I knew it was black! I cried out weakly, overwhelmed by the dark shocking heat of it all, as a big, thick cock drove deep into my belly!

Big hands gripped my upraised hips as he pumped in and out, forcing himself deeper with every thrust!

I felt my wrists drawn up and back behind me, then my elbows bent and my forearms locked tightly together in a big hand which yanked up and back, raising my torso from the floor. A moment later a hand grasped my hair and yanked that up as fingers fumbled at the gag.

Behind me, the guy there was driving his cock into me with deep, hard thrusts. And then his hips began to hit my bottom, so I knew he had the whole thing inside me! My body began to rock in time to his strokes as the gag was pulled free of my mouth.

Another cock pushed into my open mouth even as I gasped dazedly, and I moaned and gurgled around it.

“Suck that black cock, white girl,” a male voice growled.

I moaned, shuddering in heat as I obeyed, sucking and licking as he or someone held tightly to my hair and forced my head up and back. The cock began to push deeper, pumping in and out, and I braced myself just before it pushed deep into my throat!

Behind me, the other guy was pounding away at me, my body shuddering to the blows of his hips against my buttocks! My breasts were seized in two more powerful hands, big fingers kneading and squeezing and mauling them, pinching and tugging my nipples!

The cock in my mouth pulled free and I sucked in deep, ragged breaths of air.

Then I was pulled forward by the hair, my knees shifting and awkwardly crawling as I felt male flesh beneath me, and straddled it. I moaned as I felt a cock against my pussy, and they pushed my body down, impaling me on it. I slid down its length with a long, shuddering cry of dark pleasure as it filled me up!

Then another cock pushed into my mouth as my head was bent forward, and the three of them pumped in and out, using me, mauling me, manhandling me without pity, their hands rough and strong as they used me while calling me a dirty white girl and a nasty white slut!

I came, violently. I came with thrashing, screaming convulsions as the three men rode me, as their cocks moved back and forth inside me!

As Erin circled us all taking video.

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Well, as you might guess, that was our most popular video yet. It got a lot of praise. We moved to a different site, after that, meant more for porn pages than the more gentle stuff we had started with. That doubled our membership almost right away! We were making thousands of dollars a month now!

I took a bunch of pictures of Erin, since everything couldn't be video, and they were a far from 'gentle' as you could imagine! I put her in every obscene pose you can think of, often with huge black dildos sticking out of her.

She seemed, once she got into the heat of the moment, to be completely suggestible. I mean, she'd do anything! That left me a lot of room for potential revenge, though I wasn't sure if it counted as revenge when she would orgasm multiple times.

I hung her from her wrists, for example, and flogged her. I had gotten a couple of flogs from our members, one light-weight and the other a little heavier. I started with the lightweight one, on her back and butt, and she just writhed and moaned and cried out she never gave the signal to stop.

Even when I flogged her breasts she just squealed and strained and danced in mid-air, her face a mask of glassy-eyed heat! I spread her legs and flogged her there, and she came. I mean, there wasn't any disguising it. I was shocked, and turned on at the same time. The little slut!

The harder I hit her the more she came! Even when I switched to the heavier flog and her skin was all red. She was a real natural at this stuff! And I think the audience could tell, because we got more and more members, and more and more money!

The beauty of it is that nobody in town has any idea about the web site! We're still just two normal teenage girls. We're even being careful not to spend all our money so we don't get a lot of questions, which means its kind of backing up in the bank. That's not a bad thing, I suppose.

It's strange, though, to have this, well, hobby thing, which is hot and exciting and even thrilling, which gives us so much money while so many other people are poor or working long hours in grimy, dead end jobs while we play around and go to the beach.

But I'm not complaining! And Erin... she better not complain, or she'll get a spanking!

End

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

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