

Filthy Cam Girl
A Captive Virgin Romance
By JB Duvane

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All characters are 18 or over.

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Chapter 1

Ashley

I wanted to be into this. I wanted it to be like it used to be—in the beginning when I was just starting out and everything was so new and felt so dirty. I wanted so badly to feel that rush I used to get when I was giving my first private shows—back when I cleaned my whole room for each session, just in case. Now I barely made my bed, even when it was one of my high-paying regulars.

That's where it was at. That's where the real money was—the regulars. The men who found exactly what they wanted and would pay good money for it, over and over and over. It made me feel weird at first, partly because I didn't even need the money. I was on a full scholarship at school and had my parent's insurance payout, which was more than I could spend in a year if I was parting every night. But I never partied. I never went anywhere. Other than occasionally making it to class, camming was my life.

Seeing my worth skyrocket as the tips rolled in used to have me soaring for days. But lately it just felt like the same thing over and over. And no matter how filthy my sessions got—no matter what I did for the men on the other end of the camera—it didn't excite me anymore.

I started to imagine that it was the exact same man asking me to do the exact same thing every night, because that's the way it felt. Most of them weren't very original at all. They were all 'Daddy wants you to do this' and 'Daddy wants to see his baby's pretty pink pussy.' After a while the word Daddy made me gag. Not because I didn't like it, but because it was an overused word that took the place of anything real—a real force-me-to-my-knees-and-make-me-suck-your-cock experience. And that's what I'd been wanting. A man to make me feel like I had no choice, even when I *wanted* to have no choice.

But these men were 'Daddies' in name only. Just horny old men with a lot of money and a desire for shaved, teenage pussy.

How could I be so fucking jaded at eighteen? I thought to myself as my eyes flicked over to the chat screen. Well, almost nineteen, really. I'd been at this for over six months now. I started within weeks of freshman year orientation.

Daddyluv

Can you finger yourself for Daddy?

I ran one hand up my stomach, pressing it into my breast so that the soft flesh bulged out on either side, then letting it drop so that it jiggled when released. I was tiny but I had boobs most girls would kill for. The kind that pointed up toward the ceiling when viewed from the front and showed just a bit on either side of my back when viewed from behind.

I leaned forward so that my hand was on the desk, my breasts dangling right in front of the camera. I moved my other hand down my stomach and circled my clit as my eyes flicked back and forth between the camera and the chat screen.

I read each line my 'Daddy' typed and giggled or put on a shy act about what I was being asked to do. I was so tired of performing this same act it was almost nauseating. How they could pay for the exact same thing night after night was beyond me.

"There's not a single new idea on this planet, Ashley," my friend Sasha told me. "Everything's been done to death. If you think you're going to come up with some original act that will shake the world, you're fooling yourself."

Sasha had been the one to introduce me to camming. Well, not introduce me to the whole phenomenon, but she was the one that got me out of the mainstream sites with all the assholes and their bizarre demands—like vomiting onto a dildo or pooping in a jar and sending it to the client. Or the dickheads that referred to me as "bb" in the chat sessions. And those were usually the *nice* ones. Sasha told me about Daddyland, a cam girl site with a very specialized clientele. The kind that weren't butt-chugging during rush week to get into a frat or telling girls to show their tits. They were a much more refined crowd.

The girls had to be invited to Daddyland by a current babygirl—a word Daddyland used for all of their cam girls. The girls were very heavily vetted, fetching much higher quarter-hourly fees than anywhere else on the internet.

A Daddy could hang out in the public lounge for free—apart from the monthly membership fees—or choose a babygirl and pay in fifteen minute increments. Once he got to know one of the babygirls better, he usually booked a specialty hour-plus session at least once a month.

There were no discounts though. The Daddies didn't need them. They were all incredibly wealthy men with more money in their off-shore bank accounts than eighteen-year-old girls who were willing to please them for free. They wanted discrete and they wanted immediate gratification.

The catch was we had to look young. Very young. Of course, all the girls were over eighteen. Some were in their mid twenties. But as soon as a girl started to look even a little bit over the age of eighteen or nineteen, she was out. And Sasha was on her way out. She'd been on Daddyland for over six years

and, while she still had her own private clients who saw her on a regular basis, her views had been dwindling for the last year.

