Prologue

Beauty and the geek. They were inseparable, these days. Not by the choice of the beauty, though. As far as she was concerned, the geek could go to hell. Instead of hanging with her friends and leading her regular life, she now spent her days handling his cock and fulfilling his every desire, from getting him a burger at the drive-through to cleaning up his room. His mom was overjoyed that overnight he had scored such a hottie as his girlfriend, and to her ultimate embarrassment, she had to present him to her friends as her boyfriend as well. Life sucked for the beauty and she knew it only too well.

“Slower and with more suction, Belle.”

Looking up at his pimpled face, she meekly obeyed as she sucked his cock in a slow and steady rhythm, dismayed that despite her resolve not to let herself go, she was already turned on.

Unlike her, he was devoid of any and all beauty. Tall and skinny, and with a pimpled face, there was nothing even remotely attractive about him, other than his big cock. The only upside of it, to the beauty. Unfortunately, for her, it made her behave like a slut and during her sober moments, that alone filled her with shame. Not that he cared. Nor did the inner slut, once she came out to play. Sucking his cock in deeper, the growing heat between her legs told her that the same inner slut was about to come out, and miserably she thought: here we go again.
Chapter 1

They lived a couple of doors from each other, but it might as well been another universe altogether. Passing each other on the street, she’d give him a polite “Hello,” and that was as far as their interactions had ever gone. Why should she pay more attention to him? He was so totally not her type. Both had their own crowd to hang out with; hers with the attractive and popular people, and his of a few geeks like himself. They couldn’t have been more different if they had tried. She was a gorgeous young woman who, at nineteen, had the world at her feet. Where she appeared, people started to smile. They all wanted to be her friend and they should, she always figured. After all, she was gorgeous and beauty rules. At five feet and eight inches, with slender legs and an hourglass figure, and large breasts that always drew attention, she had the body of a sex goddess. Facially, she could be a model, and she had actually contemplated becoming one. She had light blonde hair that fell over her shoulders, classically arched eyebrows and full red lips. But it was her eyes that she was the most proud of, sparkling green like emeralds. She was beauty and she was only too aware of it. He, on the other hand, was tall at six foot and two inches, skinny, and his face was plain ugly. His nose was too large and his lips thin, and he had zits. Really, why should a knock out like her hang out with a guy like him? The idea that they could be friends never entered her mind and if it had, she would have considered it preposterous.

He’d agree with her on that if asked, but what he lacked in looks he more than made up with brains. Brains and a total lack of conscience. After all, he’d reasoned, when he put his plan in motion, life was a battle and only the fittest survived. Only too aware of what he lacked in the looks department, he knew for a fact that he’d have to compensate for it by other means. Level the playing field, he’d told himself. At any cost. Today, nervous and excited at the same time, was going to be R-Day, the day he’d ravish beauty; he had promised himself that after weeks of hard work. Assuring himself that his plan would work, he was still sweating profusely as he waited around the corner for her to pass by. He’d observed her; he hated calling it stalking, even though he knew that was exactly what it was, and knew the route she’d take home from school. Licking his thin lips nervously, feeling self-conscious about the hard on that was obscenely throbbing down his pants leg, he counted the seconds until she’d turn the corner.

When she did, both were startled. She because the first thing she saw was the huge cock that was trying to poke a hole through the fabric of his pants, and he because the moment of truth had finally arrived. He had often wondered if he would have the guts to go through with it when the moment arrived, and now it had his nerves were ready to snap.

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“Hi, Belle!” he finally managed to force out, getting over the feeling that his voice was stuck in his throat. “Beautiful day, right?” he said and instantly hated himself for his weakness.

“Yeah, right.” Eager to get away from him, she started to walk away at an increased pace. To her unwelcome surprise, she did feel her pussy tingle when she thought about the size of it though. I sure wish my boyfriend had a cock like that!

Scurrying after her, he inwardly cursed himself for fucking things up already by not taking the damn lead.
“Belle, wait! There’s something I wanted to talk to you about!” Relieved that he’d finally said it, his heart was beating like crazy in his chest as he knew that he was really going to do it! No turning back.

Not slowing down, she told him she really had no time. “I’m already late.” A lie and they both knew it.

He was angry at being brushed off like that, at being treated like he didn’t really exist. They both knew that if he had the looks then she’d be only too happy to talk. But it was that anger that saved him, and would be her demise; it was his anger that replaced his nervousness and timidity with the boldness that he needed.

“Oh, trust me. You really want to hear what I have to say, you arrogant little princess!” His voice strong and filled with his anger.

For a moment she wasn’t certain she had heard him right. Did he just call her an ‘arrogant little princess’? No one had ever talked to her like that! No one! Turning around, her beautiful face red with anger, she hissed at him, “What did you just call me?!”

“Got your damn attention now, don’t I?” God, it felt good to be strong, he thought as he felt a smile spread across his face.

Confused and uncertain on how to respond, Belle just stood there as she tried to make sense of the situation. According to the natural order of things, he should, as he always had, defer to her; simply because of her superior beauty and social standing. He wasn’t playing ball though; instead he looked at her with a smug expression of contentment on his face. Telling herself that he wasn’t worth it, she turned around and walked off.

