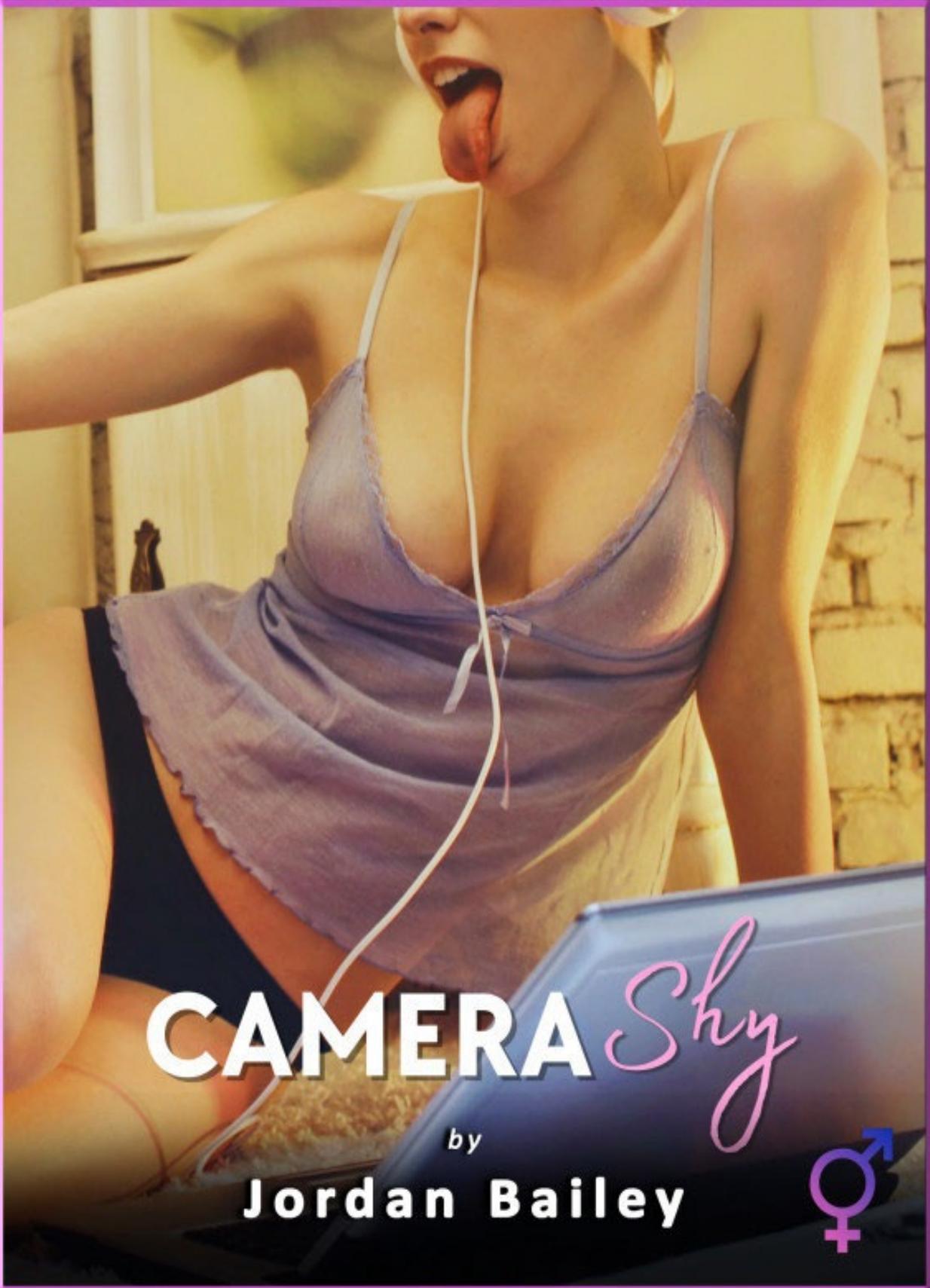


CAMERA *Shy*

by

Jordan Bailey





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This ebook is for 18+ adults ONLY. It contains explicit, graphic details of sexual acts and language that may be considered offensive by some readers.

All characters engaged in sexual activity are consenting, non-related adults over the age of 18.

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“Welcome to OnlineRoulette!” The pop-up window read. “You’re talking to a stranger. Have fun!”

