

CW: virtual reality; exhibitionism;

Immersion

Short

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3120 words

My doorbell rang at exactly three minutes past the hour; I put my phone, which I'd been using to track the delivery driver, back in my pocket and opened the door with a wide smile.

'Hi! Thank you so much, have a good one!' I beamed as the slightly gawky looking middle-aged man passed me the box. His eyes flitted over me, and I tried to ignore it, despite the fact that this was the whole point of being dressed this way, before giving me a polite nod and walking away.

I shut the door and raced back into the house to my boyfriend, who watched me with a glint in his eye.

'I can't believe you made me do that,' I said, catching a glimpse of myself in the mirror over his fireplace. I looked like a wet dream - wearing nothing on top but my bralette, which easily contained my modest B-cups, and my bike shorts which stuck to my figure like deep-blue body paint.

'Hey, you're beautiful,' Liam said with that low voice he had, like a rumble of an engine from far away. 'Can you blame me if I like to show you off?'

I popped an eyebrow at him, but didn't argue. After all, since he'd started to introduce me to more... *public* expressions of our love, I couldn't deny how much better our sex had gotten. The way he reacted when other men looked at me, it was like he was being set on fire. Plus, I couldn't deny that a part of me enjoyed the attention from other men, without the guilt of *actually* being unfaithful. Well, at first I'd had some guilt, but Liam had promptly fucked that out of me as he made me orgasm while telling me how much he loved it.

We'd been doing this for a few months now, and I had to admit - I loved it too.

Still, I was surprised when he'd said he wanted to take things to the next level. At first, I thought he wanted to have a threesome or something, which I honestly wouldn't have been against. I'd even seen some things online about guys who liked to watch their partners have sex with other men, which I was *less* convinced by, but still - perhaps I could have come around.

But he hadn't wanted either of those. Instead, he told me that he was going to spend some of his annual bonus on a piece of technology, and that he wanted me to use it, for him, in good faith. To try it with an open mind, and to be *honest* about how I felt about it.

I told him I'd be honest about what I thought, when he was honest about *what it was*. He said that would happen once it arrived, and that he was excited enough to ask me to book off a Friday and Monday off work - and he was confident I'd be thankful for that. So I did it, and he bought it, and here we were.

Eleven o'clock in the morning on a Friday, showing skin to the delivery guy to get kicks, handing a mystery box to my exhibitionist boyfriend.

Liam used a pen to pierce the tape, and pulled the box open easily before me, to reveal... something.

'What the fuck is that?' I asked, genuinely confused as he pulled out a white cardboard box with a logo on it that I didn't recognise.

'This is the future of sex,' he said cryptically. 'You remember those toys that would, like, sync up? So, when a guy used a stroker, it would sync-up with a sex machine that the woman has, like, fucking her at the same speed, that kind of thing?'

'Sure,' I said, a little uncertain. 'Is this one of those?'

‘No- well, kind of, but no. It’s like that, but mixed with, like, the latest in VR, and some really cool *new* stuff that is, like, state-of-the-art. My buddy Coby got a hold of a few that were going to be destroyed since they built a *new* version that’s a bit prettier, but this is *perfectly* functional. See, it even comes it, like, a branded box and everything.’

‘Is this, like, experimental?’ I asked as Liam started to unpack it.

‘Experimental is a strong word,’ he said. ‘It’s more that, like, they build early versions to send out to investors, that kind of thing. A proof of concept kind of thing. An early draft.’

‘How early?’ I asked.

‘Babe,’ Liam said as he pulled out what looked like a flimsy headset covered in wires. ‘It’s rough, but functional. Trust me.’

I narrowed my eyes at him. ‘Next question - what the fuck does it do?’

‘Well, this is only *one* side of the unit; the other side is a lot more simple, Coby’s said, and they have a *lot* more of those already out on the market - you’ve heard of the *Immersion* series?’

‘Sure,’ I shrugged, having gotten one of their strokers for Liam last Christmas - they were vibrating, and could connect to wifi and bluetooth and stuff. ‘They’re pretty simple, though, right?’

Liam smiled, and shook his head. ‘Coby says they figured out *that* side of the tech years ago, and have implemented it so that they could release *this*,’ he waved the headset in his hand at me, ‘and have a built-in range of users.’

‘This sounds... weird.’

‘It’s very weird,’ he said. ‘And I love you, and if you try this on and let me log you in for, like, a *bit*, I’ll do anything you want for the rest of the week.’

‘It’s Friday.’

‘Fine, the weekend,’ he smiled, pulling out his phone. ‘Look - it comes with a little QR code, I just scan it to get an account set up, and then you can put it on.’

‘Do I need to strip or anything?’ I asked, and Liam shook his head.

‘Nope - just put this on, and I’ll do the rest, okay?’

