# Cassie's Strange Adventure

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She stood at the counter frantically trying to find her wallet in the huge canvas bag that she had slung over her shoulder. She blushed crimson as the man behind the counter sighed heavily. She knew he doubted she had the money for the food she had just ordered, and her embarrassment showed. Yet she continued to search through the bag, slowly realizing it was hopeless. Her wallet had simply disappeared, was stolen, or lost.  
  
Shaking slightly, she sighed and looked up at the man behind the counter. She attempted a smile, but it was weak and trembling. Before she could say anything, a hand reached out next to her and placed a $10 bill on the counter. She saw the man behind the counter look up, then scowl at her as he took the money, made change, and handed it to the man beside her.  
  
Glancing up she saw a tall dark haired stranger, his dark eyes studying her. He seemed much larger than she, and she noticed that he was quite handsome even if his face was expressionless.  
  
"Go ahead. The food is yours." The stranger nodded towards the tray.  
  
"Um, thank you. That was very kind of you, but I don't know that I can repay you." She replied.  
  
"Just sit with me, and I'll come up with something."  
  
She hesitated slightly, but being in a public place she figured she was as safe as anywhere. She shrugged her shoulders and found a table while he ordered his food. As she waited, she fumbled for a mirror, and glanced at herself. Her long auburn curls framed her face nicely, her blue eyes were large and wide set. At 24 she still had a dewy complexion with clear skin and full lips. She glanced down at herself. She had been hitchhiking for several days, and had managed to bathe in a restroom of a gas station that morning. The faded jeans clung to her full hips, and the short, cropped t-shirt enhanced her full breasts, while nicely displaying her trimmed waist. She ran her fingers through her hair quickly, but figured the stranger probably wasn't worth more of an effort than that.  
  
"You haven't eaten yet," he said almost sternly.  
  
Looking up at him, she smiled, hoping to win him over, but his face remained calm. He heaved himself in the booth opposite her and started to eat. She picked at her food, wondering what this stranger might want.  
  
"My name is Cassie. What's yours?" She tried to start a conversation.  
  
"My name's not important. Where did you come from."  
  
She was startled a bit, but quickly found herself telling him her story. How she had lost her job and then been kicked out of her apartment. With no money and no where to go, she had taken to the road, mostly depending on the generosity of those she met. Even though she had been doing this for 6 months, she still maintained a certain innocence with people – she never felt anyone would truly harm her.  
  
"So, you have no place to stay tonight? No where to go?"  
  
"No, I don't. But I'll find something."  
  
"Don't worry about it. You'll come home with me. I'll put you up for the night."  
  
"Hey, I don't mean to be rude, or anything, but what makes you think I'll just go home with you?"  
  
He stared at her, his eyes taking on an intensity that pulled her gaze into his.  
  
"Because I said you are. And you have a certain look I like. I'm going to photograph you."  
  
At her startled expression, he returned to his food.  
  
"I will pay you, naturally. Hurry up and finish, I want to finish the job early."  
  
She ate as she watched him warily, wondering what he had in mind. She quickly finished her food, and they left the restaurant. As she climbed into his truck, she felt a stirring of doubt, but quickly erased it. He drove only a few blocks before pulling into a housing track and then into a driveway of a well kept home.   
  
As he let her into the house, she noticed it was well maintained – none of the usual clutter that most men living alone seemed to gather, and she wondered if he was married. As she looked up at him, she decided he probably wouldn't tell her even if he were. He exuded a strange confidence, an air about him that he expected to be obeyed. Yet his emotions were held in check, and his reactions were calm.   
  
She watched as he moved towards the couch, and pulled the cushions off. Reaching down, she watched as he lifted a bed out, and that stirring of doubt grew bigger.  
  
"Look, paying for the food was great. Thank you. And even the idea of pictures is okay. But I'm not sleeping with you!"  
  
"Who says you are? This bed is a prop. The bathroom is down the hall. Everything off but your bra and panties."  
  
She stood with her mouth open, as she tried to digest what he had just told her. As she stood with her hands on her hips, about to say something, she noticed she had been dismissed. The stranger was walking about the room, arranging lights and sorting through camera equipment.   
  
"Look. If I'm going to pose for you, I could at least know your name. Something I can call you."  
  
He glanced up at her as though surprised to still see her there.  
  
"You can call me 'Sir'. That will suffice for now."  
  
"Sir. You want me to call you Sir."  
  
"Yes. Now hurry up."  
  
In a huff, she turned and went down the hallway to the bathroom. She would have left, but he had mentioned that he would pay her. Swearing softly under her breath, she slipped off the t-shirt and threw it into her bag. Next she slipped out of her shoes and tossed them in behind the t-shirt. She quickly unzipped her jeans, folded them, and placed them in the canvas bag as well. She was clad only in a black lacey bra and matching thong. She walked out of the bathroom and back into the room.  
  
