**Victoria's Self Bondage Games**

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**Victoria's Self Bondage Games Ch. 01**

Hi, I'm Victoria. I'm 21, a junior in college and I love self bondage in public stories, they get me so wet that I decided to start trying some of my own. I've got red hair and for the pervs out there (who I love) I have big boobs, and not saggy or fat ones either, I'm trim and athletic otherwise. Guys often kiddingly ask me how I don't topple over, having so much on top. I'm never offended, I love guys to ogle me, in fact, I dress to make that happen as often as possible.

I'm also quite promiscuous, I rarely go on a first date without giving the guy head at least unless they are just total losers or jerks, which thankfully doesn't happen all that often. I was also quite oral in high school and I probably have a bad reputation around my friends and acquaintances from that area. Funny how one can have a "bad" reputation for something, yet still get flooded with "offers" from those who probably are badmouthing me behind my back. Oh well, to each their own, I love sucking cocks and I can deal with it.

Back to the self bondage. I found many stories on sites about it and it always made me horny. I loved the daring, naughty aspects of it, and the inherent risk of doing it in public. In honesty, I also have to admit the stories where they get "caught" are the most exciting ones of all. The thought of being bound and helpless and completely at the mercy of someone who lucks into finding you like that...wow, that makes me wet just writing it.

I have a "boyfriend" now, though he insists on trying to keep it more like fuck buddies which is ok with me. I've sucked and fucked a number of guys since we were "together" because of his adamant refusal to commit to calling us a "couple." He isn't the jealous type, though, he just wants his "space," for now, he's also fucked some lucky coeds during our time together. He has such a nice cock and tongue and really knows how to use them!

I've already played some games with exhibition. One of our friends has a hot tub and there hasn't been an occasion where I haven't gone in topless (at least not for long). Most of his friends have seen, and drooled over, my tits. A few of them have tried feeling me up. I often allow it, up to a point, before stopping them for Jack, my boyfriend's sake. I've also been topless on beaches not designed to be so, only when children aren't present, of course. I'm also usually the first, if not the only, woman at parties with her top off. I guess I'm saying tons of guys (and women) have seen my tits and I love the exhibitionist nature I have and often want to do more, much more. That's what led me to try to make these types of things happen.

The delicate balance is this, how to get seen, in the right way, the right circumstances, especially if bound without serious repercussions. Obviously I don't want to be arrested (although I fantasize about being caught by cops sometimes, and having to "talk" my way out of it). Naturally, I also don't want to be hurt, or killed, the world being the way it is. I generally don't mind some of the risks, most people are not evil, by nature. I just want to avoid the ones that are while giving the other ones a good show or...more.

The first thing I tried was the cliched pizza thing. What better way to pretty much guarantee a male's attention? I've yet to have a female pizza delivery person and we've ordered tons of pizza here in college. I've done lots of teasing of the delivery men (boys?) including with Jack's consent. I've often worn overtly sexy things when I opened the door, like, just a bra and panties, or in a nightgown, which showed tons of cleavage. Jack loved making me always answer the door, he is encouraging of my exhibitionistic behavior. That gave me my encouragement to try some of my own adventures.

First, I knew it had to go beyond fully clothed. They had to be able to see me, in various states of undress. I live in a ground floor apartment. My first idea was simple. I have a big sliding glass door which the delivery people always come to, since it's closest to the glass doors. Otherwise both the delivery person and I would have to walk all the way around to the front to get the pizza. I always inform them where to deliver.

So on this first attempt I called for the pizza and I had on just my tight panty "boyshorts," which ride up my ass nicely and show plenty of cheek. I was topless but I had a shirt to throw on quickly. I saw his car pull up. I stood in front of the window, standing sideways like I didn't notice him, like I was staring at the TV. From his parking space it's like the living room is a big fish bowl, you can see the entire living room. I always have to keep the blinds closed if I want privacy. I could tell he was taking his time, looking. I did some bending over like I was picking up things and I moved around a bit before I just turned and looked straight at him. He was still in the car, eyes wide. I gasped and covered myself up in feigned embarrassment.

A minute later he knocked on the door. I was blushing, for real, because of what I did for him. I acted like I was so embarrassed. He just laughed and said, "no problem." When he left I masturbated to the thought of that look in his eyes, seeing my big tits bare for him. That was fun, but it was just a beginning, I was just dipping my toe in the waters.

The next time I called a different place because I didn't want the guys to "know" I was doing it on purpose. This time when the guy pulled into the "viewing spot" I was completely naked and I made sure I walked slowly across the room as if I didn't know he was there. This time I had to act like I didn't have any idea he'd seen my naked body. He had a goofy grin and his face was completely red as I stood in front of him with a robe I had placed by the door. Naturally, I let it fall open enough for him to see quite a bit of the tits he'd just seen for a moment. I loved the tease but it still was lacking in the kind of risk and excitement I was seeking. But, I was finding my way, slowly.

The next one happened almost completely by accident. My friend had ordered something online and wanted to use my address because it was a surprise to her boyfriend. I'd completely forgotten about it. I was sitting in my living room in just my short shorts which ride completely up my ass, as they are designed to do. I had a date with Jack later. I was topless just thumbing through a magazine when I saw the UPS truck. I remembered immediately what it was for and I cursed myself for missing this opportunity. I decided to wing it. The curtains were mostly closed, which I regretted. I would have to do it more one on one this time. I started to run to the bedroom for a shirt but I thought better of it. He knocked, I took a deep breath and opened the door in just my tight shorts. I covered my tits with my arms, which still allowed a lot to be see, I said they were big!

I saw his eyes light up. "Sorry," I apologized. "I wasn't expecting anyone, obviously."

"Um, that's ok, happens all the time," he stammered, his eyes fixated on my chest.

"Really?" I asked in seriousness. "You see women show up at the door like this all the time?"

He avoided my gaze shyly but answered, "well, not ALL the time. It has happened, mostly to some of our other carriers."

I let him in the door, still not sure what I was going to do. He asked me to sign for the package. This meant I had to lift one of my arms to take the pen. After an awkward moment where he realized the same thing I excused myself and walked away from him, slowly, to get a cover. This allowed him an extensive look at my backside in my shorts, swaying what my Jack calls my, "perfect ass."

I debated in the bedroom about what to wear back in. He'd seen me in my barely there shorts and quite a bit of covered tit. I realized that it'd be a step back from what I've done if that was it. I pulled on a crop top which is sizes too small, which allows for a lot of underboob because my tits push the shirt out so much. His eyes were still excited when I reappeared. You can pretty much see the outline of my pussy lips and he was enjoying the view even as I signed for my friend's package. He was ogling my tits when I handed him back his pen. I had an idea.

"So, most of the time women have answered the door like this it happened to someone else, not you?"

He shifted nervously. "Actually, it's never happened to me. My friends at the office say it happens to them all the time."

"What happens?" I asked.

He was really getting fidgety now. "Well, mostly they say women show up topless or dressed...uh, kind of like you are."

"Well you realize we are at home, by ourselves, and that most of the time the deliveries are complete surprises to us, right? Like this, I forgot my friend had ordered something, I had no idea you were coming."

"I know," he said apologetically, "I wasn't saying you...uh, were like most of those women...the guys say that a lot of those women were doing it on purpose..." he stammered.

"Well, I didn't," I said, mostly honestly, at least not this time.

"I know, I'm sorry..." he said anxiously, obviously looking for an escape.

"Listen," I said reassuringly. "I'm not a prude, I don't care that you got to see some things. I hope it made your day," I grinned.

"Oh, it did," he said, again nervously.

"You've been good about this," I said, plan now in hand. "I don't think it's fair that it's only happened to your coworkers," I said as I slowly peeled the top off allowing my breasts to spill out magnificently.

"Oh my god," he gasped.

"I hate teases," I said honestly. "I hate that those women purposely teased you guys and probably didn't show you everything they had."

His eyes were bugging out of his head and boring a hole in my exposed tits. Inspired, I slid my panties down and they fell to my ankles.

"There," I said. "Go back and tell your friends about THIS," I said, spinning around slowly and allowing him the full view.

"Goddamn, you're sexy," he groaned. He started to reach out to my tits and I stepped back, surprised by his boldness. His arm shot back in horror, as if he'd offended me. I was surprised, yes, but not horrified. I instantly justified it in my head. Here I was, teasing him, like the bitches I just complained about, and then rejected his hand. That wouldn't do.

I reached back for his hand, "JUST touching, ok?"

"Ok!" He said excitedly. He pawed my tits unartfully, I doubt he'd seen many up close and personal, and probably, almost certainly not 21 year old tits, not for a long while. I finally had to TELL him to squeeze my nipples, as it always excites me to no end. He got bolder and his other hand went down my stomach until he slid past my bald pussy to my lips. I only allowed a couple seconds for his fingers to slid up my slit before I stopped him.

"Whoa," I teased, "that's enough, I just didn't want to tease you like those other women and not let you at least get something out of it."

He seemed quite giddy about what he got, he bounded out of there like he'd found gold. My masturbation session was heavy after that one. I'd found my calling. Now, I just had to figure out how to make it happen in more exciting circumstances, including self bondage, though at first thinking of myself bound and at the UPS guy's mercy didn't hit the spot, the more I thought about it the more I realized the embarrassment of it and how powerful that could be. It really wasn't about the guy, or type of guy. No, it was the fact that I'd be helpless in front of them, unlike this guy, who was at my total mercy the whole time. I controlled it, not him. In the self bondage situation, that wouldn't be the case, If I was caught, that is. I realized most of my fantasies about it included me getting caught. I knew it would eventually happen but for the time being I was learning what I could do and how.

The friend I confided in who knows all about my past and my proclivities wondered why I didn't do more, both with the pizza guys and with the delivery driver. "Why didn't you suck his cock?" asked Jessica when I told her about one of the pizza guys. "You love doing it, you suck nearly complete strangers on first dates, what's the difference?"

I admitted that I didn't know, though she was repulsed at the story of the UPS guy when I told him how old and nerdy he was. "Now THAT one I understand," she laughed.

I answered thoughtfully, "but you know what? Isn't that part of it?" I wondered aloud. "Should it matter what he looks like, if he's part of the game? I wonder if I should've," I mused.

"Eww," said Jessica in disgust. "That's just gross," she laughed, but smiling. "I know you, though. You're right, you are looking for another level than I am. Yes, I think that would really suit your desire for the next step. I gotta admit, I wouldn't do ANY of this, but I dig hearing about it from you. In fact...maybe I should just order something online and have it delivered to your house," she giggled.

"You wouldn't!" I said in mock protest,

"Like you'd complain. Keep that in mind, maybe the thought that I just MIGHT, might get your mind working."

I had to admit it did. Every time I saw a brown truck pass by I wondered if it was meant for me, I tingled each time it happened. However, I was now in the planning stage for something new. I wanted to involve the bondage. I was hoping to eventually get it into public, but I wanted to start small, to see what I was capable of.

I had an idea, kind of a starter bondage thought. I put on my boyshorts again, Jack loves them, so why not the next guy? I put on my tight, white shorts and had a flowery buttoned top which I often wear out, to tease. I can unbutton as my buttons as I need to, depending on the view I want to give someone. I had my apartment key in my hand. I opened my sliding glass door and I hid the key under a flowerpot right next to the door. It is my back door. I took a knife out of the drawer and I propped my front door open. I walked down my hall to the laundry room, my apartment was closest to it. There were only four apartments in my building. One of them was still vacant, one was a single older guy who worked midnights, for all I knew. The other one was a lonely old lady who had several cats who barely left the apartment. I knew the laundry room would most likely be "safe" for this idea.

I took off my shorts and my top. I placed the knife under my shorts and top, which I then hid on a shelf behind the laundry supplies. I was now topless and just wearing the sexy panties. I rushed back to my place, I called for the pizza, they usually deliver in 30 minutes or so. I quickly zip tied my ankles together. I stood, though a bit unsteadily. I originally was going to zip tie my wrists in front of me, then get on the floor and maneuver them behind my back but I had a better idea. I didn't want to be able to reverse the process and get out easily that way so I limited myself. I put a small chain around my waist, it was for my bicycle. I locked it. Then, with some effort, I managed to get the zips around my wrists behind me and around the chain in a way where I could no longer just sit and pull my arms over my legs and get my wrists in front of me. They were bound behind me for the entire ordeal. I cinched them up tight, and I mean TIGHT. It had taken me longer than expected, now I probably only had 20 minutes or so.

I waddled out the door and gave a reluctant sigh when the door locked behind me. I had no way in now, unless I retrieved the key from the back. Obviously now, I was topless and bound, I couldn't just walk out there and get it. First, I'd have to walk (waddle) all the way out the front of the building, which has a common area with three other buildings. And, there was still daylight, and it was a highly busy street. I had only one "out." I shuffled quickly to the laundry room, my titties no doubt bouncing and jiggling as I labored down the hall. I smiled at the thought that I'd wished I'd had Jessica here to film the whole thing, "hmm, maybe next time," I grinned.

I made it to the laundry room. I shut the door behind me. There was no lock, people could still get in, I closed it more for anyone who happened to walk down the hall and past the laundry. The laundry had a small window facing the same way my sliding glass door faces, meaning, I would be able to see when the pizza arrives.

My plan was this. I'd have to get myself out of the zip ties, get my shorts and top and get back to the apartment before the guy arrives. For safety, the knife I'd hidden would be able to cut the ties off, but, I had stiff penalties for having to use the knife, as you'll see.

I'd used the thick, industrial sized zips. Jack and I had played with smalled, thinner ones before in roleplay sex but both he and I could easily get out of those, if we'd wanted. I wanted it to be harder. I'd never actually tried to get out of these. I wanted it that way. I tried wriggling my wrists togther but they were too tight, WAY too tight. My wrists were probably turning red. Then I tried rubbing them against the concrete wall, my back up against the wall. I had no idea if that was helping. I realized I had no idea how to get out of them, even though I'm limber and kind of athletically strong. It would've been quite a sight to see my tits jiggling, my brow sweating as I struggled and swore at myself to get free. Time was running out. I certainly thought about quitting and taking the easy way out, the knife was on the shelf, just taunting me.

I spied something which might help. I saw an old lawn mower blade in the corner with some other equipment, the room is also used for some storage. I nudged the blade onto the floor and tipped it up with the sharp edge pointing up, all with my bare toes. I wedged it between two heavy objects. Then, I laid on my back on the cold concrete floor and sawed my ankles free. Again, I imagined onlookers watching this big tittied, crazy, sexy woman doing this to herself, which of course turned me on. I was totally pleased with myself, I was halfway home!

I then sat on the floor and started sawing my wrists free in the same fashion when it happened. I heard the squealing of brakes and the sound of loud rock music playing. I must've turned white. I quickly got up, looked out the window. Yes, it was the pizza guy, same guy as the first time, who'd seen me through the window. I was frantic. Should I continue sawing my wrist ties? Am I even close to being free? I had no idea. But, one of the "rules" I had was I could not let him leave without dropping off the pizza, as if I wasn't home.

He was coming up the walk, eyeing the sliding glass doors, no doubt, hoping for a repeat performance. He had no idea how much luckier he'd get this time. It was over, I'd failed. I reached the knife on the shelf, I cut the ties. Quickly, I put on my top. I only buttoned the bottom two buttons. I put on my shorts. I had to walk out the front of my building, past a number of neighbors who were sitting out on their front porches, smoking and talking. I had allowed for this. I pulled the top tight before I walked past them. I just nodded and smiled and kept my head down until I was around the building. No doubt some of them liked the show, as well, like I said, the shorts were very short. When I got around back I made myself loosen the top again. It was one of the penalties. I made sure that most, if not all of my tits were viewable, at least from the side. Then, I sighed as I paid the next penalty, I took off the shorts, again leaving me in just those sexy panties. I had to leave the shorts in a bush at the back of my apartment.

I approached him, my tits swaying freely under the loose material. My pussy was starting to get achingly wet from all this, I hoped I hadn't soaked my panties to the point he'd notice, not that I could do anything about it per my rules. He was knocking on the window. Peering in, no doubt hoping to catch me undressed. I startled him when I said hello from behind him.

"Whoa, ma'am, sorry, I knocked," he said, still shocked.

"That's ok," I said, my heart still beating frantically from all the exertion. "I got locked out, I was doing laundry," I said. "I had to come around to get my spare key." I bent over, allowing him a nice long view of my ass. Like I said previously, the boyshorts do not cover a lot, especially bent over, I'm sure much of my sexy asscheeks were poking out for his viewing pleasure. I purposely looked under the wrong pots, under the mat, as if I was searching for the key.

"Sorry," I said, acting embarrassed. "My boyfriend hid a key out here." As I was hunched over his eyes went directly now to my tits. Bent as I was he could see completely down the top. There was no hiding them, he could see all of them as the top hung away from my chest. He joined the search, all the while his eyes darted back to my exposed titties. I finally, "found" the key and let myself in. I invited him in, again, as a penalty for "failing."

I engaged him in some small talk while I went to get my money. I'd purposely put my purse in the the bedroom so he'd be allowed the pleasure of seeing my ass sway as I walked away from him. I unbuttoned the bottom two buttons of the shirt, they weren't doing much good anyway. When I returned he had a grin on his face.

"Why so happy?" I asked as if I didn't already know part of the answer.

"I'm uh...getting the feeling you like exposing yourself."

He was certainly bold. It worked for him. "What?" I asked, as if shocked. "I told you I was doing laundry and got locked out, I don't normally walk around outside like this."

"Maybe not outside," he said. "But the other day you were parading around topless, in those same panties (he had a good eye for lingerie). You know you can see in your window from the parking lot. I think you are probably aware of that."

I couldn't hide my blush. I started to protest but he cut me off, "I'm not complaining. Anything you want to show me, I'll most definitely look," he laughed.

He was a good looking young guy, probably same age as me. He had some nice muscles, he wore one of those T-shirts that are purposely small so as to show off those muscles. He had a sexy stubble going. His grin and the way he was eyeing me made me feel my pussy almost squirt. He had taken the upper hand from me but that was part of the penalty I wanted for failing my bondage task. The rest was mostly up to him.

"Look, I get it," he said, his eyes still full of my tits, which were now even more exposed because I'd let the shirt fall open. It was parted by a couple inches, most of my tits were exposed, save maybe just from the nipple to my sides. "I get a lot of this," he said, smiling. "Mostly from older chicks, MILF types," he laughed. "Most of the time from women who should most definitely NOT be exposing themselves. Certainly not the case with you," he smirked.

"Aw, that almost sounds complimentary," I teased. He gave me a dopey blank expression. I wondered if he even knew what complimentary meant. As part of my self imposed penalty I had to admit something when or if he brought it up. He'd correctly outed me that I enjoyed showing myself off. I had to admit it to him, out loud, for failing.

"I do," I squeaked, surprised at how embarrassing it really was.

"You do, what?" he asked. He never took his eyes off my nearly exposed tits the whole time.

"You got me," I admitted. "I actually do like...you know...exposing myself."

"No shit," he grinned. "I mean look at you, your shirt is barely on and those panties don't hide a thing."

