

Misguided Submission

Crimson Rose

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Amelia Sutton had everything going for her. At twenty she was one of the most gorgeous women in the small town of Oakdale and was not afraid to use her looks and body to her advantage. She also had a group of friends – some would call them yes men and women, whom constantly complimented and inflated her already oversized ego while those not willing to sing her praises, be they family or stranger, were beneath her. Using her god given assets to her advantage, she has a notable social media presence and considered herself an influencer capable of making or breaking a company with just a word – a claim that is called out by said companies telling her she needed a dose of reality, only to have their voices silenced and ignored.

Though she had never done an honest day's work in her life, Amelia had a new house, drove brand new cars and had the best of everything thanks to her looks. Until she lost it all. It happened so quickly she was in ruins before she knew what was going on. Getting up late in the afternoon, she sat at her desk and logged into her Instagram account only to find that it had been deleted. Furious, she contacted support only to be told she was the one that had closed her account and that it could not be recovered. The same was true for Twitter and while her Facebook account was still there all of her content had been deleted and followers ignored.

"What the actual fuck?" she screamed in anger, getting up so quickly her chair rolled back into the wall. "This is fucking bullshit! Do you know who I am?" she asked the poor woman from Twitter unlucky enough to take her call. "I want my account back right god damn now or so help me I'll fucking sue!"

"Are you done acting like a child?" the woman calmly asked. Amelia went on for several more minutes before the woman cut her off. "Listen, I've got other customers to take care of so please call back when you're able to have a conversation."

"FUCK YOU! I want to talk to your manager!" Click. The call ended. Irrate, Amelia threw her phone across the room. It slammed against the wall and thudded to the floor. Going into a panicked pace as she tried to figure out what the hell was going on, she picked it up on her eighth pass. Surprisingly, it still worked. Walking around the living room for the eleventh time, her phone went off indicating she had a new text. She did not recognize the number.

Thanks to your body you've had things handed to you your entire life. Well, now it's all gone. Your social media and bank accounts have been closed. The deed to your house has been transferred into the name of a trust fund. Do as I say and I might give some of it back to you. Don't and you'll be out on the streets. I'm curious how many of your friends will take you in. I'll be in touch.

So angry she could barely hold the phone, let alone press the correct keys, it took Amelia three minutes of mostly erasing and correcting errors before she hit send.

FUCK YOU! I don't know who this is but I'll find you and when I do I'll rip your fucking balls off you pencil dick bastard!

You assume I have balls to rip off. And for the threat you're going to get on your computer, go to a site called Chaturbate and make an account under the name Busted_Ego. You will then start your first show. If I don't see you on in the next three hours you'll lose even more than you already have.

FUCK YOU STRAIGHT TO HELL! She got no reply. Pacing back and forth for another fifteen minutes, she dropped her phone on the coffee table and then went to the bathroom for a shower. Afterwards, she gathered her laptop and phone and went to the police to file a complaint. They filed a report but told her identity thieves are almost never caught and if this person was smart enough to cover their trails as evidence showed then she would probably never recover what she had lost.

Defeated, Amelia returned home and on the advice of the officer who took the report she signed up for accounts with the three major credit reporting bureaus. She also called her bank and while they were unable to recover the funds as they were taken out using her login credentials, they closed her account and opened new ones. Unfortunately, her quarter million dollar savings was reduced to the seven hundred she had at the home she no longer owned. Which was her next call. With surgical precision whomever stole her identity covered their trails so thoroughly the trail led to more than a dozen shell corporations on four continents before it couldn't be tracked any further.

Amelia's phone went off. *Tick tock*, the text read. *You better hurry up and start creating that account before I take something else from you.*

Looking around as if she were being watched, Amelia typed back: *Go to fucking hell you piece of shit!*

You have 43 minutes to get that chat room started. Oh, and nice dress. Burgundy suits you.

Looking down at the burgundy dress she was wearing, Amelia felt a chill going down her spine. She then let her eyes drift around the living room in search of cameras but no blinking lights caught her attention. Shivering voluntarily, she sat on the couch and went to Chaturbate. After a few minutes of maneuvering through the site, she created an account. To prove her identity, she took a picture of herself with her driver's license and sent it along with her application so she could start streaming and immediately getting nude. With two minutes to spare she turned her webcam on and started her personal chat room.

A user named Ginger_Temptress entered the room and took Amelia into a private chat. *Listen up, whore, because I'm only going to say this once. I own your pathetic ass and you'll do exactly as I say when I say it or I'll make your life more of a living hell than it already is,* the user typed into chat. *As you can see you're already getting visitors. They're going to want to see every bit of your body and you're going to show them. Is that understood?*

"W-Why are you doing this to me? Who are you? What did I ever do to you?"

That's not what I asked. From this point forward you have no limits. You're nothing more than a brainless fucktoy. You will take your clothes off on command. You will fuck yourself with fingers, toys and anything else you can fit in your holes. You will also be doing couples and group shows. Don't worry, I'll be supplying the men and women you'll have sex with. And if you refuse I'll take everything your sister has. Then your brother and your parents. Refuse after that and I just might have you kidnapped and sold into slavery. But play nice and do as you're told and you just might earn back some of what you've lost while learning a very valuable lesson in the process. Are we on the same page now you uppity bitch?

“Y-Yes,” Amelia said as tears formed in her eyes.