I took it from him, a little knot in my stomach. It felt like a flimsy set of headphones that I would wear when I’m doing a virtual call for work or something, but the earphones only looked fit to hold it in place - what was important were a series of small nodules that, as I pulled it on, rested against my hair and scalp and forehead in a way that wasn’t *uncomfortable*, but certainly snug.

‘Question without context,’ Liam said as he held his phone up and led me to sit on the sofa next to him. ‘Would you like me to set something up specifically, or put you on random?’

I still wasn’t entirely sure what that meant, but I knew my heart was racing and whatever was going on had me excited - plus, I was already horny from this morning, and Liam knew that, while I might hide it a bit more than him, this stuff *really* turned me on.

‘Random? I guess?’ I said, expecting some kind of vibration to start, transmitted through this headset and straight into my brain, or something.

Instead, Liam gave me a wink, and then everything went dark-

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-and in a moment, I was... elsewhere.

I tried to speak, to ask Liam what was going on, but Liam wasn't there, and my words didn't come. The room around me was strange, and I could see a bed I'd never seen before, and a mirror bigger than any I'd ever owned directly in front of me; no, not a mirror, a mirror-surfaced closet that was half-open. I tried to look around, to see if anyone was here, but couldn't move - I couldn't move *at all*. When I tried to speak, I didn't even have a jaw to open and close. My gaze was fixed forwards, at an angle to the mirror and bed, with a slit of light spilling in from a doorway behind me. I realised, as the cut of light got a little wider for a moment, that I could hear footsteps.

'Ohh,' came a voice, accented in a way I couldn't quite place. 'Someone has come to play, uh?'

Then, before I knew what was happening, I felt a hand around me, lifting me like I weighted absolutely nothing. His fingers sank into me, squishing my body in a way that was completely *wrong*; I felt his fingers sink deeper into me than should have been possible, at least not without severe pain. Instead, it was effortless, and he pulled me up to show me the giant man who had me in his grasp.

He was sort-of handsome, in a plain sort of way. He was naked, which shocked me, but I could only see his top-half properly as he held me up. His face was a little rounded, and he had a bit of a belly on him, but there was enough bulk to his chest to justify it. He seemed older than me by at least ten years, clearly in his late thirties at the youngest, but there was a hunger in his eyes that I recognised.

I was almost done taking him in, when he turned me around to show me how I looked, and what I saw was... a toy.

A sex toy.

Specifically, I was a pocket pussy. I could see in the reflection that the man was holding a thick black plastic tube, at the end of which was a pink vulva. It was shiny with lube, and I could see the way it shimmered in the stranger's lamplight.

'This is a new one for me,' the guy said with a hitch of nervousness in his voice. 'Just the thought that you're some girl out there, and I'll never know who... *fuck*, that gets me going. Do you like your new body? At least for the next ten minutes or so - it's a new model, fit with a camera and everything, unlike that last one I had. That just gave the sensations - now you get to *see* my cock sliding into you. Plus, this one lets you squeeze me back, tense up on me. Fuck - Okay. Let's do this.'

The angle shifted as the guy moved away from the mirror and lay on his bed, and he pointed the front of me - the pussy that was, for all intents and purposes, my face - at him. I saw his cock, hanging from his hips, and if I could have gasped I would have. He was maybe about the same girth as Liam, but I could instantly tell that this stranger of mine was *longer*. He was at least seven inches, and the head had a wide glans to it that looked like an arrowtip, and the entire shaft had something of an upwards curve to it.

All at once, it hit me what was happening - Liam had hooked me up to one of those 'full immersion' devices which they used for gaming and all sorts of things; I didn't know them well, but I *did* know that it had been in the news that people had been putting their minds into sex toys, and it had blossomed into a whole industry. This was the newest version, I figured.

And Liam had just... given me to another man.

Fuck, that shouldn't have turned me on like it did.

The hand around me felt tight, but I figured that the plastic shell wasn't fitted with the same 'sensitivity' as the rest of me, as the stranger Liam had gifted me to held me up. He put my entrance to the tip of his cock, and even at the simple sensation of his flesh, hot and hard, pressing against me, I melted.

It felt *amazing*. He dragged himself across the fake clitoris, and yet it felt simultaneously like a cock was rubbing against my clit *and* my face, and when he tilted it to spear me, it felt *massive*. From my perspective, as a toy in his hand, the cock was almost as long as *I* was. It felt like I was about to be fucked by a traffic bollard with a heartbeat, and there was nothing I could do.

I couldn't squirm, couldn't beg nor argue, couldn't even look this man in the eye. No - I wasn't here for that.

I was here to be fucked.

The head pushed inside, and I heard the stranger moan as I wanted to scream in pleasure; I felt my body stretch like rubber, slickened and lubed up, around this monstrous invader as he barely took a breath to hesitate. Instead, I could only watch as more and more of his shaft sank into me, his pubic hair and unfamiliar body getting closer and closer to my face with each moaning pulse.