I must've turned bright red, I could feel the heat in my face. I was "caught" like all those times I'd thought about. I moved to the next phase of my penalty.

"Normally I don't get caught like this," I admitted sheepishly.

"I'll bet, girls like you love to tease but run to safety when they can."

"I'm not a tease," I said honestly. "I just love the thought of being...seen... you know? It's quite a turn on."

"Well it's working, your body is smoking!" He said admiringly.

It was time to pay the penalty. "Would you like to see...more?" I peeped. "Would you like to see all of me?" I couldn't even look him in the eyes, which were probably on fire.

"Fuck yeah," he grunted.

"Ok, but no touching, got it?" I said, not really committed to that rule myself.

"Ok, I promise," he said. He was just happy he was going to see all of it.

I had him sit on the couch. I closed the blinds.

"Funny," he smirked. "I thought you liked being seen."

"I do," I said.

"Then why not leave them?"

He was right. As part of my penalty I'd told myself to go along with "most" suggestions. This was one I knew I had to do, since he'd hinted at it.

Now, as I 've said before, from the corner of the parking lot you can pretty much see into my living room. However, with one or two cars parked in front of the apartment, like there was now, with the pizza car and another car, the rest of the lot was basically hidden from view. On either side of the sliding glass door there was a large, thorny bush which helped shield it from the busy roadway I mentioned, and the rest of the parking lot and other apartments. There was, however, a sidewalk that went right past my apartment. Anyone that happened to walk past would have the whole show.

I lowered my head in shame. "Would you prefer the blinds open, then?" I asked, hoping he would say the right thing.

"Yes," he said smugly. "If you want to be seen, I think they should be open.

I slowly took off the top, first, with my back to him. When I turned I had my tits covered by my arms. Slowly, I let them fall to my sides which gave him full viewing access. My nipples were hardened into diamonds by now. He grunted his approval. Then, still red faced with shame I slid my panties down my legs and kicked them towards him. He picked them up and sniffed them, automatically.

"Nice," he grinned.

I was now naked for him. I did his bidding. I opened the curtains, completely naked. If anyone was walking past they'd have seen everything, the naked red haired slut with the big titties. I turned to him and blushed again, my hand was covering my shaved pussy.

"Well, let me see it," he urged. "you like showing yourself off, so fucking do it," he said, more with desire than anger.

I removed my hand, my bare pussy was visible.

"God...damn..." he said with approval.

I walked slowly back and forth. I twirled for him, which he loved. He said he loved the way my tits moved when I did.

"Was this part of your fantasy? Having to be totally naked for a strange guy and have to show off like this?"

Again, per my rules I had to admit it when he hit upon it.

"Yesss," I sighed lustily. "I just never expected to get caught, you know. I usually just do like I did before, I "let" someone see me in the window then I masturbate about it later."

"Nice," he murmured again. "Let me see that ass again, it's spectacular, by the way."

"Thank you," I grinned, the heat still burning my face, but moving all the way down to my pussy. It was starting to ache from all this.

I turned and bent over slightly, poking my ass towards him. It wasn't enough.

"No, no, not like that," he said disapprovingly. "BEND, all the way, touch your toes."

Again, I was bound to his rules now. I did as asked. I bent at the waist and touched my toes. My ass was now fully open and stretched for him to see.

"Fucking christ, I'd fuck that shit UP," he said, as if I wasn't even in the room.

My pussy was getting soaked. I was right about being caught, it was much more fun. I turned back around to face him. His face was in a lustfully tortured state.

"Fuck, you are sexy," he panted. I could see his bulge trying to burst its way out of his jeans.

I slowly danced in front of him, to only the music and beat in my head. I lowered myself tantalizingly close to his face with my tits. Surprisingly he kept his hands to himself, as he'd promised. Then I bent over, my ass over his jeans and I ground into him slightly. He just groaned. If he'd just taken me by the hips there and jammed himself into me I wouldn't have fought it, even if that wasn't part of my penalty plan. I was so horny. Still, the plan was working perfectly. I'd bound myself, forced myself to do a task, if I was successful, I could do anything, or nothing, depending on what I wished. If I failed, this would most likely be the result. It would most likely end as I'd conjured up, like it was about to. Thinking about it later I found it comical that I'd really not even planned for succeeding. In other words, I had no idea what would've or wouldn't have happened if i'd gotten loose and returned to my apartment unscathed! It just showed you my mind state and what I truly desire.

I stood up. I looked towards the glass doors. There was no one there, but I hesitated.

"What?" he asked, his eyes wild with lust.

"I was just wondering if I should...uh... close those," I said, motioning towards the blinds. "For ...you know...this next part."

He grinned mischievously at the mention of a "next part."

I had to clear up what I meant. THIS was part of the whole plan, it was always going to end up this way. Jessica would be proud.

"Listen," I said softly. "I appreciate you indulging my fantasy."

He laughed, "it is NO problem at all!" He tapped the sofa as if he wanted me to sit next to him.

I shook my head. "This is what's going to happen, or nothing is," I said, gaining my strength back. "You are going to sit there and let this happen," I said, surprised at how lustful it sounded. "I'm going to...um...take care of you," I said, blushing again, I wondered how much blood I was losing to my face.

"Ok?" He asked. He was asking for the details.

"I'm going to get you off...you know...with my mouth," I stammered.

"You are going to suck my cock," he corrected.

Shamefully, I nodded. "Yes, I'm going to suck your cock, that's it, that's all that's going to happen, right?"

"If you wish," he sighed. "But I could do SO much with that pussy," he said sadly.

I thought, maybe another time. This time I wanted this so much. "So I guess what I was asking was, should I close the curtains for this, or would you like them open?" I asked, barely above a peep. It really was up to him, it was the price I was going to make myself pay.

"Well, from my view, I don't see the harm if someone sees me getting head from some sexy chick. I suppose it would be much more embarrassing to you, since you live here and all. If you don't mind your neighbors watching you naked, sucking off a pizza guy, why should I?"

God, that sounded so dirty, yet it was about to happen. I wanted him to say it, he'd earned it, because of my self imposed punishment. "TELL me, open or closed," I sputtered shamefully.

"Open," he grinned. "You love being seen, then let them see you. Maybe this will open whole new doors for you."

He was right, it would. I knelt in front of him, he had his jeans around his ankles in mere seconds. His cock was fully enlarged when I took it out. It was a nice size and shape. It wasn't the biggest, nor the smallest, but at this time it was the perfect cock for me. It was the one I was meant to please. I took him in my mouth and he groaned. I first bathed his cock with my tongue. I licked up and down the shaft which made it easier to blow him. Then, I put my mouth over his soft head and sucked him slowly, with short sucks, alternating with circling licks around the base of the head.

"God yes, god yes," he kept panting.

I cupped his balls in one hand and stroked them slightly while his cock was in my mouth. Occasionally I'd drop down and suckle on his balls, which seemed to please him greatly. Like I've said, I've given plenty of head, but I've almost never wanted to rush it. I've given all but a few the very best treatment I could give them. He was no exception. I had him groaning and wriggling. When I'd worked him up quite a bit then I started stroking his shaft at the same time I was working my magic on the head of his cock. He was starting to buck freely now. His hand went to the top of my head, as if urging me on. I didn't resist, even though I didn't need the encouragement, I totally dig sucking cock and this was no different. I loved the thought that, here I was, in my own apartment, totally fucking naked, sucking some stranger's dick, possibly with voyeurs watching. I didn't even know his name yet. When his hands dropped down to feel my tits I didn't stop him, I adjusted so he could have access. It only helped enflame me when he pulled on my nipples. Anyone could've seen, the cat lady, the midnight worker guy, the many college guys who live there, ANY of them might see me sucking cock.

I was drenched at that thought that they would, and that somehow I'd end up sucking THEM too, because they "caught" me and knew what I slut I really was. I was totally into it now. He was bucking frantically, I'd gripped his balls and his shaft tight a couple times to slow him down but now I was letting him go. I had him fully engulfed now. I don't quite fully deepthroat (yet, I'm learning), but I had as much of his cock in my as I could and he was drilling it in and out of me.

Finally, he couldn't hold back, he started shooting it into me. I've learned from the many many times I've done it how to take cum, I'm an expert at it. I let it explode, spurt after spurt in my mouth as he went over the edge. "Fuck, he's coming buckets," I said to myself. I swallowed quite a bit, but I let a lot of it drip back down his shaft as I milked him with my lips. It's not that I was avoiding eating cum, it's like my hallmark. I think it's the most wonderful taste in the world, I don't get how some women hate it. So, as he slumped back into the couch in exhaustion I bathed his cock again with my tongue, this time taking my time licking up his cum which had formed little rivers on his tummy and around his balls. He especially liked me cleaning his balls. Out of the corner of my eye I thought I saw movement. I looked out the glass doors and I swear I saw the bushes moving but I couldn't see anyone.

Then, as guys tend to do, he started getting antsy, as if I was going to "trap" him into a relationship or something, guys are funny that way. He got up and quickly put his jeans back on. I just sat on my knees and watched him. I was still licking his cum off my lips and chin.

"That was fucking awesome," he admitted. "You are right, you are NOT just a tease," he said with a satisfied smile. "If you ever order from us again, which I hope to God you do, ask for Cam."

It was embarrassing, sitting there naked on my carpet, cum drying on my face, pussy soaked with juice, and only now finding out his name. "Yes," I thought. "Being caught definitely beats not being caught."

He left quickly. I stood up and walked slowly and walked to the glass. His car was on, the lights were shining on me, even though it was just dusk. I waved to him, a completely naked cock sucking slut. I let him see it all. I even pressed my tits lewdly into the glass. He gave me the hugest grin. I'm betting it made his cock stir again. I wondered what it would feel like inside me. Maybe someday. I had a quick fantasy thought that if he knew there was a spare key what would stop him from coming back anytime and just taking me. I knew it wouldn't happen, one, I'm not stupid enough to put a key out there, that was only for the "game." Two, he knew I had a boyfriend, I'd mentioned it. Still, the thought of him taking me just pushed my lust higher.

I closed the blinds and collapsed on the couch. My hand immediately found my pussy, it was slick. Suddenly I heard a knock on the door. Disgusted I raced to pick up my clothes and I threw them on quickly. It was "only" Jessica. I let her in.

"My my, don't you look a mess," she teased, seeing me all sweaty and bothered.

"No, no," I said. "You just woke me up," I lied.

"Oh, ok," she said, shrugging. "So that WASN'T you naked, on the carpet right here," she said pointing sternly, " sucking the cock of one of the pizza guys from Dr Bobs pizza?"

"Oh god," I blanched. "You saw that?"

She laughed. "Only the end." She sighed. "How is it you get nice cock like that and the few I ever find are no bigger than my hand?" She asked wistfully.

"I can't believe you saw me," I said, embarrassed for what seemed like the 100th time that day.

"Um, hard not to when the blinds were totally open, which, no doubt you had planned on, you little cocktease."

I grinned, " well, you obviously saw I was no tease."

"For sure," she smiled. "So, did it...make you wet? Was it as good as we'd talked about?"

"Fuck, better," I admitted. She made me tell her the whole story. She was totally shocked and thrilled about the bondage part.

"That is SO naughty, so dirty, I fucking love it!" She said.

I told her about the penalties, how failing meant I had to first show off for him in my panties and open top and that if he pressed it, which he did, I'd have to admit my motives to him which would lead to more. When it did I told her my ultimate goal was to suck him off, the part about the open blinds was added embarrassment, which I told her totally got me off.

"Now, I don't want to be rude," I said, "but I'm so fucking horny now I could fuck a doorknob."

She laughed, "go ahead."

"No I mean it, I was just touching myself when you knocked."

"I figured, dear, you can smell that pussy out in the hallway."

I turned red again. I was wondering if one can blush too much.

"I need to get off," I whined.

"So do it," she urged. "I'm not stopping you."

"Um, really? In front of you?"

"Yes, in front of me, like you did in front of the window, you obviously don't care who looks, why should you care if a friend sees you. Don't worry, I'm not into women," she laughed. "But I'm also not blind, you are hot, hotter than anyone should be, "why shouldn't I want to watch?"

"Fuck," I hissed. "I'd be so embarrassed."

"And isn't that what you crave?"

"Yesss," I admitted, my eyes now closed, my hand was teasing my pussy lips.

"Then do it," she barked.

I sat back on the couch and allowed my hands to caress my pussy lips. I didn't dare open my eyes. I couldn't look my closest friend in the eyes while I masturbated to sucking off a strange guy.

"Keep going," she urged. When I started to open them she motioned for me to close them again. I heard her open the blinds again. She wanted me to risk being seen. She knew me. That thought ratcheted up my excitement. I worked my pussy into a frenzy. I could smell my own excitement, I knew she could too. Finally, I opened my eyes just enough to see her sitting at the kitchen table, her eyes fixed on me, but totally out of view of the glass doors. This was my show. She wanted me to be the only star. I exploded, thinking of it all, my bondage, my naked show for Cam, the wonderful cocksucking. I thought of Jessica watching that, then watching me, and the possible show I was giving anyone who happened by. Over and over I came in waves like a tsunami. Finally I laid back, spent. I saw her smile. She walked over to the blinds and closed them. "Show's over," she joked.

"Did anyone see?" I asked with sudden concern.

"Hard to tell," Jessica admitted. "Where I was sitting I couldn't see out directly. I DID see the shapes of several people walking past the bushes though, on the sidewalk. It's highly possible, though your lights are off and it's dusk now. I'd guess if someone actively LOOKED in, they'd have seen you, if they didn't, probably not."

The thought both thrilled and appalled me at the same time.

"Don't worry, it's what you want," she said thoughtfully. "If I can be of any help with these games in the future, tell me. You could always use a safety net."

She was right. My games were getting bolder, only to increase in risk, because of my desire for it. I'd started to combine my favorite things, sucking cock, exhibition, and bondage. I realized what I'd thought for awhile, that I was no long likely to be satisfied with just teasing, just showing myself. It was best when it was all together, the excitement was like a volcano erupting. I already couldn't wait for the next time.

**Victoria's Self Bondage Games Ch. 02**

Jessica said, "know what would've been cool?"

"What?" I asked, sipping my coffee. We were both in a coffee shop near both our workplaces.

"If there was a video of what you did with that last pizza guy."

I nearly spit out my coffee. "Oh my god, Jess, that's exactly what I was thinking when I was wriggling around on the concrete floor trying to get out of those damned ties. I was thinking how it must look and at some point during the episode I thought about how great it would be if you were filming it. For OUR viewing pleasure later."

"Heh, great minds," she laughed. "No, really though. Think of how much dumb porn there is out there. That kind of thing would be pure gold to people. A real, sexy woman, doing real things. We could make a fortune on your lustful habits," she smiled.

"I know, but porn? Really?" I said dismissively.

"THINK about it," she said strongly. "You are doing this shit anyway. You aren't showing off or sucking or even fucking someone that you weren't going to anyway. All we'd be doing is filming it and reaping the benefits. For you, it's a win win, you get the kind of sex you want, AND we get money off of it."

"I wouldn't even know how to go about selling that kind of stuff."

"It's easy, you set up a blog or site, you give some free samples to some similar sites, they mention you, you build your own clientele. It happens all the time. It can even be live streamed."

"You're serious about this," I said in shock. She certainly was taking interest in my new habits.

"I was just thinking about it," she admitted. "I honestly can't think of a downside. Like the other day, when you did the thing with Cam, the pizza guy, and you had the blinds completely open? ANYONE could've seen you. How could this be any worse, really? Then there's the money on top of it. Finally, there's the exhibition angle, you'd be showing yourself off to tons of new people, that gets you off, right?"

"Yeah, kind of, usually. Not sure how much that would, though. DOING the stuff that's being filmed, sure, that'll make me hotter than a firecracker."

"That's my point, sweetie," she offered. "You are still getting off the exact same way, WITH the added benefits. You can't say you are happy "just getting by" on a part-time secretary's pay. Didn't your dad say he was done paying for college, too?"

"Yeah, they are struggling. I told him I could make it. I have loans, a scholarship and the job thing. It IS tough, though."

"Exactly, and here is an opportunity to get that hot, lusty pussy all it wants, while getting your loans and your bills paid."

"It DOES sound...intriguing," I admitted. " You are right about one thing, I'd be doing the stuff for free anyway."

"I'll look into it," she grinned. "My boyfriend knows all the internet "tricks" he'll be happy to help.

"Oh god," I said. "Steve is going to know about this too?"

"Someone has to set this up," she said. "It's not like he hasn't seen pretty much all of you already, your tits are out at every party," she laughed.

"But this...is sooo much different."

"It is, but you have to trust somebody, might as well be someone you know well."

"We'll have to pay him," I added.

She nodded. "I'm sure we can work something out," she grinned slyly.

It all happened so quickly. One day she brought up the idea, a week later Steve has a site set up called, "Tori's carnal adventures." I HATE the name Tori but he silenced me when he said, "do you want me to use your REAL name? I used Tori as in, Vic TORI a." I had to agree. Jess took tons of nude pictures of me to post.

The next night, Jessica and I were talking. I was lazing around my apartment in just panties and bra. She had come over, bringing lattes. She was fully dressed, having come from work.

"This won't do," she huffed as she saw my blinds closed. "Keep them open...for advertising," she chuckled. She didn't allow me to go change. In fact, after we were halfway through our lattes she said, "take off the bra, let those tits out."

I hesitated only a moment before removing the bra and handing it to her. "I think we need to make a rule about no bras," she said thoughtfully. "I'm thinking we will invite more action that way. We need to be ready at a moment's notice."

There was no doubt about that, when my tits are free they are most certainly noticeable. Then she turned the conversation to the website. "We've been up a couple days, a couple of random people have clicked on it and they "liked" your pictures, but there's nothing on there to sell, yet."

"I know, I just can't think of my next game yet and I'm SO fucking horny about it, too."

"You always are, dear," she said dryly.

"I know, but not like THIS," I said. "That last thing with Cam has got me constantly hot and bothered. That's what I call the naughty triad for me, exhibition, bondage, and cock sucking."

"You do love sucking cock. Remember that party at the frat?"

"How could I not?" I said with a knowing grin.

"How many cocks did you suck that night, anyway?"

"Just two!" I said, playfully slapping her arm. "Well, then there was the guy the next morning...," I added.

"Yes, and the two other guys from that party you later dated and gave head to, so it's more like five," she laughed.

"Not at once!" I protested. I stopped and lowered my eyes. "I do think about that fantasy a lot though," I admitted.

"The blow bang thing?" She asked.

"Yessss," I said in lustful thought.

"See, you are constantly horny now, which is why I think I have an idea for the first addition to your site."

"What?" I asked in surprise.

"First, we have to break you of this shyness. You are a porn star now. You have to be ready however and whenever we can make it happen. Second, I know a lot of this may be repetitive to you but it won't be to the viewer, and soon enough we'll be on to new things.

"Ok?" I asked.

"So how about filming a pizza dare episode tonight?" She asked.

"I don't know, I did that one already," I said with hesitation.

"Right, but people on our site will not have seen it yet, and, sorry to disappoint you, but there's going to be a lot of repetition here. Sex, sex, sex, and more sex. I don't really see the problem, you are horny, willing, and I have a camera."