“Whatever, dude,” she said and thought that was all he was going to get from her.

“Not so fast, princess!”

Rushing to his prey, he grabbed her by her elbow and rudely yanked her back, only to have her lash out at him with her nails, all polished and shiny, and kick at his legs with the pointed end of her boots.

“You get your fucking hand off of me, you fucking creep!”

Jumping back, out of her reach, adrenaline pumping through his veins as he realized that he had to do something to get her under control before things got even worse. Scared now for the consequences of his actions, he threw the envelope at her. Not the way he had wanted to share that with her, but given the situation it was the best he could come up with.

“There! You take a look at that and then tell me if you still want to walk on!” Realizing he had been yelling, he looked around to see how much attention they had drawn. Luckily, no one seemed to have noticed, the few people he could see were all going about their own business as usual, as if nothing were happening. Just two teens having a fall out as far as they were concerned.

Instead of giving him the satisfaction of answering his request, Belle ignored the envelope lying at her feet and flipped him the finger instead. “You are in so much trouble, nerd,” and again she turned around to rush off.

“You’ve got some interesting files on your PC, Belle. I especially liked the one where you keep those homemade movies, if you know what I mean,” he quickly said, restrained anger sounding through in his voice, certain it would make her stop dead in her tracks. It did.

It couldn’t be! she thought at first, but instantly realized that she had to know for certain. Turning around, her eyes spitting fire at him as she picked up the envelope with a shaking hand, she couldn’t come up with anything to say to put him in his place. If what he said was right then she was the one in trouble, not him. The first thing she felt when she put her hand in the envelope felt like the smooth surface of a picture that made her heart skip a beat. Closing her eyes, she
pulled it out, hoping she was wrong, but already certain she wasn’t. How else to explain his behavior? Opening her eyes, afraid of what she might see, she still looked at what she had in her hand.

He knew he was doing something wrong when he first attempted to hack her PC, but at eighteen, his hormones had cast the final judgment and he’d continued his efforts until he finally succeeded. Truth was, like so many guys who had laid eyes on Belle, he was obsessed with her beauty and sensuality. To be beautiful was one thing, but to emit that natural sensuality that she did was quite another. Together, they made her irresistible. All he’d hoped for was some pictures that he could dream and drool over, but what he’d found was so much more. What he found was a goldmine of pictures where she was partially dressed, often in exciting lingerie, or totally naked. Some she’d taken of herself, standing in front of the mirror in her bedroom, and others had been taken by someone who clearly knew how to operate a camera, judging from the quality of the pictures and the setting, which looked a lot like a professional photo studio. But that had only been the tip of the iceberg. Sweating profusely over those first pictures, his heart beating fast, he’d opened a folder called ‘XXX’, and stumbled upon a single file that contained a video: a seventeen minute homemade sex tape of her and an older guy, in his fifties, in the same photo studio.

Too turned on to do anything else, he’d jerked off there and then, watching her getting nailed in front of him on his screen. Afterwards, he’d copied the file, together with the pictures, to his own PC, and immediately burned them onto a DVD, even making several copies just in case the one DVD got damaged or lost. That had been nine days ago. Seven of which he’d spent mustering up the courage to go on with his blackmail plan, which had entered his mind the day after he’d hacked her PC. And now there he was, watching the blood rush to her beautiful face as she took in the print that showed her with her long legs spread wide and a cock buried deep inside her. Both her face and that of the older guy were clearly visible. Knowing how she valued her social status, he’d figured she would do anything to protect it. Now, watching her sweat and squirm in front of him, he prayed he was right.

“I never would have thought you had a thing for older guys.”

She hadn’t, but the guy had been charming and she’d been broke. Between that and getting a free pro-photo session, necessary for the portfolio that she needed to kick-start her modeling career, she had given in to his advances and actually loved the experience. Later on, she’d questioned her own sanity. What had she been thinking? To exchange sex for a photo session, that she could live with, but that she had been foolish enough to agree to have it recorded was just plain stupid. Still, she had kept her copy of the sex tape, and occasionally watched it as she secretly enjoyed recalling the experience. It had been a great fuck and the forbidden aspect of it all made it an ever greater turn on. But that didn’t mean she wanted to world to know about it.

“What do you want?” she said, feeling angry and scared at the same time.

The moment she had voiced the question, he knew she’d pay whatever he asked. If not, then she’d have walked way already. Confident and excited, he gave her the answer that she was dreading without a moment’s hesitation.

“You.” There, he’d said it, and felt his hard on throb in his pants, drops of pre-cum escaping already.

Biting her lips, tears gathering in her eyes from frustration and anger, she stared down at her feet like a petulant child.

Taking several steps forward, hesitantly placing his hand under her chin, he lifted up her head.
“Look me in the eyes, Belle,” he said, his voice hoarse with the thrill of what he was doing. Forcing himself on the girl of his dreams. Knowing that she was his. Not by choice, but by something as mundane as blackmail, and that, he realized, made it only that much more exciting.

Feeling embarrassed by the knowledge that he had seen her in that movie, and even worse, that she’d give him whatever he wanted to prevent her friends and family seeing it too, she looked up as tears started to run from the corner of her eyes.

