

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

The Avatar

Part 1 - Under The Tree

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Christmas is a difficult time to be alone.

The morning was dull and grey - the sort of morning that was to be expected in Britain during December itself, but the hope was always there that Christmas would be magical; even if it was cold, I'd hoped for clear crisp skies, or even snowfall. But no. It was just... grey.

I slept in late, with no alarm set, and pulled myself out of the comfort of bed as my phone began to buzz anyway.

'Hi, Mum,' I said, answering the call.

'MERRY CHRISTMAS!' she bellowed down the phone. 'Did you get everything through?'

'I did,' I said, a smile making its way onto my face. 'Thank you, Mum.'

'Did you like it all?'

'I haven't opened anything yet.'

There was a pause. 'But it's past eight,' she said, incredulous.

I laughed at her. 'I know, I know - I just haven't gotten up yet. Having a sleepy morning.'

'Okay, well - hon, I need to get to work, but once you've opened stuff, give me a text and I'll call you later, okay?'

'Okay, mum,' I said. 'Love you.'

'Love youuuuu!' And then she was gone, off to the hospital. Nursing stopped for no one.

I dropped the phone, checked a few messages from some friends' groups and people sending me obviously-forwarded holiday messages, and dragged myself out of bed. The rug on my bedroom floor was pleasantly soft between my toes, and made the original-wood-floor of the room a little more bearable given the cold, but even so I felt a shiver go through me.

'Shit,' I mumbled to myself as I pulled my dressing gown off the end of the bed and pulled it on, and kicked my feet into some slippers Fran had left.

Fran had been my roommate - one of three, in fact. The last one to go home for the season. I was the last of us still here, and for a good reason; I hated my family at Christmas.

Now, I didn't hate them *all* of the time. I loved them, in fact. But my dad was... busy. And mum obviously worked through the holidays anyway, so I always ended up alone and sad, being an only child who'd been called 'independent' by teachers and other assorted adult since I was six. I was pretty sure they just meant 'easy to ignore while we pay attention to the problem kids'.

Well, now I was eighteen, I was at Uni, and it was my first Christmas away from home.

The flat was an uneasy bottom-half of a terraced house in the middle of Carlisle, the sleepest fucking 'City' in the UK. But, it was good for Nursing courses - which was what I was apparently doing with myself, up until a few months ago. Mum wasn't happy to hear I'd transferred into a Communications degree, because she had no idea what that was.

I didn't really care - so long as it wasn't nursing.

I walked through the flat, naked but for the slippers and gown, until I found the sad-looking Christmas tree in the living room; there was the second-hand brown leather sofa along one wall, the cracking paint and bare-brick walls around me, and an impossible-to-trace faint smell of sulphur in here. But it was home.

The tree had been decorated by me and Fran, but the other flatmates - Toby and Kate - had been appreciated, and made sure to use whatever money they had to leave some presents under it before leaving to go home. It was actually kind of nice, seeing a small pile of presents beneath the tree which were *all* for me.

I made a coffee, turned on a Pixar movie that was playing on the TV, and decided I would open them nice and slowly. So, I got the fake fire switched on, filled a hot water bottle, pulled some of my bedding into the living room to go on the floor, and made myself a nice little nest. My back against the sofa, I grabbed the first few presents, and started with the one closest to me.

To Issy - To keep you company. PS, don't open this in front of anyone. Love, Fran.

'Oh, God,' I said with a little laugh to myself, before pulling it apart. Inside, there was a vibrator - small and with an egg-shape at one end, and a long tail. Something on the front said it was remote-controlled, and I took a moment to think about this.

Fran most likely got me this as a *joke* gift, right? But also, there was a receipt in the box, which included a price. This bitch had spent *fifty quid* on a joke gift. Which made it less of a joke. Huh.

File *that* away from when Fran got back to ask her about it.

I put that to one side, and then got on with opening stuff up. Most of it was from mum - soft things, soaps and 'smellies', as she called them. Dad sent me a cookbook based on Lord of the Rings, which honestly was *such* a good cross-section of my interests I refused to believe it was actually his idea. Toby had gotten me a USB-wired coaster that heated up your cup from beneath. It was shaped like a cat, and I loved it. Kate got me really thick, fuzzy socks, and I immediately put them on.

And then, there was one last present. It was at the back, wrapped with paper that didn't match any of the others - it was a dark blue colour, with a stick-on bow. There was a tag, but it didn't say who it was from.

Put me on if you get bored.

It wasn't even technically addressed to me, but I had to assume that, if no one else had taken it that they didn't care, right?

I put it next to the mess of wrapping paper, and thought it over, before deciding to take a photo and send it to the flatmates group chat.

I: Anyone leave this behind? If not, I'm having it lmao

T: Nope! Merry Crimbo tho!

K: Enjoy the free prezzie - not one of mine

Fran didn't answer on the group chat, but messaged me directly instead.

F: That blue thing isn't mine - but did you like what I got you?

I: Very funny, Fran

F: Funny? Dude, it's not a joke prezzie

I: No?

F: Nah, I got a two-for one. Treated myself to one for Christmas and they had an offer on - thought you would enjoy the company for the ~holidays~

I looked again at the vibrator, the warmth of the fake fire starting to warm the room properly, and considered what she was saying.

I: You horny bitch

F: How ungrateful

F: Trust me, a few more days of nothing to do, you'll give in

F: And when you do...

F: You're welcome

I laughed, and put my phone down with that same feeling in my stomach. The vibrator was from Fran - it was something *direct*. Because, you know...

Fran and I had had some... complicated encounters. Mostly drunken, half-remembered ones. Some early-morning glances at each other when we'd not *quite* gotten dressed yet. Once, an unfortunate moment when I walked in on her in the shower, the image of which brought a totally different kind of heat to me as I sat before the fake fire on the living room floor.

But opening the vibrator would be too much. Too direct. I needed to do something else, and watching a shit Pixar movie wasn't distracting enough. Instead, then, I decided to grab the blue present, and shrugged off any doubt before ripping it open, pulling the foil-like paper off easily to reveal, underneath...

