Now You See Me

By Jayne33

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It’s the story about how one web site, one photo, and one man, changed my life forever.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/now-you-see-me.aspx

I pushed him back against the wall of the night club. It was an attempt to hide us in the darkness, pinning him. Feeling his arousal, his member pressed hard into my stomach. He grabbed one of my legs and raised it, firmly holding onto me by my buttock.

As we kissed, I couldn’t help grind my ever increasing wet pussy against his building hardness. His

hand deftly pulled the thin material of panties to one side. He groaned when his fingers made contact with my velvety cunt, feeling my wetness and arousal…

Hi, my name is Kelly Peterson, and this is my story about the events that led to that night in the club. It's the story about how one web site, one photo, and one man, changed my life forever.

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"What's the point?" I huffed, pulling the dress from my body. I tossed it angrily on the growing pile of rejected outfits.

I plonked my underwear clad body down on the edge of the bed. The massive tummy control pants dug sharply into my skin, almost cutting me in half, making it hard for me to breathe. My hands cradled my weary head, fingers massaging into my temples. I lifted my make-up laden eyes, and met my own gaze in the full length mirror.

"Why did I honestly think today would be any different?"

Of course no one answered. I was alone, surrounded by the material reminders of how unhappy I was with my appearance. Taking a deep breath, I shook my head.

"It doesn't make a difference what you wear. You're still going to feel uncomfortable, so just pick anything."

Finally after giving myself that talking to, I decided on the black pencil dress. I stepped into it, pulling the silky black material up over my curves. I struggled to zip up the dress, and manhandled my large breasts into place. Brushing my long locks one more time, I appraised my appearance one last time.

"Well, if I remember to breathe in, and stand up straight all night, I might pass for acceptable."

Sliding my feet into the six inch heels, I added to my already lofty frame, making me well over six feet tall. Switching off the light, I made my way unsteadily downstairs in my heels, and waited for the taxi. I was heading for a night out with the girls, to celebrate Helen's twenty eighth birthday.

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Closing one of my eyes, with my tongue sticking out in concentration, I finally got the key into the lock on my third attempt. Stumbling into the hallway and kicking off my shoes, paying little regard to where I hurled them, just glad to feel the relief of removing them. The tiled floor offered cold comfort

to my poor burning feet.

Unimpeded by my shoes, but still showing signs of the copious amounts of alcohol consumed; I staggered my way into the kitchen, bouncing off the door frame on my way. I unzipped my dress slightly on the way, before removing the massive panties. A loud moan of relief echoed around the empty kitchen.

“Thank god! I can take those bloody things off.”

A smile spread across my face, as I thought back to the night of fun I’d had with my closest friends. Grabbing a glass of water, I headed over to the laptop and switched it on.

“Time for one naughty story before bed,” there was a mischievous, dirty grin on my face. I logged on to my favourite erotic stories web site.

I had found the site a few months ago, and was happy to have located a place that catered for my love of arousing tales and bedtime reading. My eyes skimmed through the words on the home page. A story caught my eye. I was just clicking the link to read more, feeling the familiar excitement building, when the little black box appeared in the top corner of my screen.

“You’re up late. I take it you had a good night?”

My heart skipped a beat when I read the message. I had secretly hoped that he would be online.

“Hey Rick. I had a really good night thanks. Hope you’re well?”

I took a sip of my water, trying to quench the sudden drying of my mouth; misjudging the distance and spilling the water down my front. The cold droplets of water descended between my breasts.

In my panic, I drunkenly placed the glass down on the side, only to then go and knock it over. The water flowed across the breakfast bar. I rushed to catch the surge of water that was drifting ever closer to my laptop.

Eventually I cleaned up the mess, and got back to the screen. Rick had requested a chat. Opening the window I began to quickly type. Explaining about the delay, and how I knocked my water over.

“Well, I know you like it when I’m wet.” I joked.

I was still amazed at how close I had gotten with Rick. His humour and dirty mind were on the same

level as mine. I felt like I could talk to him about anything, as we had done on many nights.

