

CW: dubious consent; lesbian; orgasm control; sensory share; long-distance; forced orgasms;

The Avatar

Part 2 - Behind the Screen

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9136 words

Toby sat across from me, his face a mix of confusion and thought. Like he was still working things out. Which made sense, I guessed.

I *had* just explained to him the whole Avatar thing.

We sat across the kitchen island, atop stools. I had my dressing gown wrapped around me, Fran's strap-on left behind in my room, on the floor. I was still wearing the suit, plus the socks Kate had gotten me.

He looked at me, a very concerned face on him.

'Does that sound like complete rubbish?' I asked.

'I mean, yes,' he said, rubbing his eyes. 'I believe you, somehow. But it *still* sounds like rubbish.'

'Complete rubbish.'

'Yep,' he said, giving a decisive nod. 'But you're not kidding, are you.'

'Not at all,' I said. 'I thought it was nonsense, but... Fran walked me through it. *Showed* me that it worked. Let me figure it out myself.'

Toby sat back, thinking. His hair was slightly askew, and even though he'd dropped his bag and coat he had a very particular *just-been-travelling* look about him. His jumper was a bit rough around the edges, and there were bags under his eyes. I realised, as I looked at him, what Fran had told me. That he'd been kicked out of his house, at *Christmas*. My heart broke for him.

And an idea bubbled, on how I could possibly make him feel a little bit better about his... situation.

'Do you want me to prove it to you?' I asked.

He perked up a little at that, and looked at me from beneath his heavy brows. 'In what way?'

'How about, you take *this*,' I took the avatar out of the dressing gown's pocket and plonked it on the table. 'I'll turn my back. You touch it, or whatever, and I'll tell you what I feel. Proof.'

His left eyebrow popped upwards. 'I *still* feel like it's a trick.'

'It's not,' I said. 'Toby - dude. It's not. Look - Fran told you that I might be up for *something*, right? Well, let's try it. Because, I'll be honest-' I took a breath and swallowed my nerves. 'I fucking love this thing.'

#

I stood facing the wall of the living room. The lights of the Christmas tree glinted against my shoulder, the warmth of the fake fire against my legs. The suit, beneath the dressing gown, was almost scratchy against my skin in this powered-down state.

'Just press the button on the neck,' I said over my shoulder to a Toby who was standing there, my avatar in his hand. When he pressed it, I felt the wave of colour shimmer through the suit, it latching to my throat, shoulders and thighs. Immediately, I could feel the pressure around me of being held by a massive hand, only *this* time, the hand wasn't mine. 'And just... poke somewhere. I'll tell you where.'

‘Okay,’ Toby said, still sounding somewhat... doubtful. But he was playing along, which meant he at least believed *some* of it.

It occurred to me that, while Fran had clearly primed him for me, saying we might be up to some ‘voyeurism’ - which I assumed meant fucking while Fran watched via webcam or something - me and Toby had never done anything like this. We’d had a drunken one-night stand, and he was handsome, and a friend, but this was a *whole* different level of intimacy. I’d handed him access to my body, and for what? To prove to him that I *was* masturbating when he walked in on me?

‘Boob,’ I said, flatly. ‘Left. Also, grow up.’

Toby giggled behind me. ‘Cool.’

I rolled my eyes, trying to ignore the way his seemingly enormous digit had felt pushing into my boob. Then, like he was answering that, I felt his grip shift, and suddenly there was pressure on *both* my boobs.

‘Toby.’

‘Okay - where’s *this*?’

He poked my belly button, and I flinched. ‘Belly button.’ Another poke, a little harder. ‘Left shoulder blade - and can you lighten up?’

‘Sorry,’ he said. ‘You can really feel it, huh?’

‘Dude, I can feel you *holding* me.’

‘Huh. What about *this*?’

And, in a way I should have expected really, I felt a pressure against my sex. A finger, laying across my lips.

‘Oh!’ I yelped.

‘Hey, what’s - oh, right. I forgot. You were *fucking* this thing when I came in.’

‘Toby-’ I said, beginning to turn, just in time to watch - and *feel* - his rough, warm finger slip inside. ‘*Hohh shit...*’

Toby watched me, finger just... embedded inside. He shifted it a little, his *other* hand holding my torso with his palm across my front, pressure all over me feeling *all too* intimate.

‘Can you... feel that?’

I nodded. ‘Uh-huh.’

He started to finger it, sawing it into me - his eyes locked on me as we stood across the room from each other.

‘Toby,’ I said, trying to keep my cool - but it was tough. He’d interrupted me earlier, and ever since, my body had felt like it was on *fire*. His finger was coarse and thicker than my own, and the sensations of being held while getting fucked was starting to play with my mind - all while I was standing, untouched, across the room. ‘Tobyyyy...’

I watched his breath hitch as I unintentionally moaned his name, my knees buckling a little; his hand brushed against my clit, and the feeling shot through me like lightning.

‘Fuck,’ he whispered, an awe-like quality to his voice. ‘That’s hot, Issy.’

I nodded, and his finger slipped out of me. ‘Guhh... *fuck*, Toby...’

‘Issy, I’m not gonna lie to you - this is the hottest fucking thing I think I’ve ever done.’

‘Yeah?’ I asked, getting my head straight and getting my legs under me. I leant against the wall a little bit, to keep upright, but could feel how my legs were going to give way. ‘If you let me film myself, to send to Fran, you can fuck it.’

He went a little still at that. ‘Really?’