“You and me are going to spend an awful lot of time together, and you will do your very best to make me happy, isn’t that right?”

As much as she wanted to tell him to go fuck himself, she didn’t. Instead, she nodded affirmatively.

“What was that? I didn’t hear you.”

Taking a deep breath, accepting that she was trapped, she gave him the answer he wanted.

“Yes.”

“Great! You know what? I can’t wait to show you my room! Come on, let’s go!” Grabbing her by the hand, he dragged her to his house, acting like they were suddenly best friends and not a blackmailer and his victim.
Chapter 2

His parents weren’t home when they arrived. His mother worked as a nurse and his father was a chemist. Happy to have the place to himself, he decided to waste no time in putting Belle in her place.

“Now my bedroom is upstairs and you know what? I’d love to see you crawl in front of me up the stairs. Do you think you can do that for me, Belle?”

Feeling her mouth drop wide open, she looked at him speechlessly. He made it sound like it was a regular request, made of one friend to another. With her anger flaring up, she asked him what would happen if she didn’t?

“Well, I guess then your friends - in fact, everyone in school for that matter - plus the whole neighborhood, will find a DVD with a hot sex movie and lots of pictures on it in their mailbox. You really have to ask?” Sounding amazed that she could be so stupid that she needed to be told what was at stake, he wouldn’t be surprised if she would actually take her chances.

Clenching her jaws tightly shut, looking even hotter to him with anger written all over her beautiful face, she sank down on her hands and knees, feeling ridiculous and humiliated as she did so. Still, she thought miserably, it’s an awful lot better than to having my friends see me getting fucked like a cheap slut by an older guy. If it had been a hot young guy, it wouldn’t have mattered so much, but an old guy who wasn’t even remotely attractive? It would be disastrous for her social life and image. No way, she could deal with that.

“Ass up, Belle!”

Inwardly boiling over, she stuck her ass high in the air, and without waiting for another comment, she quickly crawled to the stairs.

“Now, I think I’ll just wait here until you’re at the top. Enjoy the sight, you know.”

“Of course.” Her voice was heavy on the sarcasm; she now regretted that she’d decided to play the coquette that morning, wearing an inappropriately short skirt, pink and tight, which was in the habit of crawling up her legs. It had seemed such an appropriate choice at the time, but now she’d give anything to be wearing a pair of jeans.

“Hurry up, Belle! We have a lot of ground to cover today and we won’t get there if you keep lazing around.” Just as much as she hated the cheerful tone of his voice, he loved it. In fact, he couldn’t recall ever being this happy and cheerful before. There she was, Belle, the beauty guys dreamed about, on her hands and knees for him, her round ass stuck up high in the air as she started crawling to the foot of his stairs!

Placing one delicate hand on the first step, she contemplated for a moment if it was really worth it. Why not get up, walk away, and let him do his worst? She’d sue him for blackmail and violation of privacy if he carried out his threat! But she already knew it would be too late by then. Her social life would already be ruined and what little revenge a lawsuit would bring her would offer little consolation. No, she decided; she’d just have to pay the price for her stupidity with her servitude, she thought bitterly as she started her ascent. After the first handful of steps, she already felt her skirt riding up her legs, and knew he could see right between her legs. Blushing hard, sweating from the embarrassment of the situation, she hurried along, planning on quickly turning around once she had reached the landing.

“Virgin white panties? There’s something cynical about that, don’t you think?” God, it was good knowing he could talk like that and get away with it! Almost as good as it was to see the soft skin of her thighs rubbing against each other as she moved up the stairs, her ass swaying
seductively even though he was certain she tried hard to make it come across as clinically as she
could. *Fat chance, Belle! With your body, every move you make reminds a guy of sex!*

Ignoring him, she let out a sigh of relief when she finally reached the top of the stairs, and
started to turn around. Eager to turn her ass away from his prying eyes.

“Hold on there! I’m certain we can both agree that it will be far more attractive if I can walk
up the stairs seeing your round ass stuck high in the air, right?” He almost burst out laughing as
she stopped moving, letting out a soft curse. “What did you just say?”

“Nothing!”

“Really? I could have sworn I heard you say ‘shit!’”

“Oh fuck you, George!” Angry, Belle got up, too angry to care about the possible
consequences. Storming down the stairs toward a speechless George, she poked her index finger
at his chest. “What the fuck do you think you are doing? Blackmailing me? If you are that
desperate for pussy, go and pay for it! But don’t blackmail me, you stupid and ugly fuck! You
already have the tape! You can jerk off over it!” Spit flew from her mouth as she spat the words
out, and all her anger with it. And now, after her outburst was over, she felt strangely empty.
Staring up at him, hoping her words had the desired effect of instilling a sense of guilt into him,
she saw nothing of the sort. His face offered nothing that indicated shame or guilt had kicked in.
Instead, to her horror, she saw a smile appear on his lips.

“Belle, you really shouldn’t have bothered coming down the stairs to tell me something I
already know. Of course I should feel bad and ashamed, but I obviously don’t. And why should I
settle for anything less than the best when I can have you? Really, I know you are not the
brightest, but even you should have been aware of that already.” Shaking his head disapprovingly
for emphasis, he waited a second, letting the words sink in as he savored the devastated look on
her face. “And now you’re going to have to crawl up the stairs all over again. What a shame.”