A plain, black, cardboard box. It was smaller than a shoebox, but not as small as a phone case - more like the height of a book, and about two inches deep and wide. It had something wrapped around it, which dropped onto me as I pulled the packaging off.

'What the...'

I put the box down, and picked up the fabric. It looked like a dark-grey swimsuit, with some odd designs all over it that looked almost like circuitry up the side and chest, and running over the crotch. Holding it up, it looked like, if it was *worn*, it would come right up on the neck, stopping at the elbows and mid-way up the thigh. I couldn't imagine it being very flattering as a swimsuit.

Though, the way it shimmered in the light, it looked less like a swimsuit, and more like the kind of material sportswear was made from - thin and light, but with a certain strength to it. Between my fingers, it was plasticky, but not in an unpleasant way - just not the sort of way I expected something like *this* to feel.

I looked inside the pile of packaging for any kind of logo, but there was nothing on the box itself - though that *did* have a sort of crease right down the middle, like it was supposed to be opened. I gripped it, and pulled, but no matter how much force I tugged on it with, *nothing* happened. I could tell it was an opening - it was so *obviously* the place where the box opened, and yet... nothing.

I rolled it in my hands, and noticed for the first time that there wasn't any visible logo or branding on it, which was strange. I checked the weird grey swimsuit, too, and that was just as

unbranded. It was a little jarring, to be honest; I was *so* used to everything being branded and covered in advertisements and all the rest of it that it was almost a little... suspicious.

But, instead of bothering to dig any deeper, I dropped the box and the suit into a pile at the base of the tree, and got on with my Christmas morning.

I binned the wrapping paper, hid the vibrator under my bed - no promises made, of course - and turned up the music in the kitchen as I began to cook. Because, if there was *one* thing I was excited for, it was making my own Christmas dinner.

Some people, you see, got a little uptight about what 'Christmas Dinner' meant. My parents, however, cared so little that I was able to make it my own, and since discovering cooking *properly*, I'd been experimenting with my Gammon roast recipe for the last few months. It took *hours*, but by the time midday had passed and I was well into the mid-afternoon, I had the perfect spread.

Gammon, surrounded by *perfectly* roasted potatoes, golden and crispy all over. There were parsnips and carrots, cheesy mashed potatoes and the thickest onion gravy I'd ever attempted to make. Yorkshire puddings, pigs-in-blankets and cranberry sauce.

Not a brussel sprout in sight.

It was *perfect*.

And, truth be told, a touch lonely.

I'd loved having the freedom to do what I wanted, but there was a nagging feeling, as I set my dinner up on the pop-up dining table in the corner of the living room, that there should have been more than one person enjoying this meal.

Maybe by this time next year, you'll have a boyfriend, I thought. Then, I was a little more honest with myself. *Or a girlfriend. Either or. So long as they're nice.*

Outside, the grey sky was getting darker, the afternoon gloom already threatening to become night.

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'You're sure you don't want us to come over, even for a bit? You're only an hour away, Is.'

'You're *two* hours away, mum,' I told her. Her voice, tinny through the phone and fighting to be heard over the sound of cars rushing by the park I'd set down in for a moment, was tight. I could tell she was upset. 'We both know you wouldn't be able to get away from work.'

She sighed, and I heard a slight snuffle. 'Baby, I just wish you'd come *home* for Christmas.'

I nodded. 'I know. I just... I feel like I had to do *one* on my own. Is that stupid?'

'No!' she gave a little laugh. 'No, I *love* that you wanted to be independent and... and go out on your own. I just miss you, Is.'

'I miss you too, mum.'

'Okay. Good.' We shared a slightly sad laugh, and I wiped my face - the cold against my tears was biting. 'Well, I have to get back - you know how it is.'

'Next year,' I said, 'I'll come home.'

'Good.'

'Might even make you dinner.'

'Lovely,' she said, with an air of finality about it. 'Love you.'

'Love you,' I said. Then, she hung up, and I wiped my tears, stood up, and headed back through the park to my flat. The sky was dark, but not quite black, and the chill in the air threatened to turn into rain at any second, but the walk home was quick enough to make it almost pleasant.

I'd taken a walk after dinner to try and digest some of the food, but instead I'd just wound up feeling upset and cold, so the wall of warmth that greeted me at home was *more* than welcome. In the living room, the fake fire was still on, glowing with its orange LEDs and generally making the room habitable. Frost had started to crawl in at the edges of the windows, and condensation made them fuzzy and misted, giving me a little privacy. Even so, I pulled the curtain shut, and enjoyed the way it made the room suddenly more comfortable and cosy.

My bedding was still in a pile in the room, so I shed my coat and jeans, swapped them out for some of the pyjamas I'd gotten, and slipped on those slippers and my dressing gown before heading through. I made myself a pink gin with lemonade, and put on some old-school Christmas TV. I couldn't remember the last time I'd actually chosen to watch *broadcast* television, but it seemed like the sort of thing you did on Christmas, so I did it. But, after about half an hour, the itch started to set in.

I was alone.

Kind of bored.

And I had a brand-new sex toy just *waiting* for me under my bed.

I bit my lip, and *just* as I was making the decision to stand and go grab that box- *PING!* A message from Fran was blinking at me.

F: Did you end up opening that blue one??

I looked at the pile under the tree - the grey suit thing, in a lump, and the black box on top.

I: Yup it was a weird sci-fi swim suit thing

F: gross

F: you should put it on

I laughed a little, but felt a shimmer go through me. I couldn't tell why, but Fran telling me to do something like that put a little rush through me.

I: why?

F: I dunno, might be funny

I looked at it, the pile of grey on the floor, and decided what the hell. Why not? I literally had *nothing* else going on.

I grabbed it, and went near the fake fire, where it was warmest; the curtains were pulled, and the door was locked. No one was coming - everyone was *way* too busy to bother. I'd spoken to

mum, so I knew she wouldn't call. For the first time in a long time, I felt like I had all the time in the world to myself.

