

Cam Girls Club

By ChronoEclipse

CHAPTER 1: Meet the Girls of Cam U

BWIP The browser window maximized as the video turned on revealing the pretty face of a college-age girl with straight blonde hair.

Meet *Courtney!*

“Hi cuties! It’s me, Courtney the Sexual Intellectual! Ready for another round of mental and physical stimulation...” She giggled as she backed away from her webcam revealing the fact that she was completely topless.

Her perky C-Cup breasts with their big rosy-pink nipples jiggled as she sat back in her computer chair and read some of the comments. The comment bar filled up with users posting ‘hi’ and ‘so sexy’ and kissy emojis.

“Aw thanks guys - if we reach our tip goal this week i’ll put in the dildo replica of Sigmund Freuds cock I had specially made!” She announced with a grin.

Aristotle69 posted: “Yesterday you were talking about Decartes *I think therefore I am*. How about ‘I fuck therefore I am’.” Followed by a winking tongue-out emoji.

Rugby2002 tipped to have Courtney spank her bare ass. The slender blonde girl grinned and stood up from her chair, pulling her blue panties from over her perfectly round toned ass, mooning the viewers.

“That’s a totally interesting thought Ari, but lots of creatures fuck - I think what sets humans apart is our ability to cum...” She said looking at the camera over her bare shoulder as she began to spank her butt cheeks red.

COOCHIEFAN posted: “U R so hot with your glasses on! I love seeing you naked with just yur glasses!”

Courtney ceased spanking herself and reached over to the desk to grab her thick-rimmed black reading glasses and put them on.

“Awww thanks Cooch! Hope this makes your day...” She said into the camera as she shimmied her panties down her slender thighs revealing a neat little triangle of blonde pubes. With the glasses on and her hair pulled back in a ponytail, Courtney looked like a pin-up version of a young hot librarian.

A bunch of posts and tips were popping up in the sidebar now from a user named ‘Randal’.

“I want to suck on each of your perfect toes individually!” He posted.

“I bet your feet smell amazing!” He followed up.

“Please show me your insoles!” He demanded.

Other users were counter-commenting with “Come on dude!” and “Why do foot guys always have to make this weird!”

Tips were flying for everything from foot massages to heel licking to ‘human bathmat’.

Courtney pulled her panties back up and stared bewildered at the screen.

“Ooooooaaaaayyyy... Looks like my superfan, or some may call him ‘stalker’ Randal has entered the chat.” She said with a smirk and read the other posts from guys coming to her defense.

“Now, now - no need to kink shame. A foot fetish is a totally legitimate paraphelia to have... Maybe tomorrow i’ll bring in some brain maps of erogenous zones and we can talk about why feet are so popular... But unfortunately Randal, as i’ve told you many MANY times - I can’t honor tips for requests I can’t fulfill by myself. So this is all you get!” She said firmly into the camera as she lifted her long smooth legs up to the camera, flashing the soft wrinkled soles of her delicate feet and scrunching her toes to show off her bubble-gum pink toenails.

“There! That’s it! Finito! Moving on...” She said with a deep sigh and a grin.

A click of the mouse and Courtney’s video shut off, replaced by a new video of a young woman with pink and turquoise hair and nose, eyebrow and lip piercings.

Meet **AMBER!**

“What up freaks and deviants! This is Acid Amber as if you didn’t already know that!” She said, sticking out her tongue and revealing a metal tongue piercing as well.

“I just finished a wild weekend getting shadracked on tequila and rum – like the 21st century pirate queen I am! Anyway, I woke up this morning and I had a brand new tattoo!” The rainbow-haired girl announced.

She backed up from the camera to show that she was wearing a tank-top and black panties. The visible areas of her body were already heavily tattooed along her arms, legs and chest. Amber pull down her panties partially over her hip bone revealing a white bandaged stuck over her crotch right under her panty line. Pulling it off just enough to show viewers a reddened new tattoo of a tidal wave where her pubes normally would grow.

“I don’t remember getting it but... it’s pretty bad-ass! I need to find out who did this, because the detailing on it is sweet! But all this to say – no requests involving my muff or crotch today as obviously proper tattoo care is super important!” She declared as she walked over to her record player.