A trio of small, blinking ellipses followed, disappearing into transparency then back to reality. It dribbled further, eventually connecting two live webcam feeds. The woman watching narrowed her gaze, scrutinizing the new window and the pair of bodies on the other end.

For a moment, the picture was fuzzy and out of focus, pixelated until their internet synced with hers. Then two young men, boys really, sharpened into view. They were stark contrasts of one another; the first, on the left, was an effeminate, frail, long haired blonde, while the other a musclebound brunette with short hair and a strong, square jawline. And when their own chat window illuminated with their female counterpart, both their eyes went wide.

A stunning raven-haired beauty gazed back at them, her locks draped in waves over her shoulders. She was beyond gorgeous, with almond shaped eyes that had shades of green and blue on either lid. Her top was small and tight, showing off an insane valley of pristine cleavage. The rest of her, however, was hidden below frame, with only the backdrop of her sleek and modern home in the background.

The two boy’s horny, teenaged eyes quickly combed over her webcam feed, analyzing her arched eyebrows, high cheekbones, and slender, elegant nose. For a moment, her face and smiling, pouty lips were all they could see, until she moved back and repositioned, revealing her ample FF tits barely contained inside a tiny tank top.

"My goodness." The woman said in a husky yet sultry tone, smiling at the pair. "Aren't you two boy's a bit too young to be on here?"

"I'm eighteen," the dark-haired boy told her quickly.

"We both are," the fairer, softer, blonde-haired boy muttered after.

"And what are you two deviants doing on an adult chat site?" She asked with a coy smile, twirling a few strands of black hair around a finger.

"Trying to talk to hot chicks," the brunette boy told her.

"We haven't had any luck until you showed up," the other said.

The woman smirked, then bit a nail. "Hmmm. Lucky you. Are your little dicks hard?"

"No," they said in unison.

"We're not gay," the blonde teen clarified.

"I'll be the judge of that..." She trailed off. Then she gave her first command of the evening, "Stand up. Let me see the rest of you."

The two boys stood. The dark-haired jock had a good six inches on the petite little blonde. Neither were wearing much, just shorts and t-shirts as if they were both about to go to bed before seemingly getting sidetracked with the internet.

The brown-haired stud was ripe with muscle, swollen and chiseled from obvious long hours at the gym. Despite his 'alpha' look, he was smooth shaven, at least on any part visible.

Blondie was wispy and small, with narrow shoulders, thin arms and a flat chest. He too was hairless from the eyebrows down, but probably more from genetics than any intentional self-grooming.

"Take off your shirts," the woman said. "Both of you."

They quickly followed her instructions, scrambling out of their tops in a mad scramble.

While many might have been drawn to the athletic brunette, with his six pack

abs and wide, beefy shoulders, this particular woman was visually more focused on the dainty femboy beside him. Her breath caught as his smooth, flat tummy and thick, pink nipples were unveiled. To an outsider, he was more akin to a flat, teenage girl than a boy.

"Mmm. Very nice," She said, coily. "You boys can sit now."

They did as she told them, sitting back on the messy bed. Their cheeks were red, but the blonde boy was far more uncomfortable than his jock friend.

"Oh my. You're blushing!" She said, antagonizing them while pouting her lips and squeezing her cleavage together with her biceps. "Did I embarrass my new found boy toys?"

The pair nodded their heads.

She preened forward, pushing even more of her hefty tits together. With another pout, she smiled and asked, "Well, you can't be on an adult site and not behave like good, little adults, right?"

They nodded once more, awestruck at the stunningly beautiful woman as she lightly caressed her bust with a teasing finger. She was practically bent forward at ninety degrees, displaying her awesome cleavage for all to see, unabashed and unashamed.

“So... What're your names?” She asked, finally leaning back in her chair.

"I'm Toni," the blonde said, his face suddenly aglow with a boyish, shit-eating grin. "With an 'i'."

"Toni, huh?" The woman mused. "That can be a boy's or a girl's name. Did you know that, cutie-pie?"

Toni's cheeks flushed and he recoiled once more, but nodded.

"And you? Stud muffin?" She tilted her head slightly to look towards the dark-haired boy. "What's your name?"

"I'm Brad, er, well Bradley, but everyone calls me Brad," he said. "I play football, I'm a quarterback."

"I'm sure you are." She pivoted. "Toni? Do you play too?"

The blonde boy shook his head.

"Awww," She feigned. "Because you're too small and frail for football, hmm? Or too pretty?"

Toni's cheeks turned a whole new shade of crimson.