So, I sat before the heater, and stripped. Duvet beneath me, I pulled off the dressing gown and pyjamas - no underwear underneath - and kicked off the slippers. I sat, totally naked in the room for a minute, and thought about how many times this room had been *full* of people. Flat parties, movie nights, or just the four of us hanging out. *Then* I thought about how many people had been here, over the years. Students on students, all in this room.

And here I was, naked, and doing as my friend-who-just-bought-me-a-sex-toy was telling me.

I grabbed the suit, saw the way it was strangely detailed and lined again, and shrugged. I pulled it on, legs first - I was lucky I was quite thin, as the material had a little stretch to it, but it was a *little* squeezed to fit myself into it that neck hole - however, the neck seemed to have the most stretch, letting me pull it wide enough to shimmy my hips in. Leg after leg, then arms into the sleeves. The elastic neck settled around my throat, snug against my skin.

It was... fine.

It felt like any other swimsuit - skin-tight and just a little cold. However, after only a few seconds, I felt a sort of warmth start to channel through it, and I wondered if it was some sort of ultra-thermal wear or something.

K-shhhh. I turned to see the black box, beneath the tree, give out a little puff of air and fall open.

It was quite funny really - the present beneath the tree opened itself.

PING!

F: So, you put it on...

I saw her message pop up, and instantly realised what had happened. The blue present - the grey suit and black box - was from Fran. I mean, I probably should have realised that when she *told me to put the suit on.*

I: WHAT DID YOU DO?!

But, she didn't answer straight away. She left me on read, and I could just *picture* the little smirk on her face.

F: do you trust me?

I saw the message, and frowned. Because, I probably should have felt betrayed, or lied to. Instead, I just found my instinct was to say *yes.*

F: if you do... don't take it off

F: it's the most expensive thing in the world

F: uses your body heat to charge up

F: I have an app on my phone, so I can tell if you're wearing it or not

'You have an app?!' I asked the air, looking down at my phone as I sat on the pile of bedding and clothing, wearing only the suit and the slippers.

I: so... what is it?

F: Look in the box

Ah, yes. The black box. I looked at it, split-open but still closed over, hiding its contents from me. On my hands and knees, I crawled to the box and took it in both hands, lifting it slowly to keep it all together as I sat back on my haunches, before the fake fire. Taking each end in a palm, I pulled open the box, and I saw within an odd sight.

It was a tiny doll.

It was just the torso - no head or limbs - and was a light grey colour. It had lines that drew across it in strange patterns, which I recognised immediately.

It was a tiny model of the suit I was wearing. Where the neck was cut off by the grey material, there was a single black button, which I didn't press. Not yet, anyway. Instead, I just held the little body in my hand. It fit comfortably in my palm, and had a slightly squishy feeling to it.

F: you find it?

I: I did

I: Fran, what is all of this?

F: Okay, give me five minutes and I'll call you - just don't do anything!

I did as she asked, just waiting as I sat there. On the TV, there was a countdown of the *Best Christmas Songs of All Time*, which was stupid because every Christmas song is terrible, which is what makes them great. I was distracting myself, but that was fine.

Just don't do anything.

Don't think about how strange all of this was.

Don't think about Fran getting you a vibrator.

I closed my eyes, took a calming breath, and-

Bzzzzz-Bzzzzz-Bzzzzz - my phone began to vibrate against me, as Fran called me. Her face popped up on my screen - smiling on a night out we'd had a few weeks ago, in a little black dress with makeup that made her look just *fantastic*. It was originally a group photo, but I'd cropped it down to her face, and deleted the original.

Wow; maybe I wasn't as subtle as I first thought.

I picked up, and straight away I could hear her excited little voice.

'Issy - hey - I'm sorry about this all, but I thought it would be, you know... fun?'

'Fun?!' I asked, down the phone, the sound of her voice making this all feel very silly all of a sudden. It wasn't a fantasy anymore, or something I was doing on my own. It was real. 'You need to explain this *right* now, dude, or I'm taking this thing off.'

'Okay, okay, okay, okay,' I heard her muttering as she moved - it sounded like she was going through the house, background noise flitting around behind her voice. 'Just give me... okay. I'm alone.'

'Okay,' I said, holding the little body in my hand. 'So - Fran. what the fuck.'

'Okay - so, that vibrator I got you, did you see the brand on the side?'

'No,' I said.

‘No? Exactly. This place doesn’t *do* branding. It’s invite-only stuff. I started small, got myself the vibrators on offer, but... okay, basically the suit you’re wearing? I got myself one of them for my birthday during the summer, and it is... life changing. *But*, Mine broke, so I wound up with a ton of store credit. Hence, one for *you*.’

‘Can I take it off?’ I asked, listening to her story with a bit of a knot in my stomach.

‘I mean, sure, but please don’t - not until I show you what it does.’

‘Okay - so show me.’

I heard her sigh, and sat back against the sofa, just looking over the doll-thing. It was kind of rubbery, and when I pushed the two thighs apart I could see what looked like-

‘Okay, so the app for the suit lets me do things like *this*,’ she said.

Then, all at once, I felt a buzzing begin. At first I was just confused - but then, as the vibrating rhythm sank into me, I realised it wasn’t all over me - it was specific to my sex and my nipples.

‘Oh, *shit*,’ I said as I felt my body beginning to react. It was hard not to; even though it had started pretty dry, without much foreplay, I *had* been kinda horny already. Plus, it was *very* good at what it was doing. ‘Fran - FRAN! Stop it!’

It stopped. ‘Too much?’ she asked.

‘I don’t... I just wasn’t expecting, you know, *that*.’

‘Fair enough,’ she said. ‘But that’s just one part of the suit - the easy part that can be done remotely. The *other* part is more... interesting.’ She took a pause, and all of a sudden the suit gave a flash - those lines glowed with the softest of blue lights, before going dim again. ‘See the button on the avatar’s neck?’

‘Avatar?’

‘The lil busty body that came with the suit.’

‘Oh,’ I said, rolling it in my hand. ‘Right. Yes, I see it.’

‘Press it.’

I did so, and the same lines glowed blue on the avatar as I held it in my hand. Then, all of a sudden, there was a sudden... *pressure* round me.