Defeated, Belle turned around and sank down on her hands and knees again, not even angry
enough to inwardly curse him anymore.

“Oh and Belle, why don’t you just hike that skirt all the way up over your ass? I’m willing to
bet it’ll make for a great sight!”

“Of course it will, you pervert,” she heard herself say, her anger slowly returning, but unable
to stop her hands from doing as he told her to. Miserable she started the ascent once more, only
too aware of the way her ass was on display and the way it seductively moved. If her friends
would see her now, she’d die of shame.

Mesmerized by the sight she offered as she made her way up the stairs for the second time, it
took him a moment to realize she had arrived at the landing and had assumed the required pose,
her ass high up in the air, awaiting further instructions. Rushing up the stairs, two steps at a time,
he came to a shocking standstill with his face at eyelevel with her round ass. His hands slightly
trembling, he couldn’t believe what he was about to do, at the same time only too aware it was
really going to happen: he was going to lay his hands on the most desirable girl in school! In fact,
the most desirable girl he had ever laid eyes on.

The moment she felt his hands on her ass, she took a deep gasp of air. Even though she had
already anticipated his move, it still came as a shock. To think a geek like George was exploring
her ass with his hands, no doubt with the same hard on in his pants that she had seen earlier,
made her nauseous to the pit of her stomach.

Slipping his hands under her panties, his eyes closed as he took in the feel of her soft skin
under his hands, he thanked himself for having had the courage to proceed with his plan. So far,
he considered it to be the best plan he had ever had in his young life.
“I bet you don’t mind if I pull down your panties, do you? After all, we’re such close friends now. Inseparable.”

“Screw you, George!”

“Oh that will come later!” George said, amused by her anger and the knowledge that he really had her trapped. With what he had on her, she’d be his little fucktoy now and for as long as he wanted her to be. “Actually, why don’t you pull them down yourself for me? Slowly. Since we are best friends now, I bet you can’t wait to show off to me, right?”

“Want me to fuck myself in front of you too? Or are you at least man enough to do that yourself?” God she was angry! He could at least save her the indignity of their make believe friendship, and stop forcing her to pretend she wanted any of this!

“I guess seeing you fuck yourself would definitely be a great sight to watch, Belle! So, we’ll have to do that, one fine day.” Pausing for effect, he continued, “But, of course, I’ll fuck you myself too.”

“Just my luck,” Belle sarcastically said as she rested her chest on the floor and reached back to slip a thumb on each side of her hips to pull down her panties.

“Slowly, Belle, after all, this is a moment to be remembered!”

Biting her lower lip to suppress her anger, she obeyed his command, thinking of her friends again and how they would react if they could see her now. The beautiful Belle, favorite of all, bent over at the top of the stairs and slowly revealing her pink pussy for a geek like George. And all because of a single indiscretion and a hacking geek!

Seeing her reveal her most intimate part for him, George had trouble not whipping his cock out and shoving it right in. His second greatest accomplishment that day, he decided, was his self-control, and he waited until Belle had pulled her panties all the way down to just above her knees. Then, without thinking, his hands shot forwards and placed themselves on her ass and parted the cheeks wide, his head diving forward.

“Oh fuck!” Belle screamed as she felt him run his tongue over the full length of her private lips. This was not what she’d expected from a geek like George. Touch her? Sure. But to dive in like that? No way! But she had been wrong about him and there he was, slurping away at her pussy. Sucking in her clit, making her moan against her wishes.

“Easy there!” she finally said, hoping to discourage him and realizing at the same moment how stupid she was for thinking anything could discourage him now.

Taking in her sweet scent, oblivious to the world around him, he kept licking, sucking and slurping for minutes that felt like seconds to him until he noticed her pussy respond to the attention he was lavishing on it. She was getting wet! Ha! Now that was more than he had hoped for.

“Looks like I’m not the only one enjoying this,” he said, as he leaned back to admire Belle’s pink pussy, swollen and wet.

“Fuck you, George!” Belle said, even though this time she didn’t sound angry and upset, as much as frustrated. She was. To her complete chagrin, regardless of how much she hated the humiliation of having to subject herself to the will of an inferior male like the geek, he did know how to eat pussy, and she hated having him rub in the fact that her pussy was leaking. As embarrassing as that was, how could she stop it? Her pussy simply had a mind of its own and right now she was frustrated that he had stopped lapping away at it!

Raising one hand, he let it land hard on her ass, drawing a surprised cry from her. “Watch your manners, young lady!” God, he was enjoying this more and more. Belle’s dripping pussy was right in front of him and she clearly wanted more. “Since your pussy is obviously enjoying
itself so much, I think you should show some more appreciation. Maybe even kindly ask me if I could please eat your drooling twat some more, eh? What do you say, Princess?"

Clenching her hands into fists, she swallowed her pride and said the humiliating words. “Will you pretty please eat my pussy, George?”

“I’m fucking insist you finish what you started and return to eating my damn pussy!” she snapped at him, instantly being hit by a fresh wave of shame as she said it, and quickly lowering her head, hiding her shamed face from sight, pressing her face against the floor, hoping he’d finally give her the attention she needed right now.