“Okay I’m going to put on this Black Flag album and by the time I turn around again you fuckers better have tipped enough to make getting out of bed today worth it!” She said, giggling and sticking out her tongue playfully.

The mouse moves across the screen x-ing out of Amber’s video and pulling up a new one.

An auburn-haired party girl is jumping up and down in front of the camera, glitter is sparkling all over her body which is dressed in a frilly club dress that’s pulled halfway down her torso to reveal her big bouncy D-cups.

Meet **Hannah!**

“Woo! Party People! Hannah here with another round of TRUTH or DARE!!! Tips in the corner of the screen and you can dare me to do anything! And I mean – N-E-Thang! Or pick truth and i’ll rate your micropenis! It’s all good in the hood baby!” The young

woman who bared a strong resemblance to a college-aged Katy Perry announced into the webcam.

The comments began streaming in on the scroll at the side of the stream. A big tip comes in to have Hannah take a shower. The girl points both hands at the camera.

“YES!!! Dude you rock! I literally just got home - I didn’t even go to bed last night. I went out with my friend Amber - You probably all follow her cam ‘Acid Amber’ If not - totally check her out when I sign off! But like, these are my clothes from yesterday and I haven’t showered in 24 hours. I smell like club sweat and vodka. So I will 100% take you up on that dare... let’s just hope my laptop cord stretches to the bathroom...” She explained into the camera as she peeled her dress off and grabbed the laptop and webcam to document her naked walk to the bathroom.

The cursor clicks off of that video and opens a new screen showing an 18-year-old redhead posing in a fashionable skirt, top and jacket.

Meet **Becca!**

“So like, you can get the shoes, the skirt, the top and the jacket all for under \$50! As I say all the time - You can stay on budget AND on trend! You just have to know the tricks!” Becca explained as she posed like a runway model for the camera, showing off her slender, shapely body.

“Now, that was for the ladies watching but for the guys and girls that want to see what i’ve got going on *underneath* all of this - start tipping and i’ll start stripping!” She giggled as the tips began to pour in.

Becca began a little strip tease as she playfully slid the jacket off of her shoulders and began to move the straps of her top down her arm with one finger.

“I put a promocode up at the top of the screen that you can use at any of the stores I mentioned earlier... oop! Got a request to mime a blow job - that’s a great excuse to show you how easy it is to get down on my knees in this skirt! The stretchy fabric is a **MUST!**” She added as she took the dildo from her desk and began to slide it into her red-lipsticked mouth.

“Enough! I’ve seen enough! Shut it off!” a voice on the other side of the computer screams.

The cursor quickly moved and exited out of the video. A middle-aged woman in a skirted suit sat in a big leathery chair in a stuffy office with her arms folded across her saggy chest, scowling at the computer. The name at the front of the large oak desk read 'Dean Saunders'.

To the right of the Dean were two men - one sweaty bald man in a crumpled suit and a graying mustache and a young, thin, college-aged man with red hair and glasses.

"There's uh... there's two more." The younger man says nervously.

The older man grabs the mouse and hovers over a picture of an attractive young couple hugging each other like it was an engagement photo. Both the boy and girl are fully clothed in the picture, the boy is a tall young man with sandy brown hair and the girl is a petite busty woman with dark curly brunette hair. The title above the channel reads: 'Truest Love: The Cody and Kaitlyn story'.

"This one looks wholesome enough!" The chubby middle-aged man declared as he clicked on the video.

Meet *Cody and Kaitlyn!*

The live feed came on to show the young man and woman from the photo, completely naked standing in front of a bed. Kaitlyn had her hand on Cody's erect dick and he in turn was grabbing the right cheek of her impressive bubble butt.

"Cody-bear and I have, as many of you that watch our channel know, been making our own updated version of the karma sutra - and this position was the winner of our sex poll last week!" Kaitlyn said with a giggle. She had a tiny high pitched voice that matched her short, curvy stature.

"That sex pole was a real workout!" The young man said with a smirk to the camera.