"Hey, I'm getting paid for this, right?"  
  
Sir looked up at her, and his glanced stopped. He raked over her body appreciatively, lingering at her breasts and the triangular area covered by the scrap of lace between her legs. Looking back up into her eyes, she noticed that any look of appreciation was now gone and his calm demeanor had once more returned.  
  
"Yes, of course. I'll give you $50 for the afternoon. I'd say that would be much better than most of your, uh, customers would be willing to pay."  
  
She bristled at the comment, but the idea of $50 soothed her feelings just a bit. She looked about the room, and noticed the lights and the cameras on tripods all pointed at the bed. She shrugged her shoulders and sat down in a chair to wait.  
  
Soon, Sir came over to her and lifted her to her feet. He stroked her face, letting his fingers run through her curls, then softly slid his hands down her neck, over her shoulders, and across her chest. She felt the heat of his hands on her breasts, and marveled at their gentle yet firm touch. He kneaded and squeezed the flesh until she was breathing hard and felt a familiar tingle between her legs. She moved towards him, wanting to feel him, but he held her at a distance. She looked up at him with a question in her eyes.  
  
"Don't you like what you see?"  
  
He reached around and gave her ass a small, sharp smack. Although it wasn't hard, the slight humiliation at being treated this way colored her cheeks, and she was about to protest.  
  
"You will address me as Sir, is that understood? And I shall call you Pet."  
  
She was about to say that it most certainly wasn't all right, but then the $50 dollars flashed before her eyes. What the heck, she thought, go along with the game.  
  
Looking up at him from under her dark lashes, she smiled coyly. "Yes….Sir."  
  
"Good Pet. Now, let's see how you look for the camera."  
  
She watched as he moved behind the nearest camera, and she took her cue that she was to start posing. She had not yet met a man who could resist her once she turned on the charm, and she started in with various poses. Bending over then standing up, arching her back so her breasts thrust forward, turning around and bending slightly forward so her ass was in full view. She heard the camera shutter, and knew he snapping away with what seemed like a certain amount of professionalism. She turned and faced the camera, smiled into it as she lifted and squeezed her breasts as if in offering.   
  
"Yes, that is very good, Pet. Very good indeed."  
  
She had hoped to hear him rave about her body, about her smile, about her looks. He said nothing of these. However, the words he did utter seemed to fill her with happiness, and she felt a shiver run down her spine.  
  
"Now, Pet, get on the bed, and let's get some serious photography done."  
  
She looked at the bed and noticed that he had added a couple of playthings – a dildo and a small vibrator. She looked at him as she crawled onto the mattress, sitting in the middle of it.  
  
"Take off you bra, nice and slow, Pet."  
  
"Yes, Sir."  
  
She moved her hands behind her back, unhooked the clasp and let the lace fall away from her breasts, as the camera clicked and caught every movement she made. Her breasts felt heavy, and it was good to have them free of the confines of the bra. Instinctively, she cupped her breasts with her hands, squeezing the flesh, pinching the nipples, holding them up for the camera to see. The clicking of the camera indicated to her that she was doing as she was expected.  
  
She watched as he moved from behind the camera and came to her. For a moment she thought he would join her on the bed, but as he came closer she noticed he had something in his hands. Quickly he slid the blindfold over her eyes and secured it behind her head. She gasped, alarmed at this sense of vulnerability.  
  
"Hold out your arms in front of you, Pet."  
  
Not able to determine why she did as she was told, she obediently placed her arms in front of her. She felt cold metal surrounding each wrist, heard the click of the cuffs as they enclosed her wrists in their prison. She tested the distance, and discovered she could not move her hands more than a few inches apart. Grabbing each wrist, she felt Sir put a leather cuff on each wrist. She sensed him moving away from her, and then felt him at her ankles, cuffing them in leather as well.  
  
"Stretch out, Pet, on the mattress. I want your legs splayed open, your hands across your waist."  
  
She smiled to herself as she complied with his wishes, spreading herself out on the mattress, feeling the sheet he had placed on it beneath her skin. She heard various cameras clicking, and knew he was using various angles on her. Suddenly she heard a doorbell ring from somewhere in the house.  
  
"Ah, good. I hope you don't mind some company, Pet. Just a moment."  
  
Frightened now, she was tempted to scramble off the bed. But then what? Her hands were cuffed, and he had the key. Still, she did not agree to this! Her face turned towards the voices coming into the room, and she held her breath. It was difficult to determine how many people were there – it could be 2 and it could be 10. She heard the hush as they entered the room and must have seen her lying there.  
  