“I guess since you insist so strongly, and we are best friends, I could,” George said, and dove right back in, unable to resist the temptation any longer if he wanted to.

“Oh fuck yeah,” a relieved Belle moaned as she felt his lips and tongue on her aching twat again. Grinding her hips back against his face, trying to ignore her shame as she did so, she let out a lustful sigh that quickly turned into loud moans as George sucked in her swollen clit hard, running his tongue over it playfully.

“That’s right, you filthy blackmailer! Suck on that clitty! The only way for a guy like you to get to it is by blackmail, isn’t it? Or by paying for it!”

Enjoying the way he was making Belle crazy with his tongue and lips, George slowly inserted a finger inside her pussy, fucking her that way too as he kept sucking on her clitoris.

Fuck! I’m so horny now! Belle miserably thought after a few minutes of getting her pussy fucked like that, first with one and then two fingers. She wouldn’t say it though, she promised herself. She wouldn’t give him that satisfaction, but she kept pushing her ass back against his face until she felt her pussy starting to contract and her clit throb.

“Oh fuck! I’m going to cum!” she finally screamed as her legs started to shake. Grinding her pussy over his face, welcoming the fast fingering she was treated to, she allowed her orgasm to ripple from her spasming pussy through the rest of her shaking body. His fingers slowed inside her after she let out a growl before she let her body come to rest.

“I bet you want to fuck me too, now, don’t you?” Too horny to care now how she came across, or be concerned about her pride, all she wanted was to have a cock inside her.

“Maybe later,” George said teasingly, smiling to himself about the way he had reduced the proud Belle into a girl who was thinking with her drooling pussy.

Chagrined again, Belle got up, her panties falling down to her ankles. “Figures, you’re not up for the job.”

Slapping her bubble ass hard, George reminded her to mind her manners. “Otherwise I might just shove it up your ass to teach you some manners!”

“Stop hitting my ass!” she said after letting out another scream, rubbing the burning cheek.
“Back on your hands and knees or I’ll hit it again.” Quickly he added that she shouldn’t bother pulling her panties up. “After all, a hot girl like you must be used to strutting around without them on all the time.”

“You wish,” she said through clenched teeth as she sank down on her hands and knees again. Feeling his cock stir again, George wondered if maybe he should have just nailed her already? But he decided that putting her in her place by making her wait was the better option. Teach her who was in charge around here, a whole new experience for a stuck up little princess like her.

“Now, straight ahead and the first door on the left.”

With her pussy still aching for cock, but her pride hurt again at having to degrade herself once more, Belle slowly crawled to George’s bedroom. Opening the door, swinging it wide open, she saw the kind of bedroom that she imagined to be normal for a geek like George. A desk with a computer and a huge screen prominently placed under the window, posters of galactic constellations, and a single bed, unmade of course. The room was bright and surprisingly large.

“In you go, Belle. Into our love nest,” George said as he pushed her ass with the sole of his foot.

“Bastard,” she mumbled under her breath as she crawled on, wondering if he’d ever let her walk straight when they were alone. I swear that if he wants me to crawl like this in the presence of others, I’ll kick him in the balls, she promised herself.

Closing the door behind him with a slam, she was startled at the loud sound. Looking over her shoulder with a questioning look, she partially hoped she was finally going to get some cock now, despising herself for being so weak willed and surrendering her own carnal desires like this to a complete social loser like George. Still, the fire in her pussy was real and impossible to ignore.

Walking smugly around her, he let himself fall back on the bed, his hard on clearly visible in his pants, and with his eyes closed and hands interlocked behind his head, he enjoyed the sun streaming in through the window, hitting him square in the face. That and the thought of all the fun he was going to have with his very first ‘girlfriend.’

Putting up with being ignored had never been one of Belle’s strong points; then again, she rarely was ignored, and seeing the little shit ignore her like that made her temper rise up once again.

“Now what? You’re going to take a fucking nap?” As insulting as her position already was, being ignored like this only made things worse in her eyes.

Ignoring her a bit longer, George finally opened his eyes and acknowledged her presence. “Why don’t you take my shoes off, Belle?”

“You want me to cook you a meal too?” she grumbled as she crawled towards him and started untying his shoelaces, cursing him under her breath.

“Socks too, dear.”

After pulling his socks down, she wondered what he was up to, certain it was nothing good. “Now what? A foot massage?”

“Actually, I was thinking more about taking care of your needs, Belle.”

Now that was more like it! Maybe finally she was going to get the cock that could feed the hunger between her legs!

“Oh you’re finally going to fuck me?” she eagerly asked, and again hated herself for how weak-willed she was when it came to cock. She just was crazy about it.

“Later. For now, I’d like you to turn around and rub your wet pink twat all over my feet until you cum right in front of me. That should put a happy smile on your face, don’t you think so?”
Her mouth falling wide open, she looked up at him in shock. *He had to be shitting her,* she thought. “You want me to do what?” Her voice filled with dread and shock.

“You heard me, but before you start, hand me that handycam on my desk, please. I think it’s important we document these important steps in our relationship, don’t you?”