Kaitlyn took her hand off of his cock to playfully slap the back of her hand against Cody's six-pack abs.

"That's sex P-O-L-L! Not P-O-L-E ya goof!" The brunette giggled.

Cody gave a grin, playing dumb.

“Oh duh, right! Anyway the winning position was... wheel-barrel!” The young man announced.

The young couple repositioned to the Kaitlyn got into a naked hand-stand, causing her massive tits to bounce down against her chin and Cody took her toned legs and wrapped his arms around her creamy thighs, bringing his dick into her pussy. Kaitlyn gasped and moaned as she held herself up with just her hands and turned to the camera, flushed and red-faced.

“Don’t try this if you’re not like a gymnastics major like I am! You need SERIOUS upper body strength to pull this off!” The girl said while panting in pleasure.

The older man clicked out of the video again quickly and avoided eye-contact with the clearly annoyed dean.

“This... porn site is using the universities servers?” The Dean asked.

The younger man nodded. “Yeah... they’re calling it ‘Cam U’, like a take off of BAM U, like Brigham and Mary University, the name of our school?”

Dean Saunders shot the boy a warning glare.

“Yes Andrew, I understand what the name is referencing. I don’t need you to mansplain it to me.” She sighed in frustration.

He nodded apologetically.

“The site is actually doing really well - it has huge traffic from both campus and off-campus users! A lot of other girls from the school have tried to join up but got turned down by the Cam U ladies- Becca Mello is the only freshman they allowed to join up with them.” Andrew offered.

The older man scratched his bald scalp.

“So what? They’re like some kind of sorority?” He asked, still staring at some of the still on the website.

“They aren’t a sorority in the traditional sense, more like a club of like-minded women who live together on campus and cross promote each others cams.” Andrew clarified.

“They are a disgrace to the school. That’s what they are!” Dean Saunders declared, slapping her veiny hand down on her desk.

She stood up and gestured to the computer screen.

“They’re peddling smut on MY campus... and using the schools servers to do it!” She bellowed.

“Gotta give it to them for creative ingenuity though!” The middle-aged man interjected, still staring at a topless picture of Hannah flashing on the site.

The Dean flared her nostrils and glared at him. Andrew jumped in quickly.

“The ring-leader of them all is this woman: Lauren Sterling. She’s a senior this year dual majoring in Psychology and web design. She started the site two years ago when she was a sophomore.” He explained as he clicked on Lauren’s profile on the website.

An image of a breathtakingly beautiful blonde woman appeared on the screen leaning over and blowing a kiss at the viewer. She was Marilyn Monroe meets Kristen Bell with the stage presence of a female Mic Jagger.

“Jesus - this has been going on for TWO YEARS!?! Why am I just hearing about this NOW!” The Dean shouted.

“She’s been REALLY good at keeping the right people quiet...” Andrew said as he brought another video up.

On screen Lauren was entirely naked and fondling her own perfect round tits and looking at someone or something off camera.

Meet **LAUREN!**

The song ‘Hell in High Heels’ plays loudly as Lauren holds a horse whip in her hands and bites the handle playfully. The comments in the scroll are going wild: ‘This is so epic!!!’ ‘Amazing!’ ‘Lauren you’re a goddess!!!’

The blonde woman smirks at the person below her.

“What are you thinking right now...?” She purrs, licking her lips.

“You’re soooo young!” A man’s voice groans from off camera.

Lauren grins, running her finger over one of her nipples, hardening it.

“That’s right... I am, aren’t I? Young enough to be your daughter practically...” She coos with a giggled.

“You’re actually younger than my kids...” The man admits.

Lauren lets out a pretty laugh and then looks down at the man again with a twinkle in her eye.

“Well *daddy*... What do you want to do with a sweet, young virginal girl like me?” She asks in a breathy voice.

“I... I wanna burry my face deep into that wet pussy of yours...” The man moans longingly.

Lauren stands up so the you can only see her breasts, flat stomach and neatly shaved crotch as she walks toward the camera.