Good girl. You will spend the rest of the day chatting and doing as you’re commanded without fail. I’m going to end the private chat now and you’re going to make me a moderator of the room. I will then inform everyone that you need to reset your room for your new bio to take effect so they know what to tip for what command. Understood?

“Yes.”

Good. And since I’m, not a total monster I’ll even let you keep all the tokens you earn for these shows. Congratulations on starting your first job. Now make yourself presentable for your fans.

After being told exactly how to set the user as moderator, Amelia did her best to make herself look presentable before the private show ended and she was faced with her first show in front of more than a hundred people. “Sorry about that everyone. I’m new to this and my friend was explaining things to me,” she said as she set Ginger_Temptress as her moderator. “They’ve been working on my bio for me but unfortunately I need to reset the room before it can take effect so please come back in just a few minutes and you should see it updated.” Every fiber of her being tensed to the point of aching, she shut her room down, logged out of the website, waited five minutes as instructed and then logged back in. When she did she saw an all new bio complete with more than a dozen images of herself in everything from lingerie to jeans and tee shirt alongside a rather lengthy tip menu and personal information such as measurements. And not just her shoe size.

As before Ginger_Temptress was the first one in the room and Amelia could not help but glare at her name in red to the right of the video and wonder who the hell she was being blackmailed by.

Why don’t we start this show off right? Ginger_Temptress typed in chat just before tipping 150 tokens to see her breasts.

Knowing what was at stake did not make what she did any easier but Amelia smiled, said thank you and then popped her 36C’s out of the top of the burgundy dress she was still wearing. Thankfully, there were only five people in the room counting her blackmailer but that would not be the case for long. Tipped another 200 tokens – a pitiful amount that equaled a whopping \$10, she sat her laptop on the coffee table and adjusted the camera so it got her fully kneeling on the couch. Face beet red and burning with shame, she pulled her dress up and gave her ass twenty hard slaps – ten on each cheek. Another 200 was tipped for twenty more. Then another six hundred for sixty more after that. As a final humiliation she was tipped a further 150 to count each swat and say thank you Mistress Ginger after each one.

DING! Looking at the laptop screen over her right shoulder as she spanked her own ass, Amelia saw she was just tipped 1000 tokens to take her panties off for ten minutes. She did not mind showing off her stunning body when it suited her, but this was different. Not only would she be showing her privates to the nearly two hundred people now in the room, but she would be doing it on someone else’s terms. Unfortunately, the price for refusal was higher than her pride so she begrudgingly pulled them down and off. Switching hands and cheeks, she continued spanking and thanking her would-be Mistress.

Mmmm...look at that nice red ass. If I were there with you I’d be fucking you silly right now, slave, Ginger_Temptress typed. *But I’ll settle for watching you fuck it yourself.* Knowing everything about the woman she had spent years growing to despise, she tipped the 1500 tokens required to see Amelia fuck her own ass with a dildo. *Use the big black one,* she commanded, knowing full well her would-be slave was still an anal virgin.

“Y-Yes Mistress. I’ll be right...actually, I might as well just take the laptop to my bedroom with me,” Amelia said as she got up off the couch. Once in her bedroom and set up, she went to the closet to fetch her toys and lube. “As Ginger_Temptress knows I’m an anal virgin,” she admitted, assuming since whomever the person was knew what she was wearing also knew everything else about her “so don’t expect me to just ram this huge monster in there,” she said, holding up the ten inch long, two and a half inch thick big black dildo.

Actually, that’s exactly what I want to see you do, Ginger_Temptress typed into chat. *I want you to lube that bad boy up, place it against your tightly puckered hole and sit on it nice and fast. And don’t stop until it’s buried balls deep.*

“But I’ve never taken anything up my ass before, Mistress!”

Do you want another two hundred swats for disobeying your Mistress, slave?

“No Mistress.” Gulping, Amelia flicked the cap on the bottle of lube open and then generously coated the massive toy from bulbous head, down the thick veiny shaft to the huge balls that made up the base. She then positioned herself on the bed with her back to the camera so there was no denying she was doing as commanded. Placing the tip against her virgin asshole, she took a deep breath and then relaxed her tensed muscles. At first nothing happened but then gravity won out and she yelped in pain as her asshole was stretched to accept the silicone cock. “OH MY MOTHERFUCKING GOD!” she screeched as she slid further down the rapidly disappearing toy until stuffed with all ten inches.

Good girl, Ginger_Temptress typed. *Now fuck yourself on it for the next ten minutes.*

“Y-Yes Mistress.” Her ass on fire, Amelia nevertheless fucked herself on the huge toy and even though the pain eventually began to subside the humiliation was still going strong. More tips came in. Most were just a few tokens, but one user tipped for her to take her dress off. Another tipped to see her slap her breasts twenty times each. Another tipped for DP. Turning to face the camera, she bit her lower lip and brought her open left hand down hard on her right breast as she continued riding the big black dildo. Alternating left and right, she slapped her breasts hard and fast, turning her flawless skin bright red before grabbing her next biggest toy – another black one measuring just under nine inches long and two inches thick. Rubbing it along her vulva, she took a deep breath, lay back on her bed and then pushed it into her pussy. No sooner was it balls deep then her back arched and a soft moan escaped her lips as she squirt in orgasm.

Good girl, Ginger_Temptress typed. *I had a feeling you were masochistic. Now screw yourself until you have three more orgasms and then we’ll see what else we can do to humiliate and degrade your submissive ass.*