Looking at the desk, she saw the handycam he was talking about. Knowing he’d film her involved in such an obscene act made her wish the ground beneath her would open up and swallow her whole.

“Relax, Belle, I already have everything I need to blackmail you with, right? A little extra compromising material won’t make things worse.”

She knew he was right on that one, but just the thought of doing something like that and knowing it was being taped still made the whole act as humiliating as things could get. Thinking for a moment how to get out of it, Belle saw no alternative but to comply. Crawling to his desk, she got the handycam and crawled back to give it to him. Too embarrassed to speak, she turned around and squatted in front of him, positioning her aching pussy over his right feet, and lowered herself.

“And action!” George yelled, pressing his feet up hard against her pussy, relishing in the power he had over her and feel of her still wet cunt against his bare feet.

Closing her eyes, wishing she was somewhere else while at the same time feeling a tingle in her clit that she felt ashamed of, Belle started moving her hips back and forth.

“I’ll never forgive you for doing this to me, George,” she said, as to her horror she saw her reflection in the mirror that was hanging over the length of his bedroom door. Crawling in, she hadn’t seen it as she had her back towards it, now, however, she was forced to watch herself rub her twat over the geek’s feet like a sex crazed slut while seeing him filming her in the reflection. To add insult to injury, her cunt proved to be thoroughly indifferent to her personal feelings and started to respond to the friction by getting wetter still.

“Don’t expect you to, really. Still, for good measure, tell me how you begged me to do this with me. Just to get that on tape, that is.”

Swallowing her pride she looked straight into the mirror and the camera that was staring back at her, not letting up the grinding of her drooling pussy on his feet as she felt the heat between her legs grow.

“Today, I literally begged dear George to allow me to rub my pussy over his feet.” Her voice betraying her growing excitement at the obscenity of the whole act as her eyes flashed fire. She couldn’t believe she was actually horny, enough despite it all to be turned on by all this!

“Pleasure to oblige, Belle! Who would have thought you to be such a horny little slut, eh?”

“You know how we beauty queens are, George, always wet and ready to go,” she threw back at him sarcastically.

Lifting up his feet, forcing her to move up to, he told her to bend forward so he could get a better view of her pussy. He zoomed in on her rapidly moving pussy, wetting his feet in the process.

“That’s right, no need to hold yourself back, Belle! Just show off what a nasty little slut you are!”

Ignoring his remark, she focused on the tingling between her legs instead. As much as it humiliated her to admit, she knew she was going to cum soon. *All over his feet like a horny bitch in heat,* she miserably thought as she reached down between her legs, rubbing her clit with two fingers. *That’ll teach me not to put out to an old photographer in exchange for some pictures for a portfolio,* she lectured herself as she felt her orgasm set in.
Watching her body intensify its movements, knowing she was experiencing the first stages of her orgasm, George suddenly pulled his feet back, leaving her for a moment standing frozen in front of him. But then she slipped two fingers inside her drooling cunt and masturbated herself in front of him, ignoring her shame at her own behavior, and the knowledge that she was being filmed as she orgasmed right in front of the camera.

Speechless at first, having not expected she’d go that far, George felt too horny himself to keep his cock in his pants any longer. Unbuttoning his pants with one hand, holding the camera steady in the other, focused on Belle’s pussy, he got his painfully hard cock out and started stroking himself.

“I guess you beauty queens really do anything to get your orgasms,” he said after Belle sank down on her knees, savoring the afterglow of her orgasm, shame hitting her hard as she fully realized what she’d done. Feeling even worse over the fact that her pussy was still aching for more. “How about you come over here and show me how you suck cock?” Nervous and excited, he already knew that she would comply, it was enough to almost make him cum. It would be his first blowjob, but he saw no need to share that knowledge with Belle.

“Oh my God!” Turning around, seeing the obscenely large cock throbbing wildly above the geek’s flat stomach was not a sight she had expected. Instantly she felt the fire between her legs being rekindled and without thinking she quickly crawled over to him, placing herself between his legs. Her beautiful face was only inches away from his cock, her mouth hanging half open, as she studied the hard member closely, her eyes wide and expressing her hunger for it. Grabbing it with on hand, she was thrilled to discover she couldn’t wrap her fingers completely around it and imagined how good it would feel inside her, while at the same time feeling intimidated by the very thought. If girls knew he was walking around with a cock like that, she thought, then he wouldn’t have to blackmail one to suck and ride it! He’d have girls lining up to have their turn! Watching the thick veins that run over its surface, she slowly pumped her fist up to the tip, until her hand was just under the gland; a hand that suddenly seemed ridiculously small compared to the large gland that was a deep red from the blood that was trapped there.

Watching the beautiful Belle being engorged by his cock was another surprise for the geek. He’d imagined that forcing her to go down on him would involve more threats and cajoling; the last thing he’d expected was to see her go weak in the knees at the sight of his member. But there she was, thoroughly cockstruck. Slowly jerking on his cock, massaging his large balls with her other hand. Looking like she’d just won the lottery. Wetting her full lips several times by running her pink tongue over them, preparing herself to tackle the challenge to somehow work his monster into her mouth, she finally opened her mouth as wide as she could and made her head shoot forward. Taking in the large gland, tasting the pre cum on her tongue, she closed her eyes as she forced her head down further until she felt it hit the entrance of her throat.

