

Filthy Cam Girl
A Captive Virgin Romance
By JB Duvane

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THIS IS A SAMPLE AND IS NOT FOR SALE

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 partying 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.

Chapter 3

Ashley

Freakdaddy

Can I see you in the panties you'll be sending me this week, sweetie?

I was with one of my very first clients. *Freakdaddy* had been with me from the very beginning, and because of that I gave him special perks. Early on, when I didn't have as many clients, I spread myself out a little, branching off into dirty panty selling to see which I liked better. At that time I thought it would be best to diversify and have multiple streams of income. But when I realized that I really didn't care about the money—I just really liked the live performances—I cut out the panty action for most of the clients.

One of the big deciding factors for me was the extra work that went into actually sending them out. I didn't mind wearing them and shooting footage of myself masturbating in them, but I hated having to make sure they were sealed air tight and then having to make a special trip out to get them in the mail on time. When I was at my peak I was sending out one pair a day and that meant that I had to go out every single day to not only send the panties out, but sometime to buy new ones too. And I didn't even attend my classes every day.

It didn't even matter to me that I had to wear a pair for an entire twenty-four hours to get them dirty enough for the clients. I actually liked how close it made me feel to the clients to wear my panties, sleeping all night in them and rubbing my juices into them when I masturbated.

I knew other girls on other sites had tricks they used so they could sell as many as possible—sometimes shipping out five or six pairs a day. They'd use things like the water from canned tuna and cake frosting smeared just the right way to make it look and smell like the panties had been used. I thought that kind of thing was horrible, and Daddyland had a strict policy on tricking clients like that. I would never even consider trying to trick one of my clients, even the ones I was completely bored with.

When I announced that I wouldn't be sending out my panties any longer, *Freakdaddy* practically begged me to make him an exception. But he didn't act anything like *Daddyluv* did when he begged me to put my fingers inside myself. When he begged me it just made me think of a pathetic old man in a baggy wife beater and loose boxer shorts sweating his ass off because he was afraid his

bitchy wife would catch him looking at young girls.

FreakDaddy had much more finesse with his requests. A much more commanding tone that really got to me. Besides, he'd always been good to me — leaving me tips well over the minimum rate. And his dominant style made me a little hot now and again. He wasn't anything like *BigSir*, but he was at least on the right track.

And the things he would ask me to do sometimes kind of turned me on. Like stuff my panties all the way inside myself and keep them there while I masturbated or slept, or wearing them for an extra day or two. He really seemed to like my panties during the times of the month when I had a more pronounced odor. I didn't understand it, but that wasn't my job. My job was to make him happy and carry out his requests — and they were different enough that I kind of got off on them at times. Since then he's been my only dirty panty client.

Freakdaddy was also the first to insist on not only seeing me every night, but also on texting with me throughout the day. I let him get away with it because I was new to the whole camming thing. It was all so fun and thrilling back then. But with each new 'Daddy' my schedule became more and more impossible to juggle and my ability to muster up the same amount of enthusiasm diminished.

DarkDom was another early 'Daddy' of mine. He wanted a full hour, seven nights a week, for the first month and I let him have it because I was still so inexperienced. I didn't know about being burnt out yet, and after just a week I swore he was going to be the last. Nightly clients were a pain in the ass sometimes, especially since I didn't really care about the money at all. But I said yes to him and a couple others because I needed the distraction and, as much as I hated to admit it, I craved the attention.

But when *BigSir* started coming to my chat room I was immediately intrigued by him. There was something about him, about the words that he used and the tone that came across, that took my breath away. I'd never seen him, of course, but something about the things he said to me, the way he talked to me hit me at my very core. He was so different than the other clients. I'd only been camming for him for a couple of weeks, but he was by far my favorite private client.

He had my private number for texting — and not my Kik name either. My real phone number. I knew it was crazy, but I'd even given him my real name. I didn't start out with my cutesy 'Ami' routine with him like I did with all the others. He asked me if Ami was my real name right after I came with him for the first time and I told him no, that my name was Ashley.

