

**THE WEBCAM SHOW
(PARANORMAL B&B)
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Encounter: The Webcam Show (Paranormal B&B)

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Black hoods, handcuffs, and a webcam. Matson's staged the scene with utmost care. He's got a surprise in store for Josiah guaranteed to bring them both hours of pleasure.

The Webcam Show

Once I reached the second floor of our bed and breakfast, I headed down the long hallway to the private entrance of our third floor suite. I ran up the stairs and moved through our living room, but when I turned the handle to our bedroom, the door was locked. That was odd. I knocked quietly, wondering what Matson could be doing in our bedroom that he needed to lock me out. I knocked again and called his name. The door opened, and my eyes opened wide at the man standing before me.

“Matson?” He wore only a black leather harness strapped across the top of his pale chest, and a black mask that covered most of his face. Only his lips and red beard were exposed. “What’s going on, babe?” His cock was hard, standing straight from his body, and my own lust raked down my spine.

“Strip. Now.” His deep voice had me reacting before I could ask questions. Clothing flew across the room unheeded. Once I was naked, Matson wrapped my long hair in his hand and pushed me to the ground. “Suck my dick.”

I dropped to my knees and took Matson’s cock in my mouth, sucking him down to the root. His hiss of pleasure had me pushing my nose against his auburn pubes, staying until tears streamed down my cheeks. I waited until I needed air before pulling off and gasping.

“That’s it, baby, swallow me. Choke on it.” He used his fingers to massage my scalp, but not hold me against him.

Wrapping my arms around his thighs, I sucked him down, again and again, each time gagging on his huge rod. My tears streamed, and my saliva dripped from my chin. I’d never get enough of this, of him.

Grabbing my hair, he pulled me from his body and pushed me toward the bed. “I’m going to fuck you now, Josiah.” He grabbed a large black hood that

had a rhinestone design on the front and slid it over my head. The mask covered my entire face and hid my hair, but it was soft and comfortable, allowing me to move and breathe.

“Give me your hands.” I reached out toward the long chain with wide leather cuffs that he held. He snapped the leather cuffs on my wrists and grinned. “I’m protecting our identity.” He inclined his head to the open laptop on our dresser. “We’re going to be watched.”

My heartbeat accelerated while precome dripped from my cock. “Really?” I glanced at the computer and licked my lips. *Fuck.*

“Yeah, baby. I know you love to be watched. These masks will make it impossible for anyone to figure out who we are, so I’ve scheduled some webcam time on an amateur porn site. People pay money to watch a live show. It’s about time to switch on the camera. Once we start, don’t talk unless it’s necessary. Ready?”

“Am I ready? Hurry up, then get over here and pound my ass.” Goosebumps covered my body as adrenaline shot through my system.

Matson moved to the computer and clicked a few times. An image of us in our room nearly filled the screen. I was surprised to see lots of names quickly appearing and scrolling one side of the screen. A few small boxes were showing up as well. “People pay extra to have their own camera be visible during our show. We can watch them while we perform if we want.”

He stood up and moved back toward me. He reached the bed and pushed me back. “Hands over your head. Don’t move.” His growled whisper had my cock dripped precome onto my stomach. I turned my head, looking at the computer. I could see Matson over me on the screen, and I nearly came knowing people were watching us.

I didn’t have time to think about it; Matson slurped my dick down his throat, while he played with my nipples. My back arched, and I cried out, the sound slightly muffled by the full-face mask. Matson stood and in a show of

strength, flipped me over then pulled me up to my knees. I gasped when his tongue pierced my hole. Now I understood why his mask only covered the top portion of his face. He needed his mouth free to use on me.

“You taste good, baby.” His words puffed over my skin as he trailed his tongue down my body. He sucked one of my balls into his warm, wet mouth. I arched my back and pushed my ass toward him, needing more. Anything more.

Matson chuckled before he spread my ass cheeks and spat, then rubbed the wetness around my opening with a finger. He took his time licking, sucking and fingering my hole, and all the while stroking my dick so lightly, I couldn't come.

“Fuck...” I whispered again. My voice was so quiet that I wasn't sure he could hear me. He stood and grabbed the lube and began covering his cock with a thick layer. I was groaning and panting as I turned my head and looked at the laptop. I could see us on the screen, my heartbeat wildly as I watched and felt his hands on me.

Matson grabbed my hips and pulled me so that my legs slid off the side of the mattress. He aligned his cock to my opening. I moaned remembering each little box on the screen, each name, were people watching him getting ready to fuck me. I noticed in more than one box, I could see men stroking themselves as they watched.

I gasped as Matson slammed into me, his cock brushing my prostate, sending tingles up my spine. “You want to put on a real show for them?” His arms came around my waist as he pulled me up from the bed and turned me to face the camera on the laptop. My hard, leaking cock came into view, my foreskin barely covering the rim of my precome coated cockhead.

“Hook your cuffs around my neck.”

He trailed his lips from my shoulder to my neck as I raised my arms, looping the chain behind Matson's head. The action caused my back to arch, bringing his cock deeper into my ass. “F-fuck.”

Matson sped up his fucking, my cock dripped precome steadily. His warm hands traced up my sides, over my stomach, then to my nipples, pinching and twisting. I wanted to come but couldn't stroke myself. I whimpered in need.

"I'm close," Matson whispered in my ear. "I'm going to fill your hole with my come while all those people watch."

My balls drew tight, but I needed more. "Please. Help me come."

I opened my eyes to watch my hard, leaking cock bounce with each thrust of Matson's hips against me. Damn, that was so hot, seeing myself getting fucked and knowing others were watching. I moaned as first one, then another of the men shot their loads on their chests. The sound of blood roared in my ears as all-consuming desire filled my soul.

Matson growled behind me just as his cock pulsed, he grasped my dick and jerked twice, sending me over the edge. I forced my eyes to stay open, staring at the computer screen. The angle of the camera was perfect, capturing shot after shot of creamy, white come hit the floor in front of me. My heart hammered as I witnessed answering ribbons of come from men on the screen.

My body was quivering, full of pleasure, and the high that comes with an intense orgasm. Matson gently pushed on my shoulder, forcing me to move forward, then leaned over, and he clicked off the website then folded the laptop. I reveled in the feel of his warm body against my back and his rapid breathing in my ear. I raised my arms and released the snaps on the cuffs, dropping the leather and chain to the floor. When Matson's softening cock popped out of my ass, his come rolled down my taint and dripped from my balls.

Matson embraced me tightly. "Was it what you expected? Being watched while I'm wrecking your ass?"

I moaned, grinding my slippery hole against my man. "So much better. I'm getting hard again thinking about it."

His fingers trailed up my chest and grasped my mask, pulling it gently from my head. "I think we'll do that again soon. I must admit, Josiah, I was hard all day just setting it up. We can go back and watch it later if you want."

I gasped, imagining it. Matson chuckled. "I take it you like the idea."

"Fuck, yes, I do."

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