‘Fran? What did that do?’

‘Are you holding it?’

‘Yeah...’

‘And, does it feel, right now, like *you’re* being held?’

I paused, listening to the feelings of my body. It did, in fact, feel like there was a *massive* hand around me, squeezing me enough to hold me, but no more.

‘Fuck,’ I said.

‘The avatar transfers any sensations from it, to you. And I mean *any*.’

‘Oh,’ I said. I moved my fingers around it, and felt the unnerving sensation of an enormous hand shifting around my body. ‘Wow.’

‘Have you opened its legs?’

‘Uhh,’ I said, tilting the avatar. I noted that it didn’t seem to make *me* tilt, and that it was just giving me the physical sensations - nothing more. I pulled apart the legs, and felt the same pressure suddenly on my own thighs, making me open my own legs beneath the force of it. There was, right where you’d expect the sex to be, a a fleshlight-like opening - exaggerated in size, so that a real-sized penis would fit. I also noted that the suit I was wearing was smooth across the crotch, though there was a nexus of all of the lines meeting over that spot. ‘Right.’

‘Look,’ she said. ‘I can sit here and tease you for *hours* with the app, but I have to get back; we’ve got the cousins round, and it’s a total mess of games and drinks. They’re shouting for me. I won’t touch the app - for now. But, honestly Issy, *try* the avatar. I got the kit for free, but, you know, it’s worth a *lot*, so make the most of it. Merry Christmas!’

Then, without another word, she hung up.

I took a moment to consider the fact that I was alone, *very* horny, and was wearing an expensive sex toy. This was ridiculous. This whole situation was... silly.

That didn’t stop me from taking my thumb and pressing it to the sex of the avatar and-

‘OH!’ I actually fucking said outloud, as I felt a great presence push against my own sex. It was wild - I knew it was just a suit, and it was, you know, vibrating against me or whatever, but it felt so *real*.

Which, of course, gave me other ideas.

I held the avatar up to my face, and pushed the legs apart with my fingers. I felt the pressure on my own thighs, and paused on how the soft shifting of my fingers against the material felt like someone stroking my legs soothingly. Then, as I saw the grey-tinted sex-toy lips open up, I reminded myself of what I was about to do.

I put it closer to my face and, after taking a shaky breath, stuck out my tongue. With a large handful of trepidation, I licked the avatar’s real-life-sized sex, and two things shot through my mind at once.

One was that, against my tongue, the material was much more fleshy and soft than I’d expected it to be.

The second was *holy shIT*.

The sensation of a tongue pressing into my sex, warm and wet and tentative, was too realistic. It actually made me jump, avatar in my fist as I stood, the echoes of that sensation still swimming around my head.

Because it didn’t just feel realistic - it felt *good*. I thought for a moment about the oral I’d gotten from guys in the past - including my one-night stint with Toby, which had consisted of some below-average eating out followed by ten minutes of drunken humping and several weeks of regret. I’d never, *never* been eaten out to the point of orgasming. And I knew it could happen - I’d watched enough porn to get my hopes up about it, and to be massively disappointed.

Well, now I could cut out the middle man. I had a whole new dimension of masturbation to delve into.

So, I grabbed all of that bedding and dragged it back into the bedroom; I (kind of) made the bed, enough to crawl into the covers that were still warm from sitting next to the fake fire, and got myself comfortable. Then, I held the avatar before me, in both hands like it was a strange lollipop or something, and tried to make sense of the way it felt like two big, soft hands were holding my entire body, cupping me calmly.

And then, I ate it out.

I brought it to my mouth, opening my lips wide to lick across where I knew the 'clit' would be - and was rewarded by the sensation of a wet, thick muscle licking my own clit. It was mesmerising, how the suit was able to create that feeling of slickness as well as the pressure, but I *barely* cared about that in the moment.

Instead, I cared a lot more about making sweet love to this fucking thing with my tongue.

I experimented with what felt best with my tongue on the clit, too scared to push *inside* the avatar, but having an amazing time kissing, licking and sucking at the little toy. I moaned into those lips, and felt the vibrations against my sex as I didn't, creating a feedback loop of pleasure that made my head spin.

'*Mmmhhfuck,*' I moaned, taking a breather for a second as my hips rolled; there was no one between them, and yet I could feel my own face between the thighs of the avatar, pushing my legs *wide*. My hips rolled as I tried to catch my breath, the intensity of where I'd started catching up to me. 'Fucking *hell,*' I sighed.

I lay my hand out, resting the avatar on the pillow next to me, and as my hand brushed over the chest of it, I felt that same brush across my chest. It felt like a stroke across my breasts, a palm catching my nipple in the laziness of post-sex glow.

I turned my hand, and closed my eyes, before letting my fingertips discover the shape of the avatar. I made contact, blindly, with the navel - and felt a soft brush across my own at the same time. So, I travelled upwards, as ghostly fingertips travelled up my own chest, my sternum, tracing between the mounds of my chest softly.

'Ohh,' I sighed as I touched the avatar's sensitive chest, and felt the same softness on me. Fingers across the breasts, carefully fondling myself as my thumb rested on the thigh, tracing small circles.

My thumb slid downwards, between the thighs, as my own opened wide beneath the covers. I felt the ghostly touch move over my own sex, a moving, warm pressure that felt *heavenly* in the way it rubbed into me. I rolled my thumb as fingers stroked my tits, tweaking a nipple between my fingers.

'Hahh,' I moaned as I felt my nipple be caught between the fingertips, as my thumb broke the seal - pushing into me.

And then I felt it slide *into* me.

'What the *fuck,*' I sighed, the logic not making any sense to me - but I was past the point of knowing what to think. Instead, I trusted *feeling*.

I lifted the avatar, and brought it to my lips again, my thumb slipping from the slick entrance. This time, though, my lips went to the small, nipple-budded breast of the avatar form. Carefully, I took the mound into my mouth, and it felt as though an *enormous* mouth came over my chest, tongue like a giant's licking my breast and nipple eagerly. It was... otherworldly. Unlike anything else I'd ever felt.

