**Orgasmic Roadtrip**

by jdstones

*A road-trip bet leaves a cam girl stripping for every orgasm*

Inspired by this prompt: She's on a road trip with a friend, or a group of friends, and agrees to a bet. She wears a remote control vibrator for the trip. Every orgasm, she loses a piece of clothing. If she's wearing anything besides the vibrator when they get to their destination, she wins.

The excitement any new homeowner feels when they buy their first rung on the property ladder is almost indescribable. When the months of searching the property market, followed by the stressful shenanigans of estate agents and mortgage advisers, while negotiating endless amounts of legal red tape, ends with a front door key, there is huge relief. I was there. Five months of uninterrupted frustration and costs to purchase a property, but finally, I had my own home. I had bought the flat, just outside Manchester's city centre, with my gay twin brother, and the flat had fantastic views over the railway line and dual-carriageway. It was however, our home.

We met the occupants of the only other property on the third floor a day later. An innocent-looking blonde knocked on our front door with a parcel; we had been out when our new toaster had been delivered and she had accepted the delivery on our behalf.

For the first month, she took almost all of our deliveries. The svelte beauty with long, fair hair would always knock on our door, moments after one of us arrived home, whilst wearing deliciously abbreviated shorts and a devilishly innocent grin, before providing us with our package.

Sometimes, we saw her with her flatmate, a big-chested, plump girl in a nurse-type uniform, but most of the time the lithe blonde was on her own. A few weeks after we moved in, we hosted a "flat-warming" and our new neighbours met our friends and colleagues. They were sociable, got inebriated and were the last of our guests to leave.

Felicity, our ever-reliable receiver of parcels, was in "media." Her flatmate snorted when she said this but I never thought too much of the cheeky grin and a wry smile that accompanied her admission. Lucy was a night-time carer and worked a twelve-hour day helping the infirm and elderly live their lives independently.

From that point, all four of us became good friends; my twin brother and I helped them decorate their lounge, and we took turns at entertaining at each other's flat.

The turning point in our friendship came after a few months. It was a late Saturday night and my brother was on the town, probably in either the gutter or the gay sauna, celebrating a colleague's birthday. I was busy beating up zombies on my games console when I heard a frantic knock at the door.

Felicity stood, wearing just a near-transparent nightie, breathlessly panting. "My radiator's leaking all over the place," she cried. "Can you stop it?" I grabbed my toolbox from our cupboard, locked my front door and followed her into the flat. She bit her lip as she stood by her bedroom. "I may need to explain something afterwards," she admitted.

I shrugged as she opened the door to their "spare bedroom" to reveal a large double bed, which had three cameras, four photographic flood lights mounted onto tripods, and a computer in the corner. "Oh..." I muttered, glancing at the bed to see more sex toys than a branch of Ann Summers on the bed. Mounted on the wall was a radiator, gushing water from a broken pipe at the base of the three foot metal object, and draining into an overflowing washing-up bowl.

It took twenty minutes to reattach the pipe; Felicity sat on the end of the bed as I worked to repair the damage. I could see up her nightie with ease although her effortless exhibitionism did not cause her any embarrassment or concern.

The following day, with the events of the previous night feeling like a dream, Felicity visited me to explain. Her job in "media" was actually a job in "pornography." She made her money by performing late-night sex shows and starred in scenes twice a month at a local pornographic studio. When I was fixing her radiator, she had a co-star from the University hiding in her bedroom while dressed as a Gladiator.

Living next door to, and being good friends with, a porn star was a great story, but she always laughed when I jokingly offered to give her a hand if she needed it, and although we never saw her working, she was candid about her work when it came up.

Felicity was never rich; she had a lot more money than her best friend, and flatmate, but the idea that she got paid thousands each week was a fallacy. She said she loved doing anal and fetish scenes at the Mancunian studio, not because she enjoyed them, but because it would double or treble her take-home salary for the month.

At the end of the summer, my brother and I had made arrangements to go to London. He was flying out from Heathrow with his mates to a Mediterranean beach to find some sun, lots of Sangria and he hoped, some cock. I was taking in a football match and seeing old friends in the capital city. Felicity asked if she could hitch a lift with Lucy, in the back of my car. The trains were astronomically priced and all travel options on the Bank Holiday were fully booked or outside her budget. Especially, at such short notice.

"Where are you going?" I asked her, over a glass of wine.

She giggled, held out her hands and then smiled. "I've got an offer to have a big part in a film," she said.

"A big part?"

