**Ashley's Modeling Shoot**

**Ch. 01**

by [Exciteread](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1211620&page=submissions)©

This was her first interview at a modeling agency. Ashley had answered an ad in the university student newspaper last week. A general call for young women with the desire and talent (looks) for modeling. At 20 years of age, she knew she was beautiful. She had excellent height at 5'8", a slim athletic build at 126 pounds, long legs, clear complexion that tanned easily but not deeply, dark blonde hair (that she lightened just slightly) and brown eyes. She worked to keep her shape by regularly swimming, running and attending aerobics.

When she called the phone number listed in the ad, a woman took her name and scheduled her appointment.

"Great, we will see you next Thursday at 10am. If selected after the initial interview, please plan to spend around 5 to 7 hours here at the studio. Due to this, it is probably best if you came unattended."

The evening before her appointment Ashley, along with her friend Jenna, drove to the address of her scheduled interview. She wanted to be sure how to get there so as not to be late the next day. They were a bit surprised to find the studio in an industrial park on the outskirts of town. They could see it was a busy place during the day. All of the buildings looked to be occupied with businesses. "Alcot Spray Applications", "Inovotech Power Systems", "Lamont Security Solutions", "Aircraft Parts Retooling" were some of the many lighted signs indicating the various enterprises located there.

"There's the address, Jen." Ashley informed Jenna who was driving. "This is kind of a strange place for a photography studio. This is the it, though."

Ashley read the sign above the address: "In-thought Studios and Wave Form Interpretations". "They need help with naming their business." She quipped.

The next morning both Ashley and Jenna arrived at the studio. They reasoned it would be a good idea if both of them went initially until Ashley was comfortable the studio would not be a waste of time. The reception area was strangely plain with no paintings, plants or other décor normally found in front offices of businesses. A single desk that was unoccupied along with two chairs, one on either side, was the only furniture in the room. A door chime sounded as they entered the room.

"Geez Ashley, I hope you're not hooked up with some two-bit operation. They don't seem to be very professional." Jenna stated.

"I'm not getting the warm fuzzies about them either."

"Hello, my I help you?" a tall, skinny man asked as he entered the room from a door leading further back into the building.

"Hi. Yes, I'm Ashley Rixon. I scheduled an appointment with..."

"Ah, yes. We've been preparing for you. I'm sorry, but we requested that you come unattended.", the skinny man said as he looked toward Jenna. He was young looking, just a few years older than Ashley. He was dressed in a lab coat with several pens protruding from a pocket stitched to the front left side of the coat, just below the shoulder. His hair was disheveled and looked as if it had not been washed in several days. Thick black rimmed glasses hung on a large slightly crooked nose.

"Oh, I'm sorry.", Ashley began. "I was told that if I was selected I would be spending several hours here. I thought it a good idea that my friend come with me...."

"Don't worry, miss. You've been selected already." The skinny man interrupted as he looked Ashley up and down the length of her body. "Your friend is welcomed to stay, but we really expect our models to follow instruction properly."

The gaze the skinny man gave Ashley made her scream 'eeewww' in her mind. Is this guy trying to be smooth? What a dork! He was also being a complete jerk. Although Ashley was young, she had plenty of experience handling dweebs like this. No one was going to talk to her this way, especially an unkempt, ugly geek.

"Look, fella....I'm not going to come to some mystery place alone." Ashley stated emphatically, placing her right hand on her hip. "You are getting off on the wrong foot with me, as well. In fact, if you're the photographer or head up what apparently is a ragtag, smalltime business.....," she continued waving her left arm around the room indicating her displeasure with its looks. "...then you are wasting my time."

Ashley's gamble paid off. The skinny man blushed slightly and began to stutter and fumble around with something in the left pocket of his lab coat. "I'm...I'm sor...sorry, Miss Rixon.

Please wait....wait right here. I'll let my boss know that you are here." The skinny man turned to leave the room hitting the top of his thigh on the corner of the desk. "I'll be right back."