And I *liked* it.

I kissed and suckled, and whimpered and moaned as I felt the same done to me; every movement of my mouth, each breath, I felt across myself. It was so indulgent, doing this to myself - and I *was* doing this to myself. I was fucking myself in ways I'd never known before.

I bit my own nipple, lightly, then a little harder, then licked the avatar from clit to nipple - feeling it all over myself. It was ludicrous and impossible and *so fucking good*.

Holding it in my hand, though, I couldn't help but see how it felt like the perfect size to be one of those fuck-toys guys buy. Then, I remembered how I'd dipped my thumb into it, and it had felt *massive*. And, all of a sudden, I had a new idea.

I rolled, placing the avatar down for a moment, and went to the spot under my bed I'd thrown the vibrator Fran got me. I pulled that out of the way, keeping it in my eyeline, and went to the shoebox behind it. Leaning over the edge of the bed, I opened the shoebox and found the two-dildo collection I'd started basically the *second* I'd moved out. One was smaller - a starter cock, as I thought of it, with a soft shape and in a lovely pink colour. The other was more 'real', with thick veins up the sides and was larger than most guys I'd been with. Frankly, when I bought it, I'd been a little... ambitious. I'd used it a few times, but no matter how good it felt to be stretched out by it - and it *did* feel good - it was slightly painful to use. Frankly, I wasn't used to the sheers size of it still.

And, considering what I was about to do, I grabbed the smaller one, and the little tube of lube in the box, and brought them up onto the bed.

To start, I picked up the avatar, and spread those thighs. My own opened, too, just obeying the pressure put on them by the suit, and I licked the already-slick hole *deep*.

'Mmmmmffff,' I moaned as I pushed my tongue deep into it, feeling how the same thing happened to my own sex. I felt the intrusion of the tongue, only dipping into me, but... it was strange. Only the tip of my tongue was in - not even an inch, and yet it felt a *lot* deeper inside me than that. Almost two or three inches, at least.

I looked it over, trying to ignore the way my pussy ached to be filled again, and took a moment to really *inspect* the avatar. I could see, right on the mos, there was a line that crossed the others as they grouped together there, at the crotch. As I looked, I took my pinky and pressed it into the toy.

I felt the small digit poke into me, soft and polite - but as *soon* as I pushed it deep enough to cross that line, all of a sudden it seemed to feel... *bigger*.

And then, I realised.

It was scaling the feelings up.

The same way that, when I held the avatar up, I could feel *giant* fingers around me. The sex itself was life-sized to let normal-sized things in, but that must have just been the 'threshold', so to speak. Once you were past a certain point things were... exaggerated.

I felt a thrill go through me as I wondered how big, exactly, things would feel once they got a little deeper. I also wondered how deep, exactly, the hole inside the avatar *went*.

'Only one way to find out,' I said to myself, before squirting just a little lube onto my ring finger, and putting it to the hole. I could feel it - the cool *squish* of a lubed up phallus just *waiting* to enter me.

I pushed in.

As expected, the first couple of inches felt normal - just like a finger sliding inside. I still let out a whimper, as the feeling of fingering myself by just slipping a finger into this strange little toy was *lovely*, but it wasn't until I got past the second knuckle that things seemed to change.

'*Ohhhh*,' I moaned as I felt the finger inside me stop feeling like a finger - all of a sudden, when it hit a certain depth, it seemed to... *grow*. 'Oh, fucking hell,' I moaned, looking down at myself.

I had kicked a lot of the covers off of me by this point, and could see that I was dressed completely in the grey suit - it was skin-tight, and I could see my hard nipples pushing from beneath the material, and where I could feel a cock-like digit pushing into me, there was... nothing.

It was almost scary. Spectral.

I began to finger-fuck the avatar, and immediately saw why Fran had gotten me this this - it felt *incredible*. Like a cock with a knuckle in it, shifting inside me, pushing against my most sensitive spots. I could move my finger in the most perfect ways, but it felt like a smart, shifting cock that I could wield, fucking myself with it until- until-

'Oh, *FUCK!*,' I squealed, legs shaking as I came. Stars blotted my vision as my back arched, the pleasure shuddering through me in ways I'd never felt before. I'd never come from just normal sex, so this was new for me. It felt different to clitoral orgasms, and the fact that I didn't have some dude over me, breathing heavily or humping away... it changed the game.

I was in complete control.

Complete control.

After I'd caught my breath, I rolled, grabbed the smaller, pink dildo and the lube, and covered it liberally in the stuff. As I readied myself, up against the headboard of my bed, I held the avatar in one hand and the dildo in the other, and pressed the tip into the grey, rubbery lips.

It felt different, straight away. It was noticeably cooler, without the natural body-heat of my own hand, and without the fleshy texture of my finger. It was harder, though, which meant that it slid into the avatar with ease, and to start with it felt like every time I'd used the dildo before.

And then, it didn't.

'Fucking hell, that's big,' I muttered to myself as I felt it go deeper. It was *big*, easily making me feel more full and stretched than any guy I'd been with - but, meaningfully, there was none of the discomfort or pain from being stretched. It was fucking *good*.

And I hadn't even put half of the small dildo into the fucking thing.

'You're gonna break me,' I told it, before taking a breath and pushing the whole pink dildo home - to the hilt.

'Oh, *FFFUCK!*

I couldn't help the outburst - it just erupted from me, followed by me writhing on my bed; my legs rubbed against the covers as I tried to regain control of my arching back.

'Fuck, *fuckkk*,' I whined through gritted teeth.

It wasn't just deep - it was *impossible*. It felt, for all the world, like my entire body had been turned into a pussy - I could feel the toy, thick and cool, in my *throat*. It felt like it should have been making my chest swell, pushing out everything else as my organs were turned irrelevant. I didn't have lungs, or a heart, or stomach - I was just one big hole. And, right now, that hole was *filled*.

I pulled the toy out, and was able to relax after a moment or two.