From that point forward he always used Ashley when he asked me a question — not a nickname or generic term like little girl, the way the others addressed me

—and I really liked that. I didn't know why, but from the very moment he started messaging me, I would do pretty much anything for him.

In that first session, I'd broken my no-fingers-inside-the-vagina rule with him, which was probably why I came so fast. But there was something else about him that got me really worked up, and I could feel it even then. When he told me he wanted to see me every night of the week, I immediately broke my no-more-nightly-visits rule for him too.

"Yes, Sir," I whispered, my mouth open and two fingers still plunged deep inside me.

I had come for him that first time within seconds. He hadn't even been in the room with me, but the words he typed into the chat box made me come like no boy ever had in my life.

That was another reason I'd gotten involved in all of this. I was tired of the boys I always wound up dating. I'd had a boyfriend in high school, and he was sweet, but in the end he was just a boy. Then came Justin, and I thought since he was in college, things would be different, but I was wrong again.

I met Justin within the first week of starting classes at Westshire, and we'd been together for over almost six months now. I really liked Justin, when he wasn't around his dipshit friends. His lips were soft and his body was really nice —muscular but not overly so. The problem was, his kisses were *too* soft and his hands seemed inexperienced. At least inexperienced in the things *I* wanted to experience.

He didn't touch me the way I wanted to be touched—the way I'd fantasized about being touched for years now. I wasn't a virgin because I was religious or anything like that. I was a virgin because the boys I'd been with bored me to tears.

Justin was still in my room at a quarter to ten, the time when I started getting ready to see *BigSir*. All I could think about while I was laying in bed with him was that *BigSir* might already be in my chatroom. I was terrified that he was there waiting for me and here I was in bed letting this total boy fumble with my bra and slobber all over my neck.

"Justin ... wait."

"What? What's the matter?" he said as he pulled away, a scowl on his face. "You're not going to stop everything again, are you?"

"Don't be like that, Justin. I just don't think I can go any further tonight."

"Jeeze, Ashley. We've been going out for months. We're in *college*. When do you think you're going to want to go further?"

I really liked Justin but the thought of fighting off his grabby hands for even one more minute was too much for me to take. And that impatient tone was pretty much all I heard from him anymore. Which wasn't putting me anywhere near the realm of wet in between my legs. I kept hoping that I would fall in love with him, or at the very least get turned on by him, and act like a normal college-aged girl like everyone I saw around me. But as time passed I realized that I wasn't like everyone around me.

I told Justin that I was tired and that he should go. He got up off the bed and put on his shoes and left in a huff without kissing me or anything.

He walked through the door and only said one word before almost slamming it. "Later."

I knew he was mad but I didn't care. I was actually relieved. Maybe it was cold of me to string him along when I knew I was never going to give him what he wanted, but he was my only connection to the outside world and part of me was a little scared to break things off with him out of fear of becoming a total hermit.

I mean, I was going to classes occasionally, but I didn't really have any friends at the college. Sasha was gone and she was the only female friend I'd had. The thing about being an introvert was I didn't even really want to meet new people. I just wanted to stay in my room all day and night, and camming made that really easy.

After Justin was gone, I put a pretty pink slip and pair of panties on, and I opened up my laptop so I could see when *BigSir* entered my chatroom. I didn't put the camera on, though. I didn't want him to see me sitting here waiting for him. I made a feeble attempt at my latest homework assignment while I sat at my desk and waited for him to show up, but I was so distracted that I ended up staring at the computer screen like an idiot.

When I heard the ping of the chat box, my heart leapt into my throat.

It was *BigSir*.

I turned on the camera and gave him a big smile. I didn't have to exaggerate or put on an act or anything when he came on. In fact, I felt like I had to tone my excitement down a little or he'd think I was too spazzy or too immature for him. I wanted him to think of me as a woman, and to want me as much as I wanted him.