“Oh? Then why don’t you? I’m right here... waiting... I’d love to feel your mustache tickle my clit...” She goaded him as she adjusted the camera to zoom out and capture the whole bed.

Laying in only his boxers was a man with a goatee and salt & pepper hair handcuffed to the headboard. Lauren walked back to the bed completely naked except for a pair of red stilletos and put one heel on his hairy chest.

“Well?” She asked again with a giggle and smirk to the camera.

The man groaned pathetically.

“Is that - Is that Gus Stiverson!? The head of campus security!!!” Dean Saunders screamed staring at the screen.

Andrew lept quickly to turn off the video before it went any further.

“Yeah... you do not want to see what she makes him do after that...” He replied, cringing.

“I want these girls and this... this... website shut down! Immediately!” Dean Saunders roared.

The two men looked at each other nervously, sweating a little.

“Well - See its not that simple...” The older man stammered.

The Dean looked at him incredulously.

“Mr. Macguffy you’re chief legal counsel for the school - surely there’s just cause to expel them and bring lawsuits against them! They’re doing this on school grounds! Without anyones consent! This is reflecting poorly on all of us! It’s despicable!” The Dean insisted.

Mr. Macguffy took a handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped some sweat from his forehead. He was hoping that the other two couldn’t see the massive erection in his suit pants he had gotten from watching that last video.

“Well, you see... I’ve been looking over all of the school policies and bylaws... and there is nothing explicitly AGAINST what they are doing... As it turns out, public nudity and sex were specifically exempted from the morality clauses in the student guidelines in the 70s after the administration at the time participated in a ‘love-in’ on campus.” The lawyer explained.

The Dean slapped her forehead.

“You have got to be kidding me.” She groaned.

“I mean... you might be able to go after the girl who brings the guests on there - if any of them haven’t consented to being on camera.” He offered.

“No, i’ve *heavily* researched her entire archive and they all gave consent.” Andrew replied.

The bald man shrugged and turned to shut his briefcase.

“Well then, I would say that the school has no course of action in this matter. You could try kicking them out or shutting the site down but with the amount of followers these girls have you’d be opening yourself up for a TOUGH legal battle, not to mention a potential campus riot!” Mr. Macguffy explained.

Dean Saunders ground her teeth as she turned from the lawyer to the nerdy young man standing at the computer.

“Andrew – please tell me that you have a solution to this matter and that this hasn’t been just a huge, disgusting waste of my time.” She said in exasperation.

The redhaired young man pushed his glasses up his nose and flashed a quick smile.

“As a matter of fact I do!... I’ve thought a lot about this and you’re not going to be able to shut them down through force or but putting the authority and weight of your office against them – these girls are too smart for that!” He explained.

The Dean sat back down in her chair twirling her finger in the air for him to speed it up.

“Get to the point please Andrew.” She sighed.

“Okay so the plan is to get them to stop on their own!” Andrew declared.

Mr. Macguffy raised a bushy eyebrow.

“How do you figure you’re going to manage that? As you said this whole camming thing has been really popular – it’s making them a lot of money – why would they ever stop it on their own?” The bald lawyer asked.

Andrew looked at the two older adults in the room and grinned wickedly.

“Oh people stop things like this all of the time, they lose interest or their followers lose interest in them... in a sense they *outgrow* it.” He said devilishly.

Dean Saunders and the school lawyer looked at each other skeptically, not quite following the boys logic.

“So we just, what? Let them continue out their college careers here and hope that they mature and move on?” The Dean asked with a ‘are you fucking kidding me’ look on her face.

Andrew snapping his fingers and pointed at the Dean but her glare made him instantly regret doing do.

“Err... ‘Mature’ is the right word!... Mature women see a steep drop off in viewership on their cams... and REALLY mature women well... you’ve never heard of an elderly cam girl have you?” Andrew asked with a twinkle in his eye.

The Dean buried her face into her hands again.

“What are you on about Andrew? I’ll be dead by the time any of these girls so much as gets a hint of crows feet! You’re talking about a solution that’ll take decades and I want this handled by the end of the semester!” The older woman groaned ready to kick both of these fools out of her office.