Sucking in calming breaths, I looked at the avatar and the pink dildo next to me - looking perfectly ordinary. Two sex toys, slick with lube, sat by my pillow. And yet I felt like my entire body had just changed.

'Okay,' I whispered, *knowing* I was going to do it again. 'This time - slower.'

I rolled onto my side, and sat the avatar on the sheet. I cradled it softly, and enjoyed the soft touches all over my body as I slickened the pink toy again, before positioning it again at the opening.

I felt a thrill go through me, before pushing it in. Again, that first inch or so was fine - disappointing, even. Then, as I pushed it a little deeper, I watched the body of the toy swell a little. The grey material was being shifted as the dildo went deeper, and inside me I felt that *fucking massive* presence, pushing deeper, deeper, *deeper*.

I watched in morbid, lewd curiosity as the avatar swelled, filled with this silicone cock as I pushed it home; all the while, it felt like a cock was digging deeper into me than was physically possible - it was *thick*, too, like a fist was pushing into me, only without the horrid pain and time spent getting myself ready.

In fact, there was *no* discomfort - not really. No more than the pure feeling of having my body stretch to meet the demands of this ghostly toy; but there was no strain on my muscles. My sex didn't feel like it was *actually* being stretched or ripped or pushed deep - it was simply like my entire torso was, in fact, a cunt.

And that cunt was being *filled*.

Now that I was doing it slowly, and that initial shock had passed, I had to admit how fucking good it felt as the tip of the dildo pushed beneath the chest of the avatar. It felt like it should be

pushing against my sternum, making a cock-shaped lump across my body - the same one I could see on the avatar as I pushed the dildo deeper and deeper.

The avatar itself was malleable that, even when it seemed like I'd bottomed out - which felt *incredible* - there was actually a bit of give to it. I was able to make it stretch, which made *me* feel like I was being pushed deeper onto that cock.

It was... unreal. It felt like I was being reshaped for sex, like my whole body was just an instrument for lust - to be fucked, and nothing else.

Which is when I pinned the avatar under a pillow - making me feel like there was a huge weight over me, pinning me down - and began to fuck it with the pink dildo.

And... holy shit.

'Fuck, *oh godddd that's fucking BIG,*' I moaned, rolling onto my front as I used one hand to hold the pillow, and one to saw the dildo into and out of the avatar.

Which meant I was fucking my *whole fucking body* - getting faster and faster, harder and harder as I went, until-

'Oh, *shit,*' I whimpered, before my voice cracked, and my wrist started to twist the th fucking thing, hitting all of those incredible, sensitive spots inside me. I was close, but I knew I needed something to push me over the edge - so I brought the avatar out from beneath the pillow and, as I *fucked* it, took my mouth to the tiny grey clit.

As soon as I felt a mouth, tongue, lips against my clit, I came. I slammed the dildo deep enough it felt like it might come up my throat as I shuddered, cumming *hard* in the privacy of my bed. Legs shuddering, body feeling *full*, I just stayed there for as long as I could.

Eventually, once I came down, I pulled the dildo out, and felt the odd sensation of absence wash over me. I felt empty, and not in the emotional way. I'd felt that before - including after having slept with Toby that one time when it was drunken and stupid and left *everything* a bit more awkward afterwards. No, this was like there was something *physically* missing.

Which was kind of scary.

I: holy fuck - I sent the text to Fran, who saw it but didn't respond.

Shortly afterwards, I felt the buzzing begin, and I knew that *bitch* was toying with me with that fucking app.

And, to be honest, I wasn't that mad about it.

#

'*Fuck - fuck - cuming - cumming - FUCK!*' I moaned; I was still in bed, though the room was nearly pitch-black now. My phone was on the pillow, speakerphone on. On the other end, Fran was listening with her headphones in - her whole house was filled with family members, but she had her childhood bedroom to herself, which was good.

It meant she had been able to *torture* me to hours with that fucking app.

I'd lost count of how many orgasms she'd given me, but it was easily in the double digits. I was hot and sweaty, and her knowledge of how to tease me *just so* had only gotten better with time.

'Why haven't I been doing this for *ages*?' she asked after a while. The buzzing lay low as the orgasmic aftershock passed me by. 'I've wanted to, you know.'

I sighed, rolling onto my back. The avatar was on the pillow, next to the phone but had been largely untouched since Fran took over. 'Really?'

'Definitely,' she said. 'You're fucking *hot*. But, after Toby mentioned what happened with him, I thought you were straight.'

I gave a soft laugh. 'I thought so, too,' I admitted. 'I think you've awakened something in me.'

'Well, remember that when gets home,' Fran said, and I frowned.

'What? Who gets home?'

'Toby,' Fran said. 'You didn't see his message - his parents found out he had sex out of wedlock - fucking Catholics, man. He's heading back to you tomorrow. Imagine kicking your son out on boxing day.'

'Fuck,' I said. Then, a *strong* wave of vibrations ran through my body - clit and nipples in particular. '*Oh, FUCK!*'

'God, I love how you moan.'

'Shut up,' I said, as it faded. I held the phone, and saw her face. She looked flustered, and I wondered if she was touching herself to me.

'Although,' she said, a look on her face. 'I won't be back for a week, and I shouldn't *deny* you...'

'What are you getting at?' I asked.

'Well, if you and Toby get, you know, *lonely*, I wouldn't be mad if you fucked him.'

'What, are we exclusive now?' I asked, with a smile - though it didn't seem to land very well. 'Sorry, Fran, I didn't mean to-'

'No, I just... you're right. To be honest, I don't dislike the idea of you fucking him. He's hot, after all. For a guy.'

I nodded, and wiped a strand of sweat-laden hair out of my face. 'Mm - I mean, I *like* him, but... I like you more, you know?'

Fran actually blushed a little at that. 'Well... okay, thi might be weird but... but would you fuck him *for* me?'

I frowned. 'What?'

'Like, in front of me? Or, on video? Because... I dunno man. This might be an odd time to admit it, but I'm kind of into, you know, *sharing*.'

I pulled a bit of a face. 'Huh.'

'Yeah. also, you know, the long-distance teasing and stuff - I kind of like the hands-off stuff, I guess.'