"But what about my triad fantasies? How can I include all that?"

We talked at length about it, nothing seemed to click. It just rehashed what I did with Cam. I couldn't think of a way to make it anything other than trying to fight my way out of bondage before a certain time elapsed. I'd read things about people freezing keys in ice cubes or putting wax under flame, giving it a time frame. But, I really had no idea how long things took to melt.

Finally, Jessica said, "why does it have to be that? Why can't you just do the bondage and exhibition and wing the rest?"

"What do you mean?"

"Who says you have to get out of bondage before someone sees you?" She saw the questioning look in my eyes. "What if your hands were tied behind you, say you were topless, in panties and the guy opened the door to find you like that?"

"How is that a game, then?" I asked, honestly wanting to know the answer.

"The game would be, you'd have to convince him to let you out."

"Wouldn't that be too easy?" I wondered. "Wouldn't most guys just untie me and that'd be it?"

"Maybe, but maybe you underestimate what guys are capable of. My thought is this. I've got some real nice handcuffs. Unfortunately, Steve doesn't like that "game" as much as we do. So, I cuff your hands behind you. You are topless, like I said, we really have to get those tits out more, they are easily your best selling point, at least at the start," she said admiringly.

"Then?"

"Ok, so bear with me. We call a place. It doesn't have to be pizza, but let's say it is. He arrives, you obviously can't open the door, you tell him to come in. He sees you like that, helpless."

"Oh god," I sighed at the thought. A familiar twinge came from below.

"Right, but there's two of your things right there, you are exposing yourself to a complete stranger AND you are bound. So here's the fun part, I think. You and I can make up a story, like your boyfriend cuffed you like that and hid the key outside. That way, it's believable why you couldn't just go outside like that and get it yourself. We'd do it in the daytime, there's enough walkby traffic in front of your place that he'd be able to tell that it wouldn't be realistic for you to get it. We could say that he hid it in your car. No way would you be able to get that far and back without being seen."

"Wow, that's good," I admitted.

"Right, so you ask him to get it and I film the whole thing."

"But again, what if he just lets me out?"

"He might. But. consider the atmosphere it is going to create. That body, that hot, rocking body out for him to see, a lot of stuff could happen. Wouldn't it be thrilling not really knowing if you'll get off easy or not?" She then laughed at her unintended use of the words, "get off."

"Wow," I said again. "That definitely might work, and it's within the realm of possibility that he'd believe the setup. But wait, why am I calling a pizza guy instead of someone like you, a friend?"

"Would you want your friends to know your kink? Think about it, in some ways it's actually less embarrassing that a stranger finds out, while at the same time being more humiliating...do you understand what I'm trying to say?"

"So if he asks why I'm standing there cuffed, tits out, I say it's because it's too embarrassing to call my friends because I don't want any of them to see me like that?"

"Exactly."

"Nice," I hissed. "You'll be filming the whole time?"

"Yes, I'm going to set something up through your bookshelf in the den. That way I get better footage, it can be completely dark in there and he won't see me if he gets into the kitchen. She was a master of cameras and such, she worked at a store that sells mostly electronics.

"So am I...supposed to do anything else?" There was hope in my voice.

"If he offers any "solution" to the problem, then you have to say yes, like if he negotiates a blowjob or something."

"What if he wants more?" I asked, my pussy actually aching at the thought.

She laughed. "You'll do what you need to do. That's the beauty of it. The scenario invites possibilities. If nothing happens, no problem, I'll still post the video of you doing the "pizza dare." They'll be getting to see you bound and topless like that, offering yourself up to a stranger. At worst, it can one of the freebies we give other sites as advertisement."

"And at best?" I wondered aloud.

"You'll be getting your holy trinity or whatever you called it."

"Triad," I laughed, "there's nothing holy about it."

"Exactly," she laughed, "and that's what sells."

An hour later she was set. The camera was in the best position possible, she put a remote microphone under the counter by the sliding glass door. The call was already made. I was still topless. She liked keeping me like that around my place, again, with the blinds open. I knew that eventually, if it hadn't happened already, neighbors would be seeing me frequently.

She went to cuff my hands behind me, I resisted.

"What now?" she whined.

"I have to do it, it's not exactly self bondage if you do it," I grinned. I had to laugh at the discussion earlier when she casually said she owned handcuffs. She had brought them with her, she had planned this all along. She stood in front of me with a smile. Suddenly, she tweaked my nipples hard and I squealed.

"They look magnificent when they are hard, dear. We want our fans happy, don't we?"

I nodded but I knew I was doing all this for me, not her, not the fans. They were just going to be lucky bystanders for this show. I waited for the car to pull up, Jessica disappeared into the other room.

I turned to do the intro. "Hi, I'm Tori the self bondage slut. Today, I was challenged to do a "delivery dare." The setup is this, I'm topless as you can clearly see. I've been cuffed," I said as I twirled around so my wrists could be seen behind me. "I'm challenged to let the guy come in, with me just like this and see what happens. Ready? Good, so am I."

Shortly after a car pulled up, it was Jimmy John's. The guy had parked down a few spots so his walk up didn't give him the view into my living room that others had had. He tapped on the sliding glass door, as instructed on the phone. When he looked up he saw me and his eyes shot open.

"Come in," I urged.

He hesitated, seeing me like that. I don't know if he saw the cuffs or not. I just smiled. "It's ok, come on in, hurry though...for obvious reasons."

He slid open the door and stepped inside. I was fully under his suspicious gaze now. He saw the cuffs somehow, in a brief moment when he wasn't leering at my tits. "Are you ok, what happened?" He asked with concern.

I tried to ease his trepidation. "It's ok, it's just a silly game, really," I said. "My boyfriend likes to cuff me and make me spend hours like this," I said, while trying to motion about me being topless, I needn't bothered, his eyes were on them the whole time anyway.

"Is he gone?" He asked, while his eyes darted around the room.

"Yes," I laughed. He's off watching a game or something. "He likes to leave the key ins spots and make me find it, or put it in places which are hard to get to."

"So when you find it you let yourself out, then what?"

"Then I usually jump his cock when he gets home, it makes me very excited," I admitted sheepishly.

"Wow," he muttered. "So what happened, why haven't you found it?"

I was weaving the story in my head. I was thinking of Jessica and the website, what they might like.

"Because this time he didn't hide it. I know where it is, I just can't...you know...get it."

"Why not?" His eyes were now roaming freely over my whole body. I could almost see his thought bubbles, and every one of them were dirty.

"He told me where it was."

"Where? Why not just get it then?"

"Um, because it's outside...there," I said while trying to motion towards the parking lot. "He said he put in on the driver's side floor of my car, the white one. You see all those people outside, I can't go out there...like THIS."

"I can see that," he laughed nervously. His pants were tented in front hilariously. He kept adjusting himself.

My heart was racing and my pussy was throbbing and slick. I had no idea how this was going to turn out.

"So you want me to get the key?" He asked.

"That would be nice, yes," I laughed, which caused my tits to bounce, which he thoroughly enjoyed.

I think we were all hoping for some more "negotiation" for the key, but he bounded stupidly out the door and came back with the key, grinning. He got behind me and uncuffed me, but not before taking his time behind me to take in all I had. I was out, admittedly before I wanted to be.

He said, "oh, by the way it's $10.98 for the food."

I went into the den where Jessica was to get my purse. She just grinned and shrugged and motioned me to continue. I paid him, still topless.

"Say," he said, "why did you call me, or us, why not just call a friend?"

"Would you want your friends to see you like this?" I asked.

"I guess not," he grinned lustily, his cock was still hard in his pants. He walked out, never knowing what he could've had, if he'd just asked for it.

I turned toward the camera. "That's it for my first delivery dare, hope you guys liked it and for you delivery guys out there, if you ever get a call like this, don't be afraid to ask for what you want," I giggled. Jessica came in, smiling.

"See, that wasn't so bad, I think that'll totally work for a starter for us, you are already getting a ton of hits on your nudes, this will really start the ball rolling."

"I know, but now I'm so fucking worked up," I complained.

She looked at her watch. "Well it IS still daylight. Do you want to try another?" She asked. "The more content we have, the better," she encouraged.

"Well yes," I panted lustily. "But no...maybe." I was so horny I was shifting on my feet.

"I'll take that as a yes," she grinned. "Good girl. Give me a minute." She was scrolling through her phone. "Here's one, perfect. She called. She smiled at me, "this one is close, they said 20 minutes, tops. She had me cuff myself again, and again she twisted my nipples. I was starting to believe she was enjoying it.

I heard hear tell me to begin the next intro. "Hi, this is Tori again. I just completed, "Tori's delivery dare 1, which some of you may have seen, well, after they are posted, of course. But if you watched the first one where I met the delivery guy at the door, like this," I said, again showing how I was cuffed and topless, in just panties. "I'm not a quitter," I continued. "So yes, this is the same day, same situation, only about a half hour later. This is, Tori's delivery dare 2. We'll see how this one goes, hopefully it'll be good for all of us," I giggled. Jessica had mentioned how guys like the giggling, I couldn't help it, it was just from nervousness.

This time she had called Tropical Smoothie. My eyes got big. It was right around the corner. I went into that place on occasion. "Too late to worry about that now," I said as the guy tapped the window. Again, it took him just a second to look up and see me standing there as I was. I told him to come in. He wasn't as hesitant as the first guy. This guy was young, thin. He had dark hair. He looked like a younger, less freaky version of Johnny Depp. He was grinning. I gave him the whole, boyfriend cuffed me spiel. He just ogled me stupidly the whole time with a dopey smirk.

"I'm serious, could you get the key for me?" I begged in mock frustration. "I've been like this for two hours!"

He had already done this before, or, he'd watched a lot of porn, because he said, "why should I?"

"Because you'd be being...you know...nice," I said, stomping my foot in frustration.

"Hey hey, I'm nice," he protested. "I'm not the one cuffed and half naked who called a stranger to help her out."

"I told you why I called your place, it'd be too embarrassing..."

"Yeah yeah, you don't want your friends to see you like that. Honestly, I don't buy it. I'd MUCH rather have my friends see me than some dude I don't know."

"Well you're a guy, you don't have to worry about reputation and things like that," I said, getting frustrated. Jessica, on the other hand, had to be eating this up.

"Just be honest," he said. "I think you did this to yourself, you are probably lonely, horny..." he said, eyeing my response.

"Nooo," I whined. "I just want to get out."

"Ok, I'll play the game," he chuckled. "If I GET the key, then what?"

"I'd be really grateful," I said, not wanting to have to be the one to say it, but wanting it nonetheless.

"How grateful?" He grinned lewdly.

"I'd give you a nice big tip!" I offered, so totally not what he was looking for. I was serving it right back to him.

He softened a bit. "Ok, maybe I got you wrong, I'm sorry." I didn't know if I was relieved or mad at this turn of events.

"I just thought, you know, how some of those porn sites go, that women copy that and do these things on purpose."

"Why would anyone do that?" I asked, already knowing a few different answers.

"Kicks, I guess, so that's not you?" He said softly.

A minute ago he was eager, I didn't want to lose him this time. "I can't say it's not exciting, having you see me like this...I have to admit. Do you like it? Do you like what you see?"

He laughed. "You are so fucking hot it hurts," he admitted.

"Wow, that was...really nice," I gushed. It wasn't the only thing gushing.

"Honestly. Your tits are out of this world. I love your sexy stomach and your hips. You are athletic, but you aren't all muscled up. You are tight, but your skin looks so soft...can I see your ass?"

I turned around slowly and allowed him to see my panty clad ass. "Ok, so your ass is perfect too, jesus," he whistled. "I can get the key now," he said as he left. He returned a minute later. He was grinning at me, still ogling me, thinking his time was running out. "I guess I was totally wrong, your body is so fucking hot, so real. If this was porn your tits would be fake, your face would be all made up and you'd just look, worn, you know?"

"That might be the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me," I joked. "My tits are real, for sure, you like them?"

"Out of this world," he sighed.

"How can you tell if they are fake anyway?" I asked him. I noticed he was still holding the key and not offering to uncuff me yet.

"Usually the boob jobs porn actresses have are done poorly, they usually have a big underscar, underneath."

"Well I don't," I said with a smile.

"Hard to tell," he smiled back. "Your boobs are so big they could cover a scar easily," he said. He was playing the game again.

"You can check," I offered bashfully, turning away from his gaze.

"Really? Cool," he said. His hands were instantly on my tits. He grazed his hands across my nipples and I sighed.

"Um, the scar would be underneath," I reminded him.

"Oh yeah, sorry," he said, embarrassed. He lifted my tits up softly. No scars. "Niceeeee," he whispered.

That was it, I was sucking this guy off at the very least. Luckily he made it easy with a gentle nudge from me.

"So in those porn things," I said as if totally naive. "What in the world does the woman do in situations like this?"

He still had the key in his hand with no movement to let me out, I knew his mind was spinning with how to make it happen before he lost his chance. "Do you really want to know?"

"It's only fair," I reasoned. "You accused me of being a porn star," I teased.

He backed away nervously. "I said I was wrong, and those tits...good god..."

"I know, I'm teasing. So what would they do?"

I wanted him to talk about it, which would hopefully give him similar ideas.

"Well usually it's a totally fake situation like this appeared to be. An incredibly hot woman, topless and cuffed, calling some pizza or delivery place and then making up some lie about why she was like that, usually ending in a blowjob or something."

I could see his eyes look up as if his mind was picturing the, "or something."

"Really? That's wild," I smiled. "The only porn I've seen is stuff I've made with my boyfriend," I lied.

"Can I see it?" He teased, before laughing. "Just kidding."

He started to raise the key. It was time. "Wait," I offered quickly. He stopped.

"Know what would be funny?" I asked shyly.

"What?"

"If some normal woman actually did that."

"If you mean you, you are hardly fucking normal," he said, his eyes still ablaze at my figure.

"You know what," I finally said, "my boyfriend went over the top this time, he's never left me in this situation, basically unable to get out like this."

"Yeah, he kind of made it impossible," he admitted.

"Well you know what? Screw him...well, not you, I'll be doing that later, but fuck it, tell me what a porn actress would do right now," I urged. It was all up to him. I could feel Jessica and the future viewers sit forward in their seats.

"Um, well she'd probably be on her knees by now," he said, his eyes wild.

"Like this?" I said as I carefully kneeled in front of him.

"Oh god, really? We're really doing this?" He asked as if he were dreaming.

"Don't worry, my boyfriend is a bit of a dick, plus we're more like fuck buddies that boyfriend/girlfriend, he actually wouldn't care."

"I know, but I mean, you don't HAVE to," he said, offering me one last chance for escape.

"You've been so nice about this, I WANT to," I said honestly. My pussy was boiling. This was magic for me, it had "the" elements, exhibition, bondage, and now..."

He took his cock out. He was standing in the doorway. Like I've said it's a sliding glass door for a back door, two panels. He was standing in front of one. I was on my knees in front of him. It was like we were in the display window of a store. It was nearing sundown, but there was plenty of light. The only saving grace here was that usually when it was sunny at this time, from outside often you'd get the glare. When it was cloudy it was like being in an aquarium, with everything out in the open. I was about to suck this guy off and if someone walked by, and a cloud passed over...well, it was a free sex show.

He offered me the key, I said, "no, make me, like this," I said, taking his cock in my mouth. I could only use my mouth so I did. I gave him everything my mouth could offer, I used my tongue, my lips, I even grazed him carefully with my teeth. I took him deep, I suckled his head, I licked his balls, all while cuffed and kneeling submissively. He was groaning and he told me he was about to "blow."

I removed my mouth from him only for a second. "Then do it, baby, try to blow my head off," I said before engulfing him again. He shot it in me, I just held my mouth on him, allowing him to semi fuck me at the pace he needed to get the most out of him. When he stepped back I reluctantly had to let his cock go.

"Damn," he moaned appreciatively. "That was fucking awesome. Wait, now I'm not so sure you aren't a porn star," he joked.

Little did he know the little camera was whirring at the time. I actually WAS a porn star now, though nothing like he was imagining. He needn't concern himself about it though, Jessica would blur his face out later so we wouldn't be using his likeness without his permission. I loved the thought of that, that the guys would be blurred out, for their privacy, but I'd be seen totally, in all my glory.

He helped me stand. He turned me around and uncuffed my hands. "Thank you SO much," he beamed. "My god that was great."

His hand was on my ass, slightly caressing my panties. He was still behind me. I took his hand and I guided it under the panties. "Take a look, if you want," I purred, "you earned it."

"Really? Fucking awesome." His hand slid inside my panties and he caressed my naked ass cheeks.

"No, LOOK," I urged. He got the message.

He pulled my panties down and they bunched at my ankles. His hands freely roamed on my ass and hips. I leaned and bent over the table. He got behind me and grabbed my hips, his hands reached under to caress my tits. I was beside myself with lust at this point. He ground into me, dry humping against my ass.

"God, I'd fuck this thing into tomorrow," he panted.

However, he was spent. Much to my chagrin he hugged me, felt my ass one last time, gave my pussy a quick, loving look and said goodbye. I stood there naked, in a pool of my own juices as Jessica burst out, after his car pulled away.

"Now THAT is what I'm talking about!" She said, giddy. "That looked so fucking awesome. "I'll give both of these to Steve when I get home, they should be up tonight. I think these will sell, sell, sell," she said excitedly.

She saw my forlorn look. "Aw, but you wanted more, didn't you?"

I nodded.

"Poor baby," she teased. "You can always go out and get laid, a body like that, you can probably take your pick."

"Yeah, but after getting a taste of my kink, it wouldn't quite be the same. I do need SOMETHING, however, and soon."

"We could always do a couple tomorrow. Like Steve showed me, there's a couple women out there that have a whole series of these dares. One woman he showed me has done like 9 of these, from what I've seen. And, she sucked all but one of them off, only one refused. They are very easy to do, we've done two already. These are suprisingly quick and easy, kind of like you now, dear," she crudely joked.

"Thanks," I laughed. I secretly wished she'd pressed for at least one more, I don't know at what number I'd have stopped her. I was primed for it now.

The next day Jessica was so giddy she could barely contain herself. "Oh my god, last night was incredible. Those two videos were posted for like two hours and we've already had hundreds of hits and more on them."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"Every time someone clicks on your video, they get a short, 8 second trailer of it. If they like it they can download the video for $1.99 for the short ones like last night, we'll charge more for longer ones."

"Wow, I get $1.99 for doing all that," I teased sarcastically.

"It adds up. I think we sold almost 50 of them, just in the first two hours. And, no one really knows our site yet. Steve has sent snippets of your pictures and your videos to dozens of sites. I'd expect that'll really start it rolling.

"So we made..." I started adding in my head.

"99.50," Jess laughed. "Good thing you have other skills, dear."

"So split in two, that's almost 50 bucks for last night, right?"

"Exactly. Not bad for a start, and, you were doing the stuff anyway.

I suggested perhaps we could get a camera for my place, permanently fixed, with a remote starter/control.

She grinned at my eagerness. "Let's make some money first, if it starts flowing in, I'd be happy to get it and install it for you."