I shrugged. ‘Fuck yeah - I need to get off, and *clearly* you do too. Fran kinda set this up, and she likes the whole voyeur thing, so. Besides, we’ve already had sex, and this is kinda one step removed - like, mutual masturbation, technically with no sex involved. So, why not?’

He thought about it for a second, and then had a brainwave. ‘Well, why don’t we *both* film ourselves? In different rooms, though.’

I frowned. ‘Why?’

‘So we can splice them together, and send *that* to Fran. As a thank-you for setting this thing up, as you put it.’

I nodded. ‘I’ll go to my room, you go to yours. In...’ I checked the clock on the wall. ‘Four minutes, start filming. *Then*, Toby... fuck your toy whatever way you like.’

‘Okay!’ He was excited the way a teenage boy would be with his first glimpse of boobs, and it was actually endearing. Like, stupidly endearing. Endearing in a *stupid* way, maybe.

We gathered our stuff, and raced to our rooms, sharing a quick glance of excitement before he shut his door, and I shut mine.

I set up the phone on my bedside table, turned on a lamp to make sure I was visible, and shed the dressing gown. Started the recording. The entire time, I could feel his fingers around me, in an odd, shifting embrace as he got himself *ready*. Then, his fingers left me, and I wondered if he’d put me down.

I lay back.

A minute or two passed, and I was almost annoyed - before I felt it.

‘Oh, *shit*,’ I moaned as I felt - not a cock, as I’d expected - but a *tongue* works it’s way into me. ‘*Ohhhh FUCK!*’

Toby - whatever he was doing, it felt *incredible*. A tongue moved across my clit, into my body, replaced by a finger as the tongue went back to my clit; his lips found me, a trap of suction catching me and making me yelp as I felt him playing with me - *fucking* this toy, likely naked in his own bed, having as much fun as he wanted. I could feel a hand, massive and strong, holding me by the midriff in a way that, while it didn’t *actually* stop me from moving, made me feel like I was pinned in place. Held by an invisible giant, his mouth on my clit, his moans buzzing through me.

I thought, dimly, that he couldn’t be *enjoying* this. At least, not physically; to him, he was eating out and fingering a rubber toy. But some part of him was having fun, judging by how fucking *good* this felt. It hadn’t been like this when we’d fucked, drunken and stupid, way back when. This was more expert, more practised. I was jealous of whoever he’d been practising on.

‘Oh, *fuck*, yeah,’ I whimpered, legs open and back arched in my bed, alone, on camera, as I was fucked by some unseen spectre that knew *exactly* what to do to me. ‘Fuck - *FUCK!*’ There was nothing else to say - no other thoughts entered my head.

Then, the finger was gone, and the grip around me shifted. The tongue was gone, too, *just* as I was beginning to crest over the edge. I wanted to scream at him - to shout at him to *finish what he’d started* - but just as I was fighting with myself on it, I felt something new.

It felt, in a way, the way it had when I’d worn the strap-on, and put the avatar against the tip - slickened up and pressed in. Only, instead of that hard, plastic-y feeling against my sex, it was *warm*, and had a softness to it that gave as much as it pushed forwards.

Also, I had no control over the way it was pushing into me. Which was way hotter than it should have been.

‘Oh, shit, he’s gonna-’ I said, partly to myself, and partly to Fran, before I felt him *lurch* forward. I felt myself stretch open for him, and gripped my bedding as my whole body reacted. His cock was *thick*, and for those first few inches, it felt awfully familiar to me.

‘*Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck,*’ I panted, back arching as I felt him pause, pulling out a little, before pushing *deeper* again. And, this time, he passed that threshold, and in an instant, everything changed.

It was hard to fully understand what was happening - I *knew* that Toby, in another room, was now balls-deep inside the avatar. I *knew* that I was feeling those sensations, expanded and exaggerated, scaled up as though *my* body was the same as the body of the avatar. I *knew* that he was throbbing, rock-hard and thick and *hot*.

But what I felt was...

Full.

Impossibly, undeniably *full*, in a way I had never felt before. I’d been with guys who had *large* cocks, and knew the strain of stretching for them, that fantastic satisfaction that came after the pain of pushing the limits - and this was nothing like that. It wasn’t something large pushing into me and stretching me, not really; it was something allowing me to be the shape I was supposed to be.

I had been empty, a gap up my middle that was now filled.

I could feel him pushing against my ribs from the inside, the pressure from within the same as the satisfaction that was roiling through me, my throat feeling like it was bulging, and I had the impossible notion that, if he pushed any deeper, I would open my mouth and he would emerge from me, impaling me completely.

And I wanted it.

I opened my mouth, a silent moan, or scream, or whimper failing to generate. I wasn’t a person anymore.

I was just something Toby was going to enjoy.

And, after that momentary pause, he began to enjoy me *deeply*.

Fingers gripped my form, and I instinctively lifted myself up onto my feet and elbows, back arched as Toby's cock *ruined* me. I felt him pull all the way out - my body losing tension like a taut water balloon suddenly drained; and then filled again. I could see that my body wasn't moving, or changing, or distending in any way, and yet I could *feel* like, as clear as I felt the bed beneath me. My eyes shut, and I chose, in that moment, to live in the sensations. To ignore my sight, and deny reality. To let the avatar tell me what was happening.

I felt a hand, impossibly large and yet soft in its touch, gripping me with fingers wrapped around my chest and waist. The fingers squeezed me, never enough to cause pain, but more than enough for me to *feel* it. It made me feel small, and weak. Like the toy in the palm of a giant.