"Do you have to?" Ashley sarcastically asked.

The skinny man paused just a moment, humiliation rupturing from his face. With a quivering lip, he disappeared through the door.

After he had left, the girls looked at each other momentarily and began to giggle.

"Geez, you go girl!" Jenna squealed in delight.

"What a total nerd." Ashley added. "Who does he think he is coming in here with that attitude with me? Asshole probably has never had a girlfriend his entire life. Did you see him......thinking he was important with that ridiculous coat on? What a looser!"

A few moments later another gentleman entered the room. His appearance was a complete departure from the skinny man. He looked to be around 35 years old. Tall, wide shoulders, dark hair that was neatly combed, he addressed the young women with a captivating voice.

"Hello. My name is Vince Tarro. Which one of you two gorgeous ladies is Miss Rixon?" Ashley and Jenna were paused momentarily by Vince's good looks. He was well dressed and obviously professional.

"Oh....hi. That would be me."

"Excellent....excellent! It is a pleasure to meet you, Miss Rixon. Eddie told me there was some misunderstanding, and he perhaps upset you a tad. I hope we haven't discouraged you from working with us."

"Oh no.....no. Not a big deal really. I'm sure I share some of the blame." Ashley said, suddenly feeling more accommodating.

"Okay, then. Shall we get started? We are going to do some quick shoots just to see how you work with the camera. Your friend is welcome to wait here. I'm afraid we can't allow her in the studio during our work. We like to limit distractions."

"Ummmm....." Ashley turned to Jenna with a questioning look.

"I'll stay for a little while." Jenna assured Ashley. "If things are going well back there, just give me a call, Ashley, and I'll come back when you're finished."

"Is that okay, Mr. Tarro?" Ashley asked. "That'll be fine.....but let me make you a deal. I'll let you call me Vince if I can call you Ashley."

"Okay!" Ashley agreed.

Vince gave a warm smile and nod and began walking to the door leading to the back of the building. As his back was turned, Ashley looked at Jenna and indicated how good looking Vince was. Jenna, nodded her head in agreement.

"After you, Ashley." Vince said as he opened the door and awaited Ashley to enter before him."

"Thank you." Ashley entered the hallway on the other side, turned to Jenna once again and waved.

The hallway was well lit, put plain. There were a few generic art pictures on the wall. Ashley and Vince began walking to Vince's office at the end of the hallway. On Ashley's left was a row of windows that looked into an adjacent room. Ashley paused briefly to look through the windows. There was a lot of activity. There were around 10 men dressed in lab coats like Eddies. They were all busy working on various objects. Many of the objects looked to be chairs with strange apparatuses emanating from them. There were also many monitors, flashing in a multitude of colors with graphs and charts. Ashley noticed Eddie working at one of the monitors.

"That's the business we share office space with, Wave Form Interpretations." Vince explained. "We're actually affiliated with them in a number of endeavors. They make medical equipment primarily....with a focus on psychology. Additionally, they provide most of our computer graphic arts support."

"How neat." Ashley stated. "How do they do that?"

"I'll show you in a moment." Eddie noticed Ashley looking into the window and quickly pushed a button that quickly drew blinds over the windows.

"Ooops!" Vince began. "They are a little protective of their technology. I guess we should keep walking."

Ashley and Vince entered his office. The room was very elegant, contrasting sharply with the décor Ashley had seen so far. Measuring 20 feet on a side, the room contained a large mahogany desk with an executive style chair at its center. Two tall-backed chairs were positioned opposite of the executive chair, obviously for guests. Opposite the desk, was a large dark brown leather sofa, a coffee table and two more deep backed chairs. The floor was hardwood. Behind the desk were numerous awards displayed for Vince's photography work and around the room were elegant pictures of beautiful women in high fashion.

"Please, Ashley. If you would have a seat, I'd like to ask you a question and explain what we will be doing first."

"Sure, Vince." Ashley responded.

"Have you ever done any modeling work before.?