The thing was, he usually didn't even ask me to start out with anything sexy. A lot of times he just wanted to talk. He wanted to know about my day and my

life and he seemed genuinely interested. Even though he was just talking to me through a box on a screen, I could pick up on things like that. He was different than the other clients.

Even in our first session, he asked me about myself. About things I liked to do and eat. He asked about the things he could see around my room and where they came from. He was interested in *me*. In what I wanted and what made me come. But he had a way about him. When he wanted me to perform for him he didn't ask, he didn't talk to me like I was a little girl, he didn't try to persuade me to do anything. He told me.

His first words to me lit my body up from head to toe because I'd heard them before.

BigSir

Show me, Ashley. Show me how you do it

I didn't even need to ask him what he was talking about. I knew he wanted me to make myself come for him, but I was a bit shaken by the memory that his request had jogged in my mind, so I didn't move right away. What he said was so familiar. Words I'd heard in my head for years every time I made myself come on my own, when there was no man watching me through my computer camera. And now he was saying those very words to me.

BigSir

I'm waiting

When my fingers slipped in between my puffy outer lips and spread them apart, I could hear his groan through the one way video session. At least, I heard it in my head. I let the deepness of that voice that I remembered reverberate throughout every cell of my body until I felt a rush of tingles under my fingers.

I pulled my knees up toward my shoulders and stuck my feet up in the air while my middle finger flew back and forth over my clit. That first time, with *BigSir* on the other end of the computer screen—just a user name and a box of words that scrolled in front of me—I came harder than I ever had in my life.

Usually, the thrill of camming for a new client went on for maybe a week or two. After that it became the same thing over and over and I lost interest. Even some of the kinkier stuff, like stuffing myself with a big buttplug or bouncing up and down on a dildo in my ass while I played with my clit, didn't do it for me. I hadn't actually come during a session with any of my other clients in weeks. But

I was really good at making my daddies think I was coming for them.

That all changed when *BigSir* showed up, though.

Now I practically waited an hour for him to show up. I would either sit at my computer with Daddyland open while I worked on other stuff, or I would keep my chat box up and do homework on my bed.

Tonight I was literally just sitting at my desk staring at the box, waiting for a message from him to appear.

BigSir

I hope I haven't kept you waiting

Oh, God. How did he know? Am I that obvious? I thought as my fingers flew across the keys.

"Not long. I just got done with my homework right before you messaged me," I lied.

BigSir

Good girl

Let me see those glossy lips of yours

I opened my legs and threw them over the arms of the chair, then looked up into the camera.

BigSir

That's beautiful

But I like your other lips too

Put your finger in your mouth

I giggled and looked down, then put my left hand on the chair in front of my spread legs and leaned toward the computer screen as I looked up into the camera. I slid the index finger of my right hand in between my lips and moved it in and out slowly. I could taste the fruity flavor of the lip gloss I had applied multiple times as I sat waiting for Sir to message me.

BigSir

That's perfect, Ashley

You're perfect

Now sit back and put that finger in between your other lips

I did what he asked. I leaned back in the chair, scooting my ass forward to the front edge with my legs still hanging over the arms. I reached down and spread my pussy lips apart with the fingers of my left hand, then took my finger out of my mouth and moved it down to the glistening space between them.

BigSir

You know what I want

I continued to look into the camera as I pushed my finger inside my dark, wet hole. I slowly moved it in and out, my breath quickening as my finger passed through my gaping inner lips. Nothing I did for Sir was any kind of act. It didn't feel anything like what I did for the other clients. For weeks now, I hadn't thought of Sir as a client anymore. I thought of him as mine. My master ... my teacher ... my everything.

I continued to move my finger in and out of myself slowly. I wanted to make this night last forever. I didn't want to come and have it all end. I didn't want to see those final words 'See you tomorrow night' that he would always sign off with. I wanted to be with him all night long.

I didn't realize I'd closed my eyes, lost in my fantasy of spending the night curled up in Sir's arms, until I heard the ping sound of the chat box message.