My legs were rigid, my back arching so hard I was up on my elbows and ankles still, head pushed back into the pillows. And my pussy - my *cunt* - was on fire in the best way.

I could feel the cock, thick and hot and *perfect*, as it pushed into me, stretching me open and delving into my body, impossibly deep, so deep it should have killed me. Should have pushed my organs aside, should have crushed me from the inside out, made me scream and wail.

Instead, I felt as though my whole body was built for this. I was one long pussy, made for sex and nothing else - no lungs to breath, no stomach to eat. I was a fuckable toy in the hand of a giant, and the head of his cock was in my throat as he *pushed*.

'*Oughhhhhhh*,' I moaned, *wailed* as he pushed me deep, feeling the scratch of his pubic stubble, soft but scratching in equal measure, pushing against my clit. A second hand gripped me, fingers linking through fingers, enveloping my form. Making me useless - unmoving. Didn't need to move. He moved for me.

He held me as he fucked me - used me to fuck *him*. It was strange, I could tell somehow that whatever Toby was doing, he wasn't fucking me - his hips weren't moving, he didn't hold me still in the air and fuck his cock into me. No.

No. He was probably lying down, in his bed, on his back. Holding me in two hands, like the fleshlight of his choosing - just as rubbery and malleable as the rest of his toys. He was dragging me up and down his length, watching the avatar - watching *my body* - stretch for him, expanding into his fingers as his cock distended me, displaced me. Replaced some part of me with him.

I came, deeply embedded on his cock, eyes rolled back, no thoughts in my head except the undeniable and unthinkable *bliss* that was shattering me. From the inside out, I felt myself become a toy. I enjoyed it.

No - I *fucking loved it*.

My second orgasm was less strangled, and I managed to make noise - screaming and wailing so loud and so hard my voice cracked and I began to cry. Reality came back to me, as my eyes fluttered open and I saw the phone on my bedside table. Camera pointed at me. I was flat on my back, now, collapsed limbs failing me as I writhed in pleasure - not that it felt any different. No matter what I did, I felt his hand, his *cock*, enveloping me. I was, for as long as he wanted me, *his*.

It occurred to me that, if Toby wanted, he could edge himself with me for hours. Could keep me like this, a sentient sex toy for his pleasure, going mindless in the other room as he fucked me. As he ruined me.

Fuck that just made me orgasm again - limbs shuddering and voice failing.

Fran was going to fucking *love* this.

Time passed, and I wasn't sure how long we went - on and on he fucked me, sometimes slow and deep, indulging himself in how it felt; sometimes faster than I'd ever actually been fucked, his hand moving me up and down his cock in movements no man could replicate in the bedroom. Fast and hammering, then slow and sensual. More than once, he impaled me deep onto him, then let go of my body, making me feel a sort of abandonment. Despite the fact that his cock was *completely* inside me, I felt alone when his hands weren't on me.

Then, a finger would find my breast; his touch would glide over me, and I'd whimper at the sensation. Moan as his fingertip found my clit.

Then, he'd grip me again and fuck me stupid.

Until...

Until I felt him get more ragged, more animalistic in his movements. Less thought or care, and less change in his movements - instead he was *fucking* me. Or, fucking himself *using* me. Which, as I moaned and screamed and pleaded and begged, was definitely better. I wanted him to use me. I wanted to be fucked like a toy - like the toy the avatar made me.

Then, I felt him push me *deep* onto him, and a certain... warmth began to fill me.

'Ohhhhhhhhh,' I moaned, as I felt my body - not my cunt, nor any other part of me, but my *whole being* - become filled with his cum. Pump after pump, exaggerated in size and volume to feel like thick hose-pipe lurches inside my chest, he filled me.

I couldn't think. My brain shorted out, as I felt myself being filled in ways I'd never known before. Four, five, six *thick* pumps of cum filled me in like cream in a donut, seeping into me, out of me, hot and thick and *so fucking good*.

I think I came again - by that time, though, it was hard to tell. But Toby stopped, pulled out of me, and clicked the button on my neck as I'd told him, as the suit switched off. I was myself again, no hand, no cum. Shaking and weak, and strangely emotional.

I sat up. Numbly switched off the recording. Texted Toby - *Give me five*.

Same, he replied, and I flopped back into the bed.

'Fuck.'

#

'I've sent it,' Toby said to me, emerging from the kitchen with a now-cooked frozen pizza, wagging his phone at me. It was around dinner time, and while I'd been able to tuck into Christmas leftovers, Toby had refused every offer I'd given him of sharing.

I was fully dressed, now - as was he, for what it mattered. The TV was switched to an old movie that had been chosen pretty much at random, and I was just about finished with my gammon sandwich dinner.

‘Together?’ I asked.

‘Made them into a side-by-side,’ he nodded, sitting near me, but not *too* near me, in a way that felt deliberate. ‘Dunno about Fran, but I found it hot as *fuck*.’

‘Can you send it to me, too?’ I asked, and he gave me a look. ‘What? You got to see my side when you edited it - I haven’t seen what you were doing to me yet. S’only fair.’

He nodded, and went on his phone for a moment. Half a minute later, I got an email with an attachment.

Then, I got a text from Fran.

WHAT THE FUCK WHAT THE FUCK WAHT TGH FUCKKK.

Summed it up pretty succinctly, I thought. ‘Fran’s got it,’ I said, just as my phone began to ring.