"No, to be honest I have not. My family and friends have always said I should try though." "Well, it takes more than great looks....which you certainly have." Vince stated as Ashley blushed. "There is a certain talent top models have in interacting with the camera. Much can be taught and that is what we intend to do today. We've got our cameras set up in the next room, We'll take some shots of you. I'll give you directions on the types of poses I'd like to see. From these first pictures we'll be able to tell how far you are from landing your first paying job."

"Wow! I'm getting a little nervous." Ashley admitted.

"Don't worry. That is to be expected. That is why our first shoots are so long. We want you to give you time to kind of settle down and relax. The best pictures usually come after a couple of hours."

"I guess I should call Jenna and let her know it will be a while."

"That's probably not a bad idea." Vince said trying to get Ashley to dispose of her friend. "After the first couple of hours, we'll spend another hour or so explaining to you some of your mistakes. Then we'll have another session....again a couple of hours long.....then we'll spend some time talking about the second set of pictures."

"You guys weren't kidding about this being a all-day affair."

"No, this is serious business. Can you make the time for today."

"Well.....I've already missed most of my classes for today....so, yeah.....I can do it today."

"Great! Why don't you give Jenna a call."

Ashley reached into her purse and retrieved her cell phone. She selected Jenna's number, threw her head slightly to one side to toss her hair from the right side of her head and placed the phone to her ear. She looked at Vince and smiled.

"Hey, Jen......it looks like I'm going to be here for a while. Yeh....oh....I don't know exactly let me ask." Ashley looked at Vince. "What time should she pick me up?"

Vince pursed his lips. His hands were setting on the top of his desk directly in front of him. He turned his palms upward and shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"I'd guess around 7pm. You can give her a call if we finish earlier." Vince suggested.

Ashley began to relay the information to Jenna. Vince interrupted with a final piece of information. "Oh, tell her that you will be away from your phone. We don't want any distractions, remember?"

Ashley nodded and told Jenna she would not be able to answer her phone and that she would call when she was ready. There was an exchange between Ashley and Jenna that caused Ashley to giggle. "Oh stop it Jenna....we're going to be working. Okay....talk to you later."

Ashley closed her phone a placed it back into her purse. She looked at Vince with expectation. "What's next?" She asked.

Vince reached to the phone setting on his desk. He picked up the receiver and pressed a button. "Eddie, we are ready. Please bring the marking devices."

"Marking devices?" Ashley asked. "What are those?"

"They're part of an innovative system we have developed in helping aspiring models learn the proper techniques of positioning for the cameras. I'll explain more fully once Eddie brings them in."

A few seconds later a knock sounded on the door. "Come in." Vince called.

Eddie walked in with several shiny pieces of material draped over his right arm. The material was fabricated into long strips about an inch across. The individual pieces were of varying length. Eddie looked at Ashley briefly but quickly averted his gaze as his eyes met hers. He was clearly nervous. He proceeded to Vince's desk giving unusual space to Ashley also setting at the desk, as if he expected her to suddenly reach up and slap him.

"These are the marking devices, Ashley" Vince began to explain. "We've put a lot of research into them. Basically, these are attached to various parts of your legs, arms and one goes around your neck and waist. Micro-transmitters are located in the fabric and these relay information to a computer as a photograph is taken. With these, we can more accurately measure the position of various parts of your body at the moment a photograph is taken. Hence, we can more reliably show you which positions you are holding during a photograph are proper and which positions need more work."

"How cool!" Ashley responded.

"You don't know the half of it yet." Vice added.

Ashley looked at Vince quizzically. Vince was certainly handsome. Elegantly dressed in an expensive three-piece suit, he commanded a presence in the room. His persona radiated confidence and experience. Ashley was certain he know what he was doing. She was absolutely convinced he was a professional in the modeling business and wasn't going to let any attraction to women get in the way of his job. There was a detachment he exhibited, almost as if he were unattainable. There was something else......a mystery surrounded him.