"God, I'm so horny, so on edge lately. I love what I've done, but I haven't really "gotten off," other than mentally, due to the depravity of it all."

"Even with all the cock sucking?" She asked.

"I LOVE cock sucking, you know that. But, getting off usually includes a good fucking, licking, you know, that kind of stuff," I said, my face turning red.

"Where has Jack been?" She wondered.

"Again, he's distancing himself from the whole "boyfriend" thing, currently we're back to just being fuck buddies...but now that I think of it, we haven't fucked since all this stuff began. You know what? Other than getting off on that cock I don't really miss him. All this stuff has got my head in a whole 'nother place."

"You might need that cock for a bit, though," she offered.

"Naw, I just need A cock, doesn't necessarily have to be his."

"I'm sure that day is soon, the way it's going," she said.

I thought back to last night, the Jimmy Johns guy certainly could've had it, had he been so bold. One of these times someone would take advantage, we both knew it.

I asked Jessica if she'd planned on me doing anything this night. I was worked up, but kind of tired, but I wasn't reluctant.

"Thinking about the blow bang thing again"? She teased.

I nodded shyly, it had entered my mind.

"In time, dear, in time," she said like a parent scolding a child. "How many cocks do you think you could suck...like tonight, if pressed."

"Tonight, I don't know," I admitted. "I really don't know what it feels like, tastes like...after so many, or if you even get...you know...full, at a certain point."

"Well I'm not the one that'll find that out," she laughed, "but I'll bet you will. But no, I didn't mean tonight, just in general, for the site. Like we talked about before, the more we can do in one day the more videos we can post...more videos, more money."

Jess had a very wicked idea she wanted to run by me.

"You want to what???" I asked, eyes wide.

"I want to recreate the night with the pizza guy, Cam, the self bondage thing."

"How in the world do we do that?"

"Easy," she smiled. "Steve can fill in for Cam, he's a good actor, he was in drama," she laughed.

"But that's your boyfriend, wouldn't that be...weird?"

"Not really, it's actually all he wanted as payment for the work he did. Men, so easy. Plus, he's seen you mostly naked in person, and certainly has seen all you have to offer from your nudes on the site."

She saw the confused and questioning look on my face. "He's heard me tell the story to him, we actually kind of rehearsed it, based on what you told me. I think it'll work, believe me."

And so it was. She had me recreate the whole ordeal, binding myself, locking myself out, struggling with the zip ties, giving up, cutting the ties. She was behind me with the camera the whole time. She even filmed me and "Cam" (Steve) looking for the key like we did. She got good shots completely down my opened shirt. I recreated the way I got naked and teased him. Jess was right, he was spot on as Cam, I swear the conversations went almost verbatim. Finally, as she was filming I dropped to my knees, ready to suck him, as I had before with Cam. I looked back at her hesitatingly. She stopped filming.

"Goddamn it Victoria, don't fucking stop, it was going so well. Oh well, I'll edit that out later, and don't look at the camera!"

"But Jess...you know I...um, you know what happens now..."

"Yes," she said coldly, "now...action."

So I blew him. I sucked off her boyfriend which constituted payment for services rendered up to that point. I stayed in character, including waving goodbye at the glass door and pressing my tits into the glass lewdly. He even drove away, completing the scene.

"And...cut," Jessica called out. "That was fucking perfect."

I still had Steve's cum on my chin. "But I just sucked your boyfriend off. Are we good?"

"Not as good as HE is, I suppose," she laughed. "Hey, it was a small price to pay for such a good video, and, now the idiot put all that work in for free," she laughed.

"Well, free to YOU," I corrected as I lapped the rest of his cum off me.

"Don't act like you aren't totally wet right now." I blushed, she was so right.

**Victoria's Self Bondage Games Ch. 03**

I was at the point of frantic frustration by now. I'd done so much cock sucking and exhibiting lately but I'd yet to get off myself. Jessica and I agreed for me to slow down on the masturbation so I'd be edgy and "ripe" for any filming we'd do. By slowing down, Jessica meant stopping! That re-creation we'd done where I ended up sucking off her boyfriend, the "actor" playing the part of the pizza guy only enflamed me more. Jess knew it. She came over a couple days later. I'd fought masturbating ever since the episode with Steve. I kept touching myself down there, but making myself stop before I could really get going, It almost felt like I was edging myself. My hand was partially in my underwear when she arrived.

She looked at me with a disgusted look on her face. "You haven't been touching yourself there, have you?" She asked sternly.

I reassured her I hadn't, that I just couldn't help occasionally "graze" myself down there but I admitted it only added fuel to the already raging fire.

"Well good, it's time for our next thing," she grinned. I actually loved how she took over and took care of things. She'd already had me do so much. It was way more than I'd have made myself do, in quantity, for sure. I was still searching for the perfect measure of quality too.

"Oh god, Jess, what is it? Is it something today?" I asked excitedly.

"Looks like someone is an eager slut," she laughed.

"Stop, you already knew I was a slut a long time ago, and certainly lately, you know how eager I am."

"Sadly, no. It's not until Saturday." She saw the disappointment in my eyes. "We can always do episodes of delivery dare, you know, as many as we can fit in," she reminded me.

"I know, I'm sorry. Ok, what's saturday?" It was wednesday now.

"Remember? Denice's party?"

"Oh yeah." Denice was one of the friends we used to hang out a lot with. She was much closer to Jess. She was having a bridal shower/picnic at the local wooded county park. "Are you going?" I asked. We hadn't hung out in a long while, however, and since it was kind of a bridal shower thing I wasn't sure we were even invited.

"We are BOTH going, I got you invited," she grinned.

Then it dawned on me. "Oh god, you have something planned for THAT?" I said as my heart began to pound at the possibilities.

"I do, lucky for you, and for our web viewers lucky enough to buy the video," she grinned. "Though, I'm not sure how that part will happen. You know your spiritual triangle thing?"

"NAUGHTY TRIAD," I said, mocking frustration.

"Right, that. Well, you know how you and I have thought long and hard about how to move your self bondage adventures outdoors?"

"God yes. Those stories on sex sites are so fucking hot. I remember one story where a woman parked her car a mile from her house, stripped naked, cuffed her hands behind her. Then she locked her keys and clothes in her car. She had to get her way home, performing tasks along the way. There was a time limit, too, and the penalties she gave herself if she failed, well, whewwww, they get me so wet thinking about it."

"I know. I remember you telling me that one. Ok, this isn't that," she laughed. I pouted. "But," she grinned, this might be close..."

"Well, what is it?" I nearly screamed in anticipation.

She just laughed. "Not telling, at least not tonight, I want you to think about it, wonder about it. It'll help keep that edge."

"My god, Jess, if I was any edgier I'd have to hump the coffee table," I whined.

"Good, keep that feeling. You're going to need it."

So, nothing tonight?" I asked, disappointed. She shook her head and hugged me goodbye.

"No, sorry, Steve and I have date night."

"Are you going to, um, suck him off later?" I teased, reminding her of when I did it for him.

"Fuck no, I ain't putting that thing in my mouth now, after you got to it. Nope nope, he's not getting that for awhile now," she grinned. "It's HIS punishment for enjoying it so much."

"So he enjoyed it?" I said, flattered.

"Are you kidding, I finally had to tell him to stop fucking talking about it."

"Oh, I'm sorry," I said.

She laughed, "Don't be, it's all good. By the way, that self bondage re-creation you did with him is flying off the shelves, as they say. Who knows, you may be able to quit the whole "College" thing with this. If you are so horny at home, maybe I should work on setting you up a camera with a remote, in case I can't be here. Like I've said, the more videos we post, the more money we get."

I thought about setting up another delivery dare on my own but I couldn't make myself do it, it was like I needed her straightforward forcefulness now. Plus I didn't really know what our new protocol was on me having sex with someone on my own. I laughed at that thought, that I wasn't even sure what I was "allowed" to do. I looked at the coffee table, "I really COULD hump that thing to death," I sighed. Instead I watched Golden Girls and went to bed.

It was weird, not masturbating, I couldn't remember the last time I didn't do it almost daily. I swear a breath of wind made me horny. I saw sexual innuendo in anything someone said. I couldn't stop wondering what Jess had planned, or if it would work out as she obviously thought it might. It involved Denice's party, that's all I knew. I had many fearful thoughts that some of our circle of friends might be in on it, even if they might not know it, currently. Saturday couldn't come quick enough.

Jess called finally. I hadn't seen nor talked to her since Wednesday. She told me to wear my sexy orange sundress, sandals, "and that's it!" She picked me up. She whistled when she saw me. The dress is short, over the knee several inches. It's tight enough on top to make my boobs push up invitingly, which, at their size, is hardly necessary. She hooked her finger on the dress in the cleavage and pulled the dress out. She was checking for a bra. She just grinned when she saw there wasn't one. She started to reach under my dress but I pulled it down playfully and held it down, "nope, no panties either!"

She just smiled. "I'll trust you, this time. But any time I want to check, I'll check, ok?"

"Ok," I peeped bashfully at the sterness of it. Without her asking I raised my dress up, revealing my bare pussy to her. I didn't lower it until she instructed me to do so. She seemed pleased by that. She was preying on my submissive nature, I just never knew she could be so dominant.

We arrived at the park. The group had rented out the whole picnic area. We met everyone, chatted, relived old times. Jessica even encouraged me to drink a couple wines, no doubt to loosen me up for whatever it was she had planned. I was getting plenty of attention from the males. They were getting to see a lot of boobage and quite a bit of leg. Some of the women didn't seem so happy, however. I was like chum in the water to sharks, the men were circling me constantly. I just saw Jess smile. She motioned me over.

She said loudly, "It's ok, just go back and get them!" It was loud enough for many around to hear.

I just looked at her questioningly. "Just go along," she whispered. "I'll give you my key, it's not a problem, just hurry back!" She handed me her car key and walked me towards the parking lot.

fter we got out of earshot she said softly. "Are you horny?"

"Painfully so.

"It's time. You know the paths here, we walk them all the time." I nodded. "You know how they have quarter mile markers? Well at the first one there's a rock, under it is a note, with your instructions. Don't worry, I bought you some time. I'm telling them we forgot the bridal gifts."

"But I DID forget," I said, realizing I had for the first time. I hadn't even considered getting one, no doubt because my mind had been elsewhere.

"Again, that's why I'm glad you have other skills that are useful to us, I took care of it. The presents are in the backseat of the car, hopefully, for your sake, if you make it back unscathed you can bring them back with you," she grinned evilly.

She shushed me when I started to ask questions. She took out a marker, "don't worry it's not permanent ink," she grinned. She pulled my dress down in the back, all the way to my waist, it freed my tits. She wrote something on the small of my back. She stepped back to admire her handiwork. "You know what? I had no idea how deliously obscene that looks with your tits out like that. I like it, leave it like that. Now go," she urged, "there's a certain time frame, but it isn't endless, GO!"

I shrugged and started walking down the path. "You look absolutely stunning, dear," she called from behind. I could only wonder what she wrote. It didn't matter, the game was on. I was about to walk down the path, my dress bunched at the waist, tits out on full display.

"Um, thanks?" I said, flustered. It only took a couple minutes to reach the first marker, the picnic area was already partway along that path. Sure enough there was a flat rock, under it a note. I read it. It was titled, "Tori's outdoor self bondage game."

"Hi hon. You are at the first marker. Congrats. Now take off the dress and put in in the bag I hid near the marker."

I looked around and found the bag. Reluctantly I removed the dress. I had on only sandals now. I looked around, scanning the path in both directions. For now it was empty. The path was part of a public county park, however. It was open to walkers and bike riders. It was a nice enough day, there'd be people on it for sure. I wondered if she'd lost her mind, then I realized it was me who must've. She was safely back with the group, fully clothed. I was the one naked. I continued reading.

"Hide the bag back where you found it, it'd be a shame to lose such a pretty dress, plus, you'll probably want something to wear in front of the group later." (I could guess she was smiling the whole time she wrote this). "Now, walk to the next marker for the next note."

I started walking, briskly. I tried running, but with sandals and without a very supportive running bra, my tits bounce so violently they hit my chin sometimes. I opted for the fastest walk I could manage. Luckily, the path areas are wooded. I spied something coming around the corner. I quickly ducked into the brush. My tits got snagged by a branch, right on the nipple, I almost yelped. Luckily I didn't. It was an older man walking his dog. His dog tried to get to me but fortunately the guy just pulled on the leash disgustedly, thinking he was trying to smell another spot of pee. I sighed. When he was out of sight I walked straight to the next marker. Another rock, another note.

"Good, you made it! Anyone see you? Probably not or otherwise you'd be getting patted down by a cop or you'd be on your knees negotiating with someone by now. {Those images had me wet, instantly}. "Ok, here's the fun part. Remember your tricycle thing? (I could almost hear her laughing), TRIAD, yes, I got it. Ok, you're naked, thats the exhibition. Now comes the bondage. Look for the bag again (I found it, it had the cuffs in it). "You know what to do," she wrote. "There's a key along the route, you'll just have to find it. Keep walking, or running, down the path."

I did, I fastened them behind me before wondering if she'd intended them to be in front of me. I remembered a conversation I'd had with her though, where I told her I didn't even understand binding someone's hands in front of them, you can pretty much still do anything you want. I'd insisted the "true" way to do it was hands behind, always. I was sure she'd remembered that. I started back down the path. This time I had to jump several times into the bushes and into the trees. One was a jogger, a young guy with his shirt off. Sweat glistening on his chest. I sighed as I watched him go past. I imagined that chest sweating over me, as he ground himself into my wetness. The next time it was a bicyclist, I barely made it out of sight. He rode by. It was a middle aged guy wearing spandex. Why old guys riding 15 miles an hour on a dirt path think they need spandex, I'll never know. Still, I caught myself eyeing his muscular butt as he rode by. I could only sigh. I wondered the whole time what I could possibly say to someone if they caught me naked and bound like that.

I reached the next marker. I looked around frantically, there was no rock, no note. I didn't know what to do. If I missed a clue I might be fucked, maybe literally, I had no idea. Plus, the path split ahead, there was a longer loop and a shorter loop. I reached the fork. I had to choose. I chose the shorter one. I know she'd have loved the longer one, for more torture, but the longer one was almost two miles itself all the way around, back to the picnic area. It'd take way more an hour, walking at a brisk pace just to make it all the way around the long one. I figured she had to have built in time for some "ideas." I was right, when I reached the next marker, there was another note. I kicked the rock off of it with my foot. I took my foot out of my sandals. With my toes I opened the note, with a bit of difficulty.

"Good for you!" She wrote. "You picked the right path. I'm betting you locked your hands behind you, silly girl, am I right?" (she was right). "It's going to make reading the notes more difficult, but I know you are into difficult, right dear? Still haven't been seen? Excellent, I guess, even though I know how much you like being seen. Still a bit shy about it all still? Surprising, thinking how much you've shown lately, and to so many."

I blushed, even out here, away from everyone. The note continued, "now the real fun begins, now that you are well away from us and the group." (I shuddered at the ominous tone). "The next marker is near the group of hummingbird nests, remember?" "Your next clue is on one of the posts."

I hurried in that direction. I wished I'd worn tennis shoes, I'd be covering this distance faster, but I'm sure she knew that already. She had been the one to suggest sandals, I knew now that it was purposeful. There was good news and bad news. This group of hummingbird nests were off the path. That was the good news. The bad news was, they were out in the open. They were in a little clearing. There'd be no hiding there. I slid off the path at the proper spot, walked down the smaller path, worn from past traffic. I inched toward the opening in the woods. I looked in the clearing. There was no one, thankfully.

There were six bird houses, all on long metal poles, the nests were high up in the air, probably to avoid ground predators. I didn't know which one to search. I searched one, there was nothing, no rock, no note. I moved on to the next one, again, nothing. Third, again, nothing. Now it was going to be a risk. The other three were across the field a ways. The problem was, it would bring me a long way from the path, across an open clearing, to get back onto it. You can't go through it the other way, there's only a little bit of woods, then swamp area. There was only one way back. Obviously that's why she chose one of these. I checked the fourth, nothing. Finally, on the fifth one there was a note folded up and taped to the pole. There was short chain looped around the bottom of the pole. At its end there was padlock, currently unlocked. I had to scrape the note off with my fingers, without being able to see what I was doing. I cursed my lust for loving my hands bound behind me. I unfolded it with my fingers before I dropped it on the ground and spread it out with my foot. The key (cuffs?) fell on ground. I dropped to my knees to read the note.

"My, you are good at this. Perhaps I am making these things too easy, you suppose?" (I supposed not!). "You can get absolutely ANYTHING online nowadays," she wrote. "The lock on the end of the chain is a padlock, it is called a, "multi function electronic timer lock." I didn't know things like this existed before checking into it. It could be the solution to a lot of your fantasy problems in the future, dear. "

"But for now, I want you to use the cuff key, unlock your cuffs, throw the key out of reach, but so you can find it. See how the padlock has a timer, it's set on ten minutes. Push start, then, cuff your wrists in front of you, take the padlock and lock it to the cuffs between your wrists. Don't worry! They'll be behind you again at some point, if everything works out."

Was she kidding? Cuff myself to the chain, out in the freaking open? (She wasn't kidding).

The note ended with, "do it now." (I did). "Now you have ten minutes of wonderful torture. The lock will open after ten minutes, take it with you, we'll no doubt get much use of that in your fantasy games. By the way, I sent out four guys, two in each direction. You had a fifteen minute head start. I hope you didn't get delayed too long! Tee hee. The deal is this, they know you are out there, somewhere. I told them you'd be "vulnerable," they knew what that meant. You know all of them, some to varying degrees, but I'm guessing they've all seen your tits at some point at parties and such, you DO love to out those babies. If you happen to make it out of this one, head down the shortcut, you know the one, you'll end up at the exercise station with the pull up bar." I knew the one.

The ten minutes went so slowly, I cringed each time I thought I heard a twig snap or a sharp crackle. I was on my knees, the chain was too short to stand. My ass was up, my tits were dangling. The whole time my mind was spinning, who was out there? What did they know? What if...they found me?

The lock suddenly snapped open. I marvelled at that, apparently, they make them for such a purpose, for handcuffs, cock cages and such. We pervs can be quite creative when we need to be. I grabbed the lock, found the handcuff key and did what I figured I was supposed to, I cuffed my hands behind me again, clutching the padlock. I rushed to the little known path. Jess and I had found it when we got tired and wanted to shorten our walk. It cut through the woods and back to a point on the shorter path, closer to the picnic area. It would still be a fifteen minute brisk walk, without interruption, to get back to that area from where the shortcut took you. I headed down that tight, often overgrown path. I was getting scratched by some of the smaller branches. Still, I knew it beat the alternative, being on the main path with four guys searching for me.

I reached the main path again. I rushed to the marker. Again, I had to finagle the note off, it wasn't easy peeling the tape when I couldn't see! When I got it I read the note. "Wow, made it this far? I'm sure the boys will be disappointed, however, you are hardly home free. Go to the pull up bar, uncuff your hands again, yes, I know you put them behind you again, girl, you are incorrigible." (I smiled). "Then repeat what you did before, there's chain hanging from the bar, set the lock to 5 minutes this time, then lock your wrists to the chain with the padlock."