‘That her?’ Toby asked, and I nodded, then answered.

Her voice came through as a wrathful, hissing stage-whisper. ‘*What the fuck Issy!*’ Me and Toby, immediately, started to laugh at her, unable to translate the weird web of feelings into any other output. From Toby laughing, it was clear she was loud enough to be heard halfway across the room, despite ‘whispering’. ‘*I thought you would fuck! Or maybe I’d get to watch him eat you out or something - I dunno. But this?! WHAT the FUCK man?!*’

‘I don’t *exactly* know what you’re mad about, Fran,’ I said, before switching her onto speakerphone. There was a warmth in my tone, I hoped, but also genuine confusion.

‘Yeah - you *told* me what to expect,’ Toby chimed in.

‘*Toby - no - I told you that Issy was horny, and could do with a pick-me up, and that she liked you, and that also I liked to WATCH!*’

I glanced at Toby. ‘Did he send you the video?’

‘*Yes!*’ Fran hissed. ‘*And I shall be watching that, on repeat, forever. But it’s still not... you know. Live.*’

‘Ah,’ me and Toby said, together, our eyes catching across the room. A nervous shiver went through me from the memory of what we’d done. ‘Fran - are you alone? And do you have some time?’

A pause. ‘*Not right now.* Some of the family is leaving tonight though - it’ll just be me and my parents from tomorrow, and they’re meeting friends during the day tomorrow. I’ll be alone, then.’

‘Tomorrow,’ I repeated, thinking. ‘Well... *tomorrow*, why don’t you let us know when they’re out for their meal, and then... we’ll video call.’

Another pause. ‘I don’t know if I can wait that long.’

‘You’ll have to,’ I told her, and caught Toby’s gaze. He looked like a deer in headlights. ‘Call us when you’re alone.’

Then, cruelly, I hung up.

'Fuck,' Toby said, after a second. 'What have I gotten into the middle of?'

I laughed. 'Mate, honestly... I don't even know. I've never been this, like, *brazen* before, but... the last couple of days, it's like the dam's broken, you know? And before my brain catches up with me, I'm just... riding that wave.'

'Well, here's hoping it doesn't stop any time soon,' Toby said. 'I know it was just a toy, for me, but something about *knowing* you could feel it made what we did feel *really* fucking good. And, like, I don't wanna make you feel uncomfortable or anything. I'm just saying, if you wanna do that again at all-'

'Yep,' I said. 'Yeah, I don't- I'm not fussed about it being awkward. Not many things have made me cum that hard, Toby. Whatever you did to me, I want it daily. I just want *Fran* to be in there, somewhere, in the mix.'

He nodded, clearly trying to hide his excitement. 'I've never done a friends-with-benefits thing, so you might have to guide me a little.'

I nodded, also hiding my own excitement. 'Okay. Yeah, okay.'

We sat for a moment, quiet and awkward, despite the lewd and intimate things we'd been experiencing together not even an hour ago.

But that was the thing - we *weren't* together. We'd literally separated ourselves. It was like mutually masterbating over a phone call, with a *little* more involved by way of the avatar itself. We'd just done high-tech phone sex.

Which is what led me to my next statement.

'Toby - I think we should have sex.'

He was halfway through a slice of his pizza. 'Whah-?'

I didn't look at him, just looked straight ahead. 'We've done it before, drunk. We've done the avatar thing, sober. And, later, we're going to do *something* with Fran. I think, first, we should... cross the line. Or, draw a line under the old just-flatmates relationship we had.'

He swallowed. 'Um. I mean. Yeah.'

I looked up at him. 'Really? Just like that? 'Yeah?''

He shrugged and nodded. 'Fuck yeah? I mean, Issy - you're *hot*. You're basically exactly my type, and I *know* you're Fran's type as well. If you're bi, and we wanna make this thing a three-way fuck party, I am more than down to clown. Yes.'

'*Down to clown*?! Who on earth has *ever* said that before?!' I laughed at him. I was looking at him now, and he was smiling.

'Shut up, or I won't fuck you. Or your avatar.'

I shrugged. 'I was going to make you fuck Fran's actually.'

He stopped halfway through another slice. '*Fran* has one *too*?'

I nodded, smirking. 'Oh yeah. And I *was* going to use it on you while she watched, fucking you with her toy and-'

'Is,' he said, suddenly serious. 'You need to stop right now. I'm hungry, and if I'm going to fuck you and *then* Fran's toy-thing, I'll need my strength.'

He took another big bite of pizza as I cackled at him. I forgot how funny he was.

#

It was a little while until Fran got back in contact. By that time, the dark had *fully* set in, and there was even a light rain that threatened to turn into sleet pattering the windows. We had the curtains and blinds drawn, partially to conserve heat and partially in preparation for the late-evening ahead of us.

I thought about the day I'd had; throughout this boxing day, I'd been remote-fucked by Fran, fucked *myself* with my avatar, and then everything with Toby. My body was humming, somewhere between exhaustion and excitement, a sort of tension filling the flat in ways I'd never felt before.

Even after Toby and I had shared a drunken night together, it hadn't been awkward - not really. We'd been able to be grown-ups about it, and basically write it off as students-having-fun, finding ourselves and sleeping around a little. Neither of us were attached, so what was the harm? It felt different now, though. Like it was a higher-stakes situation - and I couldn't shake the feeling that *that* had something to do with Fran.