Shrinking even more, he mumbled under his breath, "I'll get bigger..."

"Yeah, but never as big or strong as Bradley here." The woman purred, gesturing as she spoke. "I bet he can get any girl he wants. But you cutie-pie, well, you won't."

Toni shriveled up. His lower lip trembled.

"Not to worry though. You're a pretty little thing." The woman said with a sly smile and a wink. "I bet you'll make some big, burly man very, very happy someday."

“But I’m... I’m not gay.” Toni squeaked.

“Of course not,” she said, “you know, you almost look like a girl. So soft and sexy. You’re even shaped like a girl. A thin, little waist, big hips... and I bet you have a sexy bubbly butt too, huh?”

Brad shifted in his seat. If one didn’t know any better, he was trying to rearrange ‘himself’.

“I... I dunno.” Toni hesitantly responded.

"Well I'm a total 'butt' girl. I love a cute little boy with a fat, plump bottom. And I wanna see yours." She said, leaning back in, showing off her cleavage while biting her juicy lip.

"I... but I..." Toni mewled, fidgeting in place. His fat bottom ground into the sheets, digging in while making the clutter on its surface jiggle and displace.

"If you do..." The woman swooned. "I'll show you boys my tits."

The two teens quickly and immediately perked up.

She pouted. “You do want to see my tits, right?”

Brad sprang up, grinning and wide-eyed.

“Y-yeah! Absolutely!” They both gibbered, words scrambling over one another.

The woman chuckled, rolling her shoulders to show off her bust.

“Go on, man.” Brad said, elbowing his diminutive counterpart. “Show her!”

Toni's cheeks reddened and his eyes clawed over the floor.

Slowly he stood, revealing more of his lithe body to the camera feed. With shaky

hands he hooked his thumbs into his waistband, turned, and precariously slid his shorts down his round, supple ass. The two, pale-white globes were revealed inch by inch, unleashing twin pillowy cheeks to the webcam's eye. He bent forward as he did, trying to hide his erection to his jock-friend, but inadvertently spreading his fleshy orbs and flashing his pink, hairless hole.

The woman gasped as the shorts dropped and an ass filled her frame.

Not wanting to stand there completely naked, Toni stopped disrobing just as his shorts and underwear crested under his smooth, plump rear.

“Mmm,” the woman purred. “What a sexy ass you have there!”

She ran a hand down her chest, tugging at the front of her tank top to unveil more cleavage.

Toni turned, trying to hike his shorts back up while craning his neck for a look at the screen. Brad inched forward on his edge of the bed, rubbing his erection through his trousers.

Meanwhile, the woman stood, squeezing her breasts together, teasing the boys.

“All the way off.” She said, stopping Toni.

The blonde femboy blinked once. Twice. Blushed, then let the skimpy shorts fall to the floor.

His actions prompted a smile.

“Now lay on the bed,” the woman said. “On your belly, so I can see your tushy.”

He did as she commanded, neck still craned around to watch her tug on her tiny top. The voluptuous beauty kneaded her melons, making her nipples harden and stab through the fabric unabashedly, forcing the two boys to stare.

“Good girl, Toni.” She smiled one last time before gripping the bottom of her shirt. “Now... are you ready?”

Both Toni and Brad nodded enthusiastically, eyes wide as saucers.

Without further ado, the black haired vixen yanked her tank top up, allowing her two mammoth, heavy breasts to topple out, one after the other. They were huge, and no longer encased in the tight fabric, oozed from their prison with succulent, silicone glory.

In an instant the boys' screen was filled with nothing but a pair of tits.

When the woman's nipples hit the air they too hardened, and she giggled. Still standing, leaning forward towards her webcam, she showed off her two massive assets, shaking them, rubbing them, caressing them, before pinching either nipple and plopping back into her chair. She left her tank top on but let the twin mammaries remain free, leaving the tiny shirt bunched up above either juicy tit.

“You like?” She cooed.

“Uh, huh.” The two boys said, drooling.

"Now squeeze Toni's ass, Bradley," she said quickly.

The boy stuttered, as if only just now realizing that one of them was still atop the bed with his ass in the air. Brad looked at the pale, blemish-free bottom, and bit

his lip at the bodacious size and feminine shape. The gears in his head turned and his sexuality clashed.

But it was an order, so he did.

Without any more reservation or hesitation the brunette jock reached over and instinctively grabbed hold of one of the blonde's fat, plump buns.

