Culture Shock Ch. 03

By SirNathan

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From 'online' to 'real life' in 23 chapters.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/culture-shock-ch-03.aspx

Chapter 03

Elaine enjoyed being *kurious*. She could be true to herself. That's what she liked most. The shy, mild-mannered virgin was much closer to her heart than the loud, slutty *Naughtygirl*. Whereas *Naughtygirl* 'took it up the ass with glee', *kurious* was more interested in actually getting to know people.

She decided to 'retire' *Naughtygirl*. She didn't think she'd be missed, despite the attentions of *Eight Inch Adonis* and others. She was right. No one *ever* asked about her. Being right didn't make Elaine feel good. Just cheap.

The nature of her relationship with the Internet changed almost overnight. As *Naughtygirl*, to begin with it was like going to a great big party. Everyone was friendly and welcoming and the guys were *hot* for her. Now she saw *Naughtygirl* as one of the girls who 'put out' at a party that happened every week. It just wasn't the same. Briefly contemplating the 'throw-away society', she decided that being a slut, even online, wasn't much fun.

"*Knock, knock!"* Kendra said in a singsong voice, tapping on Elaine's open door with her fingernails and pushing it open. "We're going now. Are you *sure* you don't want to come?"

The tone of the question convinced Elaine to hold her ground. Her roommates made her feel uncomfortable, as though they were putting up with her. Being a glorified taxi driver for giggling drunken college girls was highly overrated.

But it did make sense. They saved on taxi money. Maybe it was all in her head, but Elaine always felt like a burden when she went out with Kendra and Chelsea. As though she cramped their style. She always seemed to be the one left watching the purses. And by the end of the evening she'd be sitting alone at their chosen table, watching her roommates have 'one last dance' with men at least as drunk as they were. It usually took an hour.

The worst part was actually trying to leave. Being the designated driver could be incredibly frustrating, and neither of her roommates was ever sober enough to care. Right in the parking lot Chelsea and Kendra would kiss and cuddle a seemingly endless procession of guys. Elaine could only shake her head watching the sly ones rejoin the end of the queue. Waiting inside the car was safer. She didn't want to be mistaken for a kissing booth attendant. But Chelsea and Kendra didn't seem to mind. As 'regulars', they knew everyone. Even with a headache, Elaine would wait patiently, fucking around with the radio and trying to find something that would distract her at two-thirty in the morning. After

two such evenings in a row, Elaine had decided she needed a break from *Spotlight*, the local nightclub.
“Thanks, but no. I have a few things I want to do tonight. You guys have fun.”
“Oh, we will. Maybe I’ll see you later, if you’re up... or not,” Kendra said with a sly wink.
By the time Elaine realised she was blushing her bedroom door was closed.
The ‘*lipstick on the vibrator incident’* fortunately hadn’t been mentioned during the week. Chelsea seemed oblivious. Conversely, Kendra had apparently begun flashing Elaine. Well, not flashing exactly, although she *had* seen most of a nipple. It was almost like Kendra was teasing her. Elaine had no idea why.
The words Kendra had chosen were the first referring to Elaine’s masturbation session and humiliating discovery since the morning after. Once her heart had calmed, she was a bit pissed off at her roommate.
Couldn’t she just leave it alone?
Elaine swallowed, remembering how Kendra had stepped one leg out wide as she stood up from the kitchen table that morning. Her robe had parted clear to the top of her thighs, exposing the stretched white cotton over her bulging mound to Elaine’s stunned gaze. “Oops! Oh, jeez… *Elaine*,” Kendra had whispered, a wicked smile playing at the corner of her lips. “Must you stare?”
“Hmmm?” Chelsea had asked from across the table. Thankfully she’d been blissfully unaware, as usual.
“I asked Elaine to join our dare,” Kendra replied cheerfully, betraying herself with a wink.
Looking at Elaine, who was blushing fiercely, Chelsea asked, “So you’re going to join us? It’s gonna be so fun!”
“Um,” responded Elaine, wondering what crazy stunt the girls were pulling.
“Yeah, c’mon, Elaine. *No panties for a week*. You can do it. Or are you too chicken?”
“No way. I’m not walking around campus without panties, no way, no how. You guys do what you want, count me out.”
“Aw, c’mon, Elaine,” whimpered Kendra, swinging her left knee side to side. Flashes of white confirmed to Elaine that Kendra was doing it again, but she dared not look. Chelsea couldn’t see anything from where she was sitting, and Elaine had no idea what to say.
“I don’t think so,” she finally croaked, standing and pushing in her chair. She was determined to escape the feeling of being trapped. “It’d be too embarrassing. I... I gotta take a shower.” With that, the strangest moment of the week had passed.
Last Wednesday evening Kendra had the nipple slip incident while they were all watching *Desperate Housewives*, but that was it for the flashing. Maybe Elaine was imagining it. She felt sure that Kendra was pushing her buttons, trying to make her react or something. Elaine remembered the question Kendra had put to her last weekend, the morning after the vibrator episode. *‘Are your nipples hard?’* Elaine sighed. Of course they *had* been. They were hard on and off most days. *That* wasn’t unusual. What was unusual was Kendra’s direct manner. The first semester of living together had been completely uneventful. She’d never put Elaine on the spot like that before, and Elaine hadn’t liked it,