She knew this day was coming, though. She'd been planning for it for years —socking away as much of her earnings as possible. She told me she had enough in the bank right now to retire on, if she moved to a small beach town in Mexico. But I knew she was leaving with one of her daddies. She was leaving to be the, most likely, secret girlfriend of a very wealthy older gentleman.

Daddyluv

Come on, Ami, finger yourself for Daddy

Not only were Daddyland's babygirls screened and investigated, the clients were too. Daddyland was a very exclusive club. The fees were higher because the standards were higher, and because the clients were able, and very willing, to pay. Some of the clients thought that the higher fees gave them certain perks, like actually dating and fucking the girls, but most of them understood that the high fees were for complete anonymity and convenience. And for getting *exactly* what they wanted during a session.

They ranged from men in their late thirties up to grandpas in their seventies, many of whom couldn't be bothered with finding legit camgirl sites online, let alone the babygirl of their dreams. So they paid a fee to belong to a site that catered directly to them, and an even higher fee to keep their babygirls happy.

This was one of the main draws for me. When I started, one of my main concerns was my boyfriend—and his creepy friends—finding out about what I was doing. I was in my freshman year at a private collage and the thought of being outed by some campus assholes was a very real fear.

The irony of the situation was that my boyfriend and his friends had given me the idea in the first place. I was over at my boyfriend's dorm room and he and his friends were streaming a game on Twitch. My boyfriend's roommate, Chad, owned the channel and he would stream for about six to eight hours a day. Whenever someone left a tip over fifty bucks, Chad would say their name and do some fancy-ass move with his avatar.

While I was there one day, bored out of my skull while everyone watched Chad play some damned game, Chad did his little move when someone left a big tip, then my boyfriend called him a filthy cam whore. I was kind of shocked because I had actually been looking into camming for a couple weeks—checking out different sites and reading about how to get into it. But I hadn't told anyone.

I was even more annoyed with Chad's response: "I'm no cam slut, dude! I

don't show my junk to any old pervert!" Then the idiotic conversation that followed about bitches that will do anything for money. I was so disgusted by them that I left and decided right then that I was going to become a cam girl. I figured I'd hate myself a lot more if I sat there and listened to their bullshit than I would for actually doing the very thing they claimed was so filthy. As far as I was concerned, it was those boy's attitudes that were disgusting.

It was insane to me that the world was so willing to consume porn, but when the porn became too real—when they found out *you* were one of the ones that made them come—you were suddenly garbage. Worse than garbage—a criminal. You were stealing from them somehow by getting paid to show them your pussy.

I'm sure everyone's heard the horror stories of groups of rabid guys who outed some cam girl they'd been jerking to—going so far as to drive them to another college in another state just because they had the audacity to show their own pussy online. How those assholes justified their actions was beyond me, but once the accusations started, everyone—even other girls—wanted in on the witch hunt. I was going to make sure nothing like that ever happened to me.

Daddyland was perfect because there was no way any of my classmates could possibly afford it—and no way most people could even find it. You couldn't just do a search for it online. You had to know either a client or a girl on the site in order to know that it even existed.

I continued to circle my clit, my slick juices allowing my finger to slide faster and faster over my sensitive nub. I moved my eyes up to the green light on the camera that was clipped to the top of my laptop screen, but kept my face tilted down. I knew that made me appear to be looking up at the man on the other end of the video session and I knew this particular Daddy liked that a lot.

Daddyluv

If I give you an extra five-hundred will you finger yourself, baby?

I continued to circle my clit, then grabbed my left breast and twisted the nipple, letting out rhythmic high-pitched gasps while I continued to look into the camera.

I wasn't going to stick my fingers inside my vagina for this guy. He knew where I stood on that, but he was just like all the others. They always wanted to push you to see how far they could get you to go—and to see what they could get out of you.

Daddyluv

Please, Ami. Do it for Daddy

That attitude did absolutely nothing for me. I didn't want to hear a man practically beg. I wanted a man to make me feel like I had no choice but to do what I was told. And *Daddyluv* was not that man.

"But, Daddy," I looked into the camera with a sad, pouty face. "You know I've never had anything inside there before. I can't do that. It's so naughty."

I sat back down in my chair and read the chat box, then put my hands to my face and pretended to be embarrassed. "I can't do that, Daddy," I squealed, shaking my head with my hands over my eyes. "I want to be a good girl for you, but I can't put my fingers in there."