Toni resisted at first, trying to swing his hips and move away. Afterall, he was still on his hands and knees, with his back arched and ass up on the bed for the visual entertainment of a stranger. But quickly relented and relaxed as the big hand took one of his plump orbs and squeezed. After a moment, Toni sighed and accepted the attention.

The jock kneaded Toni's glute and the boy groaned, trying, yet failing, to feign his reluctance.

"It's okay, Toni." Brad told him, tugging his friend into his lap and wrapping his thick, hunky arms around the boy's pale chest. "I'll just pretend you're a girl."

When Toni's hands, first one, then another, moved to Brad's rippling arms, the scene turned from awkward to amorous. A few moments later, the two boys' lips met in a deep, passionate, accepting kiss. Brad's cock throbbed in his shorts, pressing hard against Toni's underside.

Their reverse-hug and kiss quickly became aggressive, and the passion between them grew tenfold. The pair ground into one another, Toni swiveling and swaying with his ass, like a stripper hungry for cash, and Brad a hard, determined upthrusting.

Brad's wide tongue snaked in between Toni's full, pouty lips. His right hand roamed over a smooth, flat chest, squeezing the boy's small pecs, and massaging his thick, protruding nipples as if they were tits. All the while Brad's cock stiffened, reaching its full size in seconds.

"Mmm," the woman said. "Now that's... Oh, so, fucking hot. Are your little dicks getting hard, boys?"

Brad broke the kiss and nodded, then went back to making out with the panting, groaning femboy on his lap again. Then he guided the boy's hand to his cock.

"See what you did to me, baby?" The jock gruffed.

"I'm... sorry," Toni huffed between their kisses. "I didn't mean to do that. Gosh, Brad, your dick is so... so fucking big."

His hand was a fidgeting blur, feeling what it could so that his brain could make sense of the python of man within.

"Take it out, Toni." The woman told him. "Let's get a look at that big hunk of meat."

The boy paused and his hand lifted, levitating above the throbbing appendage of thinly covered flesh.

"I-I dunno," Toni said, trembling and shuddering while he rubbed the hot bulge in Brad's front. Whether it was instinctive, reflexive, or just because his brain was thinking of nothing else, the boy just kept on squeezing, rubbing, and stroking the hot pouch. "I'm... I'm not gay."

"Yeah, but my boner is your fault," Brad said, whispering into his ear while nuzzling the smooth neck of his companion. "C'mon. If it's any consolation... I've jerked off thinking about your ass."

Little Toni blushed at the remark, and his nipples reached a new level of stiffness.

"You understand Toni wants to suck your dick, don't you, Bradley?" The woman said poignantly. "So, make him."

Both boys snapped to the webcam's eye and screen in surprise.

“That way,” she continued. “The blowjob isn't his fault, and he isn't a faggot. He totally wants to suck you, so go ahead, make him.”

While Toni’s jaw may have hit the floor, Brad’s lips crept into a smile.

Then, taking a handful of Toni's soft, blonde hair, the beefy jock took hold and guided the femboy down to his groin.

Toni let it happen, allowing his head to be displaced despite a pouty little, effeminate whimper.

But then Brad paused at his belly.

"Kiss my belly button, baby."

Toni acted reluctant to comply, but with a twist of his hair for encouragement, he slowly kissed the other boy's smooth, taut belly. Running his tongue over the washboard abs as he worked the bigger boy's cock out of his shorts with his small, delicate hands.

Despite his coy resistance, Toni worked his way down to Brad's crotch and gasped at the older boy's seven-inch rod as he popped it free from his underwear. His eyes went wide and his jaw dropped at the sight.

A moment later, still in silence, a spindle of drool ran from Toni's bottom lip and fell onto Brad's leg.

Massaging the boy's head as it hung just inches from his cock, Brad moaned. Precum leaked and dripped down over his helmet; and when he couldn't wait any longer, he pushed Toni's face closer.

"Go on... Suck me, bitch," he said. His voice low, husky and excited.

"Promise you won't tell?" Toni asked, his hot breath beating against Brad's genitals.

"I promise." Brad said quickly. "Now c'mon. Open up, baby."

Pushing Toni's head closer, Brad thrust his hips upward, driving his cock between Toni's waiting, parted lips. He gasped aloud when he entered the boy's hot, wet orifice, and Toni groaned as his mouth's virginity was suddenly shattered.