Fucking Toby was fun, and it was going to *be* fun, but whatever I had brewing with Fran felt like more. It was more sensual, more playful and upfront. She'd already said to me that she wanted more than what we'd had, but I didn't know what to do with that.

For one thing, I'd never done *anything* with a girl besides kissing Fran once or twice, and what had happened since opening the avatar.

All of this was moving fast, and I knew that if I didn't stop and think things through, then... what?

As I lay in bed, rain hitting the window, and phone lighting up with Fran's phone call, that question flitted through my mind. *What was going to happen that was so bad?*

What was I scared of?

I answered.

'Hey.'

'Hey, Is.' Her voice came through, hushed but not the scream-whisper she'd treated us to earlier in the night. She sounded a little out of breath, actually. 'I, uh, wanted to apologise, actually.'

I frowned. 'What?'

'I just, uh, I mean... I sent you a fucking *dildo* and a immersive sex-toy *thing* for Christmas. There's not much subtlety in that, and I know I kinda pushed you on this. I'm sorry.'

'No - no, you don't have to-'

'I do though,' she said. 'I've been, um, thinking a little more clearly tonight. And, while I get that you might be into it and everything - and I hope you are, like I'm having fun, and I want us to keep going - but it should have been a discussion. I didn't go about it the right way, I mean.'

I sighed, absorbing that.

'You don't have to apologise for pushing,' I told her. 'I needed the push. I've been... denying some stuff. About you. About myself, what I want. I think there's a reason why, when I drink and the inhibitions come down, I fucked Toby, and I kissed you. More than once. Those were the things I *wanted* to do, but I didn't let myself, you know?'

'Hmm,' she said, and I could hear the softness in her voice. 'So, we're good.'

'We are *so* good,' I said, before remembering my conversation with Toby. 'I actually, uh, wanted to ask you something. About Toby.'

'Yeah?' she asked. 'If it's about the video, I have to say - no part of that will upset me. *Fuck* that thing was hot. It's actually why I'm thinking a bit more clearly - the post-nut clarity or whatever. God, that's such a gross phrase.'

I laughed, softly, staring up at the dark of my ceiling. 'I think I want to fuck him.'

She paused. 'Yeah, I get that. He's cute, and you've already crossed a few boundaries.'

I nodded, even though she couldn't see it. 'Exactly. And, I think I owe it to myself to do it, you know, *sober*. Aside from a short-lived boyfriend in school, I'm *actually* somewhat sexually repressed.'

'That's a big thing to admit,' she said. Then, poking fun, 'For a slut.'

I laughed, and sighed. 'Shut up.'

'Yeah,' she sighed. 'For reals - that video you and Toby sent me? That was... unreal. I've always been into, like, voyeurism, you know that. But this is... something else.'

'Well, if I fuck Toby tonight, do you want to watch?'

She went a little quiet. 'Can I?'

'We can do a facetime, you can watch with, like headphones in or something. I mean, no promises for it being *sexy* or anything, but you can watch.'

I could practically hear her vibrating with excitement on the other side of the phone. 'Yes please.'

'Yeah?' I smirked, enjoying hearing her say it. 'I need you to say in - in a full sentence for me.'

I heard her swallow. 'Issy, may I *please* be permitted to watch you fuck Toby tonight?'

I thought about it. 'I'll have to ask him. But if I call, *answer*. I won't ask twice.' Whatever this dominance thing that was coming out, it was the exact opposite of how I'd felt with Toby, or when I was wearing the suit. I liked the feeling of control, if only for now.

'Okay,' Fran said.

'Right, then,' I said, chest hammering and wetness beneath my pyjama bottoms. 'I'll go talk to him.'

'Okay,' she said, sounding a little apprehensive. 'Cool. Okay. Bye?'

I hung up on her, enjoying a little bit the way I *knew* she'd want to be involved. I looked at the time on my phone; 9pm. Toby had been home for hours at this point, and I assumed he'd had a chance to unpack after our *time* together, and dinner. It was late enough that being in bed wasn't unreasonable for me, but equally there was a good chance he wouldn't be asleep yet.

I left my bedroom, crossed the flat dressed in my fuzzy pyjamas and tee, and knocked on his door.

'Issy?' he called.

'Can I come in?'

'Sure,' he said. I cracked the door open, and saw that his room, unlike mine, was lit up, his laptop open to some sci-fi TV show I'd never watched, and he was sitting at his little desk, turning to face me as I came in. 'What's up?'

'I wasn't kidding,' I told him. 'I think we should fuck.'

'Uhh,' he said, looking around his impressively well-kept room. 'Your place or mine?'

'Can Fran watch?' I asked, smiling at his stupid joke. His eyes went a little wide at that.

'Okay - I don't know if you guys are making fun of me at this point, like, playing on a guy's fantasy or-'

'Nope, completely serious.'

He shrugged. 'Then, sure, yeah!'

#

'Can you see us?' I asked.

'Yup,' Fran replied, a little hitch in her voice. I propped her, on my phone, up against Toby's stack of books, facing the bed. It was a little embarrassing, not only having a camera on me, but also having Fran *and* Toby watching. Still, something about the whole situation, about being *watched*, was really appealing.

And *that* was the enjoyment I was riding as I pulled my tee off, quickly and unceremoniously.

'Fuck,' Toby whispered. Then, louder, 'Sorry, you just have really nice tits.'

'You do,' Fran chimed in, making me blush a little. 'Your turn, Tobes. Lets see what you're fucking my girlfriend with.'