“Oh fuck!”

Opening her eyes, she looked straight into the camera and was reminded that she was now being filmed as she had her lips stretched tight around the geek’s cock; but even that wasn’t enough to temper her spirits. Instead, it made the tingling in her drooling pussy tingle all the more intense. With her nostrils flaring wide as she breathed through her nose, she slowly moved her head back, her tongue pressed against the underside of the hard on that made her so wet.

“Oh fuck, fuck, fuck, Belle!”

Letting go of his cock with a popping sound, she next started rubbing it all over her beautiful face. Smiling, she studied the geek closely and realized she now saw him in an entirely different light. Sure, she still thoroughly despised him, but instead of perceiving him as a loser for life, she
now thought of him in terms of potential. Great potential. The potential to stretch out her pussy and fill her up like she had never experienced before.

“Fuck? Me? I guess I’ll just have to accept that, don’t I? After all, I can’t say no as long as you can ruin my life, can I?” And as she said it, her pussy muscles spasming already in anticipation, she jerked him off as expertly as she could. But first she wanted to feast on his cock with her mouth! Make a voluminous load of cum disappear down her throat. Just what she needed on such a hot day.

Thoroughly taken aback by her forthrightness, George let out a grunt as he watched her take his cock back in her mouth, still looking up at him as she practically choked herself on it though only a good third was in. Feeling her lips stretched to the point of bursting around the shaft, she wondered how good it would feel in her cunt, and started sucking hard as she contentedly listened to the geek calling out for God. Her cheeks hollow as she pulled back, she instantly drove her head down again when only the gland was in, making the tip hit the back of her mouth. Gagging and drooling over his cock like a starved woman, she kept jerking and sucking until the bedroom was filled up with the sound of her work.

“That’s it, Belle! Suck my cock!” George screamed loudly as he reached down with his one free hand, placing it at the back of her head. “Show me how a beauty queen sucks cock!” Humping his hips off the bed, making her gag even more, he started fucking her beautiful face.

Desperate for air, Belle felt her face turn red as the monstrous organ used her mouth as if it were a tight, warm pussy, and surprised herself that she wasn’t offended by the obscene face-fuck she was receiving. Instead of anger, she felt herself even more turned on and happily struggled to keep up with the brutal invasion.

“Keep looking into the camera!” George said excitedly. “And suck it! Suck it hard!”

Looking up into the camera, the saliva that she was coating the geek’s cock with started to escape from between her tightly stretched lips and drip down her chin, making the sight she offered even more erotic for the geek, and making Belle feel even more of a slut. Not that she could care less now. Not with her pussy on fire. Reaching between her legs with one hand, she started rubbing her clit as fast and ferociously as the geek was face-fucking her, and soon the stiff organ started sending out wave after wave of pleasure that spread itself through her body.

Oh fuck yes, keep going, geek! Fuck! she thought as she felt her pussy start to spasm as her orgasm settled in. Shoving two fingers inside herself, finger-fucking like a crazed woman throughout her orgasm, she wished for the copious amount of cum that she now felt she was entitled to.

“Oh fuck, Belle! I’m cumming!” George finally screamed after he’d watched her orgasm right in front of him. He shot hot cum into her mouth, and to his shock, she greedily worked it down her throat. Wave after wave and she kept swallowing and sucking with renewed intensity, looking up at him with feverish eyes.

Squeezing and fondling his balls, hoping to get more cum than she’d already received, she finally was rewarded by one last burst of cum that she contently swallowed down too as the geek finally let go of her head.

“Fuck!” he said as he let himself fall back on the bed, the springs squeaking beneath him. Whatever he had hoped for, it was less than what he actually got.

“Fuck?” Belle asked hopefully, her dripping cunt still longing to feel that monster buried deep inside of her. To her amazement, the cock that had just so generously treated her to a copious amount of jizz was still hard and throbbing lewdly in her beautiful face.

Fuck, the magic word. Girls had never paid him any special attention and he’d never had a girlfriend; he was eighteen and a virgin and although it was not the worst thing in the world, it
had become frustrating. The times he had dared to approach a girl, he’d always screwed up royally. He was more comfortable with his computer and as he felt the prettiest girl in school, in fact, the prettiest he’d ever seen, start stroking his cock again, he thought how funny it was that it was his way with computers had her here now, playing with his hard on. Ready to fuck; no, make that hungry to fuck. His first fuck following his first mindblowing blowjob. Nervous, hoping he wouldn’t screw things up, he sat upright. Seeing the beautiful Belle stare up at him, his cock in her hands, and her eyes shining with the horniness that consumed her, he felt his cock stir.

“Why not? Can’t have a beauty queen like you go needy, can I?”

Too horny to care about the taunt, Belle quickly turned around, and got on her hands and knees in front of him. Seductively shaking her ass, she looked over her shoulder at him and said the words that an hour ago she would never even contemplated saying.

“Fuck me,” she squeaked. “I want you to fuck my tight pink pussy, George! God, I’m so wet now!”

Hungry to feel his cock in the tightness of her cunt, George hurried off the bed and stood behind her, rubbing his gland over her swollen pussy lips.