The pair swiftly began a humming, carnal, oral coitus, with Brad guiding Toni's head up and down his length, and the feminine boy taking to his new job with a horny hunger, making lewd, wet noises alongside the jock's groans.

Toni sucked on the cock, hungrily working away as Brad's head tilted back and rolled along his shoulders. All the while, the woman watched quietly, snaking one of her own slender hands down between her legs. After a few moments, Brad grabbed Toni's lush head of hair and pushed the boy down the full length of his meat. Up and down he guided, servicing himself with the blonde's mouth.

Suddenly, Brad cried out.

“OH!” He shouted as he came, spewing hot juice into the blonde's waiting orifice.

Globs sprayed down the boy's throat, and he gobbled down Brad's seed without hesitation. Gulp after gulp he swallowed, all while the cock in his mouth pumped out its hot essence.

After his orgasm waned, Brad pulled the blonde swallower off his cock and let go of the lush head of hair, allowing his friend to rise. Without words, their lips once again touched, gentle and loving, and their kiss played out on the screen for their voyeur. In a leisurely manner, the kiss grew more passionate, and the two teen's tongues intertwined. Saliva and semen dripped from either of their lips,

dribbling down their chins and painting thin, wet lines across their thighs.

The woman offered encouragement as she watched. Unbeknownst to the two boys, her cock grew, and she tugged down the front of her panties, allowing a raging, ten inch cock to spring out. A pair of smooth, juicy balls flopped free next, nestled below her near-foot of flesh, and she tucked the hem below them, ready to enjoy the show.

“Toni, dear?” She asked playfully, making the teens break their kiss.

The blonde boy looked into the camera’s eye bashfully. His face was red, and lips pouty. He did just after all give his first ever blowjob.

"Make him hard one more time, sweetie." She continued. "And let him fuck your little, virgin pussy."

No sooner did the blonde boy wrap his dainty fingers around Brad’s cock, did the teens return to their passionate, tongue-filled kiss. As soon as Toni's hand drifted wrapped around the thick, teenage muscle did it jump up hard.

Stiff and hungry once again, Brad stood then pushed Toni over the bed. The blonde boy’s ass sprung up into the air, plump and round and pale, pointing toward the camera in fully nude, unabashed glory. Now face down and ass up,

the jock quickly yanked Toni's shorts and underwear down around the boy's ankles.

A beautiful, blemish-free bottom came forth.

Toni squeaked as he was disrobed. His ass jiggled a bit from the force of Brad's tugging, the twin orbs wobbling and crashing against one another before coming to rest in their full, bubbly glory.

After tossing Toni's panties, Brad leaned down into frame, looking directly into the lens at the mysterious woman on the other end.

"You like watching this, don't you, lady?" Brad said. "You wanna finger fuck yourself while I fuck his tight little ass."

She chuckled, covering her mouth before taking a sip of wine. "Something like that."

Brad chuckled, rolling himself up behind Toni's succulent, girly flank.

"Oh, and Bradley, dear?" The woman said.

The muscular jock glanced back over his shoulder.

**“Don't call Toni by any boy names.” She told him.
“Treat him like the girl he is.”**

"Okay," Brad said, smacking the blonde boy's ass.

”You want this dick, baby?” He asked his friend.

Toni purred, reeling from the strike to his fleshy bottom. "Yeah."

Once more his ass jiggled for the camera.

“But Brad?” Toni asked, peering over his shoulder at his best friend. "Promise you won't tell, okay?"

"Shut up bitch. And call me Daddy!" Brad said. "Now stick your butt up more."

Come on, lift that booty up."

"Okay... Daddy." Toni mewled. "But please... Please, promise you won't tell anyone."

"You're the bitch," Brad chuffed. "Bitches don't give orders."

"Hey!" The woman snapped. "Quit it. I'm the one in charge."

Brad's head dropped and his cheeks flushed. "Sorry, but..."

The woman cut him off. "But nothing. You listen to me, jockboy. You understand?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'm sorry. Toni, I... I promise I won't tell anyone. You're my girl, okay?"

"Mmm. Yeah," Toni said, blushing and smiling.

“Now put that fat cock his ass, Bradley.” She said.

The two boys gasped.

"Hold on, baby." Brad said, gripping Toni's waist and aligning his hard, dripping cock to the boy's waiting, winking, pink little exit.

Toni grabbed the bed sheets tightly. His head rested on a bunched up section of a comforter, hoisting his ass at the perfect height and position for his mate.

