

Hucow Haley

Faye Valentine

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Letting himself into the house using the spare key kept in the false bottom of the mailbox, Roy carefully closed the door – lifting up about halfway through to avoid the constant creak no one seemed capable of fixing. Waiting a few moments for his eyes to adjust to the darkness, he tiptoed down the hallway and cracked the bedroom door open enough to see Haley – the object of his obsession, lying there sleeping soundly. Looking to the left of the bed, he saw the small bottle of sleeping pills on the nightstand next to an almost empty glass of water and his cock started to grow in his pants.

Walking across the carpeted floor, Roy quietly sat the duffle bag he carried on the floor and opened it before tossing the covers back. *My god you're stunning*, he thought, leaning down to gently kiss the side of her neck. Knowing he could drive a freight train through the house and not wake her up, he never the less used a great deal of patience in removing her bra and panties and kneeling between her legs.

Knowing this was the riskiest part of his endeavor, Roy pushed the head of his dick into her pussy and waited. Her breathing remained steady and he added another three inches. Still her breathing stayed unchanged. Pushing her legs back and open, he fucked her – taking his time to enjoy his first time with the love of his life until filling her with his seed and not pulling out until his dick had gone limp.

His lust temporarily sated, Roy climbed off the bed and emptied the contents of the duffle bag on the foot of the bed. Starting at the neck, Roy placed a sleek metal collar which he screwed closed. Next, he placed matching leather-backed metal cuffs around her wrists, ankles and thighs. Once those were locked in place with the special tool, he grabbed the chastity belt, placed the long front plug in her pussy, the back plug in her ass and then locked it shut before running the metal strip up her torso and placing the bra over her breasts and securing it behind her back with a tiny lock.

Kissing Haley on the lips, his tongue snaking down her throat, he gave her body another look and felt his cock once again throbbing to life. Stepping back, he grabbed the final object off the bed – a remote control. Turning it on, he set it to read 2.5 on the small lit screen and then hit the inflate button. As the plugs in Haley's pussy and ass stretched her open, she moaned and writhed on the bed but otherwise remained asleep. Giving her one last kiss, Roy pulled the covers back over her body, grabbed his bag, placed a note on the night stand and then left the house.

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Waking to the sun shining through a crack in the curtains, Haley knew at once something was wrong. Throwing the blanket back she looked down at the leather and metal chastity gear and her eyes grew wide. “What in the fuck?” she exclaimed, leaping out of bed and dropping to her knees as the plug in her pussy pressing against her g-spot sent her into instant orgasm. “Oohhh shit! W-What the fuck is going on?” Reaching back to unhook the metal bra covering her breasts, she found the lock keeping it in place. The same went for the chastity belt and all of the cuffs. Tugging on them with all of her strength, she was unable to open a single one.

Another orgasm dropping her to her knees, she lowered her head to the floor as the plugs began vibrating, sending jolts of pleasure through her pussy and clit. “J-Jesus Christ! Uhn...uhn...aahhhh god that feels good.

Rolling over and slumping to the floor with a third orgasm, she saw the piece of paper on the nightstand and picked it up to read.

Haley,

I'm sure your mind is racing in an attempt to figure out what's going on. Going to bed wearing lacy bra and panties and waking in full chastity gear has to have you scared shitless, but rest assured I wish you no harm. Quite the opposite in fact. You may also feel pretty stuffed and I don't blame you since I've inflated the plugs to two and a half inches each. And between noon and one they will inflate another half inch.

That being said, I know what you did with your best friend Lyla and I'm not talking about fucking her. If you want your secret to remain secret, you'll do exactly as I say. Try to remove the chastity gear, or go to the police and I release the photos and videos I have of you and Lyla getting it on with Roscoe and Bruno.

Go to work, enjoy your day while the plugs inflate and stretch your pussy and asshole open even more and prepare for a few more induced orgasms as I randomly make them vibrate. Since you are locked up tight I'm afraid you'll have to hold it in or soil yourself, your choice. Anyways, you will arrive at 1197 Rivercrest tonight at nine for the first night of your new life. Be late, or don't show and your secret gets posted to the internet for all the world to see. And if you doubt such evidence exists then feel free to search the thumb drive plugged into your laptop. Don't worry, I have copies of my own.

“Aaahhhhh!” Haley moaned as the vibrations went from zero to one hundred in less than a second. Arching her back, she slid onto the floor writhing and moaning – her nipples growing hard under the metal and leather. “Mmmm! Uhn...uhn...oh my motherfucking god YES!” she purred despite not knowing who was causing her such pleasure. And as quickly as it began, it ended, leaving her out of breath and with more questions than answers.

Unable to hold back any longer, Haley ran to the bathroom and sat on the toilet to pee. Unable to clean herself, she got in the shower – able to pull the plugs out about an inch to clean the inside of the chastity belt. The bra, on the other hand, gave very little. Too embarrassed to risk having an orgasm at work, she called in sick.

After eating breakfast, she went to her laptop and turned it on. Opening the thumb drive, she found two folders – the first labeled pictures and the second videos. Clicking the folder of images, she saw 4,983 of her and Lyla having sex with each other and being mounted by Roscoe and Bruno from every angle possible. Her entire body now flushed red and trembling, she dared open the video folder containing 158 files comprising more than one-hundred-thirty-seven hours of action.