"Ashley, if you would stand over here so Eddie can place the devices on you." Vince directed.

Ashley paused briefly, then rose and moved to the spot Vince had indicated. She dreaded the fact that creepy Eddie was going to have to touch her. She doubted Eddie got so close to beautiful women often. She could see he was a little uncertain as he moved toward her with the first band of material. She did not even want him in the same room with her much less giving him the pleasure of being so close. Such honor should be given to men she felt deserving....like Vince.

Eddie began by fastening the strap-like material to each of her wrists. His hand shook as he fastened the latches holding the straps securely in place. Ashley took pleasure in how nervous she was making Eddie. She always enjoyed making "lesser men" nervous by her presence. Knowing that these lesser men understood that she was beyond reach to them yet seeing their desire for her was something she relished.

Eddie continued attaching the devices to her upper arms, just above her elbows. He moved around behind Ashley and asked her to raise her hair off of her neck. Ashley cringed as Eddie placed the strap around her neck and fastened the buckle. "Why couldn't Vince be doing this?" She asked herself.

Eddie instructed in a quivering voice for Ashley to lift her arms from her side as placed a strap around her waist. He lowered himself to fasten the strap, and Ashley was sure he was taking a close-up view of her snug-fitting jean covered ass, as he fumbled with the buckle a little to long for her liking. "Creepy perv!" She thought. "Get your looks now...it'll be the last time."

Ashley flinched as Eddie then place one of the straps around here right thigh midway between her groin and knee. This was almost too much. She looked at Vince for reassurance. He smiled gently.

"You're going to have to get used people hovering around you and prodding you in unexpected places, Ashley. It's all part of modeling." Vince said trying to ease her concern.

Eddie finished by attaching the remaining straps to Ashley's left thigh and both ankles. Eddie moved around to Ashley's front and stood slightly behind Vince. Ashley was not sure but Eddie appeared to have a smirk on his face. Ashley glared at him wishing she could place a hard slap across his nerdy face for getting a cheap thrill from her body.

"Excellent." Vince began. "The marking devices will feel a bit awkward at first but you'll get used to them. This is another reason we take suck long shoots at first. The last thing we need to do before we start our camera work is to get an initial reading. If you will follow me."

Vince moved toward the door exiting his office. Ashley followed with Eddie several paces back. They moved into the hallway and directly across to another room. As they entered, Ashley noticed a chair much like a dentist would have. Several cables were protruding from the foot of the chair leading to a PC. As the door shut behind them, Ashley felt her ears pop from the pressure change due to an airtight seal.

"Okay, Ashley. If you would just sit back in the chair, Eddie will begin the measurements. This chair will take recording from the measuring devices and relay them to our database. This will serve as our baseline measurement." Vince explained.

Ashley wasn't absolutely sure what he was talking about but had a general idea. She positioned herself onto the chair resting her arms to her side and placing her hands on her lap. Subconsciously she was feeling a little exposed. She noticed the sound in the room were a muffled and hollow sounding.

"Here, let me help you." Vince said as he positioned Ashley's arms onto the arm rests. "Relax....relax. This will only take a second. Why are you so tense suddenly?"

"I don't know. This room makes me feel like I'm in a dentist's room or doctors examining room. This isn't going to hurt is it?" Ashley said jokingly, trying to ease her own concerns. Vince laughed and assured her it would not.

"Eddie, I believe Ashley is in the proper position now. You may start the measurements now." Vince instructed.

Eddie was now sitting behind the monitor of the PC. He typed in a few commands and moved the mouse over to an icon that indicated "initialize". Suddenly a low humming sound began emanating from the chair. Ashley flinched from the noise and noticed the straps around her tighten and pull back onto the chair.

"We've got her! We've got her!" Eddie exclaimed jumping up from his seat and clapping his hands. "Do you see that? It works! Man...this is going to be so much FUN!"

Eddie moved over next to Vince, rubbing his hands together as if a mad scientist.

"Settle down now, Eddie. We have plenty of time." Vince said.