'Well, trust me, when you get back, we're doing some *hands-on* type stuff, too.'

'I'm okay with that,' she said with a smile.

'Yeah?'

'Fuck yeah.' She looked at me, and there was a real glimmer in her eye. 'Now - two more, and then off to bed.'

'Two more wha-' I tried to ask, before the vibrations started up again, and my eyes rolled and my voice caught and my body arched as Fran fucked me from a hundred miles away.

#

I slept in the suit, and as I pulled myself out of bed in the morning, I almost forgot I was wearing it. It was like a second skin, barely registering in my mind as being there. While I couldn't *smell* myself, I knew it was best if I got myself nice and washed. A night of near-continuous cumming usually resulted in a bit of a hum, so I decided that what I needed more than anything was a shower.

So, as I got myself up and went to the shower with a towel in-hand and started the hot water running, I *almost* stepped beneath the water with the suit on. I laughed at myself, before going to pull it off.

Only, as I tried to get *under* the sleeves to pull at them, there was... nothing. No space to get my fingers underneath. I could see where the grey fabric ended, where there was an inch-thick band at the end before my arms started, but there was no give.

I felt a twist in my stomach as a little claustrophobia started to set in. It was attached to me, skin-tight and thin. I grabbed at it, and pulled at it like it was my own skin, but I could feel the way it stretched off me, a layer on top.

I ran from the bathroom, leaving the water running, and grabbed my phone from the bed. It was dead, which made sense after my night with Fran. The memory of our evening flooded back, and I felt a whirl of arousal swell up, even amidst the panic in my gut. Plugging my phone into its charger, I waited for what felt like an *eternity* for it to boot up. Once it finally had, I called Fran straight away.

It rang a few times, but she picked up.

'Hey, Is-'

'I can't get it off,' I said. 'The suit - I can't get it off.'

'Hey - hey, calm down, Issy. It's fine, it's just still tuned into you - I can turn it off from the app, but don't you have the avatar still?'

'I - yeah, it's here, why?'

'Oh, shit - I forgot to tell you to turn it off. It's fine, don't worry - press that button on the avatar again for three seconds, and it'll turn off, and you'll be able to get it off.'

'Okay,' I said, rummaging through my bed. I found the avatar on a cushion on the floor eventually, and picked it up - the sensation of a hand closing around me still an odd one. 'Just, three seconds?'

‘It’s so that you don’t take the suit off while it’s working, or something, I dunno. *But*, while I have you, I thought you might want to know something.’

‘What?’ I asked, holding down the button. One. Two. Three.

I felt the suit relax, as the avatar flashed that colour again, before going completely dark. Straight away, I pulled the suit’s arms off, and let it drop to the floor.

‘I’m weaning *my* suit,’ Fran said. ‘And, if you look in my bedroom, there’s a final present for you.’

‘I, uh, what?’

‘Sorry - gotta go! See ya soon, say hi to Toby from me!’

The line went dead as I stood in my bedroom, naked and confused. I passed Fran’s bedroom on the way to the bathroom, and paused outside the door. With a sigh, I opened her door, and peered inside to see that, on her perfectly-made bed, there was a blue present. Another one.

I gave a laugh, but backed out - I *really* needed that shower first.

#

Once I was clean, and *warm*, and dressed in nothing but the dressing gown and slippers, I returned to Fran’s bedroom. Without much ceremony, I grabbed the present off her bed and returned to my own, ripping the paper off it to reveal the black box beneath. I pulled it open - this one had obviously been opened before - and found the avatar within.

Without a moment’s hesitation, I pressed the button and saw the flash of bluish energy surge across it.

Somewhere, in her family home, hopefully somewhere private, Fran could feel my hands closing around her body.

I held her, feeling an odd sort of power roll through me as I realised I could do *anything* to her.

Before yesterday, I didn’t even realise I liked her like this - but Fran had set this whole thing up knowing how I’d felt. Shit, I *must* have been oblivious to how obvious I was being, because while I didn’t know, *she* sure fucking did.

I stroked the nipples with my thumb, teasing her as I crawled into bed. I teased her little body, knowing that a hundred miles away she could feel my touches, which itself sent a bit of a thrill through me.

I held her in one hand as my second went to my own sex, teasing myself with my fingers as I played with Fran’s tits. I stroked her sex, just playing with her folds, making sure she *knew* what I was going to do to her.

I might have been oblivious to it before, but now I *knew* what I wanted to do to her - and she wanted it, too.

So, I brought her avatar up to my lips, and took her tiny nipple between my lips, tweaking with teeth and tasting with tongue. I tried to picture the look on her face, how she might be

squirming and moaning, biting her lip or gripping the sheets. I kissed down her stomach, imagining her whimpers and moans as I licked her, before finding myself face-to-face with her sex.

It wasn't her, of course, but it *was*. Fran was going to feel *all* of this. I paused, the idea of it sending shivers through me, before my phone *PINGed*.

F: Why did you stooooopp

I smiled, and dove in - tongue first, moaning and getting sloppy with her. I'd never eaten a pussy before, but I'd done this to *myself* only the night before, so I just did what I knew felt good.

For about ten seconds, before my phone rang. I answered, and all I could hear on the other end was Fran's heavy panting and moaning as I went to fucking *town*.

'Fuck yes - *fuck*, that's so *gooooood*,' she moaned as I dove into her. I remembered how it felt when penetrated, and spread her thighs wide, pushing my tongue *deep*. My nose pressed into her clit, and my hot breath would have been undeniable against her sex and thighs.

'Shit - shit, so *deep* - Oh, Is, Issy it feels so fucking *good*,' she moaned. 'Why- *fuck* - why didn't we do this sooner?'

'I was scared,' I said, pulling my tongue out of her and replacing it with a finger as I kissed her clit. 'Or stupid. Who cares - we're here, now.'

'When I get back, I'm gonna fuck you with this *so* fucking hard,' she said, before I pushed my tongue into her, and she had to shut up to moan. 'FUCK!'

'Wanna cum?' I asked.