BigSir

Show me, Ashley

I knew what he was telling me to do. As always, he wanted me to come for him. They all did, but with Sir it was different. I truly felt that I had no choice but to do what he told me, and it had nothing to do with the fact that he was paying me. I had to do it because, deep inside I could feel it. I couldn't say no to him. It was unthinkable—and it was the sexiest thing I could imagine. Being *made* to come for Sir.

I brought my finger up over my clit and began to make small circles, slow at first but picking up speed as the intensity rose in my belly. I moved my left hand down and pushed two fingers inside my wet hole, curling them toward the front so that I could stimulate my g-spot.

As the sensations that my fingers were causing spread throughout my body, I opened my mouth even wider. My head was leaning back on the chair now and my eyes were closed. I had an image in my mind that always took over when I

was this close to an orgasm. It was *him* ... hovering over me and watching me while I obeyed his wishes—his cock just inches away from my mouth, ready to plunge down my throat.

As the intensity increased, I imagined *his* cock pressing into the space between my lips while my eyes stayed on *his*. *He* would watch my mouth as it stretched wide to accommodate *his* massive length and girth. In my fantasy it was always a struggle—fitting *him* into my mouth. But it's all I wanted, to be filled by *him*.

My orgasm would start to envelop me when I imagined *his* hands on either side of my head, holding it still while *he* drove his cock to the back of my throat. And in my mind the climax would happen for both of us simultaneously—a stream of *his* hot come shooting down my throat while my body bucked and convulsed underneath *him*.

The thickness of *his* cock as it expanded in my mouth, as well as the force with which *he* drove it into me were the things that sent me over the edge and I felt my body heave forward when the waves of pleasure shot through me.

When I opened my eyes again and looked up at the chat box, I saw that Sir had sent another message. I'd been so wrapped up in my own pleasure that I hadn't even heard the alert.

BigSir

Look at your phone

I immediately pulled my legs off the arms of the chair and sat up, rummaging around through the papers and Japanese toys that littered my desk for my phone. I hadn't used it in a while and I wasn't even sure where it was. When I finally found it under a pile of schoolwork I looked at the notification on the screen and gasped when I saw what Sir had texted me.

Sir

I want to meet you, Ashley
Tonight

I couldn't believe what I'd just read. I stared at the screen reading the words he'd texted me over and over. The Daddyland chats were monitored for any mention of meeting up in person, so that was why he had texted me on my phone. It was strictly against the rules to meet with clients. It was one of the main reason some of the babygirls in the past had been discontinued.

The fact that it was forbidden wasn't the reason I couldn't move, though. The thought of actually meeting Sir — of actually seeing him and feeling him touch me — was almost too much for my mind to wrap around.

But the hardest thing for me to admit to myself was ... what if I was disappointed. What if it really wasn't *him*.

I'd been living in my fantasy world for so long now about who Sir was, that I didn't know if I wanted to know the truth.

The ping of the chat box on my computer sounded again.

BigSir
Ashley

"Yes! Yes, Sir. I'm so sorry," I said into the camera, giggling like an idiot. "I'll text you right now." I looked at the phone in my hand and texted Sir back:

Yes! I'd love to meet you, Sir. Where?

The moment I hit send and my head cleared a little, I snapped back to reality and was practically flying. I wouldn't be disappointed. I knew it. Even if it wasn't *him*, I knew that no matter what, meeting Sir would be amazing. I could feel it.

I held my phone to my chest while I waited to hear back from him and when I felt the vibration in my hands I looked at my phone.

Chapter 4

Drake

"I'm glad," I typed. "You had me worried there for a second." I hit send, not actually worried at all. I knew she was going to want to meet. I just wanted to give her a little more incentive, and create even more of a feeling of intimacy between us. Maybe even make her feel like she had a bit of an upper hand in this situation, although she absolutely did not.

"You don't have anything to worry about, Sir," Ashely said into the camera, her eyes bright and filled with excitement. "I would do anything for you."

She was talking into the camera so I responded through the chat box on the screen. "Thank you, Ashley. That means a lot to me."