She was diabolical. The pull up bars were off the path, you had to step through a little opening with it's own path to get to them. Along the whole path system there are stations with different exercise things, pull up bars, like this one, sit up stations, things like that. I wasn't going to be directly on the main path, but if a person were to want to exercise here he'd see a naked, red haired chick, dangling from the pull up bar. It was true, I was basically dangling. I'm fairly short, the bar is high. I often have to get my best jump to reach it when I'm out exercising. This time, the chain gave me a few inches, but I was still on my tippy toes when I locked myself to it like that.

I was just a naked, hanging, helpless slut. I praised the heavens when the lock opened and I slumped down. My arms had been getting tingles from the lack of blood flow. There was no further instruction. I figured the only way was back, anyway. There was just one marker left before the group area. I hustled along the path. I was surprised again, but it was one lonely jogger, this time a woman. I hid, but as I did I wonder what someone like that would do if she'd run by five minutes earlier and spotted me hanging from the bar? I didn't have time to wonder. I rushed back down the path. This time the marker had another rock, I kicked it off the note.

"Hi dearie, goodness you are so far along. Just one more thing and you are free. Go to the bathrooms (there was a rustic outhouse along the path). Go into the men's, leave the door unlocked. Just ten more minutes and you are free to run to safety. Set the time to five, lock yourself to the plumbing and wait. If you make it, your dress is in bag by the windmill " I knew the spot, it was in a grove of newly planted trees, but thankfully just around the corner from the heavily trafficked picnic area.

I locked myself up and waited, the smell was horrible. I looked down and saw some marks and scratches, they were like badges of honor. My skin was starting to redden. Being red haired and milky skinned leaves me vulnerable to the sun. I was just beginning to burn. Thankfully, no man came to open the door, which they could've, being unlocked. I was on my own now. I unlocked the cuffs but let them hang from one wrist, no need to lose those wonderful things. In one hand I clutched the padlock, I knew this would be SO useful in the future. I hustled back.

I made it to the grove of trees. I searched the area, there was no bag! "What the fuck, Jessica?!" I cursed under my breath. I was still naked. There was NO way I could make it past the picnic area to the cars without being seen. Denice's party must've had 40 people milling around. There was no way I could go BACK, either, there were four men out there looking to find me, "vulnerable." I debated in my head what I should do, or more truthfully, what I wanted to do. I wondered what Jessica wanted, too. Why did she she leave me like this? It was so unlike her. I did what I thought I had to, I headed back up the path. It was the only way. Somehow I had to avoid, "them." At least my hands were free. I ducked back into the brush to avoid another walker. It was a kindly looking old lady this time, totally clueless that a panting naked slut was no more than ten feet away from her. When she passed I pressed on. I made it back to the outhouses. I was sneaking by when my heart got stopped by a deep voice.

"Looking for this?"

I spun around. Steve was standing next to Bill. He wasn't in our close circle of friends, but Jess was right, he'd seen me topless in the hottub before. Steve was holding the bag with my dress in it. He pulled me by my elbow behind the outhouse, temporarily out of sight of the path.

"Steve, what the fuck?" I sputtered.

He grinned, "Jess is smart, I'll give her that. She had a good plan, but all plans can be circumvented," he chuckled, pleased with himself.

"Seriously dude, what the fuck, this wasn't her plan, was it?"

"Up to now it all was, yes. I figured it out though. Why chase from behind when you know the destination?" He saw my exasperated look. Bill was getting two eyefuls the whole time. "See, she sent us out, the opposite way you went. I saw when you left, I knew what part of the path you started on. When Jess told us about you, out here, "vulnerable," well you know that I of all people know what that means."

I was blushing and sweating profusely now, the cool late afternoon air did little to help.

So Todd and Tyler went up the path the other way, the same direction as you," he said. "To me, that meant that at the time, you must've been in the middle, I guess the birdhouses, right?"

He was good. I nodded.

"So, I figured what am I doing, what's her end game? I'm no fool. Jess figured the four of us would meet at about the middle of the path ourselves, that meant that she must've allowed you to go a different way. Yes, I know the shortcut too. I used to run these paths in cross country. She meant for both of us to pass each other with you already past us, again with a lead. So Bill and I doubled back and waited near the grove. That's when I found this bag. Silly Jess, she used a Kohl's bag. I know she loves that place, I wouldn't have looked twice at any other. Sure enough, it was the dress you were wearing when you came here. That meant...wait for it...you were out there naked. I also guessed about the bondage, I mean you have a website about it, for god's sakes."

My shoulders were slumped, I was nervous. There was something menacing about this, it wasn't the "fun" feeling like when I'd sucked him off before.

"So what's going to happen?" I asked with an embarrassed peep.

"First, we're going to take a little walk down the path," he grinned as he cuffed my hands behind me. "I know you love this shit, you little minx." He shoved me forward. I had to walk in front of the two of them. The whole time they were lewdly talking about how great my ass looked and kept saying, "oh it'll be free, all right," and chuckling to themselves. I have to admit, I was hornier than a rabbit at the time, the denial of masturbation, all the exhibiting and cocksucking I'd done, it was all pushing me to this peak. I wasn't sure this was what I'd had in mind, however.

We'd backtracked to the push up bar area. I figured it was because it was a little off the path. Steve led me to it. He saw the chain hanging from the bar, he smirked, "I figured." He made me show him how I'd done it. He marvelled at the padlock with the timer. "Jess, she can come up with some good shit, sometimes," he grinned. He made me repeat the performance, by locking my wrists above me. This time he didn't bother setting the timer, you could basically set it at one minute with a couple quick clicks, but no less. That meant, if we were caught, they could race away, but I'd be stuck there for a minute.

Bill hadn't said a word but his eyes spoke volumes. He'd ogled me before in the hottub too, I knew what he wanted then, and what he wanted now. Steve motioned for Bill to walk back the path a bit and block it, he was going to be the "lookout."

"Don't worry," he hissed as he pulled down his pants, "the only guys i'm worried about are Todd and Tyler, they should be here soon, if they didn't double back."

"Steve, are you supposed to be doing this?" I asked as he rubbed his cock on my slick pussy lips. I was on my toes, so he just lifted one of my legs for easier access. "Hell no I'm not," he spat. "But you aren't telling Jess about this either, got it?"

"Why not?" I asked as he started to slide it into me.

"Because you totally fucking want this kind of stuff. Plus, it'll fuck up our friendship, your friendship with Jess, and I could totally fucking RUIN that website. She has no idea how to run it, I could infect it, and people would avoid it like the plague. Just consider this part of my salary, " he said, panting now, as he was fully inside me now. I could only gasp.

"Yeah, don't tell me you don't dig this shit, you wanted to be caught anyway, didn't you. Jess tells me that all the time, you fucking WANT guys to catch you doing shit like this," he said as worked a rhythm into me. He'd pulled both my legs around his waist. He was basically swinging me on and off his cock.

I was panting too, god I'd wanted to be fucked for SO long, but like this? Why was my pussy so wet then?

"But what are you...um...we going to tell her when we get back, it's going to be past the time she figured."

"Jesus, do you ever shut up?" He said cruelly, but probably playfully. I knew he liked me, I just never knew how hot he was for fucking me. "I got this. Trust me," he said as he pumped in and out of me. My pussy was on fire from all the build up, I couldn't help it, I was bucking into him the best I could.

"Yeah, I knew you liked this shit. Jess told me how you've been denying...yourself...uh...I knew a horny slut like you would be aching for it," he panted.

"I am," I admitted, my own breath uneven. He DID know how to fuck. "But why like this?" I asked, even as the dull throb from my long aching pussy turned sharp, and focused. My clit must've been as hard as a pebble. I could feel his balls slapping against my ass with each thrust. I couldn't see Bill, the path was out of my peripheral vision but I knew he was watching.

"Because I want to fuck you, and you want to be fucked," he said tersely. "It's Jess, don't you see?" He panted. "She knew what could happen if we found you. I just made sure it happened to ME," he grinned. His face was contorting with each thrust. I knew he was close to release. It was too far along. I urged him on.

"Then DO it, fucker! Fuck me! Cum in my pussy like you've wanted to for so long!"

"Uh, god, yes, I've wanted to. Your body is practically evil it's so fucking hot," he panted.

"Then cum in me, like you've always wanted to."

"Unh...unh...unh...you won't tell...Jess...will you?"

"Not a word, cum in me!"

He did, he exploded, he held my pussy all the way down on his cock and he shuddered to a mind blowing orgasm. I was practically there too, he'd filled me so good. He pulled back and slipped out of me, I was reluctant to let it go. I swung towards him to keep it in me as long as I could. Steve reached up and set the timer on the lock for a minute. "Your turn," he called out.

I forgot about Bill. I saw out of the corner of my eye. He came up behind me and cupped my big tits in his hands. "God, Victoria, I've wanted to touch these for so fucking long. They are so fucking nice they almost don't seem real." Suddenly the lock popped open. My hands fell to my sides. They were really aching now, first from before, but then with Steve, I basically was holding myself up on him with my arms.

"You guys better hurry," Steve urged, eyeing the path.

I stood up, shook some blood into my arms again. "How do you want me?" I asked. I was resigned to it, I might as well enjoy it, and who is kidding who? I DO love this shit, I can't help it. I just worried about the dishonesty. I wondered about Jess, if she was worried.

I bent over at the waist when he didn't respond. My ass up invitingly for him. "See, I told you she's into this shit. Bill here was worried it'd be like, against your will or something. It isn't , right, tell him."

"No Bill," I sighed. "I agreed to doing this, I knew there was a chance I'd have to pay the consequences, and I guess these are the consequences. Now, are you going to fuck me or what?"

He did, he got turned on by my dirty talk , he grabbed my hips and he drove his pecker right into me. It was small. I didn't want to laugh. Steve could see my face though and he gave me a knowing wink and a shrug. Plus, the fucker lasted like three minutes, even with stopping a few times not to pop too soon. It was too much for him. For a small dick, he did have a lot of cum, but I know most of Steve's was in there, too. Just as he was pulling out Steve yelled at us to get down. We all dove into the bushes. I again felt myself get several more scratches since I was the only naked one. Soon, he told us we could get up.

"Yep, Todd and Tyler," Steve nodded. I shuddered to think if they had checked the pull up area.

"Ok, we gotta go, we're going to run, literally, back the other way. You go the way Todd and Tyler went, they are headed back anyway. Just stay behind them. He handed me my dress, "you earned it," he smiled lewdlly.

I followed not too closely behind Todd and Tyler, I kept out of sight until I finally saw them reach the group. I waited a few minutes, then I walked up to Jess. "You bitch," I hissed.

Everyone welcomed me back. "Did you get the presents?" Jess asked as if disgusted. "Fuck, I left them in the car."

Jess gestured as if I was an absent minded bimbo, which she knew I wasn't. I headed for the car. She followed behind. I was taking the presents out of the car when she got to me.

"Jesus," she said, looking me up and down. "You look worn," she laughed. "Plus, I see you have some scratches, but at least the dress covers most of them up."

"Yes, I had to dive into the bushes a few times, no thanks to you," I said playfully.

"I wonder who else noticed, you certainly weren't like that when you arrived. Plus, you came from the other direction on the way back there, I got this," she said, which reminded me of how Steve had said it a few minutes earlier. "You obviously got lost, got on the path, passed the picnic area, and walked all the way round, decided to take the shortcut which, as we know is overgrown, and voila, there's your explanation."

"Got it," I said softly. I was exhausted. She probably assumed it was from all the walking, running, and hiding.

We were walking back to the group with the presents and she whispered to me, "you should've seen the disappointed looks on the faces of Todd and Tyler when they walked in just ahead of you. Good girl, staying out of their sight and following them like that. Steve and Bill haven't come back yet. Knowing Steve, he probably doubled back, hoping to catch you doing the same. He thinks he's so smart," she said derisively. She looked at me strangely when she said it. I just nodded.

The rest of the picnic was uneventful, except for me when Bill and Steve joined the group again. Both of them kept coming up to me and sly winking at me. Steve occasionally whispered things like, "is our cum still dripping out of you, slut?"

Jess finally drove me home, I was ready for bed. I was exhausted, yet not so strangely satisfied, it was my first good fucking in quite awhile. Yes, I'm only counting the one, Bill's wasn't enough to even consider as a fucking. I crashed face down on the couch. Jess came behind me and kissed my hair softly. "You are amazing, you know that, Victoria? Totally fucking, mind blowingly...amazing."

I fought get up, my arms felt like I'd lifted a ton of weights. "Jess, I have to tell you something."

"You are tired. Tell me tomorrow, sleep!"

"No it has to be now. Steve...um...well...he fucked me."

"What???? Did he? How the fuck did that happen?"

I explained the whole ordeal from when she left me. She looked irked. I wondered if I'd lost her as a friend, even though I really had little choice in the matter. She heard the whole story, sitting quietly, taking it all in. When I finished she stood up.

"Are we good?" I asked fearfully.

"You just fucked my boyfriend, for god sakes," she hissed.

"I know, I'm sorry, if I had a choice in the matter..."

"You had a choice! You always have a fucking choice!" said harshly. "Everything you do, everything you've done you've had a choice. "Should I show this guy my tits? Should I suck this guy off? Should I let my friend film me doing debasing things and put it on a website? You ALWAYS have a choice, you just always make the wrong one!"

I started to sob. She was my best friend. She took my chin in her hand, I wondered if she was going to slap me. I was going to let her, if it would make her feel better.

"You stupid little slut," she said softly. "You stupid, crazy fucking slut."

"Stop," I cried.

"No! You stupid, crazy, daring, amazing, wonderful , sweet...gullible slut!"

"What?" I said through tears.

Her face quickly softened. "What, you don't think I know my own boyfriend? Jesus, girl. Of course I knew he fucked you. He thinks he's so fucking smart. I gave him all the clues. I knew he knew the paths like the back of his hand, hell, that padlock gave him plenty enough time to find you. I knew he'd beat Todd and Tyler, too, they've never been here. But if they had, I guess it would've worked out just the same for you," she laughed. "I just figured I'd give him the best chance, since he already knows about you and your kinks."

"But, does that mean you aren't mad?"

"Fuck no, not at you at least. I'll make Steve pay for this, in some ways, for a time, don't know how long. I knew he'd try to fuck you. Do you know my instructions to him were to make sure no one fucks you without your consent? I even told Steve that if HE catches you, that he could only have a blowjob, the others, whatever they worked out with you."

"How did you know he'd figure your clues out and fuck me anyway, against your wishes?"

"Men are men, girlie. He's wanted you for so long, do you think I couldn't tell? He's useful to have around though, that man works magic with his tongue," she giggled.

"His cock works too," I said, smiling.

"Well, you needed a good fucking, out of the four of them, I was hoping Steve at least could give you what you needed."

"He did," I sighed. "God I needed to be fucked like that."

She just laughed when I told her about Bill's pencil dick and three minute ride.

"He told me not to tell you, aren't you mad about that?" I wondered. "Plus, he threatened me, like he was going to damage the website purposely if I told."

"Of course I'm mad that he lied to me, hell, if he'd just said, "no Jess, if I find her I'm fucking her too, as continued payment for working on the website," I'd have admired his nerve. But no, he chose the lying path. We need him, for now. We haven't been very close for some time now. The break up is ahead, I just don't know when. But not right now. So, for now, let's act like you didn't tell me. He'll see that as a green light for more action with you. Just tell me when he does."

"You know I will, I'm not lying to you, ever."

"I know sweetie, that was a brave thing you did earlier. We love each other, I'd have done the same."

"Don't worry, I'll say no next time."

"You don't have to, just let me know what he's up to, I like to stay a step ahead of him."

"I don't want to be fucking him again, knowing he thinks its behind your back. I'd feel like I'm conspiring against you."

"But you aren't, sheesh, you are an "actress" now, ACT like it, play the part. You and I know better, we'll both know everything."

"But I'd feel badly about fucking him."

"Liar," she teased. "Did it feel bad earlier?"

"Well no," I grinned.

"Exactly, sometimes you are just going to need cock, and his might come in handy. But I'll let you sleep, you look exhausted. Can I get you anything?"

I fell back into the couch, face down.

"Just the aloe vera in the bathroom cabinet, for these scrapes. Also, I feel like I got sunburned too, my skin is so hot. I don't think I'm going to make it off this couch."

"You're right, you are getting red. I'll make a note next time to apply sunscreen first. Be right back." She returned, bottle in hand. I started to reach for it, she stopped me. "It's the least I can do."

She surpised me. She pulled my dress over my hips, and up my back, until finally she forced me to shrug it off, over my head. I was lying nude, face down for her. She began to rub the lotion into my scraped and burned skin. It felt so good. She started at my feet, worked up my legs, between them, parting them slightly as she worked the inner thighs. Then she squirted more on my butt and massaged it in there, too. When she reached my back I winced when the cool lotion hit some of the scratches. I sighed when I felt the cool penetration of the lotion. She made me turn over. My eyes were closed. Again, she started at my feet and worked upward.

"Jesus, Victoria, did you hump a thornbush while you were out there?"

I started to answer, but she shushed me. "Shhh my little butterfly, my sexy, slutty little butterfly," she chuckled. "Ok, now I know why guys dig this so much, your body is fucking amazing. How the hell can everything be so big, in all the right places, so small in others, so tight, yet so soft at the same time. You are like a fucking unicorn, something magical."

I'd never heard her speak so glowingly about me, or any other woman. "Don't worry, you aren't "turning" me," she laughed, as if she knew what I was thinking, which she did. "I'm just not fucking blind, you are hot as the sun.

She rubbed the cream beneath my inner thighs again, I parted them again for her, allowing access. I nearly gasped when the back of her hand grazed my pussy lips. But, she just passed by and worked the lotion into my stomach, then, my tits. She took her time on my tits. To be fair there were many scratches there. She rubbed and kneaded them like a kitten on a scratching post.

"Does that hurt?" she asked with a wince, pointing out a particular scratch right on the nipple.

"I hadn't noticed but yeah, I'll bet it'll especially hurt tomorrow, when I try to wear a bra or shirt."

"Yeah, I'll bet...then again, you don't work or have school tomorrow, just go topless. It's how we want you anyway," she grinned.

"Ok," I squeaked. All this "attention" was making my pussy hum.

She left my tits and worked under my chin and the back of my neck. Then she lovingly rubbed some on the hot skin of my face. Finally, she was done.

"Is that better?"

"God yes, thank you!"

"When you wake up take a shower, for god sakes," she laughed. "You smell like sweaty sex." She motioned towards my pussy.

"Blame Steve for that," I said softly, now barely able to keep my eyes open.

"Oh, I will, believe me, I will."

I remembered something. "You know what?" I said softly with regret.

"What?"

"This whole episode wasn't videotaped, none of it. Did you forget?"

"No, I didnt forget, baby. I just wanted you to get what you needed. I have plans for that. We're going to re-create it, like we did with Steve and the pizza. It'll be much safer that way, we can pick a time where the park is empty. So did you get your holy triumverate..."

"Naughty..."

"Yes I know, Naughty triad. You got it, right? Exhibition, bondage, and, oh fuck, the cocksucking!"