no matter how hard her nipples were. But what Elaine found most disconcerting, was Kendra's apparent ability to nail her on the humiliation thing. *What had she said*, Elaine wondered, frowning and trying to remember.

"Oh, c'mon. I'm just having some fun with you. You know you like it."

The words rang in her ears.

She sat forward in her computer chair and typed in the URL for the story site she liked. She wondered why she hadn't thought of this before. When the site popped up on her screen, she looked down the list of links, looking for a 'search' function. She found it and clicked, being transported to a page with various alternatives to narrow down her search. At the bottom of the page was a simple 'keywords' search and she typed in 'embarrassment', and pressed return.

Her heart started beating hard when she was presented with no less than one hundred and ninety-one references to 'embarrassment' in the stories posted on the site. It wasn't long before she was naked, leisurely stroking her sex while her turgid nipples ached. Some of the stories were horrible, forcibly humiliating a girl against her wishes. They were... well, *mean*. And nasty too, some of them. The best ones seemed to be in the BDSM category. She came across one story about an older woman, about thirty-five, who wanted to do all kinds of things but couldn't unless she was *told*. If she were told, she could obey, effectively shifting responsibility for her embarrassment or humiliation to the man who ordered her to obey. She wasn't 'bad', or 'nasty' or 'loose' or 'slutty'. She was just 'obedient'. She just did as she was told. Then she could live with the pleasure such situations gave her. She felt free, unshackled from her tormented past, free from the guilt she had felt when she fantasised about these things.

And she had intense orgasms.

Elaine could relate. But she couldn't see how she could possibly be surreptitiously masturbated in a museum without causing a riot.

"Hmmm, no panties," Elaine murmured to herself, tracing the lips of her wet pussy with a fingernail. In most of the stories the women, as they were almost invariably women, went without underwear. The thought of being the only person in a room without underwear warmed Elaine to the core. Protagonists in the stories answered so many of the questions she had. 'Couldn't anyone tell? Couldn't they smell pussy? Wouldn't her nipples get painfully hard and take ages to go down?'

Elaine rolled her pink tongue around her dry mouth and swallowed nervously. *Fuck, I'm so horny*. She was only half way through the story of the thirty-five year old when she looked up and realised the author was *MasterServant*.

She blinked with surprise. Biting her lip, she bookmarked the story in her 'favourites' and clicked on the author's bio page. Ripples of tumult attacked her stomach and her clit throbbed as she crossed her legs. Fingers shaking, Elaine's jaw dropped when he mentioned his hometown. She couldn't believe her eyes. It was two towns over, maybe a thirty to forty-minute drive.

That was *close*. She hadn't realised she was squirming. Stilling herself, she opened his submissions page. There were about thirty short stories there, most of which came under the BDSM category. Reopening his bio in a new page, she read every word over and over. His name was Gary. He didn't

give his surname. He was thirty-four years old and had been involved in ‘the lifestyle’ for six years. Speaking honestly, he went on to mention how he had struggled with his role in Dominance and submission, and was seeking a sensual woman who was willing to learn how to please him. He said he was unmarried and currently single, ‘but that might change’. He directed those who wished to contact him to use the email link provided.

There was no way Elaine was going to write to him when he lived that close. He could be crazy, or a psychopath. She giggled nervously. She didn’t think he was. He sounded like a Dominant, but she wasn’t sure. He hadn’t said it straight out. Reading the bio again, she caught the words, ‘willing to please me’.

Ahh , she thought, a light switching on in her brain. *So he IS a Dominant*. It was exciting to have a Dominant so close by. And scary.

No it’s not , she thought, clicking his bio page closed, revealing the page underneath listing his stories. *I’m safe. I’m anonymous*.

She started at the top of the page and read eight stories that night. By the fourth story, she had to stop and masturbate. By the fifth story, she was almost constantly shaking. After reading the sixth story, about a spanking, she had retrieved her vibe and teased herself with it at her computer. A first for her. By the end of the eighth story, she was masturbating openly while reading, imagining being tied up and toyed with, like the character in the story.