And it did. It meant more than I could even admit to myself, because I knew that was one of the things that drew me to her, that had always drawn me to her. The feeling that I got whenever I was around her—that she would be an ideal submissive, and the idea of her submitting to me and only me. I wanted her as my plaything, but more than that I wanted to know that she wanted, above all else, to belong to me.

I switched back to the phone to finalize the meeting place. I had no intention of actually meeting her in public, but I gave her the name of a restaurant that was not far from my house and was near a park on the edge of the campus. I would have the advantage of being able to see her when she walked through the park while I remained in the shadows. I had no intention of letting her know who I really was—not yet anyway.

After I made the arrangements and set a time, I made sure her room was ready. An obsessive, compulsive moment, really, because the room had been ready for her for weeks. I double checked the monitors to make sure the feed was streaming properly, then I put on a dark coat and left the house.

I parked in the one spot near the park that was not illuminated by street lights, and waited a half hour in my car. I knew Ashley tended to be early, especially to the cam sessions—an incredibly cute habit she had that I particularly enjoyed exploiting. There were many nights when I would watch her on the closed circuit camera for a long time while she waited for me to show up for our nightly sessions. Sometimes she tried to get some schoolwork done while she waited, but more often she would just sit there patiently and wait for me. Tonight I didn't want to take any chances, though.

I waited in the shadows behind a tree that stood right next to a path that

crossed the entire park. I was taking a gamble that she would shoot through the park instead of walking the longer route along the streets. I hoped that she would want to get to the restaurant as quickly as possible — dangerous dark park be damned — and I was thrilled when I saw her in the distance walking quickly down the path, her fluffy white coat and blonde hair clearly visible even in the shadows.

She had changed since our session. She was wearing a short, black skirt under her coat, and it barely came down past her ass. I was tempted to spank her right there and then for wearing something so revealing while she made her way through a dark park in high heels at midnight.

The heels clicked on the pavement and became the only sound I could hear. I watched the silver straps around her ankles flash a reflection off of the nearby streetlights with each step. The closer she got, the more nervous I became. Not because I wasn't sure about what I was doing. I'd wanted this for a long time. *Years*. But I was afraid that something might go wrong. I didn't want to harm Ashley in any way and I didn't want to scare her. What I wanted more than anything — more than watching her submit to me — was to make sure that she was safe. That she would always be safe.

She was within ten feet of the tree now, each step she took echoing through my ears as if we were both inside a dark tunnel. Each step that she took slowed to a crawl and I swear it took her five minutes to take those last few steps. Just as she passed in front of me I stepped out from behind the tree. I barely had to move at all. Just one step and my gloved hand slipped around the front of her face, the chemical-soaked cloth covering her nose and mouth completely.

I didn't necessarily want to drug her. I knew that there were dangers when messing around with any kind of anesthetic, but I couldn't risk her struggling or being seen. I also wanted to keep my identity and location from her for as long as possible. I hadn't completely planned out how this was all going to go once I had her in my house, but I figured I'd have plenty of time to figure it out once I got her into her room.

I didn't expect to be so affected by what happened just before she succumbed to the anesthetic, though. She struggled a bit — grabbing my arm and trying to wriggle free of my grasp — which I'd expected. But the sound that came from her throat, the sadness of her cry, filled me with a sense of self loathing that almost turned my stomach.

I didn't want to be the cause of any pain for Ashley. Emotional pain, anyway. In our chat sessions she told me that she had fantasies of being tied up and spanked and I would be more than happy to provide that kind of pain for her.

When I thought about what I was doing too much it made me want to stop—to abandon this whole plan. But the part of me that wanted her all for myself—the part of me that sat up all night long watching her sleep through the hidden cameras—wouldn't allow that.

As Ashley fell into my arms, completely unconscious, I realized I had always been powerless to stop myself from doing the very thing I was trying to protect her from. I knew that, regardless of how much I wanted to keep her safe, the part of me that I couldn't control was going to hurt her.