I looked up into the camera and gave my best cute, shy-girl smile and bit my lower lip. Then I slid my hand down to my clit again and stared straight into the camera.

"I can put my finger my bottom for you," I said with a shy smile. "Would you like that, Daddy?" My eyes skimmed the chat where he typed the obvious answer. Yes, he wanted me to finger my asshole.

I knew at this distance the client had a good view of my crotch and my face, so I spread my legs wide and gave him a good eyeful of my glistening pussy, then slid the middle finger of my left hand through my pussy juice and to my asshole. When I started to slip it in, I furrowed my eyebrows like I was worried and bit my lower lip. I knew that made me look even more like an innocent little girl who was close to coming, but just didn't understand what was going on with her body.

Of course, he ate it up. He kept telling me to come for Daddy and I whimpered the words he wanted to hear.

"I'm coming, Daddy! I'm so close!"

But I wasn't close to coming. I wasn't anywhere *near* coming.

I made a bunch of high pitched moans and gyrated my ass while I continued to circle my clit and finger my asshole, then threw my head back and gasped for breath for a couple of seconds. When I looked back up into the camera, I kept my eyes half closed and said 'Look what you made me do, Daddy' with a big, sleepy smile. I knew that got them off, the idea that I came directly because of their presence, even though it was just words in a box on my screen.

But they bought all of it. Even the fake orgasms.

I felt like I'd fallen into a pattern, though. My orgasms had all become almost exactly the same and part of me was afraid that they all knew. But I tried to

remember the wise words that my friend Sasha told me. "There's a reason people keep paying for the same things again and again, Ash. They want something specific and they know you can give it to them. They get to participate in their own fantasy. End of story. Don't argue with human nature—or the tip jar."

So even though these men—my daddies—got the same show every time they logged into my chat room, and even though my act rarely varied from an almost scripted scene, and even though they could get virtually the same thing with hundreds or thousands of other girls (*with* the finger fucking, I might add), they stayed with me. They wanted *me*. They paid for the reliability of what I gave them, and they believed that I was their little virgin girl. But most of all they wanted to believe that they were special to me. That it was *their* presence that made me come. It was my job to make sure they believed all of it.

"Oh, Daddy, you always make me come so fast!" I said to the camera. "Maybe next time I'll put my fingers inside myself for you. I really want it to be you that pops my cherry," I said with a giggle while I pushed my breast together with my arms.

The whole orgasm and everything that led up to it may have been an act, but the virgin talk was not. I really was a virgin. Technically, anyway. If you're someone that believes that a girl's body is her own and her sexuality belongs to her, then you probably wouldn't consider me a virgin. But if you're someone who believed that a man's cock was the only thing that could take virginity away from a girl's body, then I was absolutely a virgin. I had stuck things inside myself—tampons, vibrators, my fingers—but I wasn't about to tell that to *Daddyluv*. I had an act to keep up and I had my own rules. And there was only one person on Daddyland I broke the rules for.

BigSir.

He was one of my regular clients. I saw him every single night. That was pretty normal in the beginning of a client/cam girl relationship. They couldn't get enough of the new girl so they were willing to pay a lot for even fifteen minutes of your time. But I had been camming for *BigSir* for over two months and still had a nightly appointment with him. It was set for 10 p.m., and he would ping me so that I knew he was in the chatroom. But really, I was always waiting for him well ahead of ten o'clock.

If ever there was a cam girl who was in love with a nameless, faceless box of text, it was me with *BigSir*. He was everything I'd ever dreamt of, and even though I had no idea what he looked like or what he was like in real life, in my head—and during our sessions—he was perfect.

Chapter 2

Drake

"How are you tonight, Ashley?"

I kept my typing to a minimum, only writing enough to ask her questions that she could answer via the one-way video chat. It was never my intention to give her any information about myself. I only wanted to know about her, and I wanted her to know just how interested I was—in *her*.

And I was interested in her. Very interested.

I could tell by the look on her face that she was excited to see me—her ice-blue eyes shimmering and sparkling when she looked into the camera. I wasn't an idiot. I knew full well that her job was to make the clients feel like they were the only one on the planet that she wanted to see ... to talk to ... to fuck. But I'd been watching her for weeks now and I could read her like a book. I'd seen how she responded to the different clients and I knew exactly what her body language was telling me.