“That’s a good boy! Now put it in, all of it! I want to feel it all inside me!” she babbled, feeling feverish with desire. Shamelessly she moved her hips back, impaling herself on the hard on that was making her behave like a complete slut, making inch after inch of the fat organ disappear inside her until she felt stuffed with cock. Still not having the entire monster inside of her, she relished at the thought of how it would feel when she did.

“Oh fuck, yes!” she moaned as she felt it almost painfully stretch out her pussy, clenching her teeth to ignore the soft pangs of pain that came along with the pleasure. “Slowly now, boy! Fuck me slowly!” Moving one hand between her legs to rub her clit, she shuddered as she felt George starting to slowly pump her cunt, his hands firmly placed on her hips.

“Like this, you mean?” Too horny to be nervous any longer, George started slowly moving his hips. Looking down, he watched how his cock became covered with Belle’s juices as he pulled back, her pussy lips clinging to his cock, as if reluctant to let go of the pleasure object.

“Yes! Oh fuck, yes! Just like that! Exactly like that!” Moaning and rubbing her clit hard, she gasped for air as she felt the cock move even deeper inside her than it already had. “Oh it feels so big inside of me! So fucking deep!”

Encouraged by her comments, the geek felt his confidence build and started to fuck her more smoothly now, knowing he was doing a good job and loving the new sensation of having her wet and tight pussy milk his cock, the girl of his dreams begging for more. Driving his cock home deeper with each thrust of his hips, making her entire body shake with each thrust, his balls slammed against her pussy eventually as he finally managed to drive his entire cock deep inside her.

“Oh fuck! That’s it! Yes! Fuck me! Harder! Just fuck the shit out of my juicy cunt!” Feeling her stretched out lips start to spasm around the shaft that was being driven in and out of her at rapid speed, loving the way his balls kept slamming against her cunt, Belle fucked him back hard. Her ass slamming against him hard enough to make him almost lose his grip on her hips. “God, I’m going to cum! Fuck!” Her hips shaking uncontrollably as she her climax set in, she grunted and moaned like a wild animal, all while coating his cock with a fresh helping of pussy-juice.

Speechless at the intensity of her orgasm, George felt his cock grow even harder as his own climax suddenly announced itself, and before he had time to think, he started shooting bursts of cum up her cunt. Quickly pulling out, he told her to sit up.

“Suck my cock, Belle! Suck it like the slut that you are!”
“Yes, squirt it down my throat!” she said as she quickly turned around. Grabbing his cock and guiding her mouth to it, she was hit in the face by a large glob of cum before she could tighten her lips around it. Slowly started it its descent down her cheek.

“Suck it hard!” Holding her head steady with his hands, George thrust his hips forward as his cock kept pumping out hot cum.

Fondling the large balls while eagerly sucking him dry, she didn’t let go until the torrent of cum had stopped. Satisfied, she leaned back after George had let go of her head, and lay down on her back on the floor.

Letting out a big howl, the geek, equally satisfied and exhausted, rested on the bed. He could barely remember that earlier, before he had confronted her, he was actually anxious and uncertain. Now, he felt like a man reborn. Filled with a new degree of confidence and optimism about the future. But just as his contentment with the whole situation was growing, after all, why should he feel guilty about blackmailing Belle when she clearly was a Grade A Slut who was begging for it, Belle’s was rapidly declining. Where, during the height of her horniness, she had conveniently ignored the fact that she was being blackmailed to screw a guy, now her excitement had left her, that fact quickly resurfaced in her mind. Making matters even worse was the shame she felt envelop her as she thought of the way she had behaved. Like a bitch in heat, she thought. Angry at herself as much as at the geek, she quickly got up, wiped the cum from her cheek, and started to look for her panties. Probably still at the top of the stairs, she thought miserably.

“I can’t wait to introduce you to Mom and Dad, Belle,” she heard the geek say as she opened the bedroom door. “They are going to love meeting my girlfriend.”

“Your what?” Turning around angrily, her face red and eyes flashing, she repeated the question. “I’m your what, now?”

“My girlfriend.” Enjoying her angry outburst, the geek sat up and gave her a smile that showed his crooked teeth. “You know what’s best?”

Certain she wasn’t going to like the answer, Beauty remained silent, certain he’d tell her anyway.

“I got the evidence to prove it!” And as he said the words, he patted the handycam that had been positioned on the bed just right before he fucked her, catching the entire act in high definition. “Only a real girlfriend would screw a guy like that, right?”

Fuck! She’d completely forgotten about that in her excitement. But he was right, she thought miserably, she had behaved like a complete slut. Nothing about her behavior spelled ‘blackmail’. Quite the contrary.

“That or a slut,” he added wistfully and waited for a response.

Turning around, tears of frustration in her eyes at the way she was trapped, she walked out.

“I’m going to get my panties!”

“Good. I expect you here for dinner. Mom and Dad will love you, Belle! So do I!”

She bet he did. After all, she’d just screwed his brains out and he already knew she would do so again. Question was, did she mind? Not really, a tingle in her pussy told her. Even more chagrined by that knowledge, Belle ran down the stairs, put her panties back on and left the house. Slamming the front door closed behind her, as hard as she could, to vent her anger.

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