I blushed, "don't worry, in this case the fucking outweighed the cocksucking. And I've done plenty of it, anyways."

"And will continue to do so, right? This didn't quench your desire for it, or ruin it in any way did it?"

"Fuck no," I groaned, "now you are going to make me ACHE for it."

"Ok good, but remember we can stop at any time, you just say the word."

"I would, but I'm not, not sure when I'd ever want to stop."

"Ok, now go to sleep and heal. We'll take a week off of the website thing, longer if you want."

"Don't make it too long," I said drowsily. "I don't want anyone to forget me."

"Oh, I don't think that's possible, dear. Good night. You never asked what's written on your back."

"Oh, I forgot, what's it say?"

"Free fuck," she grinned. "Now obviously I was confident it was going to be one of our boys, but if someone else had come upon you..." She left with that thought.

That thought woke me up again. I got wet all over again, it was going to be tough sleeping, again.

**Victoria's Self Bondage Games Ch. 04**

Jessica game me a couple of days "off" to recover from the park bondage game. I had some scratches to heal. I also needed to deal with the fact that her boyfriend had fucked me. Lastly, I'm sure she knew a couple days off from thinking about sex all the time would help me recharge my batteries. That part didn't work, sex was on my mind constantly. I keep hearing that women's sexual peaks are in their mid 30's. I can't imagine it being even greater than what state I was in now.

She came over on a Friday night. She let herself in. She saw me on the couch. "I see the neighbors must be aware of some of your activities," she chuckled.

"Oh god, why do you say that?"

"You know those young guys, probably your age, with the apartments right across from each other?"

"Yeah?"

"They used to hang out all the time in the front, on their porches. Now I see they've set up lawnchairs in back."

"That might not be because of me," I protested.

"True, but I've NEVER seen them back here, there's only a view of the parking lot there...and...you of course. So which should I assume they've been watching?"

She saw my eyes, wide. "It's not a bad thing, babe. I was just pointing it out. It was kind of our aim, anyway. I've been thinking..."

"Oh god," I moaned. "I know where your ideas lead."

"Just following your example, dear," she laughed.

"So what have you been thinking?" I asked excitedly. Honestly, I couldn't wait for the next thing, whatever it was.

"Well those boys out there made me think of something. Think of what you've done, since the bondage thing with Cam. You've got him, the first pizza dare guy who left without getting any. Then, there's the second dare where you sucked the guy off...what was his name?"

"Oh god, I have no idea," I admitted shamefully.

"We'll call him "guy three," then, for clarification," she laughed, enjoying my embarrassment at having sucked someone without even knowing their name. "Then there Steve, of course, and Bill. Finally, there's Todd and Tyler."

"I didn't do anything with them!" I reminded her.

"I didn't say you did. Oh, plus the new voyeur neighbors."

"Ok, they are all guys, yes," I said questioningly. I didn't know where she was going with all this.

"What I'm saying is, there are already a lot of guys out there who want a crack OR another crack at you. We need to make that happen, we've had some requests for it on the site."

She was making me wet. I couldn't help it, when we talked about sex, I knew it was always going to lead to something awesome.

"They all want you. Oh, and by the way, we are getting flooded with those suggestions on the website. They mostly want more of the delivery dare but quite a few really want to see you get fucked."

"Mmm, that sounds so good, I want to see that, too," I giggled. "I really want to suck some more cock, though, and soon. I really have a taste for it."

"I know, I know you," she smiled. "Hey, that was my other thought. The blow bang thing."

I grinned and air quoted, "the blow bang thing."

"I'm serious. I know that's a killer fantasy for you, but it's still kind of vague, in my head. Hard to figure out the reality without more information."

"Well, obviously I want to suck more than one cock."

"That's not quite what I mean," she said, more seriously. "If you want this, and I can make it happen, you can be more helpful. I know it's more than one cock. But, is it a blow bang, like, there's a half dozen guys standing in front of you and you work your way down the line on your knees taking care of them? Is that it?"

"Oh fuck," I hissed. My hand instinctively went to my underwear.

She playfully pulled it away. "Not now, we have business to discuss," she chided. "So that's it?"

"Well, that's fucking hot, for sure. I have several thoughts that I've kept in my head about it, though. That's one way, for sure. Another way is, I end up sucking a lot of cocks, one after the other, but all separate episodes, ya know?"

"You mean like our delivery dare thing, where we just keep calling them, over and over, until you are satiated?"

"Fuckkkk, yes, just like that. No one guy knows about the other. For me, it's just having to repeat the process a number of times."

"How many times? In your head, I mean. Reality can be different."

"I never really thought about it...it's more than 3...less than 10...probably. I guess when I fantasize about it I probably have orgasmed by the time it got to be that many," I laughed.

"Are there others?" she asked probingly.

"Yes, one more. I imagine I'm somewhere in a public setting, with lots of people, meaning lots of guys. Somehow I end up getting pulled somewhere, just out of sight to suck a cock. Word gets out that there's a slut sucking cock and I never leave that spot, guys just keep replacing each other and I stay there, on my knees, until it's over. They are never together, though, it's still one at a time."

"Nice," she smiled. "Ok, I can see how the first one and the third one will be hard to manage. In the first one, it would have to be a setup. Everyone having to be on the same page. If it was all people we knew, that obviously would be very embarrassing. But, if it were strangers, who knows how, or if that would work. It could easily get out of hand, or, for your sake, you could get a bunch of limp dicks," she laughed.

"And three?" I asked.

"Similar problems. Where, exactly? Who is not going to know you? Or, when word gets out, who is going to stop the wife, or the girlfriend of the guy you are blowing to bust in screaming and fighting? Again, it would have to be a situation where we at least knew the guys were willing and able to do it, at least a LITTLE bit discreetly."

"You are a buzzkill," I joked. "I know it seems impossible, that's probably why I haven't done it."

"I didn't say impossible, I said it was problematic. One really easy solution is that you deal with the embarrassment of doing it with people you know. I just mentioned people who would be totally into it, if you could get over, or at least learn to deal with, the embarrassment of it."

"I AM learning to. I'm finding that the embarrassment is often the goal. That it seems to be the driving force for getting me wet," I admitted. "Wait, so what about the second one? Any problems with that?"

"We already have a setup for that one. The delivery thing. There's no reason we couldn't start in the afternoon and call different places until you've gotten your, um, "fill," so to speak."

"Yes, I've thought about that since when we did the one with two different guys. I didn't really want to stop..."

"Then why didn't you tell me?" She asked.

"Embarrassment, I guess."

"You have nothing to hide from me, Victoria, if you want something I'll try to make it happen."

"I know, I should've, I will next time."

"Good. Now take those clothes off," she ordered.

I knew better than to question her, she was like my keyholder. All this brought out a dominance in her I didn't know existed. Her ideas always led to something good. She had me strip for inspection. She eyed me up and down. She turned me around. She caressed my back and my ass, finally my tits. She was checking if I still had scratches. I did, but they were healing and almost unnoticeable.

"Just checking the goods for our online customers," she joked.

"So we are getting a lot of business? That's great!"

"Well, truthfully, the money flow has slowed a bit because the last video we sold was the one of you and Steve acting out the pizza thing. One idea is that we can make quick ones like with you stripping, or masturbating, those would sell, but would be cheaper."

I spent the next hour with her videotaping me stripping and masturbating. She made me fake it, though, she loved keeping me on edge. She knew she could tell the real ones.

"Ok wow, now you have me really worked up," I complained.

"Well all of it is up to you. I think I'm best at planning the detailed, more risky ones, but in between those you may need to get what you need with your own ideas. Like now, you are lusting for sucking cock. How do you want it?"

"Well honestly, I've "only" sucked off three guys in the last three weeks. Steve, Cam, and the other guy. Hell, I give more head to Jack in a week, when we are together, that is, than I've done lately. Odd that my sex life has opened up, but the quantity is down," I pouted.

"Well, I point out every time that we can always do the delivery thing. That's a standing offer. It sells, it's easy, and we can control how many or how long it takes to do it."

"I really do love it," I admitted. "I'm just so charged up for something new, though."

"Funny thought," she said, smiling. "Do you still have any contact with those fraternity guys?"

She was referring to a party where I'd sucked off two different guys the night of the party, one the next day, and even dated two others, later.

"Gosh no," I said, red faced from remembering it.

"Seems like that might be an easy setup, doesn't it?"

"Yes, gosh, no, I don't know, really. It's so embarrassing to think about."

"But you are getting wet right now, thinking about it, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said softly.

"Let me see," she ordered.

I was surprised, she had kept saying she wasn't "into" that. I opened my legs. My finger slid down my slit, it was wet. She just smiled.

"You really are sexy," she grinned. "Wars have been fought over beauties like you. You're our very own Helen of Troy."

I closed my legs but she told me firmly, "keep them open." We sat and chatted for the next fifteen minutes. I could see her occasionally eyeing my pussy. It made it tingle even more.

"Let's run through them all, then," she said. "First, say I lined up some guys. Obviously I'd either know them, or some of them having been vouched for. Then I parade you out and you work down the line, pleasing them. What would be your issues with that?"

"Oh god, I don't know. It's so raw, so exposing," I said, trying to figure out what they were, myself. It's a big step, from then on I could no longer hide the fact that I've become this kind of slut. Strangers is one thing, I may never see them again. But, to have to show up at gatherings with some of them there...whew...like I said, it's a big step."

"True, it is," she admitted. "All of this is building to it, though. I can see how wild it makes you."

My legs were still open, I was absentmindely sliding my fingers over my lips.

"Already there are several delivery places who know all about your actitivies. I'll bet the staff at those places know all about you and have made a special note of your number, if you should call again."

"Fuck, I know, I thought about that too," I said.

"The neighbors here, especially those young guys probably know quite a bit, too. Same with Tyler, Todd, Bill. You'll see those guys again!"

"I know, I'm so dreading seeing them, even Steve now, with what I've done. Do you think Tyler and Todd know what the other two did to me?"

"Knowing guys, absolutely."

I blushed in shame.

"So you see, you are trying to hold onto a vision of yourself that just isn't real anymore. I don't blame you for any of it, though. I certainly couldn't do the things you've done. I think you are brave. I would love a lot of those things, too. I'm sure that shocks you, but I just don't have the guts, or the beauty that you do."

"Bullshit, you get probably the most attention at parties!" I protested. She really is beautiful, more classically. She has long, brown hair, she's tall, like a model. She has the most amazing legs. Her face reminds me of Lily James. Her tits are smaller than mine (most are) but they are pert and sexy and she can wear any top she wants and still look great.

"Regardless, I lack the courage you have. I'm just saying that all this is leading to your exposure as a slut. People were bound to find out anyway. You have two options and I'll support you either way. One, you quit all this, immediately, before it goes too far. The second, you just hop on, and go for the ride. I love you either way."

I lowered my head bashfully. "I...don't think I can stop."

"I don't think so either. I think you'd be able to resist, for a time, but eventually you'll find yourself back to where you are now."

I nodded. "I'm so horny to suck a cock right now I could burst."

"I agree, you look...ready for it," she said, eyeing my pussy lips again. "So you agree you'll start forcing your limits, that familiarity isn't off limits anymore?"

"Yes," I peeped.

"Good, give me a minute," she said. She went into the den and made a call. I could hear her talking.

"You're in luck," she said when she returned. She had me put on a pair of sexy panties, the rest was open and free. I sat on the couch with my back to her. She was massaging me, my shoulders, my neck, my back, with me sitting. The whole time she was encouraging me, coaching me to relax and enjoy the experience. Her hands were soft. Her touch was experienced. I could feel her hot breath on my neck as she got close. She was making my pussy hum harder. Finally, she checked her watch. She led me to the glass door and had me kneel. She instructed me to keep my hands on my knees, push my chest out and wait. It wasn't long. Her dominance was becoming intoxicating.

I heard a car pull up. I saw his eyes light up when he saw me, like that. He tapped on the glass. I told him to come in. It was Cam, the guy from the first bondage game.

"Whoa, the first time I didn't think it was real, now, I'm glad it is!" He grinned.

"No more pretenses," I said. "Do you want your cock sucked?"

"Fuck yeah," he groaned. He took it out. I remembered how nice it was, I couldn't wait. I took him in my mouth, not using my hands just yet. As always, the blinds were open, we were just on the other side of two panes of glass door. Nothing blocked the view. I gave him head like I was starved for it, which I was. I wasn't going to wait so long between times from now on, I promised myself. My pussy was soaked. Mostly from the thought that this guy now had me more than once, and now knows the "real" me, the cocksucking slut I am, not the one from before who pretended it was all accidental. I wondered how he'd use that information from now on.

I knew Jessica was filming the whole thing as he erupted in my mouth for the second time...and probably not the last. I stayed on my knees the whole time, even as he left and I licked his cum from my face. He hadn't even brought pizza! Jessica came out smiling. She had me rehearse a bit for the website.

Then she pointed the camera at me.

"Hi guys, it's Tori again. As you saw, I just sucked off another pizza guy. You guys have been asking for more. I've actually sucked him off before (though the website audience hadn't seen it, Steve had replaced him in the re-creation of it). " I thought you'd get a kick out of that, that I'm building a reputation at these places. Keep the suggestions "cumming!"

"Nice touch," Jessica laughed. "So how does it feel, knowing that some guy knows you just love to give head? You know he'll expect more now?"

"I know," I sighed, my face red. Being red haired, for some reason I blush easily. "It feels...sexy. I'm ashamed, I'm scared, I'm turned on. My pussy is totally wet from it, though."

"I specifically asked for him. I'm sure the place knows all about you. I'm sure he was hard all the way over here," she laughed. "So...are you ready to do more? I'm thinking of the blow bang thing."

I was licking my lips at the time. "Do we have time for that, even?" I wondered.

"It's friday night, we don't work tomorrow," she pointed out. "We can also do the intro after the fact."

"I don't know about the blow bang, but I'm ready for another," I said, I was still hungry.

"Well get ready, I'll be right back," she said. "Do not try to put your clothes on," she warned. She wanted as much possible exposure as possible.

Just a note about our apartment complex. I live in a complex that has three buildings, in a "U" shape. There are another dozen of those "U" shapes throughout the whole complex. My particular collection of buildings is in an adult section. No kids. The apartments with kids are in the ones closer to the front, near the pool and play area. Mine is the last group of three, tucked in the back. As I've said, a main road runs past the side of my apartment, but it's blocked by the bushes. I'm saying this because, even with all my exposure, there was very little chance of anyone underage seeing me. I'm just putting that out there.

Jess returned with a smile. She handed me the cuffs and the timed padlock from the park episode. "Lose the panties for this one," she grinned. Again, she positioned me in front of my window entrance. I clicked the cuffs on behind me. She was standing behind me. "Here's the game for this one. When I see him pull up I'll start the timer. I'll give you ten minutes. See if you can make him cum in that time. If not, the penalty is you have to ask him to fuck you."

"Oh fuck, Jess. You are so dirty."

"You love it!" She laughed. The car arrived, she started the timer and disappeared to film it.

It was the same guy from Tropical Smoothie that I'd sucked off. She was giving guys repeat performances on purpose. That was why she left, the place is right around the corner from my house, she must've made sure that he was working, since I didn't remember him telling me his name.

Sure enough, he grinned when he saw me. He came right in. "I was right the first time, wasn't I?" He said, lifting my chin to meet his intense gaze.

"MmmHmmm," I nodded.

"I was right when I said you were doing this on purpose, I fucking KNEW it," he said, congratulating himself.

"You were, but I sucked you off that time," I said. "It wasn't like I was a tease."

"No, you most certainly were not. I should've guess by the way you gave head, you could be a fucking professional."

"I'm not," I giggled.

"But you are going to suck my cock again, aren't you?"

I liked the way he said it, not a question really, more of a direct observation.

"Yesss," I purred.

"You love the bondage thing too, I see. Girl after my own heart," he admitted. "I'm betting you want it like that, without the hands."

I nodded.

"I'm ok with that," he grinned as he took out his cock. I could still taste Cam on me when I took this guy in my mouth. I still didn't know his name, that thought made my pussy gush. I worked him good. He was holding my head on the sides, guiding himself in.

"Fuck, that body is amazing," he said. "Those tits, that ass...fuck," he hissed.

I was lost in the pure joy I get from giving head when the lock suddenly opened. It had been ten minutes. We'd wasted too much time at the beginning, talking. He slipped out of my mouth. "What's that for?" He asked, pointing at the lock.

I probably wanted this more than he did. "It's a timed lock. That was the time limit for me."

"To what? Get me off? You're fucking kidding me."

What should've been obvious to him was that I was still cuffed. The lock had nothing to do with the cuffs. I was still helpless. Also obvious should've been my lust. There was no way I was stopping this. I explained the lock, how it worked. He was eyeing me suspiciously the whole time.

"I just like the games," I sheepishly admitted. "I gave myself ten minutes to get you off like that...if not..."

"If not, then what?" He asked, with obvious motivation.

"Then I have to ask you to fuck me. It's like a penalty I gave myself if I failed."

"Fuck, that's wicked. Wicked, cool. So do it, ask me. You HAVE to, right?"

"I do," I said shamefully. "Will you fuck me now?"

"You need to do better than that," he urged while circling behind me. He was eyeing his prize.

"Will you please fuck me, sir. Take my pussy and fuck it good, like you said you wanted to the other day."

"Better. Yes, I've wanted to fuck you since I saw you. This is going to be so fucking great," he said triumphantly. "I assume you are going to want the cuffs on the whole time. It wouldn't have mattered, I wouldn't have let you take them off anyway," he grinned lewdly.

The dominant tone just increased the fire in me. He lifted me up by my arms and bent me over the kitchen table. I was laying on the table, my ass out and spread invitingly for him. He was behind me, I could feel him sliding his dick up and down my slit.

"Fuck, you are wet. You totally get off on this. I'm going tear this thing UP," He grunted as he slid himself into me slowly, till he was fully inside. Then, little by little he inched himself back out until his head almost popped out. Then he repeated the process, over and over. In slow, fully, then out, to the point where he had me backing up into him not to let him slip out. He laughed at that, that he had me on the end of his dick, urgently trying to keep him inside me.

"Don't worry babe," he hissed as he grabbed me by the hair and pulled me up so that he was right in my ear. "I'll be inside you long enough. I'm going to take my time hitting this. I've been waiting for this opportunity, I'm going to make the most of it."

He did. He rode me long and hard. The way he built up the tempo was masterful. Finally, he was lifting my ass up off the table with each thrust. I could tell he loved the way I grunted when he did so. It encouraged him to take it even harder, deeper. Embarrassingly, I came on his dick. My pussy had been rubbing the edge of the table and each thrust sent shock waves through my clit."

"God, the things I could do with a body like this," he said frantically, his hand full of my red hair as he drove it into me.

"Do it, do it like you need it," I urged.

"Oh fuck fuck fuuuuuuck," he groaned as he slammed it into me. His cum filled me. I could feel its hotness almost burning my insides. He still had my hair, like the reins of a pony he was breaking. He rode me down, slowly, softly, as his cock shrank. Finally, reluctantly, he pulled out. He stepped back and admired his handiwork. I was panting, my face red with effort. I was wet and dripping. He grinned. He walked around the table to look me in the eye. I just laid there, spent.