He was an excellent writer. He described things so well, especially the woman’s fears and doubts. In the stories, his men were reassuring and firm, loving and demanding. Elaine liked every word that came from his talented pen, but she liked the men he described the best. They were at times tender and forgiving, and at others so hard and unyielding. And they were lovers. His descriptions made Elaine cream.

At the climax of the eighth story, where the submissive was being fucked while her arms were bound behind her back, Elaine gritted her teeth. She desperately wanted to finish the story. The girl hadn’t been allowed to cum. Elaine was sure she’d be allowed before the end. She had to be. It would be too cruel to deny her after all she’d been through. Besides, Elaine’s hungry pussy was spasming in frustration, perspiration dripping down between her breasts. With shaking hands, she continued to tease herself, touching her vibe to her clit in the same way the man in the story was doing. Teasing. Tormenting.

She was as determined as the girl in the tale. She wouldn’t cum until she had permission. Once she had permission, she could cum. She could cum hard. As hard as she wanted. A terrible knot of anxiety would itself around her stomach, her asshole beginning to twitch as she was bearing down on the last few lines of the story.

Surely he won’t deny her. Surely!

Her anxiety leapt into her throat as the girl squealed with need against his instructions to be silent, and Elaine almost moaned aloud in frustration.

Please! Please! Let her cum! Let ME cum!

Two fingers were pistoning in and out of her flooded and throbbing pussy, her vibrator on high and

hovering so close to her clit she could almost feel it. At last she read the words that told her it was all right. It was all right to be turned on beyond anything she'd ever felt. It was all right to wish it were *she* on the bed, tied up and blindfolded, teased and caressed beyond belief.
'Hold it, hold it... Now cum!' she read.
Elaine's vibrator crashed into her clit as her fingers impaled herself deeply. A moan began in her chest, shattering the silence, sounding like nothing she'd heard from her own lips before. Her hips began bucking as her orgasm consumed her. Throwing back her head, her body went rigid, caught in time, suspended for long seconds before finally the world around her collapsed inward. From far away she could hear herself cursing, her body thrashing like she was having a fit. The last thing she remembered was feeling her belly heave in abject pleasure as another orgasm, much larger than the first, crashed over her. She bore down on her wildly contracting vagina as a clear silky liquid sprayed from her sex. Elaine's eyes had rolled to the back of her head and consciousness was lost.
Somehow she managed to awaken before her roommates returned home. Blinking under the harsh desk light, she was glad she was uncomfortable in her chair, doubting she would have woken had she been in bed. "Oh my God," Elaine exclaimed aloud, remembering the mess she'd made. And the smell! Her bedroom smelled like hot cunt! Elaine giggled, then gasped at the sound of the front door noisily opening and closing*. Oh, no!* She grabbed her perfume from the top of her chest of drawers, sprayed it quickly around then flicked off the desk lamp before hurriedly throwing herself into bed. Her heart beat loudly in her chest and her breathing was ragged. Pulling the covers up under her chin, she held her breath, hearing the girls giggling all the way down the hall. Nails tapped quietly on her door and the handle turned.
"Elaine!" Kendra whispered as the door pushed open. "Yoohoo- awwww. She must be asleep."
"Like ddduh," said Chelsea, slurring her words. "The stupid light isn't even on."
"Good work Sherlock," said Kendra, both girls giggling again.
Elaine was so relieved when the thin sliver of light by the door started to shrink. And she couldn't believe she'd almost been caught playing with herself at her computer. Naked! Adrenaline pounded through her veins. Just then the door stopped closing.
"Can you smell something?" asked Kendra.
Elaine heard someone sniff loudly.
"It smell slike pushy," said Chelsea drunkenly.
"Mmmmm," said one of them, causing stifled laughter and hushes.
Elaine's cheeks burned. How was she going to live this down? When her door finally closed, she reached up and set her alarm for *early* the next morning. She was *not* going to be embarrassed again. She would clean and scrub till her hands were raw before either of them arose. Maybe they'd been too drunk to remember. Chelsea sounded like she'd had a big night and she was a 'possible'. Swallowing, Elaine realised Kendra had sounded quite sober, and would no doubt have more comments to make, especially if Elaine failed to air her room and scrub the carpet. *How humiliating*, she thought, setting the alarm a half hour earlier. She'd do such a good job no one would be able to tell and she could deny everything, saying they imagined it. She wrinkled her nose. It really did reek,