Ashley was confused and scared. She jerked her body again when Eddie jumped from his seat. "Hey! Vince, this is scaring me. Can you turn it off please....I don't like this."

"She still doesn't know, does she?" Eddie said.

"Turn it off!" Ashley commanded as she struggled to break free. She could move her shoulders from side to side and back and forth slightly. Her legs were flexing trying to move. She lifted her head off of the chair before pressure from the strap around her neck convinced her to drop it back down.

"Just relax, Ashley." Vince began speaking. "We aren't going to be taking pictures today. Well......not the kind of pictures you think, anyway."

"What are you talking about?" Ashley said as her voice was beginning to rise. "Let me up!" She insisted again, straining even more to break free.

"Now why would I want to do that? Eddie has so much planned for you today."

Ashley was frantic. Her back arched of the chair as she wildly looked down at her arms and wrists trying to find a way to break free. She twisted slightly to her left, desperately pulling at the bonds on her right leg.

"Let me go!" She exclaimed angrily, then giving a high pitched grunt as she strained again at the bonds. Ashley's body was trying to twist wildly from side to side, but her motion was limited from the devices. The chair she was secured to rocked ever so slightly in response to her attempts at escape.

"Jenna! Help me!" Ashley screamed.

"Your friend left about twenty minutes ago." Vince began speaking. "Besides, you're in a completely sound proof portion of the building now."

"Oh, God.....Noooooo! Somebody please help me!" Ashley wailed again. Her movement was significantly restricted. She could twist her torso slightly but no more than 4 or 5 inches in any directions. Her hips were almost completely immobilized due to the strap around her waist. Her legs could just barely flex at the knees but she could not close her legs from shoulder width position. Should could lift her head slightly but only for brief periods before the strap around her neck choked her until she had to drop her head back onto the chair.

"Please calm down, Ashley. We aren't going to hurt you." Vince tried to sooth over Ashley's pants of desperation during her struggles. "Were just going to have a little fun with you, that's all. You'll be completely unharmed."

"Let me go!" Ashley growled.

"Shhhhhh..." Vince responded, moving over to Ashley and putting his right hand up to her face in a soothing manner.

"Get away from me!" Ashley said as she twisted her face away from Vince's approaching hand.

Vince's hand followed Ashley's attempts at retreat, gently brushing the hair from her face. Her hair was starting to stick to her temples due to the perspiration form her struggles.

"Shhhhh, shhhhh, there...there....just calm down." Vince continued trying to settle Ashley's frantic movements. Ashley continued to toss her head from side to side, panting in frustration from the inability to stop Vince's hand from touching her face.

"Don't touch me." Ashley was beginning to tire from her exertions. Her body was fighting the bonds much less ferociously. Vince backed away from Ashley.

"Now, that's better. That's right....just relax." Vince said softly.

As Vince removed his hand away from Ashley's face, she twisted her body one more time in a futile attempt to break free. Then glared at Vince with fury. Ashley's mind raced trying to discern exactly what was happening to her. Her anger was only overshadowed by her fear. She glanced at Eddie, who was almost hissing like a snake at his joy of capturing the beautiful girl, rubbing his hand together. She could see that his expression was one of lust, his previous nervousness now transformed completely into one of anticipation over his helpless prey. Ashley was beginning to feel naked as Eddie's gaze traveled up and down her bound body. There was no question in her mind what Eddie wanted, and she was helpless to stop him. Her only hope for help was from Vince.

"Vince, please....what's happening?" Ashley pleadingly asked Vince, hoping to hear him tell her that this was a cruel joke or just part of an innocent process of why she came there.

"What's happening, my dear?" Vince mocked her question. "We have you tied down to a chair, and Eddie is about to take the first steps in the complete enjoyment of your body that all of us will experience.

"Noooo!" Ashley screamed again. Her body once again began jerking wildly trying to break free of its restriction.