"I get the feeling you'd like more of this but you struggle with the embarrassment of admitting it."

"Yes," I said softly.

"Ok, when you want it, you just call, ask for RJ."

I finally knew his name, sort of. After sucking him off and having him fuck the shit out of me, I at least finally knew what to call him.

"Ok," I said, embarrassed that I was fully naked with his cum running down my legs, while was just cool as a cucumber, fully clothed now, and in charge.

"And keep those cuffs close...and that padlock. Next time, when you call, maybe I'll give you a time limit again, if I can hold out, maybe the penalty will be your ass next time."

My pussy twitched. "Oh god," I said. I wondered if I could take an ass fucking like he just gave to my pussy. I knew I'd like to find out, though. He left me just like that, not even bothering to uncuff me. I liked that, he got what he wanted and needed, and then he was off.

Jessica and I were just starting to celebrate my success when suddenly she saw a figure in the distance approaching. She ducked back into the den. I was standing there, nude, still dripping when a guy tapped on the glass. My mind was spinning, but I knew the lecture I'd get from Jess if I ran to get clothing. I looked out, it was Chas, one of my neighbors Jess was talking about earlier. He was one of the four college athlete guys. He was a big dude, hard to call him chubby but he was large, he was a lineman for the football team. There was fat on him, for sure, but he was also totally muscled up, not usually my type. I realized at that moment that I probably no longer HAD a type. I just slid the glass door open a crack.

"Yes?"

He could see everything. My big tits heaving, my brow sweating. If he looked close enough he'd probably be able to see the rivulets of cum running down my inner thighs.

"Um, can we talk?" He said, somewhat urgently.

I let him in. "Ok, so what?" I asked. He was ogling me something fierce.

"Look, you've been kind of...uh...active lately," he said with some obvious discomfort.

"Yeah?" I asked. I knew what he was getting at.

"I don't know if you know this, but when your blinds are all the way open like that, at the right time of day, you can see everything that goes on in front of the glass."

"No I didn't," I lied. "Oh god," I said, feigning horror. "You didn't just see..."

"Yes, I saw you sucking some delivery guy and him fucking you. You had handcuffs on. Are you all right? I thought about calling the police but...uh...it looked like you were really enjoying it."

I avoided his gaze with shame. "I did," I admitted. "I like those kind of games."

"Yeah, I can see that. I've also seen quite a bit of you lately, walking around your apartment."

"Why you big peeper, pervert," I chided.

"Hey, I'm not the one flashing everyone and having sex with delivery guys. Yes, I said guys, plural. I saw you suck some other dude off, too. It wasn't the same guy either, so I know it's not like your boyfriend or something. You are doing this to different people."

"Ok, so you got me," I admitted. "Like I said, I kind of like the game playing. What do you want, to warn me?"

"Yes," he said. "You know I can easily tell Mr. Crampton. He's an old religious dude. I doubt he'd want one of his tenants performing sex shows in his apartments."

"You are threatening getting me evicted?"

"No, well kind of," he admitted. I haven't had a girlfriend since high school and...when I did, she had red hair like you...so I often think about you when I..."

"Oh god," I realized. "This guy is masturbating to me."

"So what I'm saying, well offering is, I don't tell Old man Crampton, and you just give me some of...you know...what the other guys got."

I didn't have to debate it. It was part of Jess's plan all along anyway. I led him to the couch. It was still in camera range. "How do you want it?" I asked.

"Head," he said excitedly. "I want you to suck me off like you did those other guys."

I knelt in front of him and pulled his shorts down to his ankles. Luckily for me, his cock was thick, like him.

"No, not like that," he complained. "The cuffs, I love the idea of the cuffs."

"Oh, kinky, cool," I grinned.

And so it was I sucked another lucky customer. Chas didn't want to cum in my mouth, instead he shot it all over my face. He left me there, dripping. I was getting used to being used like that, I kind of preferred it like that without all the mindless chatter, after.

"Just so we're clear," he said. "I don't catch you giving free shows we're ok, but if I DO, you know I'll have to bring it to your attention...again."

"And so we're clear, you don't tell ANYONE else about this or that will never happen again, regardless of what you tell the old man. This place is a dump anyway, I can move at any time."

We were clear. Jess bust out of the room laughing hysterically. "Oh my god, that was so fucking great!"

"For you, maybe," I said disgustedly.

"Oh hush, it was great. I saw you moving your ass when you were sucking him. You were totally getting off on it."

"I know, I was," I admitted. "I can't help it, I'm so fucking turned on. But knowing that he's seen me, and he knows about me. God, they ALL know about me. This is so embarrassing."

"It is. But it's what you need. LOOK at you. Look at how hot this has made you. I'm going to call this video, "Tori's extortion suck." You are a fucking national treasure. So is this it? Is this the blow bang thing? Are we doing more?"

I didn't want to disappoint her. I actually debated doing it. But I said, "actually the fucking got me even hornier. I'm going to have to take care of myself. Plus, I only sucked two dicks off, RJ got to cum in my pussy, which I should really clean off. It's been gushing ever since."

"Nice that you finally found out his name...sort of," she cackled. "That's ok, we got three good videos out of this instead of one good long one...though I know how you like good, long ones," she joked. "I'm fine with us stopping, don't ever let my eagerness talk you into something you don't want to do. I'm living this stuff through you, but I don't want to push you past where you were wanting to go anyway."

"I know, I won't. My pussy is just so worn out from that fucking, god that was magnificent. My clit, however, is raging. That guy is kinky, I think the viewers might see some of him again. Did you see what he threatened? That he'd take my ass next time?"

"I did, you've created quite a monster."

"I don't think I could take another pounding like that, which is always a possibility, strange though that my pussy is still humming, and my clit is electric." IT still wanted more, even if I didn't.

She had me lie on the couch, face down. First, she went and got a warm, wet washcloth and cleaned my sore pussy, much to my embarrassment. Then she massaged me from head to toe.

"Why are you doing this?" I wondered. She seemed quite happy and willing to put her hands on me lately.

"I dunno," she said, probably just as confused. "It just feels...so good...you know?"

Every time she stroked up my inner thigh and I had to spread my legs a bit to let her massage me I felt my pussy quiver. She kept getting closer to the lips each time. I'd fooled around with other women a couple times my freshman year. I had no problems with it, I was just so into men that I didn't pursue it further. Her hands massaged my butt cheeks lovingly, tenderly. She traced her fingers up the small of my back which gave me wonderful goosebumps. Then she moved back to my legs. I was spread pretty wide. I knew she could smell me, from my naughtiness before.

"Um, Jess...you are kind of making me wet again."

I was expecting a, "jesus woman, when are you ever NOT wet," but instead she softly said, "shhh, I'll take care of that."

This time her fingers grazed my pussy while she was massaging. I wiggled a bit in frustration. She smacked my ass with her palm, playfully. "Hold still!"

This time her fingers lingered. She was no longer massaging, she was lightly caressing my outer lips with her fingers. I clutched the comforter on the couch from lust. Then, she slid a finger down my slit. It was wet. She pulled it out and put it in her mouth.

"Wow," she whispered. "It's like honey. Do they all taste like this?" She wondered aloud. I knew they didn't, I've tasted a couple.

She went back to stroking my pussy. She slid them easily up and down the slit, finally letting them penetrate me. Since I'd just been stretched by RJ's wonderful cock, they slid in easily. I moved my ass to adjust to the penetration. She finger fucked me that way, her thumb rested on my asshole. I bucked back against her instinctively. She took her fingers out of me and started circling my clit with them. Then, she penetrated me again. Back and forth, she worked my clit, then finger fucked me. It felt so good I was bucking against her hand the whole time.

"Oh god, oh god...fuck..." I panted when I was close.

"That's it baby, that's it, cum for me, let it go, let all that wonderful slutty energy go for me," she cooed.

That put me over the edge, I came all over her expert hand. I was almost sobbing it was so intense.

"Naturally, you cum like an angel," she kind of smirked, but in admiration.

"I doubt that, I probably look like I'm having a seizure, especially that one, it was so powerful."

"No, seriously," she said. "That was the most beautiful thing I think I've ever seen...or tasted," she said with a smile, before sticking her slick fingers back into her mouth.

"Um," I said with embarrassment. "What brought all that on?"

"YOU, you brought that all on."

"I thought you weren't into women," I said in confusion.

"I'm not. This is different for me, too. Do you know how hard it is to watch you do these things, things that deep inside I probably crave too? Don't you think that makes ME, kind of, wet too?"

"I guess, I just didn't know. You hide it so well."

"Well tonight it was too much. Seeing you tied up all that time with that incredibly perfect body, seeing you suck cock like a pro. Then, seeing that guy bang you like that while your hands were cuffed behind you? It was all too much for me. I actually got myself off filming it."

"You did? Wow."

"Yes, it was a "wow" moment. I'm just glad he didn't hear me, I had to cover my face with a pillow."

I looked at her. She was still hot, bothered. I'd only seen her like this with Steve. I felt like a total selfish diva.

"Do you want me to...return the favor?" I asked.

"No," she said softly, with a tinge of regret. "I don't think I'm ready for that yet."

"Because I will!" I really wanted to, the thoughts of pleasing a woman like that brought back good memories from my freshman year.

"I know you will, but I have to really think about all this. It's all been so...crazy...you know? Crazy but wonderful. I'm not complaining. I just really love having some kind of control over what happens to that wonderful pussy of yours."

I lowered my head. "You DO have control of it. Totally, if you want it. It's always better when you do."

"Then this pussy is MINE..." she purred, reaching out to stroke it gently with her fingers, "...and this will be the last time you say no to the blow bang, or to any other thing. Are you good with that?"

"Yes, ma'am," I peeped, once again wet with desire again.

We kissed each other good night. It was on the lips, as usual, but this time it lingered just a bit more than normal. I wondered what it all meant for me, for us, now.

**Victoria's Self Bondage Games Ch. 05**

"So why do you think you love to suck cock so much?" Jessica asked.

It wasn't really an odd question, considering what I'd done and where we now were together.

"I don't really know the psychology," I said, shrugging.

"I don't care about psychology," she smiled softly. "Why do YOU think you do?"

"I don't know, really. I think it may be the submissive nature of it. It's all about pleasing, all about their pleasure, and generally I'm on my knees doing it. That's the way I prefer it, at least. Then maybe it's because I found it hard to please my daddy when I was a kid, he was the tough military guy, all about discipline. Then, he died so young maybe I feel like I'm never pleasing him enough, which makes me want to please even more."

She laughed, "that sounded too much like psychology. I believe the first one, I think you are born with either submissive, or dominant traits."

"Is that so? Were you born with dominant traits, considering how you have decided to control me?"

"I don't want to control you, dear," she grinned. "I'm your best friend. I just like being in charge of this side of you. But why? Like you, I'm not sure. I've always felt protective, yet encouraging of you. So I guess for both of us it's a natural fit."

I smiled. It was hard to argue any other way since there I was, on my couch, in only my panties, as instructed, while she sat there fully clothed. She didn't allow me to wear anything more in the house while she was there, and yes, the blinds were open, as always.

"You have an affinity for cocksucking, that's for sure," she said, almost proudly. "I really dig it, too. I'm just not at your level," she laughed. I do often wonder what it would be like, in your shoes, though."

I blushed. I hadn't done anything since the night I repeated my performances with RJ, Cam, and then surprisingly, the football player. Every day, however, Jessica would come over and "inspect" me, meaning she'd make sure I was either naked, or semi naked. She often grilled me about my desires, what drives me, most of which she already knows. I could tell she was looking for details, specifics which she would try to incorporate in our future games. It was no longer odd for her to touch me, to massage my breasts, even casually stroke my pussy during her visits. She just said she enjoyed getting me wet and left it at that.

One day she was over and I was just getting out of the shower she appeared and said for me to dress quickly. She handed me my tight "Pink" shorts which ride up my ass quite a bit. They are meant more for intimacy than public viewing. On top she had me wear a belly baring crop top. My boobs being so large tend to push out the material enough to show a lot of underboob when I lift my arms. I knew she was about to expose me somehow. I got a familiar jolt from my clit from imagining the possibilities.

"Look," she said, pointing out my glass doors. In the back, out in the parking lot, three of the neighbor "boys," as she calls them, were out playing frisbee.

"Ok?" I asked.

"Are you going to question me or are you going to do what I ask, knowing I have your own desires in mind?"

"I'm going to do what you ask, ma'am," I said softly.

"Good, I'm glad we're done with that foolish resistance. You know I want what you want."

"I know, so what should I do? Stand here in front of the doors and hope they see me and if they do, then strip? It's sunny, I'm pretty sure the glare won't allow it."

She smirked. "Don't assume I'm stupid. I should whip your ass right now," she warned.

I turned crimson from embarrassment. I'd never heard her threaten me like that. She was really taking to it.

"I'm sorry, ma'am."

"Oh, and stop calling me ma'am, I'm your age for god sakes. Call me Mistress Jess," she grinned. "Yes, I like that."

"I'm sorry Mistress Jess," it sounded so weird to call my best friend since high school that, but on the other hand it FELT so natural.

"Here's what you are doing. You like sports, athletics. You work that tremendous body into shape doing all sorts of things. You've played frisbee before, haven't you?"

"Of course, well, not since I was a kid."

"I want you to go outside and see if the boys will let you play with them."

"I'm not trying to be smart here, Mistress Jess, but you mean play frisbee, right?"

"Hee hee, good one," she grinned. "Yes, for the current moment, I'm referring to frisbee. See if they'll let you play. I'm betting everything I have they say yes, seeing how you are dressed and how I'm sure they've longed to see you close up for quite awhile now. Wait a minute until your face loses some of its redness. No need for them to see your embarrassment, at least not yet."

I went outside, they couldn't say yes fast enough. There were four of us, Deke, Jake, and Sherm. They sounded like dog names to me. Their other friend Chas was at work, which I was glad. Playing catch with him, with him knowing a lot of my activites would've been weird, though I'm sure Jess would've loved it.

I was pretty good at throwing the frisbee, I was awful at catching it. I kept lunging at it, which I'm sure showed a lot of my tits as I'd reach for it. They were certainly checking out my ass as well. After a time, it seemed they PURPOSELY were throwing it high, so I'd have to lift my arms. They got to see quite a bit, I'm sure. Finally, my Jess called me in.

"What was all THAT for?" I asked, panting from all the effort.

"Are you going to trust me?"

"Yes, Mistress Jess."

"Good. Now keep your calendar open next Friday night."

"Are you going to tell me why?"

"Just that we're having a party at my house, our usual end of the summer, labor day weekend party."

"You and Scott?"

"Yes, and tons of our friends, as usual."

"Ok,?" I said suspiciously.

"Ok and you are going to do everything I ask, without hesitation, and you are going to love it."

She said no more about it. The website was doing well, the last three videos we did of me with Cam, RJ, and the football player were still "hot." Jess was afraid of losing members with each extended layoff we had of activity. It had been more than a week. Still, she didnt have me do anything. She said she wanted me ready and willing for what she had next.

You probably know how bad I am at waiting, by now. I hate it. I was in a constant state of arousal. Every day she'd drop by I'd pester her with questions or I'd profess my willingness to do another delivery dare. She always just batted my questions away like pesky gnats. As always, she forbade me from masturbating. I swore she'd have to cut off my hands to keep me from doing it but I made it to Friday.

The party. Jess and Scott had an annual Labor day weekend party since they got to college. It usually was a huge bash, at Jessica's parents house, which was now hers after her parents premature deaths. Scott was a huge jock, so there were always athlete friends of his there. There was almost always a big football game on. There are beer kegs, people bring their own booze if they wish. There's lots of stupid drunkeness and mayhem. These are the types of parties where I usually end up with my top off, due to some stilly drunken "dare" or something. It seemed the guys looked forward to it, like it was an annual event, like the party. This time I shuddered to think what might become annual.

Jessica instructed me what to wear. On top I wore a purple athletic jersey, made for women. It was meant to be sexy and cute, not athletic. It was fairly tight, and I'd also have just a hint of belly button going. Jess said she thought that was sexy when you get a flash of it. I had grey shorts which were tight, but not overly so. They covered my cheeks, but showed a good outline of everything I had. Jess was going for a sexy college coed look, I figured.

I arrived and was greeted warmly by everyone, especially the males. Scott had that stupid leer he had the day he made me fuck him. Naturally I was embarrassed to have to say hi to Todd, Tyler, and Bill also. I naturally wondered what they knew, what they'd talked about with each other about me. I also noticed they hung around our group a lot as everyone drank theirselves to happiness. Jess wasn't drinking, which was odd, she was a "bottle of wine" gal usually. I like wine, but I'm fine with beer. She monitored my intake, however, allowing me only one an hour. She seemed preoccupied and spent most of her time in the kitchen, greeting people as they came or hugging people goodbye when they left. It was the main entryway.

A couple hours in everyone was feeling pretty good by then. She suddenly saw something. She quickly grabbed me by my arm and pulled me into the pantry. She told me to be quiet but she wanted me to listen in. She closed the door and went back to the kitchen. She was greeting someone.

"Hi, do I know you?" She asked someone.

I heard a voice say, "um, we heard there was a party here, a friend told us about it."

"Really, who?" Jess said sternly.

I heard a couple voices say together, "Victoria."

I almost coughed. I most certainly didn't invite anyone, much less anyone Jess didn't know. I wondered why they were here and why Jess wasn't booting them out.

"Oh, is that so? I could ask her. What do you think she'd say?"

I heard some uncomfortable silence before one of them said, "listen, we don't want any trouble. We know some of these guys, we're athletes too, we have a game tomorrow."

"Should you be out drinking the night before a game?" Jess asked, I could tell she was smiling.

"We're in college, of course we should be drinking," laughed one of them.

"Look, I know you weren't invited because I'm the host," she said strongly. "But, since you are here, you do me a favor, and I'll certainly do you one. We all know why you are here. The sweet, big tittied red head with the rocking body, am I right?"

I heard them agree. I didn't hear the rest, she must've ushered them down the hall. They came back, everything worked out, apparently.

"Grab a beer and mingle, for now," said Jess.

She opened the door and brought me out. She led me out of the kitchen. "I hope you are ready for this."

"I would be, if I knew what it was."

"What you talk about all the time, what you ALWAYS talk about," she whispered jokingly.

She led me upstairs to her walk in linen closet. She closed the door behind us. "Strip," she ordered. She seemed so firm I didn't delay. I handed her my clothes.

"You'll get these back when I come for you, not before, got it?"

"Yes Mistress Jess," I said. My heart was racing, my nipples were hard, she noticed.

"God, you are so sexy, I think if I was a man, I'd want to tear that thing up, too," she smiled. "But for now, kneel."

I did so. She surprised me by putting on a blindfold. "This doesn't come off until I take it off, understand?"

"Yes, Mistress Jess..." I started to say before she cut me off.

"Listen, I love it but you can just say "yes" sometimes, it doesn't have to be EVERY time," she laughed.

"Ok, sorry."

"Do you want to put on the handcuffs or should I?" She asked, referring to when I said it wasn't self bondage if I didn't do it.