Gazing at the sweet, round, feminine rump, Brad's adrenaline surged; then he pushed his cock inside, piercing the virgin ring with a single, powerful stroke.

Toni screamed as he was breached, in a pitch and frequency so loud it clipped the audio from the mystery woman's laptop speakers.

Brad wasted no time, working the fleshy hips hard. Holding the plump backside up on two long, smooth, coltish legs, he fucked little Toni for all he: no she, was worth.

Brad sank in deep, jabbing his hard, fat, wet, seven into Toni's sweet ass with one strideful. grunting thrust. Pushing into that tight, virgin chute, the pair

groaned. Sweat broke out across their bodies, quickly giving the teens a hot, wet sheen. Toni screamed in a mixture of pain and joy and pleasure. And as Brad sank past his prostate, a high-pitched, effeminate cry crested his lips, his small cock twitched and simultaneously spewed cum onto the bed and his own face.

Unphased after hiling, Brad pounded away, looking at the woman on the monitor. Her face was gorgeous and her cleavage was immaculate. Yet despite her beauty he shifted his gaze away from the stunning specimen, and down at the slender blonde he was pummeling into oblivion. He had fucked countless girls from school before, but anal was an all new experience. He gazed down at Toni's lovely, heart-shaped ass, wondering if he had ever been mistaken for a girl. Toni certainly had the body for it, and his slim waist coupled with wide, childbearing hips made him look like any other bimbo that Brad had fucked from behind. But this was far more intense. Toni's asshole was tighter and more heavenly than any vagina. And so he relished in his newfound fucktoy, jackhammering away. The bed rattled, rumbled, and made that sound that chairs make on hardwood floors as he fucked Toni's fleshy, bubbly ass.

Brad hummed as his balls tightened, rose, and the cum inside them began its journey. Soon after, hot streams of sticky, virile, jock-stud sperm unfurled deep inside the hot, hungry, waiting boyhole.

Holding on tight, Brad pinned Toni's thick ass to his lap, and howled.

Glob after glob exploded within...

Toni cried out and came again, re-painting his mess on the bed.

Brad inseminated the femboy until he had nothing left.

"Fuuuck..." The jock thrummed. "Such a good fuckin' girl."

Breaking apart from one another, Brad's cock withdrew from Toni's anus with a loud, wet 'PLOP'. The two boys then collapsed into the cum covered sheets, Toni the little spoon as he curled into the larger boy. Pints of cum oozed out of Toni's freshly-used anus, trickling down and mingling with his own on the bed.

"Can we see your pussy now?" Toni and Brad asked near-simultaneously.

"My goodness! Aren't you the brazen ones?" She said, feigning being flustered while fanning herself. "Absolutely not."

She broke out into high-pitched laughter.

"Can we..." Toni meeked. "Can we at least know your name?"

The woman composed herself, smiled, and leaned into towards her webcam, filling the boys' screen with her lips.

“Veronica.” She said. “My name’s Veronica.”

The two boys smiled back at her.

“There is something you can see though...” Veronica smirked, fidgeting with the webcam.

Brad and Toni perked towards the laptop screen, where the buxom brunette on the other side was adjusting something just below frame.

Their mouths watered. Their eyes bulged. And both gasped aloud when she revealed an enormous, ten-inch girlcock.

Both of the boys' faces erupted with an abrupt, ‘O’ face.

Veronica was already stroking like mad, and a split-second later she erupted into the air. It was a massive stream of girlcum, white and surreal, spraying outward like a net catching fish. She howled as she came, jerking continuously as her

spigot spewed.

Then... with a click, she was gone.

Like a succubus in the night, Veronica had vanished. Perhaps never to be seen again.

A few seconds and a loading screen later, and the next cam popped up.

The man on the other side of the internet blinked. Once, then twice. On his end all he saw was two half-naked guys cuddling on a shitty bed.

With a huff, he said, "More fuckin' dudes. What is it with all you queer's today? Where are the god damn chicks?"

The two boys kissed and the cam changed again. This time, before another suitor could load, Toni reached over for the mouse and closed the window.

"We don't need them," Toni said. "We don't need her."

"Guess not," Brad hummed. Kissing his new fucktoy again in a deep, passion-

filled, French kiss. "Maybe we don't need girls, eh?"

Toni giggled, feeling the jock's thick cock twitch between his buttocks. "Hehe, maybe not."

THE END

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