even after the perfume.
You're a squirter , she thought to herself, lying in bed. Remembering something *MasterServant* had mentioned in one of his stories, she rearranged the thought. '*This girl' is a squirter*.
Elaine had thought she'd 'squirted' last weekend. There wasn't much evidence. Her bedclothes had a wet patch but she was always juicy, so that wasn't out of the ordinary. She had wondered how much 'cleaning up' Kendra had done. But she hadn't asked her. That would have been, ugh. Yuck.
But the proof was in the pudding. She'd really done it this time. Just as she'd felt that incredible second orgasm hit, something twisted and seized inside her, clamping down hard. Her fingers had been in her pussy, two of them, deeply. She hadn't had time to be astonished at what happened next. Almost simultaneously her pussy had sprayed its payload in all directions and she'd lost consciousness.
She'd have to visit that website again; the one that described the sexual/medical conditions, and find out about it. And she wanted to know if it was normal to tighten up as much as she did. Her fingers were *still* sore.
She fell asleep.
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The next morning was April the twenty-ninth. Elaine had woken with a start, thanks to her shrill alarm clock. She turned it off quickly, but she doubted her hung over roommates would have heard. She bounced out of bed and was a little surprised by how weak her legs felt. Her jaw dropped as she approached her computer, pulling on her robe and tying its sash. There were 'water marks' everywhere. All over the desk, keyboard and monitor. Under and behind her desk was a mess, but she was pleased to see the carpet hadn't stained.
Elaine snuck into the hall and down to the kitchen on tiptoes, her heart fluttering. Passing by Kendra's room, she was relieved to hear her blissfully snoring. She retrieved the cleaning products she required and returned soundlessly to her room. As a precaution, she checked that her computer was still functioning. She was pleased to see it was. Unplugging it, she set about cleaning up the mess she'd made.
She was almost done, just giving the skirting board a final wipe, when she heard someone say something and she jerked, bumping her head on the underside of the desk. "Owww," she complained, rubbing it. "You startled me!" Backing out on hands and knees, her robe caught on the leg of the desk and in a second had revealed her ass to whoever was behind her.
In a flash she'd emptied her hands and made it to her knees, blushing furiously and fixing her robe. Kendra was standing over her. Elaine's nipples tightened on her flushed chest as she pulled at her robe.
"Nice view," said Kendra condescendingly, her hip cocked and arms crossed. "I just came in to ask if you've seen the *Spray 'n Wipe*," she giggled. "I can't seem to find it anywhere, and stupid Chelsea didn't make it to the toilet again." Elaine couldn't find her voice to respond. "Ah," continued Kendra. "Here it is."
She leaned down right in front of Elaine to pick up the pump-action bottle, her robe falling away from

her chest, revealing more and more of her cleavage. She kept her eyes on Elaine's the whole time, and Elaine couldn't help but glance. When Kendra leaned up and held out her hand, offering to help Elaine from the floor, the kneeling brunette took it gratefully.

Both on their feet, Kendra held on for a moment, whispering, "I'm glad you chose to join our dare. It's today till next Friday. First one to buckle has to run the stairs naked at midday on Sunday."

"I... I..."

"Yes, I know you're excited. You always are, aren't you Elaine?" Kendra teased, glancing at Elaine's nipples, made turgid by the rush of humiliation. Holding the bedroom door as she exited, Kendra turned and raised her eyebrow. "I hope you're not turning lezzie on us."

"No!" cried Elaine, just a little too forcefully. "No. I... I'm not." Her cheeks were so hot.

"Okay," Kendra sang, winking. "Just checking."

Elaine wanted to cry. Kendra seemed to be invading her space and she didn't know how to complain about it. She couldn't find the words, not with her standing there. Not with what she already knew. Grabbing a fresh towel, Elaine ran to the shower and washed quickly. She was glad it wasn't a hair-washing day. Flashing her ass at Kendra seemed *worse* than last weekend. This time she'd been caught in the act. Her pussy was so wet she couldn't believe it. When she was done, she unhooked the shower rose and pointed it at her stiff little clit while she rolled a rock hard nipple, bringing herself off in less than ninety seconds. She had to. She couldn't have stood the pressure. She didn't think she squirted but she wasn't sure.

Standing in front of her chest of drawers, Elaine had selected a pair of plain hipsters and hesitated, staring at them. As if on autopilot, she returned them to the drawer, picking up her small frilly white bra, hooking it in front of herself before twisting it around and fitting it. She shook her head.

It won't be hard. It might even be fun.

If I'm going to do this, I better not pick something that might stain. My black jeans should be okay. God, they're a bit tight though. And it's a bit hot out for them. Oh well .