“Tell me about your night with the girls. Did you have lots of laughs and dancing?” Rick enquired.

I couldn’t help but break out into a giggle at his question. I recounted the night’s events. Taking particular enjoyment in sharing the story, of how Melisa had managed to get herself locked into one of the stalls in the ladies toilets. How she had tried to slide her way under the gap, got her dress caught and got stuck.

“We had to get one of the security men to come and climb over and free her.”

“I bet he wasn’t too happy about that.”

“Actually, her dress had hitched up as it caught. He got a right eye full of her backside. It turned out okay though. Mel actually quite likes that security guy, and she ended up getting his number.” I smiled as I told the story, happy for my friend for finally getting some luck with a guy.

“That certainly does sound like a fun filled evening. Tell me, did you manage to have any luck with the men tonight? Perhaps you had a few sexy moves on the dance floor? Brushing up against the men? I’m sure a gorgeous, single woman like you gets lots of offers?”

I couldn’t help but chuckle at the idea. It wasn’t Rick’s fault. He’s wasn’t to know that in real life, I was no way near as confident, or flirty as my online persona. I could have played it down, or just changed the subject. Maybe it was the alcohol that was flooding my system, or just the fact that I felt comfortable enough with Rick. I decided to open up to him.

“The men aren’t interested in me. I wouldn’t subject them to that. There were plenty of beautiful and attractive women for them to dance with.”

I knew Rick was too much of a gentleman to let that one slide. I braced myself to argue my point. I went to the fridge and poured myself a stronger drink.

“I know I haven’t seen a picture of you, and you know I would never ask you to send one. I really can’t believe that the men wouldn’t love to dance with you.”

“It’s not that I think I am grotesque. I am just honest with myself. There are far prettier girls than me, and they have better bodies.” I took a large swig of my drink, having to force it past the lump of tears that had formed a painful barrier in my throat.

I’d had self-esteem issue for as long as I can remember. Outwardly confident and outgoing, if not a little reserved. Inside it was a different story. My mind flashed back to the occasions throughout the night, times when I had felt so uncomfortable. People’s smiles and laughing felt directed at me. People staring, and me reading their thoughts; look how fat and ugly she looks.

The feeling of wanting to get that good looking man’s attention, but knowing that he would never go for a girl like me. I took my refuge sitting at the table, looking after the girl’s handbags as they danced the night away. Content to spend the night chatting away with whichever one of my friends had come back for a rest and have a drink.

“I would have loved to have danced with you tonight. It’s a shame I am halfway across the world.”

My heart filled with love for my dear, sweet, friend. I had no doubt that he would have danced with me, and I would have so enjoyed it.

“I would have liked that.”

It may have been the alcohol in my system, but I found myself typing something that I wouldn’t normally do.

“Would you like it, if I sent you a picture of myself?” I nervously waited for his reply. My heart was beating furiously in my chest.

“Kelly, you know I would absolutely love that, but only if you really want to.”

A smile spread across my face. With a confidence fuelled by drinks, and a burning excitement caused by my abandonment, I replied to his message.

“Give me a little while to take a picture and send it. You might want to go make a drink and get a snack. This may take a while.”

Rick laughed, telling me to take my time. I rushed to the bathroom and re-touched my make-up, suddenly feeling a lot more sober and nervous. My hand shook as I tried to reapply my eyeliner. My cheeks didn’t need any blusher; they were rosy enough with the sense of excitement.

I got my phone out of my pocket of my dress, and opened up the camera. Standing and looking at my reflection in the mirror, I snapped a few shots. Looking back at the pictures on the screen, I groaned.

“Urgh! I look horrible; Delete.”

Grabbing my hair brush, I tried to fix my hair. I practiced some different pouts and smiles. Hopelessly I searched for the expression that made me look my best.

“Perhaps if I go into another room, the light will be better.”

I turned the camera around into self-portrait mode, and made my way back downstairs. I took around twenty different shots, all from different angles and facial expressions. I checked back through the gallery, discounting and deleting all the really horrible ones. Eventually there were four different photos to pick from.