"You can," I said. "I think we're past all that. If you want me cuffed I think it's better if you do it."

"I agree." She cuffed my hands behind me, as I love. "Now you wait here," she giggled, knowing I couldn't really go anywhere. "You just do what comes naturally," she said as she left. I heard the folding linen door close. I could tell the light was still on in the room, through just a teeny crack at the bottom of the blindfold.

I waited. I was pretty sure what I was waiting for, but I didn't know how long. I was upstairs, which is off limits to the partiers, it's just the two main bedrooms, the linen closet and and the master bathroom. The stair was blocked by a doggie gate, usually, during the parties. They don't want people coming up, throwing up all over their master bath or worse, use the beds for sex. I giggled to myself that she didn't have an aversion to using the linen closet for sex , though, apparently.

I didn't wait long. I heard someone coming up the stairs. The closet doors opened slowly. "Holy shit," I heard a male voice say. "Goddamn, she was right."

I was on my knees, cuffed, blindfolded. I had no idea who was in front of me. I felt a hand touch my back. He guided it down my back, to my ass. A finger slid down the crack of my ass but stopped tantalizingly close to my hole.

"Nice," he murmured. His hands then cupped my tits, which straightened me up. I felt him kneading them with his hands, like he was rolling dough. His thumbs flicked over my nipples.

"I knew these would be fucking awesome," he said. "I fucking knew it."

I heard his zipper come down. He placed his hand on my head. "We knew this about you, I mean, it wasn't like you tried to hide it or anything," he said before offering his cock to me.

I felt it on my cheek, I searched for it with my mouth. He guided me to it. I took him in. He moaned.

"Oh man, this is fucking great," he kept saying as I sucked him to hardness.

I used my mouth like a vacuum and sucked him in deeper while at the same time I circled his cockhead with my tongue, which guys seem to love. His hands were on either side of my head, he was guiding me on and off of him. Occasionally, he'd pull out completely while I was sucking on him, which caused an audible, "pop," sound, which seemed to tickle him because he kept doing it. He the would guide me back on. He was groaning because of what I was doing to him. Then, we heard a soft tapping on the door.

I heard Jess on the other side. "Don't take all day, I gave you ten minutes, don't make me stop her," she warned.

"I won't," he moaned. He settled back in to allowing a steady rhythm. I took him deep, then let him out slowly, sucking in the whole time. When I'd get to the head I'd suck harder and twist my mouth on it while lashing my tongue around him. It was doing the trick, I felt him stiffen and pulsate. He shot it into me, hard. He held my head firm so he could fill me. I let him. Spurt after spurt, much of which I let spill out of the sides of my mouth after swallowing plenty. He was done. I pulled off with one more, "pop."

"Thanks, I'm sure I'll see ya around," he joked. I heard the door close, the soon after reopen.

"Everything good in here?" Asked Jess.

"MmmHmm," I said licking my lips. "Emphasis on the "Mmm."

"Good, keep that thought going," she urged. "I have to get back to the party."

"Suddenly another male voice said, "oh wow, wow. You weren't lying," to Jess. "Ha, I can't believe you are having her do this, like this," the guy said to Jess.

"Honestly, she does it to herself, I'm just like her sex agent," she chuckled. She left us alone. I heard the door close, leaving me with "him."

She must've told him to hurry because he didn't bother touching me, other than with his dick. I repeated what I'd done to the first guy.

"Oh damn, you suck cock well, jesus. We could tell, we could tell you were a cocksucker," he panted as he enjoyed what I was doing to him. "I've wanted this for so fucking long," he groaned, before shooting his cum into me.

It hadn't taken long, Jess wasn't tapping yet. He must've just been standing there watching me helplessly try to lick the cum off my face.

"Damn, girl, you really love this."

I recognized the voice now, it was Deke. The other guy must've been Sherm. I was putting it together. My face reddened knowing my neighbors were lining up to get sucked off. They'd always know me for what I am. The thought frightened and aroused me at the same time. Soon, the next guy arrived. Jake, I was presuming...though it could've been Chas.

He wasn't shy about feeling me up. His hands were all over my tits, my ass. His fingers found, and played with both my ass and my pussy.

"We only have ten minutes," I urged, needing cock.

I gave him my best and he rewarded me with his sweet cum, the other two were saltier, all tasty, just different.

"Fuck, even better than I remembered," he said to my shock. It was my ex boyfriend Jack. We were through. I hadn't seen him in weeks. The last time we talked we'd said it was over.

"Jack? Fuck!"

He laughed evilly. "No, I didn't have time for the fuck, Jessica is around. I'm glad Scott told me about this, I wanted one last shot at you to remember you by." He left quickly.

A fourth game came in right after, he said nothing. He smelled like Old Spice. His cock was the biggest. I had trouble fitting it in my mouth. He wasn't having it, he forced it in me by using my head for leverage. He had me choking and coughing, at least it didn't last long before he added the fourth load of cum into my hot mouth. He left without a word. I thought, "that couldn't have been Chas, he wasn't that big."

Jess came in a few minutes later, I was still licking up cream like a kitten.

"Oh wow, look at what a mess you made," she giggled. She took off the blindfold, my eyes had to adjust to the light.

"Why the light?" I asked, "Did they think I couldn't do it in the dark?" I joked.

"One, it sounds like you are questioning me again," she said.

"No Jess, I was just sayi..."

She cut me off by quickly swatting my ass, hard, with her palm. It made a delightful smack.

"Ow," I said, stinging from the rebuke as much as the blow.

"There will be more of that if need be," she warned. "Now, back to the light. One, cameras work better in the light, dearie."

She pointed to where she'd mounted mini cameras in three spots. "You don't think I forgot our website, did you? Second, I wanted them to see you, in all your glory, just a naked, bound, big tittied cocksucking slut."

"Yes, Mistress Jess," I said with tears in my eyes, mostly from the surprising discipline. I really didn't want to disappoint her in any way, she'd been so good for me.

She cupped my chin in her hand. "Don't cry, that's a good thing, baby, I love you for it."

She wiped away a tear. She knelt in front of me. "You are an amazing mess, you look...delicious," she said. She leaned in to kiss my cum splattered face. Our tongues danced with each other. I could tell she was tasting me.

"I just want to see what it's like," she said lustily. "I just want to know what it's like to be in your shoes. I want to get into that head of yours and see what drives you. It all looks so hot, when I watch it."

"You could always "help," I suggested. "Who says you can't?"

"RIght now, I do," she giggled. "I'm just lacking the courage you have right now. I'm not ruling it out, though. I just want this for you right now, though it's hard to watch and not want ...something, you know? She wiped my face and chest with a warm cloth. "Cmon, time to move," she said as she pulled me up. She uncuffed me and allowed me to put my clothes back on. "There's a party downstairs, come on down and join," she joked.

I appeared downstairs and it felt like I came back from the dead, judging the reaction. Guys kept asking me where I went. I just lied and said I didn't feel good and went to lie down. Jess just nodded, corroborating the story. We hung around talking, laughing and drinking ( again, for me, it meant one beer). The game was over, most had left. Jess came up to me and whispered, "are you well rested?"

"Um, from what, earlier?" I asked. "It was only four cocks, I can do four cocks in my sleep," I kidded.

"Good to know, wait, four?" she said with a quizzical look on her face before ignoring it and leading me forward, she was in a hurry to get me past any onlookers. She led me to the door of the basement. On the top step, shielded from view, she made me take my clothes back off and hand them to her. She turned me around and cuffed my hands again. She told me to go down to the rug and kneel and wait. I did so with a panicked look in my eyes, apparently.

"Oh, cuz I can do four cocks in my sleep!" She chided derisively regarding my anguished look.

I waited. I heard the front door close a dozen times upstairs, most were leaving. I heard just a few voices. I knew them all. Suddenly, the basement door opened. I heard people coming down the stairs. It seemed like quite a few. They turned the corner. It was Scott, that bastard, along with him were Todd, Bill, Tyler, and Jessica. They saw the red headed slut cuffed, kneeling and waiting for them. I saw them laugh and slap each others hands. Jessica went to the tripod, with the camera.

Scott seemed to take charge. He took out a deck of cards. "High card goes last, Low goes first and so on, aces are high," he said as he held out the deck. Bill got a five. Todd got a deuce. Tyler got a Jack. "Whoa, looks like I got the ace," Scott says. "I got last."

They lined up on the two couches by their numbers. Todd was first. I had to shimmy up to him on my knees. They took great delight in seeing my naked tits bounce as I did. I gave him head as the others looked on and made comments.

"I told you this slut gave some great head," Scott said as if I wasn't even there.

Tyler said, "yeah, but you fuckers got to drill that, we haven't...yet."

"It's awesome," offered Bill. I was surprised he could remember that whole three minute thrill ride.

"The guys are all cool with this going on the website, dear," Jess said from behind the camera. "Tori's first blowbang," it's going to be our best one yet."

The couches were in an "L" shape. Scott and Tyler sat on the one on the side of me. This left me vulnerable to their touch and boy did they touch me. I had fingers in my pussy, my ass as I sucked their friend Todd off. I almost came the exact moment Todd did, on somebody's fingers, probably both of them.

"Look at that, she cums just from sucking cock and getting finger fucked," said Scott.

I had to scootch to the side to get to Bill next. Sadly, I felt the fingers withdraw because they could no longer reach. Again, Bill lasted about three minutes. Like before, though, he came a lot. I couldn't handle it, it got all over my face and chest. Everyone laughed.

"Looks like the slut can't handle all that. I thought you were a pro," joked Scott.

"Watch this," said Jess. She came up from behind me and scooped up the cum from me. They laughed at how she fed me the cum, all while the camera captured it all.

"Gross," Scott said. "Can't believe you've eaten all that cum in one day," he said disgustedly.

I looked away, red faced from shame, though my pussy was boiling. Next I moved to Tyler, Scott moved to the other couch, mostly so he could finger me again while I blew his friend.

Now it was Jess's turn to degrade me. "Can you believe she's fantasized about this since high school? The most she's sucked in one day is two. Tonight it'll be seven!"

I started to correct her that the four in the closet and these four make eight, but then I remembered the open hand spank I got earlier for being sassy so I kept to my cocksucking. Scott's thick fingers were pistoning in and out of my pussy and ass at the same time. He had me dancing on his digits, which everyone else found hilarious.

"Yeah baby, ride that ride," Scott teased cruelly.

They all laughed again when I came for the second time. Tyler was digging my skills.

"I'm so glad you are making up for us not getting you the last time," he moaned.

"Looks like someone is going to have some more cream to swallow," joked Jess.

She was right, Tyler soon followed with another delicious load of cum. My belly was getting full. It's funny how little cum it actually is, per ounce, but how filling it can be. I burped a little, which had the group howling. I sat up on my knees, dripping the cum of three of them. They all had a laugh, then Tyler, Todd, and Bill walked away and up the stairs, obviously per some agreement. That left Jess, Scott and I.

"Don't worry, I'll keep the camera on," Scott said to Jess. "I love giving it to our porn queen on camera."

I'd have blushed but it probably would'nt have been seen through the mask of cum I wore.

"You're leaving?" I asked Jess fearfully.

"Yes, and you'll do what you are told, as you would with me," she intoned. She walked upstairs. I was alone with the wolf.

He patted the couch and made me shuffle to him. He had me suck his cock for awhile. He seemed to be in no hurry. He was repulsed when the cum I had on my face dripped on him. So much so that he got up, got a cloth and wiped my face dry. He made me continue. I really like his cock, even though HE makes me shudder. I was making him feel really good. He stopped me. He pulled me onto the couch, in a sitting position. Roughly, he parted my legs. I thought he was going to fuck me that way. Instead, he kneeled in front of me. I could feel his hot breath on my slick pussy.

"Oh my god, Scott, I'm so wet, I'm sorry," I apologized.

"Good, better for me, then."

He licked me clean. The man was a master, like Jess always says. He had me peaking, only to slow it down, build me back up, then slow down. He was tormenting me with that talented tongue. Finally, he concentrated on my clit and drove me over the edge. I'm sure if the party was still going upstairs they'd have heard me screaming. He then would pause, wait for me to come down a bit, before slowly repeating the whole process. He made me cum a half dozen times. Then, he just stood up, shoved my torso over the couch. He got behind me.

"Are you sure this is what Jess wanted?" I asked, suddenly frightened to disappoint her.

"No, this is what \*I\* want," he barked. "Shut up and enjoy this."

He stuck his dick in me. I was still soaking from all the excitement, along with his tongue work. He slid in easily. He rode me like that, cuffed and bent over the couch. He occasionally smacked my ass. He made me beg for it.

"Do you want me to spank that sexy fucking ass?" He'd urge.

"Yes, spank my ass, do it."

"How do you want it?" He grunted.

"Hard, spank that ass HARD," I begged. He did, he turned it from creamy white to scarlet while he fucked me.

"Jess can't keep me from getting this," he said cruelly, "that'd be inhumane, it's like free pussy for life," he groaned.

Finally, he tensed up and drilled it into me one last time as he erupted in me, while he said, "oh my god, slut, oh my fucking god, slut..."

"Wow," he said, almost ashamed at how good it felt. He walked over to the camera and shut it off. "Show's over, for now," he said ominously.

He left, Jess came down soon after. She uncuffed me. I told her what happened, expecting her to be mad again. She just caressed my hair and my face.

"No, it's ok baby, I wanted it for you. Scott is a total dick, and we're through, he just doesn't know it yet, but that man can please a woman. I knew you'd need a release, after all that build up. Wow, you were really good tonight. I can't believe you sucked all those cocks. Was it anything like your fantasies?"

"It WAS my fantasy. You kind of combined two of them. One is the one where I suck a lineup of cocks. That was the one on the couches. The second was the closet, or secluded area one, where one guy follows another in. I can't believe I got 8 cocks like that."

She laughed. "Man, you are really bad at math. It was 6."

"No, I was sucking those cocks, I sucked on 8."

"Don't make me mad again, dear," she warned, but with a smile. "There were two neighbor guys in the closet and the four down here."

"What? There were four guys upstairs. I described them all the way up to Jack.

"Jack was here? That bastard, how'd he know?" She cursed.

I told her it was Scott that had told him. Then I told her about the 4th guy who smelled like Old Spice.

She turned red this time. "Oh...my...god," she laughed.

"What?" I asked.

"That must've been Red, my boss at work."

"Who is that?"

"Oh my god, don't fucking kill me," she chuckled. "My boss, he's an old guy, mid 50s, has one of those comb over hair cuts. You've met him before, I think."

"What? I sucked your boss off? How'd that happen?"

"That sneaky fucking bastard," she laughed. He was in the living room, lingering, I didn't think it was strange at the time, but he must've been watching the procession go up the stairs, one after the other. He must've snuck up there just before I went to check on you. Oh my god, you sucked off my boss," she laughed again. "He did give me the strangest look when he said goodbye. That must've been his, "some slut just sucked me off in your closet," look."

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry, I feel so ashamed," I said, redfaced myself now.

"Hey, you wanted a blowbang, you got a blow bang. So you sucked off 8 guys, not seven."

"Sorry, Mistress Jess, and I'm not questioning you or challenging you, because I don't want to be spanked again, besides, Scott already did that, as you can see. But, I only sucked 7 of them off, Scott fucked me, remember?"

She grinned. "So was 7 good? Remember you said, "more than three, less than ten?"

"Seven was awesome," I admitted. "I know how hard that was to make happen. If you want to know the truth, I could probably do more, but without the fucking, that usually takes the edge off that I need to continue. Whatever happened to the other two neighbors and how did you get those guys to come here?"

"I guess they chose work instead of play, the idiots. One of Scott's friends on the football team knows them. I had him slyly mention that a certain hot redhead would be at the party. I figured they'd try and crash it."

"I'm glad they did," I gushed. "Oh god, now Tyler, Todd and Bill know everything, it's so embarrassing."

"Yes it is. You and I agreed you would deal with that, and look how it worked out! This fantasy wasn't possible without that."

"I know but they'll tell," I said in an ashamed whisper.

"Yes, they'll tell everyone, including our friends. That's what you are going to deal with, in order to get what you need. I wouldn't worry about those four, though, Scott and his friends. Now that we've broken up you probably won't have to see them again. Though, I just had a wicked thought that I SHOULD make you continue to please Scott's friends. That would piss him off so much that they were getting it and he isn't," she laughed.

"What about Scott, how am I going to deal with him?" I wondered.

"That's ok, Scott won't be fucking you again," Jess said.

"He pretty much warned me he would. He said he couldn't pass up, "free pussy," as he called it.

"Well he'll have to. We're done. I told him that yesterday. I agreed this one last time, more for you than him."

"But what about the website? Won't he ruin it?"

"Taken care of. I work with computer techs, remember? I got a guy who took over user controls and put so many obstacles in the way that the only way Scott will ever see that site is the way the public sees it."

"Wow, how do you think he'll react?"

"He'll fucking hate it," she laughed. "Too bad." She was stroking my legs, up my inner thighs. "Jesus, woman. How can anyone be this soft?" She said.

I could tell she was excited, her kiss earlier stayed on my mind. I leaned in to kiss her. It was a long, lingering, loving kiss. My hand stroked up her thigh just like she had with me. "Do you want me to, you know...take care of you?" I asked sweetly. "Why should the guys have all the fun?"

She smiled. "You are an angel, even if you have the devil in you," she laughed. "But no, I'm actually meeting someone from the party, one of Scott's athlete acquaintances, a swimmer. He's got that lean muscle I love, god that body..." She said lustily. "If he's willing I'll ride that thing all night," she cooed.

She left me to clean up some of the mess from the party while she went to meet him. I hoped he'd give it to her good, she deserved it.

Things changed quickly after that. Scott was pissed, as expected. He showed up at my apartment and threatened all sorts of things but eventually he went away. He wasn't really in love with Jess anyway. The college neighbors walked past my doors frequently and would occasionally tap on the glass to see if I was home. Jess let me keep my blinds closed, now that the need for advertising was done. I didn't answer.

Jessica had me move into her house, now that Scott was gone. I only had one month left on my lease anyway. Our website was on fire, money was coming in, especially with the Blow Bang video. I let Jess keep the money for rent and bills, it was my suggestion.

"You know me, I'm just a slut," I said. "I'd do this stuff for free anyway. The money should go to you."

Jess made me agree that while I lived "under her roof" I'd have to do anything she asked, sexually. She made read an agreement that she would keep locked up. It detailed what was expected of me. I'd continue to "work" on the website, per her instruction. I'd please anyone, and everyone she wanted me to at her house. That included delivery drivers and repair servicemen. She promised me that every food place in the area would know our number by heart. I was no longer going to be able to "stop" the number of guys like I had before. She pointed out that she'd like me to try and "beat my record." She also mentioned that Scott had an idea for parties, where they set up a makeshift "gloryhole" in the basement for guests to wander down when they want. She said it was the beginning, not the ened. She made me sign it. It was all for the embarrassment, not the legality of it.

I'm sure the college dudes hated finding out that I'd moved. Jess pointed out how much more freedom we'd have for our games, being a bit out in the country. I couldn't wait.