"Now, Pet, I have a few close friends here and I want you to put on a show for them. Let's see, for that I'll increase the price to $100. That should help you to act convincingly enough, shouldn't it?"  
  
Trembling, but not sure if it was from fear or desire, she could only mumble, "Yes, Sir."  
  
"Now, then. You have some toys at your disposal. First, we would like to see that pussy of yours. Move the thong to one side and show us your cunt, Pet."  
  
Breathing fast, she lowered her hands to her pussy as she spread her legs wide. With the fingers of one hand, she hooked the lacey fabric and pulled it aside. She felt the air on her bare pussy, and heard murmurs of approval all around her. She also heard the constant click of the camera.  
  
"A show, Pet. We want to see a show, and I know you can do that very well, can't you?"  
  
"Yes, Sir." It was almost a question.  
  
Keeping the fabric pulled to one side, she used her other fingers to rub her clit and lips, and was surprised at how wet she had become. She started to listen to little murmurs of approval from those around her as to whether she was doing something that pleased them. When she spread her lips wide, she heard the murmurs increase, and she slowly inserted one finger into the opening of her sex. She fucked herself slowly, letting her body feel her finger fully. Her hips moved against the finger stroking her, and soon she inserted another finger. She began to pump her tender flesh, hearing her juices each time she inserted her fingers. Her hips moved in time with her hands, until she was lifting them off of the bed. Quickly, she inserted a third finger into her cunt, ramming all of them in as far as they could go.  
  
The murmurs from those around her encouraged her, as did the clicking of the camera. Moving her fingers back and forth with increased speed. She felt her pussy stretching to accommodate her.   
  
"The toys, Pet. Don't forget about the toys."  
  
Hearing his voice had its own excitement for her. She tried to remember what was available, and she reached her hands over to one side of her as she searched the bed. Finally she found what she was looking for – a long dildo. She felt it with her fingers, feeling its length and girth. It felt huge to her, and she wondered how she would ever get it fit.  
  
"Suck on it, Pet. Let's see what your lips can do with that plastic."  
  
She felt a bit repulsed at this, and a little excited as well. Lifting the toy to her lips, she felt the tip bump her nose before she slid it down to her mouth. She licked the very tip, before sliding it between her lips. The people in the room murmured their approval. She thought she heard more than one zipper being unzipped and the thought of having men stroking their cocks as they watched her only served to excite her more. Knowing that others were watching her, she slid the dildo deeply into her mouth until it touched the back of her throat. She gagged slightly, before she brought it back out. Slowly she inserted it again, letting her tongue dart out around it. Moving more quickly, she began to fuck her face with it. The murmuring stopped, and she could hear the heavy breathing of men stroking their cocks, wanting to erupt.  
  
Releasing the toy from between her lips, she lowered it to her pussy. Pulling fabric aside, she rubbed the plastic against her slit, feeling how wet she was. She spread her legs farther apart, wanting the camera to get the best angle. Eventually she found the entrance to her pussy, and she placed the toy against it. She hesitated only a moment before shoving the full length of the dildo deep into her pussy. She gasped at its length and the way it filled her completely. She heard more than one person grunt their approval. Moving the dildo slowly at first, she began to fuck herself, moving her hips in a circular motion, attempting to entice the men surrounding her, watching her.   
  
She quickened her pace, until the toy was flying in and out of her hot, wet pussy. She could feel the toy banging against her cervix, but she didn't care. She kept ramming her tight pussy with the toy, listening only to the murmurs and words of encouragement surrounding her. Lost in her own world, she had forgotten that she had other toys to play with. Suddenly, the dildo was snatched from her hand and her pussy, and she somehow knew this was Sir doing it. She tried to look in his direction, curious as to why he would stop her. Then she felt the tiny vibrator being placed in her hand, the powerful vibrations being felt all the way up her arm.  
  
"Use this, Pet. Let's see you get yourself off."  
  
"Yes, Sir."  
  
She held the vibrator against her clit, already swollen and enlarged. The feeling of the vibration shook her, and her body immediately began to respond. Her hips moved about wildly on the bed. Her hands were still cuffed together, so she did not have complete freedom of movement. She could only hold the filmy fabric from her pussy with one had, and continue to press the vibrator against her clit with the other. She moaned, her body wanting and needing to cum. She could hear the men in the room grunting and groaning as well, and she was eager to put on a show for them.  
  