Vince looked at Eddie and nodded, giving Eddie queue to begin. Eddie moved toward Ashley, his hands reaching toward the top buttons on her blouse.

"What are you doing?" Ashley froze momentarily as she noticed Eddie's movements. "No, don't!" She exclaimed as Eddie's hands began unbuttoning her shirt. She made short quick movements with her torso from side to side, trying to prevent Eddie from reaching her buttons. Eddie's hands followed her movements easily, quickly moving down the front of her chest with each successful release of a button. "Oh, god! No! Please don't! Stop!"

Ashley barked. She was doing everything possible to keep Eddie's hands from completing his task. Her arms were reflexively jerking in an attempt to knock Eddie's hands away. She tried to press her body back into the chair then suddenly forward. Eddie's endeavors were little hindered as he steadily made his way down the buttons on Ashley's blouse, reaching the last one available before her shirt reached the point where it was tucked into the restraining band around her waist then her jeans after that. During Eddie's journey down her front, Ashley would jerk her head upwards, frantically watching Eddie's progress. As her body twisted, the strain became too much for her neck and she would drop her head back onto the chair, only to be followed by another attempt a few moments later.

Eddie grabbed the bottom of Ashley's blouse at the sides and gently worked the shirt out of her jeans and through the strap. He finished with the remaining buttons and spread the now open shirt and slipped it over Ashley's shoulders and down her arms as far as it would go.

Ashley's glistening skin from the top of her low cut jeans to her slender neck was now visible, interrupted only by the strap around her waist concealing her navel, and a lace bra covering her medium sized breasts. Her chest heaved from her exertions.

Please, don't do this!" Ashley begged. She looked over to Vince with pleading eyes. She had never felt so exposed and helpless. The room began to feel cool on her bare skin, as her struggles receded. She desperately wanted to cover herself. She glanced at Eddie as he stepped back from his work. Then again, she looked at Vince. She could see the lust in both the men's eyes, as they stared at her bra-covered breasts.

"Geez....just look at her." Eddie said in a raspy voice, dry from anticipation. "I can't believe I'm going to see such a beautiful girl completely naked....in the flesh."

Ashely cringed at Eddie's words as she closed her eyes and turned her head away from both of the men.

"Yes....she is quite pretty." Vince added. "We should have a great deal of fun with her. I hope you guys appreciate what I have done for you and I hope you put on a good show for me."

Ashley jerked her head around to face Vince. 'What did he mean by you guys?' However, deep inside she knew the answer. She suddenly recalled the strange room she saw through the windows in the hallway. There were several men there. All of them busily at work on medical equipment. She shuddered at the possibility of what they were going to do to her.

"I suppose we can have a little show right now." Vince suggested. "Eddie, why don't you lift her bra up over her tits. Let's take a look at her nipples."

"Oh, god! Somebody help me, please!" Ashley screamed. She again began trying to twist away from Eddie's approaching hands. "Get away from me.....NO....ahhhhh......ennnnuhg!"

Eddie's fingers slipped under the band at the sides of Ashley's bra. Her skin crawled as the tips of his fingers touched her sensitive ribs under her arms. As he pulled the material away from her skin, his hands slid slightly to the front and lifted the cups of her bra away from and over her breasts. Ashley's head was shaking from side to side as her protests continued. She instinctively tried to pull her biceps in to prevent Eddie's efforts but getting little movement from her bonds. Eddie completed his task, pulling the entire circumference of her bra up toward her armpits. The elastic came to rest were her breasts met her chest, pushing down on her tits slightly.

"Suussssss" Vince pulled in his breath through his teeth as he first caught glimpse of Ashley's fully exposed breasts and nipples. "Oh..my, my, my." He quietly hissed.

"Stop it!" Ashley exclaimed. "Oh, god....please don't look at me!"