'Yes - fuck, Issy, *yes*,' she whimpered. 'Make me cum - please make me *cum*.'

I went all-in, sloppy and eager, fingers tweaking her nipples as well as I fucked that little avatar within an inch of it's life. Through the phone, I heard her moans get louder, higher, before cutting off altogether.

Then, '*Shitshitshitshit-oh, FUCK!*'

She sounded so fucking sexy when she came.

'You done?' I asked. 'Or do you want *more*?'

'More,' she panted. 'My whole family's out for lunch - I'm alone for another hour, and I want you to make me cum until they get back.'

I smiled, slipping my finger into her and I leaned over the edge of the bed. I grabbed the lube, but couldn't see the pink dildo - it must have rolled off somewhere after last night. But I *did* see the vibrator Fran had gotten me.

'Careful what you wish for,' I said to her.

'Give it to me,' she said.

'Famous last words,' I said, as I slipped out of her to drip lube onto the avatar's sex. I pulled the vibe out of the box - it was curved, with just the right angles and shaping to press against a girl's g-spot and clit at the same time. A lovely piece of engineering.

I turned it on, and slid it in.

‘Holy- *GGGOD!* I heard her scream through the phone. ‘Fuck-fuck-fuck! Whole body is, is - *is that the vibrator I got you?*’

‘You like it?’ I asked.

‘I feel like my whole body is a clit under vibe,’ she whined. ‘Fuck - intense - oh, I am *so* gonna do this to you- *hahhhhhFUCK! CUMMING! ISSY!*’

The crack in her voice as she screamed my name made me smile, so I began to slide the vibrator in and out of her, slowly fucking her whole body with the vibrating toy. It was slick with the lube, and I wondered how wet *she* was on the other end.

‘God, I want to taste you,’ I said as I fucked the avatar, and I heard Fran’s whines and moans down the phone. I didn’t relent, though - instead, I powered her through, keeping the vibrator *deep* inside her and pressed into her clit.

‘*AGAIN!*’ she moaned, her voice hoarse. ‘*Issy, I’m gonna cum aga-hah-HRNNNGH!*’

‘Well,’ I said. ‘You did say you wanted them back-to back.’

‘*Gonna die,*’ she whined. ‘*Fuck - oh, Issy don’t stop - so good - gonna - GONNA - oh, SHIII-*’ he voice cut off before I heard a *thump*, and I wondered if she’d dropped the phone.

Well, that was no reason for me to stop.

#

It was an hour and a half before Fran tapped out; her family texted her saying they were on their way back, and she figured she needed at least *some* time to make it look like she was sick before they got back. So, I gave her one last tongue-induced orgasm before we signed off, and I turned off her avatar.

I pulled on the dressing gown, and grabbed her avatar and it’s box, to take back into Fran’s room, but as soon as I got in there, I realised something - there was *no* way this was all she had. In fact, I *knew* she had at least one strap-on - she’d mentioned it before, in a bit of a drunken blur. It wasn’t that hard to find either; next to her bed was a bag zipped up and pulled out of the way - a perfect hiding-in-plain-sight situation. I unzipped it, and *immediately* saw her collection of toys.

And boy was it naughty.

Oddly shaped dildos, including a tentacle-like one; butt plugs and nipple clamps and chains and cuffs and gags - she had the lot.

And there, to the side, was a strap-on. It had a dildo already attached; a rainbow-colours thing that wasn’t *particularly* realistic, but *was* quite cute. Plus, it gave me something of an idea.

In minutes, I had stripped and gotten my own suit back on, and grabbed my avatar and lube. I was still worked up from my work on Fran, despite bringing myself to two orgasms during our tryst - that was *nothing* compared to what I’d done to her, so I was still pretty wet and *very* ready to get fucked.

Feeling naughty, I went back to the living room and turned on the Christmas tree lights and the fake fire to warm the room nicely; it was boxing day, and I had all the time in the world, so I pulled the strap on over my suit, lubed it up *generously*, and turned on my avatar. Immediately, I felt the sensations of my own hand around me, and pressed the slick lips of the rubber lips to the head of Fran's strap, and *pushed*.

'Oh, sweet *fuck*,' I moaned as I felt the cock enter me, before expanding - it filled me, my whole body an orifice to be filled. '*Hrnnn*,' I whimpered as I pushed, until I was balls-deep inside myself.

Then, in much the same way I imagined lots of guys did every night, I began to stroke my cock with the toy - although, I'm not sure many of *them* got the feeling of being completely fucked, whole-body *reamed* in the process.

It was incredible.

I stroked - slow, *fast* - deep, shallow - experimenting with angles and pacing, enjoying it like I'd never enjoyed myself before.

It was so good, in fact, I didn't hear the door open and shut. I didn't pay attention to the footsteps that approached. My eyes were closed as the living room door swung open.

In fact, it was only when Toby spoke, reminding me that I did *not* in fact have the whole day, that I realised I was no longer alone.

'Fuck me,' he said, sounding almost impressed.

Unfortunately, I was teetering on the edge of orgasm as he said that - and the sudden shock, or exposure, or something else, was all I needed. It pushed me over, and I locked eyes with the handsome roommate I'd fucked once as I came on Fran's cock, a look of confusion but enjoyment across his face.

I shuddered on the sofa, eyes rolling back as the orgasm cascaded across me, and he just... watched.

It was *really* hot.

'Now,' he said as I began to recover. 'Fran said you might be down for some *stuff*, but I didn't expect to come back to *this*.'

I looked at him, and then down at the avatar I was still holding in my hand, and the glistening rainbow cock at my pelvis. 'What did she tell you?'

'That you and her were a thing, and that you might be up for some *voyeurism*, you know?' he said, a stupid grin on his face. 'But - whatever *that* was, that's much more interesting. Because, I don't know *everything* about women-'

'True.'

'-but I know enough to know that using one toy on another toy isn't enough to get *that* reaction. Spill.'

I looked him in the eyes, before taking a breath. 'Can I get dressed first?'

'Only if you explain *everything*.'

I nodded, and turned off the avatar with a push of a button.

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