It was telling me that she could barely contain herself. She was giddy and relaxed, and her smile—it was just beautiful. Completely different than how she was with the other clients. They got a pretty showing of teeth out of her, but they never got the incredible dazzling look in her eyes that she gave me.

Plus there was the way she looked up just slightly when she was thinking about her answers. Knowing a little about physical signs in a person who was lying led me to believe that her answers to my questions were real. And the way she fidgeted in her seat. These were things that could have definitely been mannerisms that showed her youthful demeanor, but I was sure that wasn't the case. Both from what I'd seen with her online, and when I spoke to her before that—in person.

She looked into the camera, her smile wide and bright and filling up her eyes. "I'm really good! Tonight I've been doing some editing on my latest short story that's due for a class tomorrow—"

"You'll have to let me read it sometime," I replied, catching her in the middle of a sentence. She read what I'd written and her smile stretched even wider across her heart-shaped face.

"I'd love for you to read it, Sir. I'd love the feedback. But not until it's much better. I'd be too embarrassed to show it to you now." Her face had suddenly turned a delicious shade of dark pink.

"I'll be happy to read it whenever you're ready," I typed. "Did you get your

Doki Doki box yet?"

Her face turned an even deeper shade of pink.

"Oh my, God! You don't want to hear about that, do you?" she said through hands that covered her face. I'd seen her do this with the other clients, but it never came off quite like it did when she was genuinely embarrassed. It was about the most endearing thing I'd ever seen. "It's all little kid stuff! You couldn't possibly be interested in any of that." She looked so gorgeous, with wispy strands of long, blonde hair falling in front of her face and covering her hands, and then just her eyes when she moved her hands away.

"I'm interested in everything that's important to you, Ashley. Tell me about what's in the box."

She read what I'd typed and smiled, with a cute little eye roll that showed me how silly she felt. "Okay." She jumped up and disappeared from view for a moment. When she returned her hands were full of a pile of colorful items, most of which came in the shape of cute animals. She went through each one and explained the purpose and background to me—her favorite being a plastic change purse in the shape of a yellow baby chick. I loved watching her eyes light up as she told me about the each item. It seemed like one of the high points of her entire month, when she got that subscription box in the mail. And it if was important to Ashley it was important to me.

"See how cute the baby chick is? I just love him!" She held the change purse up to the camera so I could see it better. "I love most of the stuff they put in the boxes, but this month has been the best by far. There's a notepad and a pretty pink pen and a really neat washcloth." She held a washcloth up that was emblazoned with a cartoon image. It took up the entire screen and I couldn't help but smile at her enthusiasm for the cheap square of terrycloth fabric. It didn't take lots of money to impress her and I found that incredibly charming.

There was something about Ashley. Something in her presence that was captivating. I knew exactly why she was so popular on this site—and she *was* popular. She had a waiting list that took a good amount of scrolling to get to the end, and she commanded higher quarter-hour and hourly tip fees than any other girl on the site.

I knew this because I'd been watching her since the beginning. Since even before that, actually. I'd had cameras set up in her room before she even registered for classes. I assigned her to that room myself. I'd set everything up at the college myself—from the room to the four-year scholarship—just for her.

"Are you ready to show me?"

Ashley turned her eyes up to the camera and blinked those gorgeous, sleepy

lids a few times. "Yes, Sir." She gave me a much more sexy smile, and her voice dropped almost a full octave, giving it an incredibly seductive tone. She hesitated for a moment and I asked her if there was anything wrong.

"No! I just ... I was just wondering if you wanted me to do anything ... different ... for you tonight. I can put my vibrator inside myself ... either hole ... or my fingers ... anywhere you want—"

"That won't be necessary, Ashley. You know what I want to see."

She smiled, then set everything down on the desk and scooted back in her big, swiveling chair. There were arms on either side of the seat and she swung one leg over each, spreading herself apart for me while she continued to look into the camera. She looked so sweet and small sitting back in that big office chair. It really did add to her youthful presence, which didn't need much at all. She was almost nineteen, but looked much younger.

During our sessions, I always had the feeling that Ashley wanted to do more to impress me—that she didn't think she was naughty or exciting enough somehow. Or perhaps she worried that she wasn't sophisticated enough. That she wasn't submitting to me as much as I wanted her to, and in a sense she was right. There were definitely things I wanted from her—darker things—but not like this. Not with us separated by miles and a computer screen. The things I wanted from her I wanted to feel with my bare hands. To taste with my mouth. To experience with my cock. And I was willing to wait for those things. I was willing to do just about anything to have her all to myself.