My heart jumped at that - were we girlfriends? We hadn't labelled it, and yet it felt... good. I didn't challenge it, but flashed Fran a look that made her smirk. She was in her bed, at home, earphones in, watching us as she played with herself miles and miles away.

The person in the room with me, however, was Toby - and he was in the process of shedding his own top, before he pulled his jeans down. His boxers were cute - blue and white, with a tightness that gave him a *lovely* bulge. After a moment, I realised I was staring.

'Like what you see?' he asked, a dumb-looking smile on his face.

'Dunno,' I said, trying to play it cool. 'Haven't seen it yet.'

‘Right,’ Toby said. ‘This all feels a little... formal, Is.’ He said it as something of a complaint, and I got what he meant.

So, I decided to jump on him. Just, fully tackle him, so he flopped down onto the bed, his hands instinctively grabbing my bare back, as I kissed his neck, chin, working around to his mouth. My tongue found his, as his hands found my arse, squeezing me and holding me as my hands stroked his chest, gripping his hair. Grinding down into him as I straddled his waist made his moan into my mouth, his tongue finding mine as we abandoned all senses of awkwardness and shame - the hazy memory of his body was being filled in for me, and I was happy to fill in his memory of *me*.

I kissed down his chest, my body rubbing against his as he groaned, until I was kneeling on the floor before his now tented bulge.

‘Fuck,’ I said, loud enough for both him *and* Fran to hear me, before pulling his boxers down his thick thighs, letting his cock free.

In whatever drunken state I’d been in during our one-night-stand, and during the avatar-fuelled affair we’d had earlier in the day, I’d never *really* taken note of how beautiful his cock was. It stood, thick and firm, rock-hard before me. The length was a perfect seven-ish inches, and there was a slight upwards curve in the shaft that ended in a distinct head, pink and hot.

‘Yeah,’ I said, looking up at Toby’s face, those wide eyes. I glanced at the phone, over my shoulder, before focusing on his cock. ‘I like what I see.’

The moan Toby gave as my lips closed around the head of his cock sent shivers through me, and I heard the softest, tinny ‘Oh, fuck,’ from Fran through the phone.

Now, I wasn’t the *most* experienced person in cocksucking, but past experience had shown me that enthusiasm made up for that in most cases. From what I could tell, a guy got more excited knowing you were *enjoying sucking his cock*, even if it was middling technique, as opposed to being a pornstar-like fantastic but dead-energy blowjob. Even if this wasn’t 100% true across the board, it *did* seem to be true of Toby, so I just threw myself into it.

Also, I was discovering something about myself in the meantime; I liked to be watched. There was something so... *naughty* about having Fran watch me indulge on Toby’s cock, listening to the slurps of my mouth, to his moans and my sighs. It was intoxicating in a way I didn’t quite have the vocabulary for in that moment - all I knew was that it felt good, so I decided to enjoy it.

I bobbed on the head of his cock, looking up at him with my lips around the head of his glans, before pushing myself as deep as I could get - most of, but definitely not *all* of the way down his shaft. He groaned, clearly appreciating the effort, and when I popped off him and smiled up at him, he smiled back.

‘Fuck, you know what you’re doing,’ he said, and I grinned, knowing my fake-it-till-you-make-it technique was working.

‘Easy to do, when you have a cock this pretty. Where have you been hiding this?’

‘Mostly in here,’ he said with a smile. Dammit, he was still quite sharp, even with my fist pumping his length.

‘Well, I’m not saying we’re gonna be exclusive or anything, but for *now*? This cock is mine.’

‘Fine by mE!’ he yelped, as I took him back into my mouth, as deep as I could, slathering him inside my mouth with my tongue as much as I could. ‘Fuck - *fuck*, Issy...’ Then, for the first time, he took charge in a way that made my heart flutter a little. ‘Issy, I need to be inside you, *now*.’

I pulled his cock out of my mouth, letting it slap against my lips a little. ‘How do you want me?’

‘I think we should give Fran a show,’ he said, before pushing himself, hopping off the bed - his cock bouncing in the air dumbly - and rounding me quickly. He moved with a speed I hadn’t expected, and all of a sudden he was behind me, lifting me up and pushing me forwards - onto all fours. I got the message, and crawled onto his bed, turning slightly so that Fran would have the best side-on perspective of us.

Then, Toby got himself up onto the bed, and *yanked* my pyjama bottoms down.

‘Oh!’ I yipped as I felt his tongue - hot and wet and talented - slip into my wet lips, hands on my legs, hips, cheeks. ‘Oh, *fuck*, TobYY!’

He had me. In moments, all of the build-up and the way Fran was watching, and the way his tongue felt against my clit - it was all too much. I came, there, on all fours on his bed, pyjamas still around my knees, on his face, moaning his name.

Then, he was gone, and I whimpered in my disappointment, until I felt him - his hands on my butt, the soft head of his cock poking at my sex, squishing against me.

‘Fuck me,’ I said, a half-whimper, looking up over my shoulder at him. He looked so good like that - towering over me, strong in a way he didn’t usually seem. ‘Toby - *fuck me*.’

He didn’t waste any time, holding me in place as he pushed forwards, his cock sliding into me deliciously, easily, and fully. In a moment, I was stretched *wide*, and the way it felt reminded me that, despite the last couple of days of being fucked via the avatar, I hadn’t actually had anything *inside* me for days.