I flicked between the pictures, looking at every detail. My eyes evaluated everything; the way one of the pictures showed how massive my nose was. How in the other the angle had caught my belly, and made me look like I was pregnant. My mind flashed back to the time someone had mistakenly asked me how far gone I was. I wasn’t even pregnant. I deleted the picture.

The next picture caught my eyes really well. Apart from my breasts and my wrists, my eyes were the only part of my body that I like. Without checking the other picture, I quickly sent the photo from my phone to his e-mail account. The subject heading was titled; Now you see me.

My stomach churned, and I instantly felt queasy. I went back to the laptop.

“I’ve sent it. It should be in your e-mail inbox.”

“I thought you may have fallen into a drunken sleep; you took so long,” he joked.

“Sorry. It was hard to find a photo that could get past the quality control staff.” I joked back.

“It’s just come through. Let me go see.”

I turned away from the screen. My breathing deepened. My nerves took hold of my body. The sick feeling in my stomach intensified.

“Oh shit! Fuck! Why did I do this? He’s not going to want to speak to me now. I will be so different from how he‘s pictured me. We won’t be able to flirt anymore.”

My hands shielded my eyes, desperately trying to block out the response I knew was coming. I could only check if he’d responded by peeking through the gaps in my fingers.

“Kelly! Oh my god. Honestly. I mean every word, when I say, you are the most captivating and beautiful girl. My cock has hardened just looking into those gorgeous, seductive eyes. I can say without a shadow of a doubt, the men would have loved to dance with you tonight.”

My cheeks flushed with the overwhelming and unexpected, generous compliments. Part of me was over joyed with his reaction. The other part, the nasty, self-doubting side reared its ugly head. It told me, he is just being nice. He doesn’t want to hurt your feelings.

“You must need glasses,” I joked, but the response I got back showed no sign of amusement.

“Kelly, don’t put yourself down like that. I mean it. You’re a beautiful woman.”

“You didn’t see the other photo’s I deleted. You wouldn’t think I was so pretty if you’d seen those ones.”

“Now that’s enough.”

Even though we were only chatting through instant message, I could feel the connection. It was as if we were in the same room. I could feel his anger. He continued on, before I could respond.

“I know my own mind. I know a beautiful woman when I see one. You’re going to have to learn to accept my compliments, as there are going to be many.”

I swallowed my doubts and took his words on board.

“Thank you.”

Rick didn’t know it, but in that moment, with that compliment and his insistences that I accept it, something slowly started to change within me. Over the next few months, I continued to send him pictures of myself. Each photo sent, resulted in a compliment or words of praise. His words of encouragement slowly chipping away at the negative image I had of myself. Like a drug, I found myself addicted to his reactions, a need to feel that rush of happiness as he complimented me. I knew he meant it. I trusted this man with my deepest secrets and he never betrayed that trust.

As time went on, my pictures got naughtier and naughtier. Each photo I sent pushed the boundaries further than the last, in the hope that I would gain a greater reaction. The more aroused he became by my photos, the more confident I became.

It started spreading out into my offline world. I started walking down the street with my head held

higher. Gradually with Rick’s words ringing in my ears, the laughter and stares no longer triggered me to think they were talking about me. I noticed more glances in my direction from men. I started making more of an effort with my appearance. Making sure my hair and make-up were done before leaving the house. Instead of baggy oversized clothes, I wore outfits that showed off my hourglass figure.

I wasn’t under any illusion, I knew I wasn’t going to be the next top cat walk model, or win any Miss World competitions. But I had accepted that some people could find me attractive, and that the body image I had, did not match what others saw in me.

Rick and my other brilliant, close friends that I had made on Lush, were always there to pick me up if I had bad day. Without them a year on, with Helens twenty ninth birthday drinks just passed, I probably wouldn’t have the following story to tell you.

It started out like any other night out. All the girls met around Louise’s house for pre-town drinks. Louise was new to the group. She had recently started a new job with Helen. I didn’t mind her, but she could be a bit of a snob. She made a comment about some of the girl’s dresses. I can’t remember her exact words but it was something like;

“Those dresses don’t look too bad, considering the price you paid for them.”