Ashley lifted her head from the chair and looked down in horror and embarrassment at her exposed breasts. Her areolae slightly puckered and her nipples moderately extended. Her nipples were about the size of an eraser head on a pencil and her areolae half way between quarter and half-dollar size in circumference. She tried to move her torso against the chair to pull her bra back down over her tits and then tried to move her chest to the sides of her arms also in attempt to scrape the bra back down to conceal her nipples. The attempts were futile as her movement was too restricted.

"Please...please...please, don't look." She said as her head fell back to the chair in capitulation. Ashley closed her eye tightly trying to will herself away from her captive position and these two perverted men now staring at her naked breasts. She had never felt more hopeless. She wanted nothing more than to cover herself and run from the room. However, the straps around her body were not going to let her move. She had no choice but to lie there, her breast exposed, rising and falling with rapid breath from her struggles. She sensed the two men leering at her bare chest, focusing on her nipples and there was nothing she could do to stop them.

"You have gorgeous tits, Ashley." Vince stated. "Beautifully shaped. Not too big and quite perky. Your nipples simply look scrumptious."

Ashley winced at Vince's comments. She closed her eyes even more tightly and turned her face as far from the two men as she could.

"Please pull my bra back down." Ashley pleaded.

"I'm afraid we will not do that. It would halt so much of our current pleasure. I'm afraid you are going to have to get used to us looking at your tittys my dear. Of course we are going to do more than just look."

Vince looked over at Eddie and raised both hands. He brought his index finger and thumb together in repetitive movements. "Eddie, why don't you play with Ashley's nipples. See if you can get them erect."

Ashley's eyes shot open and she turned her face toward Eddie, who was slowly approaching while raising his hands toward her breasts. "Don't touch me!" She demanded as she craned her neck, looking down at Eddie's approaching hands. "No......DON'T!" She growled as she tried to move her breast away from Eddie. She tried to retreat back into the chair. As Eddie's fingers got closer, she quickly twisted to the side. Her fleeing breasts could not move far. Eddie's hands followed her motion and closed in on their target.

"STOP!.....Get away from me. Donnnnn't" Ashley desperately commanded. Her head was raised watching the pursuit of her nipples by Eddie's hands. "NO!....ahhhh!"

Ashley's head dropped to the chair as Eddie's fingers latched onto her nipples. Eddie began gently rubbing her nipples between his fingers. The sensation of the unwanted stimulation shot through her breast. She twisted from side to side as much as her bonds would let her, yet Eddie's touch easily followed her attempts to dislodge her nipples from his manipulations. "Nuuh!" Ashley gasped in protest. The feeling in her nipples was intense, as Eddie's constant stimulation sent jolts of sensation through her body. She closed her eyes tightly and shook her head back and forth. Nothing she did could shake Eddie's fingers from her nipples. She was enraged that a perverted geek was forcing these sensations on her. She was humiliated that Vince was watching with sick satisfaction.

"Oh, yes!" Eddie began saying. "That's right baby. Try to pull your nipples away. You can't....can you? How does that feel, huh? They are starting to get hard, Ashley. I'm making your nipples hard and you can't stop me."

"Stooooop!" Ashley demanded. She could feel her nipples beginning to respond from the unwanted touch. Eddie gently rolled the nubs between his fingers. They were stiffening and elongating. Eddie adjusted his fingers as he pulled more of her puckering nipples into his finger's grasps.

"Ahhhhhhh.....please stop." Ashley begged. Her movements were becoming less violent as she tired from her futile attempts to jerk her nipples from Eddie's touch. She became maddeningly frustrated as he kept up his palpitations.

"I'm not going to stop for a while, Ashley. This is too much fun." Eddie released his fingers momentarily. Ashley sighed slightly from relief. However, it was short lived as Eddie began rubbing her nipples with his thumbs, folding the hardened nubs over and then letting them rebound back to erect uprightness. Eddie moved his thumbs in circular motion repeating the process.

"Vince, look at her nipples. Do you see how long they are getting?"