"Oh yeah, that's a big part. There's four of those. But I'm also a big part. The director who's filming it used to work with me in the studio, and one of the two leading ladies has dropped out so they have offered me the part if I can do it next week. It's not massive money, but it gets me the role I want." I raised my eyebrows at her. "It's going on DVD release so tens of thousands will watch me, or hundreds of thousands rather than just hundreds of..."

"Wankers?"

"People," she corrected me. "But I need to be in London for Saturday. They're doing promo shots on Sunday then a week of filming at two locations. Near Heathrow. Lucy's coming down too, she's always wanted to attend a filming."

"Me too!"

She grunted in response. "Well, perhaps..."

"Why does Lucy get to watch you and your other friends don't?" She blushed as I spoke and looked blankly at me. "I understand you can't have a crowd there, but just one day, let me see you. I'll be on my best behaviour. And I've always wanted to watch a porn film be shot."

"It's more boring than you think."

"I'm sure it is, but that doesn't change a damn thing. Men like porn. I don't have the body or the dick to be a star, but in the audience, I'll take that all day long!" Although I moaned that I was not going to accompany her to the studio, I would never have refused Felicity and Lucy a lift with us on Friday after work; they were our friends, and I had already warned my brother he would have to restrict the amount of duty-free he was bringing back from Spain, as his additional luggage wouldn't fit in the car coming back.

Felicity knocked on my door at 2 am, panting and breathless. "Okay, I'll do you a deal," she cried; I ogled her in a transparent, sheer nightdress which showed all of her delicious assets and stopped below her hairless mons. "Someone has given me a challenge. If I accept it, I've got to travel down to London in the back of your car, wearing a remote control sex toy and streaming it across my phone. When I get tipped money, it sets off my toy. And when I orgasm, I have to remove an item of clothing. That'll be me working, and you will be seeing it."

"I'll be driving, I can't watch you in the rear-view mirror. We'll crash."

She pouted. "But..."

"How about, if you are naked by the time we get to the hotel, I get to watch you at the studios?" She rolled her eyes, and gestured with her hands, which lifted her nightdress up further.

"If I come while naked, you can watch me."

"Okay, and only three items of clothing!"

She tutted, but a smirk came over her face, and she nodded. "Four, and you're on!" She held her hand out for me to shake, which aided the uplifting of her flimsy attire

We left our Mancunian home in the mid-afternoon; I agreed with my brother we would share the driving before telling him about the bet I had with Felicity. She brought two battery packs to sustain the tablet-cum-computer, mobile data hotspot and webcam, which she clipped to the headrest of the driver. She signed in to the live-streaming adult website and then spoke directly into the camera.

"Hi. Miss Scarlet here. I'm here doing a road trip to London. My Lush is in and for every orgasm you guys give me I've got to remove an item of clothing. There's three people in the car with me, my best friends, and they've never seen me come before. Each coin gives me a five second blast of my Lush and for ten coins, you get to control my vibe for a minute. That is the only thing that will get me off, so if you want to see me naked and want to see my come, what the fuck are you guys waiting for?"

She gave a flirty smile, winked at me in the rear-view mirror and I pulled into the rush hour traffic.

It was weird with her in the car doing her performance; nobody in the car spoke about our personal lives, as we were aware that our conversation was being beamed out on the Internet, and I kept stealing glances at Felicity and Lucy in the back seat. The rumbling noise of her vibe kept interrupting our innate chatter.

Felicity winked at me in her short black dress that didn't even cover her arms and finished a few inches below her waist. She beamed at the camera, blowing kisses at me and her plethora of wanking fans. Every few minutes, she'd stop speaking, and take a few deep breaths, holding onto the armrest and panting loudly.

"Who's got control?" She squealed in earnest, squirming in the seat as the vibrations coursed violently through her body. "You should see the size of my wet spot! I can feel it on my towel!" My cock strained in my shorts; every time the sex toy burst into action we all fell silent and watched the writhing mass of sensuality in the seat behind the passenger.

It was tough concentrating on my driving as the beautiful blonde-haired minx was being brought towards orgasm by the men and women of the Internet. All they needed was a few coins for Felicity's pornography site, to control the vibrations in her cunt; they didn't even need to be in the same country, or continent.

"Holy fuck!" Felicity squealed for the third time in five minutes. She bucked her hips and ground her body into the seat, leaning forward in her seat and panting directly into the camera. I could see up her hosiery and stockinged legs, catching the tiniest triangle of fabric over her mons. "Holy fuck guys, which one of you has had control of my sex. I will come. I'm going to..."