“Oh god! H-How? Where did this come from?” Jumping out of her chair, Haley ran back to the bedroom, grabbed her cell phone and called her best friend with benefits Lyla.

“Hey Haley, what's up? You calling to pay the boys another visit?”

“Not exactly. We need to talk. How soon can you be at my place?”

“Um, fifteen minutes?”

“Sounds great, see you then.”

“What's wrong? You sound as if you've just been caught robbing a bank or something. Are you in trouble?”

“Possibly, I honestly don't know. Please get over here as quickly as possible and I'll explain.”

“Okay, see you in fifteen.”

No sooner was Lyla in the house than Haley closed and locked the door behind her. "Did you tell anyone?"

"Tell anyone what?"

"About what we've been doing the last three months."

"Of course not. Why? What's going on Haley?"

"Take a look at the folder open on my laptop. Why didn't you tell me you were taking pictures and videos of what we were doing?"

"What in the hell are you talking about? I'd never do such a thing."

"That's not what my laptop says."

Sitting down at the desk, Lyla clicked the picture folder and then jumped back. "What the fuck is this?"

"You tell me. There are thousands of pictures and hundreds of videos, most more than an hour long of you, me and the boys having sex."

"Where did you get this?"

"Good question. There's more." Taking off her robe, she exposed her chastity gear to her friend.

"WHOA! That is fucking sexy! When did you get that?"

"Apparently in my sleep last night. I woke up wearing it this morning. There was a note on the nightstand telling me about the thumb drive and what I'd have to do to keep it secret."

"You're being blackmailed? That's some fucked up shit right there. Do you know by who?"

"No idea. There's more. The chastity belt has plugs and they are filling both holes at the same time and fucking hell are they thick."

"Really?"

"Yes. The note said they would inflate even larger between noon and one."

"So, what does the blackmailer want?"

"I don't know. I was given an address to go to tonight."

"You're not going are you?"

"I don't have a choice. If I don't show up, or if I go to the police then everything you see on the laptop will be released all over the internet. Has anyone contacted you about this? Are you wearing chastity gear under your clothes as well?"

"No on both accounts, but now you've got me scared. Wait, how in the hell did someone get you in that stuff and not wake you up?"

"When I take my pills I'm out like a corpse. What I want to know is how you can claim to be ignorant of this when those pictures and movies were clearly taken in your house. Had I known you had cameras I never would have done it."

"I don't have cameras. You have to believe me, Haley, I have no idea where these come from. Not only could I never do that to you, but I'd never put myself in such a compromising situation. At the very least I'd lose my job if it ever got out and you know that's something I'd never risk."

"Then how? Who else knows that we're lovers?"

"I've never told anyone. You?"

"Same. I don't understand how this is possible Lyla. How can we be filmed in your house without either of us knowing about it?"

"I honestly don't know, but I'm certainly going to look into it. You have my word on that. So, where is this address you're going to?"

“It’s out on Rivercrest. I’m supposed to be there at... aahhhh,” she moaned as the plugs began vibrating.”

“Um, what was that?”

“T-The plugs... uuhhnnn. The plugs are v-vibrating.”

“Nice. It seems as if you like it. How do you use the bathroom?”

“With great difficulty. I don’t have a key so I can’t take it off. Not that I’m allowed to remove it anyways. I have to keep it on until going tonight.”

“Damn! I’m so sorry this is happening to you, but if you’re not willing to go to the police then I’m all out of suggestions.”

“Do you want all of those images and videos put on the internet?”

“No.”

“Then I have no choice in the matter. To keep our secret safe I need to go.”

“Silly question, but how do you know it isn’t already posted to the web?”

“I don’t know. I didn’t even think to look.”

Sitting back at the desk, Lyla went to the great and powerful Google and typed in more than twenty combinations of Lyla, Haley, picture and video and came up with their separate Facebook, Twitter and Instagram accounts containing nothing worse than some bikini shots.

“I’m not finding anything.”

“Then I’ll go tonight to see who’s behind it. Maybe then I’ll be able to go to the police. Want to come with me?”

“Um...”

“It’s okay. I understand if you don’t want to get involved even if this is all your fault.”

“How in the hell is it my fault?”

“You’re the one that talked me into doing it with you, Roscoe and Bruna. Had I never done that there wouldn’t be all this damning evidence. If our positions were reversed I’d go with you, but that’s just me.”

“Yeah right. Who are you trying to kid?”

“I’m not kidding. I’d go with you in a heartbeat if only to figure out who the blackmailer is.”

“You’re never going to let me forget this are you?”

“Nope.”

“What time do we leave?” Lyla sighed.

“Really? You’ll go with me?”

“This one time only.”

“I have to be there at nine so we can leave here at eight to give us plenty of time to get there.”

“I’d say we could spend the time fucking, but I can’t get to your pussy and ass.”

“That’s okay. With these fat plugs in my pussy and ass I’m constantly stimulated. The vibrations are even strong enough to travel up the metal to my tits.”

“Nice.”

“Yeah, if I was able to take the damn thing off.”