My whole body was stretching; all of me, as one thing, one *hole* for this stranger to use. I could feel my lack of organs, the lack of a heart, or lungs, or bones getting in the way. All of me stretched around him, every ripple of my body slick and warm for him, all of me welcoming him like he was an old friend, a loved partner. There was no regard for pain - I couldn't even *feel* pain. As he displaced me, I felt no discomfort or strangeness.

All I had was a sudden understanding that this was how I wanted to be.

It felt so fucking good that if I had eyes they would have been rolled back; if I had a mouth, it would have been open, moaning like a whore; if I had toes they would have been curling and if I had hands they would have been gripping the stranger's bedsheets.

Instead, I was a silent recipient of his lust.

Slk-slk-slk-slk - that was the only sound that filled the air, the squish of his skin against my silicone as he used me, over and over and over.

I wasn't going to cum, of course. I could feel the pleasure like it was all of me, filling me completely and overwhelming my mind, and yet any orgasm seemed to evade me, letting my not-mind sink into a haze of pleasure that refused to crest. I thought that, *maybe*, I would be able to cum like this, in this state, but this stranger wasn't going to make me.

Liam had gotten me used to a certain kind of sex - bent over, fist in my hair, plug in my arsehole as he fucked me like a whore. This was similar, in a way - I was being *used* in a way that was truly new to me, with *zero* agency, *zero* control, and yet also *zero* risk. But still, I could feel that this stranger was being... kind.

As was using me the way he'd used any other toy of his - to his own pace. He would speed up and slow down his strokes when he wanted, teasing himself, playing with me.

Which is when I realised - I really was not a part of this. My part of this situation was superfluous. This man would be doing this whether I was here or not, stroking himself and bringing himself to the edge over and over.

He was sharing his pleasure with me, and I should be grateful. A silent, thankful observer, cloying to him and his self-love, unable to sigh or moan or beg or thank.

Slk-slk-slk-slk - over and over, I met his pelvis, then was dragged up his length and pushed back down. Never enough to let me come, never enough to let me crest the edge - but also never enough to push *him* over the edge, to fill me, my entire body, my *everything*.

'Shit, you feel good,' I heard him moan, his first words for a while. I felt a pulse of pride go through me, excited by his words. '*Oohhh*, that's right - squeeze me, baby.'

I tried again, tensing myself, feeling my ridges and bumps swell and squeeze, and listened to the stranger groan.

'Fuck... *fuck*, that's nice...'

He sped up, fucking me harder.

Sp-sp-sp-sp-sp -

Each impact sent lightning through me, and suddenly it as building and building, I could feel it inside me - an orgasm like nothing I'd felt before. I had no sense of where it was in myself, because it was all of me - *all* of this body thrummed with pleasure, the impacts of his thrusts making me shake and shudder inside my little case.

He fucked me, and I took it, until - *finally* -

'*Fuck, YESSSS!*

I felt him fill me, that sweet hot throbbing as his cum poured into me, pulse after pulse after pulse; heavier than anything I'd felt before, his cock filling my entire being made it feel like his cum was filling my chest, my head, my cunt, *all of me*. I was filled with him, and that's what sent me over-

Only, I couldn't move. I couldn't moan or scream or beg or arch my back or shudder or *move*. I was held on him, stationary, as all of that pleasure and sexually energy ricocheted around my tiny silicone body. No thoughts, no recognition - nothing that made me a person remained.

I was, for a perfect moment, a *true* sex toy.

Then, I felt him move his hand to the back of my shell, and there was a soft *click*-

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-and in a moment, I was back.

I fell to the floor, a scream bursting out of me as my body became mine again. I was still cumming, only now it had somewhere to go - *everywhere*.

'*FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!*' I screamed, shaking on the floor until I was able to calm myself enough to look up.

Liam looked down at me, a look of shock and lust on his face. 'Have fun?'

I gasped, and nodded.

'Who was it?'

'Some guy,' I said. 'I... I was his...'

'Little fuck-hole?' Liam asked.

I nodded, and wiped the sweat from my forehead. 'It was... I've never felt anything like that.'

'Well, while you've been in there, I've been adding some people to my friends list, sharing some pics of you around - gotta tell you, babe, you're in *high* demand. And, I wouldn't like to

leave anyone hanging. There's this really cool feature where you can queue people up, too, so that once you're released from one guy, instead of coming back here you just go *straight* to the next guy.'

I swallowed. 'Liam...'

He loomed over me, and put a finger under my chin. Tenderly, he kissed me, and I whimpered into his mouth.

'See you in a few hours,' he said, before clicking some button-

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-and in a moment, I was somewhere else.

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