Holding the vibrator tight against her clit, her moans turned to small cries. As her thumb held back the fabric of her thong, the other fingers sought out and found the wet, tight hole of her pussy. Quickly, she rammed two fingers into her, fucking herself as the vibrations wracked her clit. Writhing on the bed, no longer concerned about putting on a show, her body desired release. She could feel the orgasm building, and her body beginning to tense up. She cried out as her fingers fucked her madly, at the feel of the vibrator against her clit. Feeling herself being taken over the edge, she gave herself over to the pleasure. Her body shook and quaked, at times her hips rose up off the floor. She continued to call out, screaming her orgasm at all in the room. As the intensity lessened, she felt as though her body was returned to earth. Breathing deeply, she removed the vibrator from her clit, but could not figure how to shut it off. Suddenly it was taken from her. Before she could determine what was next, she felt her wrists being bound to the bed. Next she felt her ankles being secured, her body spread-eagle on the mattress.  
  
She heard the shuffling of feet and bodies, and suddenly she grew frightened. Although she could not see them, she could feel the bodies pressed around her. She felt fingers and hands reach out and touch her body, pinching her nipples, toying with her sensitive clit. Despite herself, she found she was becoming wet once more, and she felt her body responding to the touches being placed on her body.  
  
Soon she was writhing under their touches, wanting to feel every one she was being given. Very soon, she felt a stream of hot wetness streak across her cheek. At first she was startled, not knowing what it was. As another spurt flew across her breasts, she realized these men were using her body as a place to deposit their cum. Pulling against her restraints, she lifted her body to meet them. She felt spurts of jism fly across her belly, her breasts, her cheek. She wished she could have seen them, but the excitement of not seeing them made her pussy drip.   
  
She felt a hand in her hair and mattress shifting slightly. She was forced to turn towards her right, and she felt a slight slap on her cheek.  
  
"Open for me, Pet. NOW!"  
  
Obediently she opened her mouth and felt his cock slide in across her tongue. His fingers tightened in her hair, forcing her mouth over his engorged cock. She knew the others were still there, still watching. She wanted to perform, but this time she was simply forced to submit. Her head was held still as he rammed his cock deep into her mouth. Choking, gagging, she attempted to accept him, attempted to suck his cock. But he was flying in and out of her mouth too quickly. She could barely close her lips around him. She heard him grunt above her, felt his hips slam into her face. She gagged several times.  
  
"Yes, Pet. Very good. Yes, very good indeed."  
  
His words strangely encouraged her. She felt her hair being pulled tightly, his cock swiftly flying in and out of her mouth, his balls slapping against her face. He thrust once, then twice, then held his cock firmly into her mouth. She felt the spurts of jism slide down her throat, heard him grunting above her. Swallowing as quickly as she could, she took every drop of his cum. As he slowly slid from her mouth, she sucked at the skin, sucking for the last remaining drops of cum to be swallowed.  
  
She felt him stroke her hair, and heard him murmur something which she could not understand. She felt the mattress shift again, and knew that he had gotten up. She heard his voice as he directed the men that the show was over for now, and she heard them shuffle out slowly. She heard the door close, and then felt his presence once more in the room. She felt him untying the restraints that held her wrists and ankles, and then he removed the blindfold.

She looked up at him expecting to see some softening. Yet, he still had the same calm demeanor as before. She wanted to tell him that she still wanted him, not simply as a show, but for mutual pleasure. She searched frantically for the words to say that very thing.  
  
"You'd better get yourself cleaned up. There should be some clean towels in the bathroom."  
  
Her mouth dropped open. She looked down at herself and saw the cum drying on her skin, felt it on her face. As she slid to one side of the bed, he walked over and unlocked the cuffs, setting her free. She walked down the hallway to the bathroom and found what she needed to clean herself up. Dressing quickly, she walked back out to the room, not sure what to say, but not wanting it to end.  
  
Sir was packing up equipment, stowing it carefully. She glanced down at the bed and noticed the ten $20 bills lying on the corner. She looked at him, but he did not return her stare. She picked up the money and thrust it into her bag.  
  
"Sir, I, I don't know what to say –"  
  
"You did a very good job, Pet. Everyone thought you were just wonderful. Oh, here – for your trouble."  
  
He reached into his pocket and pulled out two more $20 bills.   
  
"I knew you were not expecting an audience."  
  
"Sir, may I ask what you plan on doing with those pictures?"  
  
"These? These will be on the internet tonight. Does that bother you?  
  
"Don't I need to sign a consent form or something."  
  
"Should have thought of that before you started posing, Pet. Now the pictures are mine." He continued working, never looking at her. "You need a ride, or do you think you can find your way back to the main road?"  
  
So, she was being dismissed after all. Her job was finished. She had her money. It was time to go.  
  
"Yes, I can find the main road. And, uh, thanks."  
  
He never responded. She let herself out and walked quickly to the main road. She knew she would never forget about this stranger, or her strange adventure.