A couple of my friends faces fell. With several vodka redbulls sloshing around my system, I set a challenge I would have never in a million years contemplated a year ago, let alone initiated.

“Alright then, Miss, I only buy my dresses in snotty nosed boutiques.” I hadn’t intended for it to come out quite like that, but she had hurt my friends.

“Why don’t we see if your rich-ass clothes can help you in a pulling competition?”

The other girls all gasped at my suggestion. Louise on the other hand, had a puzzled look on her pretentious features. Helen offered her work colleague an explanation.

“It means you have to see who can kiss the most amounts of people over the course of the night.”

I don’t know if I was happy, or not when she agreed. I tipped back my glass, finishing the contents in one.

“Come on then, let’s do this.”

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Things went really well, and overall we matched each other, kiss for kiss all night. I got a bit of a small lead, when we had exhausted the supply of men in the club. I took to kissing as many girls who would have me (much to the men in the clubs enjoyment). I would have won by miles, if it had not been for Louise pouncing on a rugby team that had arrived, whilst I was waiting to get served at the bar.

We had said earlier in the night, Midnight was the cut-off point. It was ten minutes to twelve, and we had met back at the table to have a drink and tally up. It turned out we were on even points.

It also, just so happened to coincide with Liam, the club DJ finishing his set. Helen grabbed him by the strap of his record bag as he walked by the table.

“Liam, we need you to settle a competition for us.” She told him. He looked intrigued. He listened to Helen as she explained what had gone on during the night.

I hadn’t told anyone before, but I had a bit of a thing for Liam. Since my new found confidence, I had been purposely dancing in front of the DJ booth, trying to get his attention. He had often been in my thoughts late at night as I used my favourite vibrator, making myself cum.

With Rick’s words in my head, telling me that I was a sexy, attractive, woman. I stood taller. Time in the club seemed to slow down. Liam regarded both of us carefully. I couldn’t let this chance go. I couldn’t let him pick her.

I took hold of the strap to his bag, and pulled him towards me for a full on passionate kiss. I had thought about what his lips would feel like. How his tongue would dance with mine, but it was so much better than I had imagined.

We eventually pulled away from each other, out of breath, with a dazed, happy smile across our faces. I could see in his eyes that he wanted more, and had it not been for the fact that we were surrounded by merry, intoxicated people, he would have taken me then and there.

Helen declared me the winner. Louise stormed off in a huff. I was just about to turn and sit down with my friends, when Liam caught me by the elbow and pulled me into him. He spoke close to my ear. I could only just hear his hushed tones over the bass and volume of music, which was blaring out of the clubs sound system.

“Isn’t the winner going to collect her prize?”

He pulled me in for another kiss. This time with the group's attention away from us, his hands roamed more freely. I totally gave into to the kiss, my hands clawing his shoulders, feeling his firm muscular body beneath his shirt.

I pushed him back against the wall, hiding us slightly in the darkness and pinning him. Feeling his arousal as his member pressed hard into my stomach. He grabbed one of my legs and raised it, firmly holding onto me by my buttock.

As we kissed, I couldn't help but grind my ever increasing wet pussy against his building hardness. His hand deftly pulled the thin material of panties to one side. He groaned when his fingers made contact with my velvety cunt, feeling my wetness and arousal. He moved his fingers slick with my juices further along my aching slit, sliding ever closer towards my backside.

He slipped his finger passed my tight ring and deep into my ass. I was shocked by his forwardness, but I couldn't resist clenching hard around his intrusion, drawing him in deeper.

Telling you this now; I get shivers thinking about his voice as he withdrew from the kisses, looking in my eyes and gently fingering my tight ass.

"You like that don't you."

All I could do was moan. The pleasure coursing around my body was preventing me from caring that we were in a club full of people, my friends sat only meters away.

Without needing to be told, he removed his finger and took my hand. He led me through a door that said staff only, through the locker area and out of a fire door. We ended up in a little courtyard used for deliveries.

