

whoring

by Lore Prior

"Dude, you haven't followed through on a single end of your deal. How do I know you're not just manipulating me so you can jack off to my naked body whenever you want? I said no more shows."

"Listen, I asked for a slut, not a bitch. Now get on cam right now."

I put some eyeliner on in the bathroom and set up my Mac for video chat.

"What do you want me to wear?"

"Just a thong. I wanna see that tight little ass."

He was of course talking about my asshole, not the plumpness surrounding it. I went off camera for a second and came back wearing the thong my downstairs roommate forgot in the laundry room. It was tight and I did my best to disguise the fleshy bulges as my wide hips oozed out over the elastic. I then sat down primly in front of the screen, managing to conceal the parts I felt the need to be ashamed of. When he accepted the video feed I was crouched on my bed, knees in front of my chest, looking acceptable. His feed was, as usual, a black screen.

Somehow made me feel safer, though. I didn't know if I could fully deprave myself with an audience if I could see said audience. You know, watching me, scrutinizing, possibly playing off total disgust with the fractional raise of an eyebrow.

"You ready to start takin orders, slut?"

I watched myself tilt my head and coyly smile in the bottom right corner of the chat window- the two off-kilter lamps in the room were casting an asymmetrical shadow over half my face. It made my features look darker and more magnetic. I felt it worked in my favor.

Then I realized my audience didn't give a shit about the chic contour of my visage, and quite on queue the black screen demanded, "Let me see your goddamn ass!"

Time to start the show.