The ever-so-slight stretch-ache that came with his thick cock bottoming out in me was incredible, and my eyes rolled as his hand found my hair. He gripped me in a lazy ponytail, pulling me up onto my hands.

‘Look at Fran while I fuck you,’ he said, his tone darker - he was enjoying this, too. Fucking me for someone else’s enjoyment was getting him off. Getting us *both* off. Like there was a complicated web of dominance and submissiveness between us.

Toby was fucking me, but only because we’d asked him to ever so politely. I had, until now, taken charge and pushed the situation, but only in the service of bringing pleasure to Fran. Fran had dictated the whole situation, brought the avatars into the mix, but had to do it all from a distance, unable to physically *make* anything happen. We all had control, and we were all serving each other.

As Toby began to fuck me, that rather beautiful thought about mutual trust and pleasure and respect faded away, and I began to beg him to fuck me harder as Fran watched me him fuck me like an animal in his bed.

He pushed my face into his bedding, as he fucked me *hard* from behind - his cock, thick and hard and *real*, felt incredible inside me. It was strange - because of what had been done to me with the avatar, I'd half expected to almost be disappointed. Like this, sex in a bed, with a guy pounding me into submission, would somehow have been devalued by the intensity of what had been done to me before. But, instead, there was no comparison to be made; it was the difference between masturbating and fucking, in a way. They just occupied different parts of my brain, of my libido. Scratched different itches.

Toby pulled out of me, and I moaned as I sat up on my hands, looking back at him. 'Whyyy?' 'I wanna see your face,' he told me. 'On your back.'

I did as he told me, flipping onto my back. He pulled the pyjamas off my legs, and now I was *truly* naked in his bed - just in time to spread my legs for him. Only, Toby didn't push straight into me. Instead, he stood for a moment, and grabbed the phone off the desk, and pointed it at me.

On the screen, I could see the half-hidden face of Fran, lit only by the light of the screen, otherwise absorbed in darkness. She had wide eyes, and redness in her cheeks, and I could just about hear how heavy her breath was.

Then, Toby slid his cock into me.

'Oh, *fuuuuuuuck*,' I moaned, as I stared into Fran's eyes. She was so beautiful, and Toby's cock felt *so fucking good*, that it was too much. I came again, staring into Fran's eyes, as Toby fucked me, my legs around his hips and his free hand on my tit, squeezing me and enjoying my body as much as I was enjoying his. 'Cumming - Toby - Fran - I'm *cumiiiiiiiiIIING!*'

'Holy shit,' I heard Fran whisper, clearly not wanting to be heard by her family.

'He feels so fucking good,' I said, half-moaning through the words as the orgasm tried to subside, Toby's cock grinding into me in a way that made it struggle to simmer down. Instead, I became a soupy mess of orgasmic pleasure, barely thinking, barely human, just *humming* in that state of bliss. 'Fran, his cock is so *good*.'

'Tell her how it feels,' Toby ordered, now truly into it as much as I had been - whatever awkwardness or discomfort having fallen away completely. We were, all three of us, all-in.

'It's so fucking good, Fran,' I moaned, my voice cracking as Toby moved in me, his cock pushing *deeper*, his free hand on my chest, fondling me as he fucked me. 'Fran, *fuck*, his cock feels so fucking good inside me - oh *shit!*' I yelped as Toby grabbed my legs, my phone against my shin as he gripped me, pulling my legs up against his body so my ankles were on his shoulders.

'Hold her,' he said, handing me the phone, and I let go of the bedding that I'd been white-knuckling, to hold Fran in my hand. I tried to hold her up, but as soon as Toby took my ankles in each hand, holding me wide and open, I knew it was pointless.

‘FUCK!’ I screamed as he began to piston into me, his thrusts deep and long, slower than they had been, but totally *fucking* me with each hammer of his hips against me. ‘OH, FUCK! Fran, it’s so GOOD!’

‘Show me,’ she said, her voice thin and tinny. I held her up, facing me, and managed to have the wherewithal to swap the camera to the back one - pointing down my body. I could still see Fran’s face as she watched Toby fuck me, legs spread in a wide V, his thick cock pulling out and displaying how fucking *big* it was, before vanishing into my poor pussy.

‘Fuck,’ she whispered, as I held her there, trying not to cum.

Then, Toby hooked my ankles back over his shoulders, lifted my butt in his hands a little, and took the phone from me. ‘Watch this,’ he said to Fran as he swapped the cameras back, before *folding* me.

My feet came up past my head, as I was bent at the waist, his weight pinning me down as his ace met mine in a sloppy, lurid kiss filled with tongue and moaning. His hips never stopped, as he held the phone out next to us, giving Fran as good a view as she was going to get of him fucking me into another orgasm.

And another orgasm it was - I came beneath him, body folded over, thighs shaking and eyes rolling, moaning into his shoulder as he refused to stop.

‘*FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!*’ I screamed, not caring about neighbours, or anything else. Nothing else mattered - just his body, and mine, and Fran’s undivided attention on how much fucking *pleasure* this was giving me.

‘Holy shit,’ I heard her say as she watched me cum for Toby, red-faced and wordlessly trying to breathe properly again.

When my brain rebooted and I could think again, Toby had let my body fall back normally, and we were missionary again - his cock still inside me. Fran was on the pillow next to my face, propped up enough for her to see me, her eyes intense and her shoulder, *just* in-frame, moving in a regular shift. I knew what she was doing, and it only fed the sexual fog that was filling my mind, pushing away any other thoughts.