But she didn't. The sadist at the end of the Internet connection stopped her sensations just before her orgasm, not once or twice but a dozen times. As we motored down the M6 and through the roadworks, they took her to the very edge of her febrile peak; she groaned and screamed in ecstasy before being cruelly denied. Tears tumbled from her cheeks in frustration. Her sex itched with desire but only her remote control vibrator could bring her to orgasm.

"Please," she begged into her camera; Felicity implored, broadcasting her desperate pleas to the world as the user who had paid hundreds of coins to torment and tease her, seized control once more and brought her to the tipping point again.

"Service station in five," I called out. "It's the midway point." Felicity was in agony; her body abused by its own lust for almost two hours. How I had managed not to crash the car was a mystery.

"Okay guys, I'm taking a break in five. Please bring me to my orgasm. Please make me come," she beseeched her paying viewers, holding her hands together and shamelessly begging. Her cherub-like face lit up when the vibrator burst into life. She rocked her hips forwards and groaned. "Oh yeah, c'mon," she mewled loudly, gripping the door as her mystery sadist took her closer and closer to orgasm.

And then he stopped. The vibrations ceased and her crotch fell silent. Felicity shrieked with disgust. "You bastard!" She cried. "You fucking bastard!"

Moments later, we stopped at the Midlands services to have refreshments and use the facilities; Lucy had to watch her friend in the toilets, such was the belief she would use her fingers to finish what her mystery cam-friend would not. While I enjoyed the desperation in Felicity's body and the frustration she felt, I wanted to see her perform at the studio and this wouldn't happen unless she orgasmed a few times in my car.

The second half of the journey, I sat in the back seat; Lucy gave me a wry smile as my brother took the keys and Felicity sat next to me with rolling eyes. "That was torture, guys," she moaned at the camera and the travellers in the car. "You know I love to come. I lose clothes when I come. Now don't you want to see that?"

It occurred to me that every single time Felicity performed on camera for her legion of fans, she was in control; she directed her toys and her partners, and she decided when she would and wouldn't work. This time, she wasn't orchestrating the vibrations or the orgasms and it was torturing her. Before we had left the car park, the vibrations started once more. She squealed in shock; the sound was louder.

"Did you change your vibe?" I asked.

"Had... too!" She panted. "Battery! Oh, that's good. That's right on the... oh fuck!"

I picked up the tablet to look at the chat window: there were hundreds of viewers watching my writhing neighbour squealing and panting in the adjacent seat. She grasped the thin, black material of her dress and mewed, groaning with increasing intensity. She pushed down in her seat and clenched her fists as her body shook and she omitted a vocal cry.

Her legs quivered, she closed her eyes as she threw her head back and rode out the first of her orgasms. The vibrations stopped.

Felicity took a few breaths and nodded towards the camera. "Nice one, guys." My cock burned; I desperately wanted to touch it as the fresh-faced woman put her hands underneath her dress and struggled to remove it through the seatbelt.

The lithe woman sat in her sheer black stockings, held up by her stylish lacy garter belt, a tiny triangle of noir silk fabric that made up her thong and a delicate midnight black lacy bra. She looked so graceful and classy.

"That's five-hundred-and-sixty-four-coins you've raised," I told her. She did some mental maths and smiled.

"And guys, the more you make me squirm, the more clothes I lose."

Her comments triggered the buzz of her vibrator; she spread her legs slightly; her thighs no longer constrained by the tight black dress and the buzz of her sex toy became considerably more audible.

It droned, coming in waves as the controller of the object drew patterns on her cunt with their mouse. I watched the cam on the tablet and in person as Felicity groaned and squealed, breathing frantically, as they controlled her body from afar. A mystery man, a secret woman; all taking her closer and closer to the apex of her lust.

I noticed the car slow; the sea of red brake lights ahead showed we were among the legendary traffic jams of Birmingham. Felicity didn't react. The exhibitionist was oblivious to the world around her; she cared not a thing except for the orgasms her body was chasing.

Three hours since she started, twenty minutes since her last, her sex was aching for another release. She groaned again. Her legs shook and quivered. She bucked her hips, leaning back in the seat and thrusting her legs forward to grind her taint against the towel and the seat.

The camera got a wonderful view of her impending orgasm; two guys in a white pickup truck which had stopped next to us got a better one.

She cried out; her body shaking with orgasmic energy as a thousand vibrations radiated from her pussy and engulfed her body with a powerful climax. She yelled and squealed, gripping the edge of her seat. Her body convulsed; her cries filled the car, punctuated with hollering and car horns from the truck adjacent.

Felicity slumped in her seat, smiled at the camera and unclipped her garter belt. She rolled her stockings down her legs and left them on the floor. She looked exhausted.