He had already started to undo his trousers. I was so turned on and excited. I had never done anything like this before. It seemed it was a night of firsts; the first time for the competition, first time for going this far with someone new. He didn't know it either, but it would be my first time for anal sex.

There was no time for foreplay; our need was too great for that. I dropped to my knees, my eyes level with his recently freed, massive erection. I wanted him in my mouth so much. I licked my way up and down his shaft. The heat of my tongue running along his throbbing meat was quickly replaced by the chill of the cool night air, but not for long. I opened my mouth wide and took him in as far as I could. His hands grabbed at my head, guiding me, as I sucked him deeper. I moaned my pleasure. He worked himself into frenzy, fucking my face. I was tempted to let him cum in my mouth, but the

wetness growing in my cunt, matched that of the drooling mess of my face, and I needed to feel him inside me.

I withdrew him from my mouth. Getting up, I felt the relief in my knees that had been scraping against the cold concrete floor.

I pulled my panties to one side and bent myself face first over the stack of barrels. He put on the condom. I thought he might have gone straight for my ass, but instead he plunged his hard dick deep inside my dripping cunt.

It felt so good. His hand came around my front, pulling one of my breasts free from the low cut dress I was wearing. My nipples firm, not only from the cool night air, but from my growing arousal. I pushed myself back against his cock, grinding myself on him. The material of my panties pulled and rubbed against my clit, causing me more pleasure.

As he fucked my cunt harder, he began to express his own pleasure with grunting low tones.

“Oh fuck! You have no idea how long I have dreamed of doing this, seeing your hot, sexy body, out on that dance floor every weekend. The way you moved to the tunes I played. I knew you’d be a great fuck. Oh god, you’re so tight.”

I loved the feeling of him pushing hard and deep inside me. Hearing him say that he had thought about me like that sent me over the edge. I came hard around his cock, contracting and squeezing him with my pussy walls.

Once I had settled from my orgasm, he withdrew his cock from my pussy. Using my cum and juice mix as lubrication, he lined his head up at the entrance to my tight asshole.

Reaching my hand to my clit, I rubbed furiously. I screamed out in pain when he pushed past my ring, and sank his dick deep into the virgin territory of my ass.

He stopped and asked if I was okay, there was no way I wanted him to stop now. The burning slowly ebbing, I told him to continue.

His thrust became savage, stretching my tight ass. He alternated between fast, hard strokes, then calculated slow drives, deep into my depths of my ass. The cold metal of the barrels below me stung my skin; although I had a feeling my ass would be stinging at whole lot more when Liam had finished with me.

I craned my neck round to see him as pounded my behind. He slapped my exposed ass cheeks hard, sending a cry from my lips. It was at that point, with my eyes open wide in shock, that I spotted the CCTV camera looking straight at us.

Perhaps there was someone watching in the security office. Perhaps my first anal experience was being caught on tape. It should have freaked me out, and made me want to stop. I didn't care. I found myself feeling more aroused at the prospect of someone watching.

Somewhere in the build-up to my second orgasm, with Liam pounding deeper and deeper into my ass, and the CCTV camera lens on me, I remember thinking of Rick. A bigger smile radiated across my face.

My mind thought back to that night I took that first photo and sent it to Rick. The girl I was then, and who I had become, were miles apart. Without that web site and meeting Rick, I would have never have found the confidence.

And as Liam came deep in my ass, clutching my body and groaning loudly. I smiled not only because I had been well and truly fucked, but because the woman I had become due to that first photo, was a very happy one indeed.

When we'd both straightened our clothes, and were making our way back towards the door. I grabbed hold of Liam. I spun him around to face me, my other hand grabbing him firmly by his still highly sensitive cock.

I slipped my card with my phone number on, in the pocket of his shirt. I whispered in his ear.

"When you have a copy of that CCTV footage," I direct his attention to the camera above us, "You give me a call. Perhaps then, I will invite you around to mine. We can watch it back. Maybe even have a live action replay."

I gave him one last passionate kiss, and left him alone in the courtyard, his cock hardening again from my proposition. I made my way back into the club to re-join my friends, with a sting in my ass, but a smile on my face.