‘I’m gonna cum,’ Toby said after a while. ‘*Fuck*, Issy, you’re so fucking *tight*.’

‘Not in me,’ I said, reflexively. ‘Fr- *fuck* - Fran, are you wearing your suit?’

‘No,’ she whispered. ‘Why?’

‘Put it on,’ I managed to say - Toby was moving slower now, trying to control himself, stop from going over the edge. ‘*Now*.’

She nodded, and the screen went dark as she left the frame.

‘What’s going on?’ Toby asked.

‘I’ll get her thing,’ I said. ‘Her avatar.’ Then, sitting up in a way that made him pull out, I kissed him. ‘You’re gonna cum inside her - just like you did to me.’

Toby nodded after a moment, understanding. ‘Yeah, okay.’

While Fran was getting dressed, I slipped out from under Toby, who was looking a little red in the face, and *ran* through to my room. I found Fran's avatar, which I'd put back in the opened box she'd left for me, grabbed it, and raced back through, just as Fran came back into frame.

'Got it on,' she said, a little short for breath. I pressed the button, watched the wave of light on the screen, and held Fran's little avatar body in my open hand.

'You ready?' I asked her, grabbing the phone in the other hand, and putting her back on the desk, facing the bed.

'I don't know,' she said.

I smiled, and got Toby to sit, facing the phone, at the edge of the bed. His magnificent, thick erection stood up from his hips in a way that, on the screen, looked frankly pornographic. I dropped to my knees between his legs, and began to blow him again.

'Fuck, Is,' he moaned.

'Sorry,' I said, popping off of him. 'You needed some lubrication.'

Then, I placed Fran's avatar at the head of his cock, and *pushed*.

'*Hahhmmm-*' Whatever sound Fran made as she felt Toby's cock stretch her, she tried to swallow it. It was almost cute, watching her face screw up, mouth clamped shut, a strand of hair over her face that gave away how sweaty she was. *God*, I wanted to know how her room smelled right now - if it was just a musky lair of sex. Was that weird? It felt weird.

I pushed her deeper onto him.

'*Fuck,*' Toby sighed. 'Just like that - nice and slow.'

'Does she feel good?' I asked - mostly it was a mental question, her avatar would feel the same as mine.

Right?

'So fucking good,' he said, a softness in his voice that gave away how relaxed he was - like this entire thing, for him, had been about blowing off steam. Me, I felt like a rubber band, stretched and stretched to the point of snapping, a tight pull of tension running across every inch of me that would take *days* to come down from.

But Toby, ever the *man*, was just enjoying it. Enjoying having me throw myself at him, and now having Fran whimper down the phone for his cock. He must feel on top of the world.

'You ready?' I asked Fran, who recovered enough to look up at me, through the screen. Her eyes were glistening. Her avatar was halfway down Toby's cock.

So, I sheathed him into her - pushing down *deep*, until the material of the avatar stretched a little. I knew how she would be feeling - that sensation of her ribcage and throat bulging, moving as the empty hole inside her was filled with his cock. It was mind-bending, especially as she was feeling Toby's heartbeat in her gullet, the throb of his shaft filling her whole fucking body.

'Fuck me with her,' Toby said, looking down at me. We held eye contact, almost ignoring Fran, as I began to stroke him with her avatar - right up to the tip, then *all* the way to the base.

The morning of December 27th was a slow, lazy one. I woke up with a satisfied smile on my face, the ache of sex humming through my body, and the soft sunlight of a crisp winter morning floating in through the windows. The room had a bite of chill to it, and I could feel my body tighten beneath the covers as I sat up, nipples hardening and a shiver going up my spine.

Usually, I would have *some* level of self-consciousness at sitting topless in bed as Toby milled through the flat - and I could hear him, up and about already. But, this morning, I was quite comfortable. In a way I hadn't felt before.

I stretched, and caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror - the way my tits looked first thing in the morning, and the stretch of my back... if it was someone else, I think I would have found it rather sexy.

Which took my mind to Fran.

I didn't know exactly what we were, but since that first... *session*, we had been working on unspoken stuff. We'd told each other what we'd wanted to hear - that we had both been scared to admit something was between. To confess feelings.

And then, last night, she called me her girlfriend. Which I hadn't expected, but it had sent shivers through me. The idea that, in some way, I belonged to her. After all, what we'd done with Toby had been fun, and a way to experiment with this strange sex toy, but we all knew that was *just* fun. Toby wasn't *in* the relationship - as nice, and funny, and good at sex as he was.

Okay, maybe he was a *little* in the relationship.

But that was something to work out properly once Fran was back, which wouldn't be for a few more days. In the meantime, I thought I might have a little *more* fun with Toby - even if it was just messing with him.

So, I slipped out of bed, naked and refreshed in ways I don't think I'd *ever* felt before, slipped on some lacy red underwear I had at the back of the drawer - proper fuck-me underwear - and some slippers. Nothing else.

I opened the door, and saw Toby's bedroom, open and empty. I could hear him in the kitchen, rattling around. The kitchen door was shut, so with a grin, I called out to him.

'Hey, Toby big-dick! Fancy a quickie to start the day?'

I pushed open the kitchen door, and there was Toby, looking pale as anything, and two mugs in his hand.

Behind him, with a look on her face somewhere between shock and the kind of joy you only get when discovering a *juicy* secret, was Kate. My fourth and completely out-of-this-loop flatmate. Staring at my tits.

'Oh,' she said. 'My,' she said. 'God,' she said.

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