The attention she had from the men in the truck caused her to give them a little wave and she nodded at the camera. "Is that the best you've got?"

Fortunately for my neighbour, the car moved shortly afterwards; the initial flurry of coins being spent on her vibrator eased as we drove past Warwick and motored towards Oxford. I worried I might lose my bet when she sat bolt upright and gasped. She swore, gulped and threw her head back. The motor on the vibrator was relentless, filling the car with a loud hum. And it never stopped.

Not after a minute, or two, or three. The controller had paid his coins, and he was monopolising Felicity's sex toy; he wanted her to climax. She gulped and held onto the door handle; she pushed her body into the towel and placed her bare feet on the back of the front seat, either side of the camera.

Her fingers touched her silky black thong. Felicity ground her hips deep into the car, squealing, groaning and howling with rampant abandon. She begged for a release; tears rolling down her cheek as she made impassioned pleas to her fans. They responded; her body thrashed with desire as her patrons dragged her body into a writhing orgasm. She filled our car with squeals and cries as waves of sexual ecstasy cascaded through her body, leaving her flushed.

"That was good guys, very good!"

She leaned forward to unclip her bra, dropping it in front of the camera. Topless, she got more beeps of the horn from passing cars, but Felicity was oblivious to the attention; immune to the reaction of her exhibitionism.

She sweetly smiled at the camera, blowing kisses and the near-naked girl spoke directly to the viewers. "Only thirty minutes to our destination," she lied with a wink. "You better hope that someone has the coins to bring me..." She jerked forward as the motor burst into life. She ran her hands over my tented shorts and gripped my cock through the cotton material.

My arousal sparked; a teasing for three hours from her games that had caused my dick to barely subside in excitement. Her groans were an aphrodisiac; her lustful fervour drawing all my attention. She gasped as the sex toy continued, vibrating with loud sweeping hums against her sensitive cunt.

She pushed her head back, burying her face in her hands as her body bucked and the delicious excitement reached fever pitch. "Fuck, oh fuck, it's fuck, fuck..." Her language left us in no doubt that the squirming woman was hitting the peak of her arousal. Her body tensed, and her legs quivered as her unmistakable squeals filled the car.

She panted, desperate to get her breath. Felicity discarded her thin black thong with a devilish smile, and she leant back on the towel - now naked.

We were close to our destination; just a few miles inside London's orbital ring road. "Do you think I will come again?" She asked with flushed cheeks.

I ogled her flawless body and nodded, running my hands over her thighs and onto her sopping wet clit. My fingers danced over her cleave; I wanted to bury my face in her slippery cunt and run my tongue over her sensitive nub. She groaned as my fingers found her engorged button.

"That's. Cheating."

I said nothing; I rolled my fingers gently around her crotch, salivating with passionate delight. The desperate woman writhed, feeling every delicious touch of her sensitive flesh. Felicity panted with every swirl of my finger and gasped with every sparkle of ardent fever radiating from her pussy.

She had teased me for hours. For four hours I had wanted to touch her, to tease her, to play with her. It had been torture as faceless men had used the unseen sex toys to bring her pleasure. Now it was my turn.

The vibrator burst into life. She gripped my cock through my shorts and tried to stroke it as she panted and gasped. We were no longer on the motorway, and I saw our hotel in the distance. I flicked her bean with my finger and caressed her soft, succulent breast with my other hand. She closed her eyes, panting and gasping. Desperately holding onto her orgasm.

She knew how close we were. Victory was within sight. The intensity on the vibrator increased; she bit her lip as her body convulsed. Her entire torso shook and her thighs shuddered.

"We're here," Lucy announced as we pulled into the far side of the hotel car park.

Felicity erupted; her body thrashed against the seatbelt with loud, desperate squeals and profanity-laden cries. The peaks never stopped coming; one orgasm met another and another; each one drowning out the hum of the vibrator. She clasped her cunt with the fourth, removing the quivering sex toy and breathlessly panting at the camera. "Okay. I'm. Done." She puffed, gesturing for me to stop the streaming on the tablet.

"I guess, we get to go to see you tomorrow," I told her as I passed her the tablet. She glanced at her new balance and her smile broadened further. "Working your ass off!"

"Yeah," she muttered. "Yeah, you can come." She glanced at Lucy and then at me. "And if you've got a couple of hours to help me freshen up. In my hotel room. Please."

She opened the car door and stepped out in the car park, scooping up her clothing from the footwell. "Are you getting dressed?" I asked

"Why?" She replied, and walked across the car park towards our hotel, totally naked.