“Okay! Okay... what if it could be! See i’ve been working on something... my final project and i’ve been in need of test subjects! I just need the schools permission to use it on the Cam U girls!” The young man said quickly.

The Dean narrowed her eyes at the boy, intrigued.

“What does this... project do exactly?” She asked.

Andrew paused, almost amazed that she had asked.

“It- it uh... so any subject that I can scan into my device would be able to be temporally manipulated into any age that I wanted them to be at the push of the button.” He explained in one breath.

Mr. Macguffy scratched his head, not following any of that.

“Digitally you mean - you would be able to alter the age of their appearance on the computer.” The Dean clarified, feeling almost silly for doing so as the alternative would be something straight out of science fiction.

“...Right! Digitally... So anyone viewing their cams would see OLDER and OLDER women.” Andrew replied nervously.

“Disgusting!” Mr. Macguffy shouted and then tried to cover up his outburst with a coughing fit.

“I mean... you’ll need the girls to sign off as test subjects or it’ll be a legal quagmire.” The lawyer said, clearing his throat.

Andrew snapped his fingers again.

“I have a solution for that too! We just have to present it the right way.” He explained.

“What sort of way do you have in mind?” The Dean asked suspiciously.

Andrew pointed at a campus map framed on the wall.

“Well, the girls right now are living in the south dorm here. It’s kind of a dump. They hate it... I also know that the university has finished its renovations on Kinsey House here!” He said pointing at the big manor at the north part of campus.

The Dean gritted her teeth and swallowed hard.

“Where are you going with this?” She asked, not sure that she would like his answer.

“I propose that we... or, I mean, *you* offer the girls Kinsey House as their new living accommodations on campus as long as they agree to special stipulations and I’m able to get in there ahead of time to set up some equipment.” Andrew explained.

“WHAT!?” The Dean screamed. “Your plan is to let them keep doing their slutty little shows while attending my school AND you want me to give them priority campus housing for it!?”

Andrew and Mr. Macguffy backed away a few steps from the fuming dean.

“Only as a means to an end! Once the girls shut down their site or if they decline the offer or fail to meet any of the rigorous stipulations you put in place - they are out of there!” Andrew assured her.

The Dean eyed him warily.

“You’re sure this... digital aging device will work and this awful site will have to be shut down?” She asked, shaking her head in disbelief that she was going for this.

Andrew nodded vehemently.

“Absolutely! If you don’t get the results you were hoping for – well you can kick me out of school! You’d be no worse off than you are now!” He offered.

The Dean contemplated her options and then finally closed her laptop with a dramatic slam.

“Fine. Give them the house... This better work. I want those girls shut down and out of here by the end of the month.” She said coolly.

Andrew nodded and shook her hand, quickly exiting the office before she asked more questions.

“Andrew.” She said very quietly but it stopped the boy dead in his tracks in the doorway.

He spun around to look at the Dean nervously.

“Yes?” He asked with a gulp.

“How does your device work exactly?” She asked him.

There was a pause in which all of the color drained out of the ginger boy’s face. Finally the Dean shook her head and waved him out of her sight.

“You know what. I don’t want to know.” She said dismissively.

Andrew practically ran out of the office as Mr. Macguffey dapped some more sweat from his chubby face.

“Hrmm he’s a pretty odd duck isn’t he?” The bald man said once Andrew had left the room.

The Dean sat at her desk looking pissed off as she grabbed a pen to begin drafting the memo to the Cam U students.

“You know... Mr. Macguffly... I have access to the browser history of all campus employees... It’s just a simple e-mail to IT...” She said in a reedy voice, not looking up from her desk.

The lawyer sputtered and grabbed his suitcase.

“Well I’d better be going! Just uh... got a lot of documents to look over... probably take them home and work through the evening... Always happy to work overtime!” He blustered as he quickly waddled out the door.

As she heard the door slam the Dean’s eyes narrowed at the list of names of the young, beautiful, arrogant college girls she had just written down at the top of the memo:

Courtney Glidden

Amber Brass

Hannah Halpert

Becca Mello

Kaitlyn Shelby

And

Lauren Sterling.