"Uuuuuunh.." Ashley protested as she tried to retreat back into the chair then thrust her chest forward and to the side. She tried to gain respite from the new tweaking sensation Eddie was forcing on her nipples. Occasionally she was able to move her breasts from Eddie's circling thumbs to interrupt his rhythm. However, Eddie would quickly find his mark again, introducing several more tweaks before Ashley once again briefly dislodge her nipples from Eddie's unwanted stimulation.

Ashley lifted her head, straining against the strap around her neck. She watched as Eddie chased her nipples with his thumbs. She was having better success avoiding Eddie's touch as she watched. She could anticipate his movements and quickly jerk her breasts away just before his thumbs rubbed them.

Eddie responded to Ashley's new tactic by once again pulling her nipples into gently clasping fingers. Eddie encircled her hardened nubs with a thumb, index, middle and ring finger on each nipple.

"Nooooaaah........Please quit!" Ashley whimpered as she saw her once semi-successful attempts to avoid Eddie, foiled with his new position on her nipples. She dropped her head back onto the chair. She continued to try and twist her torso, but exhaustion was beginning to take over. "Ahhhhhh, please don't do this anymore."

"I don't think Eddie is even close to being finished, Ashley." Vince began speaking. "This must be extremely frustrating to you, having your nipples played with and not being able to stop it. I know Eddie's not the most attractive guy in the world. He'd never be able to do this to such a beautiful girl with her consent. Therefore, I'm not surprised he is savoring this moment and fully intends to make it last as long as he wishes."

Eddie was pulling Ashley's nipples up between his fingers then let them slide back down through his grip. Just before her flesh dropped free he would move his fingers back and forth to pull the full length of her hardened nipples back up and repeat the process. Every thirty seconds or so, he would flip his hands over and roll her stiff nubs between his index and middle finger, holding her nipples as he would a cigarette. From this position he quickly flicked his thumbs over the end of her nipples. Eddie enjoyed the small jerks and reflexes Ashley's body would make while stimulating her. He watched intently how her darkened and puckered areolae rolled between his fingers then looked at her frustrated facial expressions. Ashley's eyes were closed and her face was turned to the side. When Eddie's manipulations of her nipples sent a particularly strong sensation through her, a grimace would erupt from her face as she tried to dislodge her nipples from Eddie's fingers. Other than these feeble attempts, Ashley was too exhausted to put up much resistance.

"It looks like you two are getting along splendidly." Vince said. "I'll just leave you two alone while I step out for a spell. I hate to leave, though. Eddie, you sure are doing a number on her nipples. Keep up the good work. I don't want you to stop until I get back."

"No problem, Vince." Eddie responded. "I could do this all day.....of course we have other things planned for Ashley today, don't' we?"

Vince nodded in the affirmative and walked toward the door opposite from where they initially entered. As he opened the door, Ashley yelled again in hopes someone would come to her rescue.

"The only people that can hear you now are those that know you're here and what we are doing to you." Vince said as he left and closed the door behind him.

Ashley's head dropped back onto the chair after her yell for help. Her mind was reeling from the feeling coursing through her incredibly sensitive nipples. Eddie had not missed a stroke in the last ten minutes. Ashley moved her chest suddenly to try and get just a second of relief from Eddie's stimulations, however he moved easily with her efforts. She jerked again, but still Eddie's fingers were still working her erect nubs. How could she make him stop? The sensations kept steady. Little spasm were starting to occur in her shoulders, her back, down her ribcage and the underside of her breast for each stroke Eddie gave to her helpless nipples. She was humiliated that Eddie could see what he was making her body do. Again she moved suddenly, with a gasp of frustration as she could not get her nipples free.

"Please......ahhh...please, it's...unh...starting to hurt." She pleaded.

"That's not pain your feeling Ashley. What you're beginning to feel is the onset of sensory overload. We've done a lot of research in the area."

"Oh, god!.......Stop!" Ashley begged, the spasms becoming more pronounced.

"Yeah.....that's right sweetheart. It's maddening, isn't it? God, you look great!" Eddie said as he savored each little wince in Ashley's face with each stroke of his fingers.

To be continued...