Adding a navy blue *Green Day* t-shirt with pink flip-flops, she gelled her hair roughly. Light pink lipstick completed the look. All was well.

She needed to go get milk and bread. *And batteries*, she remembered. Pulling her bedroom door closed behind her, one of the girls must have heard and called out, "Hey, Elaine! Come here!" The voice came from Chelsea's room down the hall and Elaine followed it. Kendra and Chelsea were sorting through Chelsea's clothes, and Elaine stood in the doorway.

"We're deciding what we can wear for the rest of the week," Kendra said, eying Elaine up and down.

"We're doing Kendra's next. Do you want to help?" Chelsea asked.

"Ah, no. It's okay. Do you guys need anything from the store?"

"Oh, c'mon, Elaine. Kendra said you were in on the dare. It'll be fun!"

"You *are* in on the dare, right, Elaine?" Kendra asked, a glint in her eye.

"Um, you mean... yeah. Yeah, I'm in."

"So you're not wearing panties, right?" asked Kendra. Chelsea giggled.

"Nope," stated Elaine confidently.

“You have to prove it,” said Chelsea, giggling more and picking up the edge of her summer dress, lifting it to her hips.
Elaine averted her eyes and swallowed, trying not to look. “Just take my word for-“
“Checking is allowed at any time,” stated Kendra firmly. “*And* we’re picking out clothes. The rule is you have to wear what you normally wear. A full set for the week is chosen, and you can wear them in any order or combination. Cold weather means ‘apartment meeting’. Still in?”
“Um, okay.”
“Cool!” said Chelsea, returning to her closet.
“Come on then, unzip and prove it. We haven’t got all day.”
Meekly Elaine stepped into the room, feeling her chest tighten as she reached for the button on her jeans. “You can’t see a panty line,” she mumbled to herself.
Chelsea poked her head out. “C’mon Elaine, be a sport. It’s nothing either of us hasn’t seen before!” Kendra snorted.
Elaine tried hard not to hyperventilate. Did Chelsea mean they’d both seen her that night? She unzipped halfway and pulled her jeans waistband out and down at the side while Kendra peered closely. “Okay, she’s legit. It’s game on.” Sighing and tucking in her shirt again, she was mortified when Kendra spoke. “Don’t you want to check me?”
“No,” Elaine almost gasped. “Ah, it’s okay. I believe you.”
“I thought you might. Oh, and we voted on a new rule. Loser gets a Brazilian before they do the stairs run.”
“Y... You’re kidding,” Elaine managed, her mouth dry.
“Nope,” said Chelsea, emerging from her wardrobe with an armful of short skirts and t-shirts. “We already voted.”
“You’re on,” Elaine said, feeling more false bravado than she’d ever had. She had to make sure she didn’t lose, but for now she just wanted to get out of there.
“Cool,” said Kendra with a wink, handing Elaine a ten dollar note. “Can you get me some cigarettes while you’re at the store?”
“You don’t smoke!” Elaine said, immediately realising how childish she sounded.
“I’m going to mix the tobacco with some pot I have. Chelsea and I have some dates coming to pick us up before we go to the club tonight. I thought I might roll a couple of joints and I don’t want the guys getting too high. *Okay, Mom?”* Kendra asked, glaring, but with a hint of humour.
“Uh, yeah. Sure. Sorry.”
“And while you’re out we’ll sort through your clothes. You can check and change anything before you accept your week’s wardrobe, but it has to be what you’d normally wear.”
“Yeah, sure,” replied Elaine. “Whatever.”
The short walk down to the local store didn’t take long. Elaine’s apartment was in a building of sixteen, all of which were identical or mirror images of each other. On one side of the four story building, a wide roughly square concrete and stainless steel staircase wound its way to the ground. The girls lived in a complex of four such buildings, all of which had staircases facing a central

courtyard-type area. It was standard ‘on campus’ living quarters. Elaine didn’t like it much but she couldn’t afford to move out. Still, it was convenient and central to the bright lights of downtown.

The *7-11* was only a two-block walk from the apartment, but it wasn’t considered safe at night. If it weren’t daytime, Elaine wouldn’t have risked it alone. Although it had been a year since the last reported incident, there were always rumours. But nothing usually happened.

Except when she passed the adult shop. As she always did, Elaine wondered what it might be like inside. Thoughts of all the things they must have in there made her nervous and curious. Every time she passed by she dared herself to go in and take a look, but she could never find the courage. Good girls didn’t do that.

The woman at the *7-11* checkout counter smirked. *It was the same one from last Wednesday*, thought Elaine as she reddened, paying for her groceries. And batteries. *God, did I break a mirror or something?*

At least she remembered Kendra’s cigarettes.