Ashley closed her eyes and moved her hands across her breasts. The nipples jutted upward, hard nubs pointing toward the camera and moving slightly when she brushed over them. She squeezed both breasts, pushing them up and toward each other, then letting them fall so that they bounced.

I never coached her on what to do. In the beginning she asked me—step by step—what I wanted next, but ever since then I just let her touch herself however she wanted to. I knew she was partly doing what she thought I wanted—that every word I'd told her that first time had been burned into her brain and was recalled so that the session was pleasing to me. But I also watched her carefully to see how she did things. I wanted to know exactly what got her off. Like I said, I was very interested in Ashley.

But I also fucking loved that she would do anything to please me. The way she behaved when I was the focus of her attention was intoxicating. She definitely had a gift, and it was hard to ignore. It was a quality that not many girls or women possessed. When spoken to, she would give you her full attention. Those doe-like, angelic eyes of hers gazing up with awe—watching

and waiting—looking for just the right thing to latch onto and keep safe for later. She always remembered every word of the conversations we'd had and she would surprise me all the time by bringing things up we had chatted about—no matter how briefly.

The undivided attention she gave me was never fake, but still I couldn't fucking wait to see those all-consumed eyes looking up at me in person. It was only a matter of time, though, until she was really looking into my eyes instead of at a computer screen with my words typed on it.

I adjusted myself in my chair in front of my thirty-four inch monitor, leaning back and removing my cock from my pants. Some might have found the size of my computer set-up excessive—especially those other schmucks on Daddyland. But for what I needed, it was perfect. I had Ashley's live stream on the right side, and my own, personal closed circuit stream on the left so that I could see her from all angles.

I watched on both sides as Ashley slipped further down into her chair, her legs moving up and hooking over each arm. On her stream, I viewed her lithe body and her bare pussy from the front, and on my private stream I could clearly see the back of her head and the Daddyland chat box on her monitor. There was also a second camera in her room that showed everything from the ceiling, so I could see her when she was in bed or when she came into or left the room.

I had been watching her for months—well before I joined the exclusive online club that we chatted through or before she enrolled at the college. I'd known Ashley for a long time, and I'd known from the very beginning that my desire for her was wrong.

I'd truly never intended for it to get this out of hand. Not in the beginning, anyway. I'd known her since she was a child, for christ's sake. But the minute I saw the first signs of her budding womanhood, I couldn't keep my mind off of her. I kept my distance intentionally, never engaging with more than a cordial greeting and smile, but underneath I was seething with lust for her. But it was more than that. I've always wanted more for her. I've always wanted to take care of her and protect her. And I thought that's what I was doing when I installed the cameras.

But when I saw her spread her legs for one of the clients at Daddyland through the closed circuit I'd installed in her dorm room for the first time, I lost all control. I waited for a couple months while I watched her perform for the others, then joined Daddyland and became her main client.

How did I know I was her main client? I could see everything on her chat

screen, as well as everything she typed into any website. Any interaction she had with anyone online, or on the phone in her room, I could see and hear. And watching her perform for me — watching her do everything she could to please *me* — without her realizing it made me harder than I'd ever been in my life. For her or any other woman, including my wife.

I'd spent every evening for months watching her perform for other clients. I even watched some of them become former clients when her schedule became too full. I examined what she did with the others closely and was intrigued when I saw how different she was with me. I made mental notes of how her body reacted when she came for the other clients, which I quickly came to realize was an act. I knew because I'd watched her when she made herself come in her bed at night — when she wasn't performing for anyone. And the way she came when she knew I was watching was absolutely not an act.

The way her head turned to the side as the orgasm overwhelmed her, and the sound of her voice. With the others it was a thin, high-pitched moan that would move up the scale until she was squealing, but with me it was nothing like that at all. Her moans would deepen until they sounded like something coming from her soul. Her eyes would close and the moment would envelop her, taking her away into a state of pure bliss that was the sexiest thing I'd ever seen in my life. Far sexier than any fake squeals or screams she gave those other men.

She didn't know it, but very soon I was going to experience that amazing orgasm of hers right in front of me. I was going to make those deep moans come out of Ashley's throat and I was going to watch that bliss fill her beautiful face, all while that tight, virgin pussy of hers was wrapped around my throbbing cock.