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CULTURE SHOCK

SIR
NATHAN

Chapter 1

“What’s this?” Elaine asked.

She had been planning another night in. Typically her roommates were on her case about not going out with them, but she rarely felt like it and tonight was no exception. The prospect of study, surfing the net or watching a late movie alone was more alluring than alcohol, crowds and sweat.

“Um, just something we thought you might need.” Kendra and Chelsea giggled to each other, apparently trying not to burst out laughing.

Elaine stood aghast, paralysed and blushing crimson as the crumpled wrapping paper floated to the floor. Her roommates elbowed each other then apologised haughtily, explaining that their gift was intended to shame Elaine out of the apartment.

Almost rendered speechless, from somewhere Elaine forced a good-natured laugh before managing to wish the girls a good night and quietly locking the door. Her knees were shaking so badly she had to sit down.

Along with a dose of humiliation and thumping adrenaline, her roommates had kindly presented Elaine with a vibrator. Although it appeared to have been given in jest, she had never felt more embarrassed than when she stood with her mouth open and her cheeks burning, an empty box in one hand and a sex toy in the other.

Turning it over in her hands at the kitchen table, she checked it out. It was nice and smooth and had a simple on/off switch

and three different speeds. She'd always wanted one. But it was a purchase she doubted she'd ever have had the courage to make. The realisation that she now actually owned a vibrator made her tummy flip. After making her way to her bedroom, she slipped it into her bedside drawer and tried to forget about it, dutifully turning to her studies as planned.

Before long it was late and she went to bed, sleeping fitfully.

Three days of denial followed and her roommates teased her at every opportunity. They latched onto the admission that she 'hadn't tried it yet,' and took great delight in asking whether she'd christened it.

Elaine wanted to sample the mythical ecstasy a vibrator was said to give, but she was afraid. She'd never used anything but her fingers, and even then it was rarely.

Kendra and Chelsea had insisted it felt 'unbelievable,' and Elaine didn't doubt it. The problem was more complex than simple pleasure. She'd heard people could become addicted to vibrators or they could turn into sex maniacs. The latter, of course, she knew to be ridiculous. Elaine was a smart, centred girl; one who knew where she was going ...

But being 'out of control' was one of her greatest fears. It was the one thing she really didn't like about the whole sex business. When she had an orgasm, she had to grit her teeth and concentrate very hard, just to maintain her composure. If she slipped at all her body would buck around uncontrollably and she'd say all kinds of things she didn't mean. Lately, when she just ... needed it, she'd taken to pressing her face into her pillow or biting down on it.

Even if her roommates were asleep, masturbating while they were at home was out of the question. There was no way she was going to risk waking anyone. She'd heard of girls described as 'screamers', and they were often called 'sluts' in the same breath. Her father had left her mother for one of them. She didn't want to be one of them. She wasn't one of them. She was a good girl. That's what her mother always said.

"You're a good girl, Elaine."

Meaning, 'I never caught you masturbating and I'm pretty sure you still have your virginity.'

She was right too. Until Elaine had arrived at college, she'd rarely masturbated, and certainly never to orgasm. The two dates she'd endured in high school had been unmitigated disasters. Her mother had chaperoned the first one, even going so far as to tell the young man not to put his arm around Elaine's shoulder.

The second date occurred soon after Elaine's seventeenth birthday, when she confidently insisted on a date alone with a boy. Everything was going perfectly until he touched her thigh in the darkened movie theatre. For a full minute she turned to stone, unable to move as her date shockingly fondled her bare skin with growing boldness. Aroused from her momentary paralysis, she fled the theatre, freaked out by her physical response. From that moment, she shied away from boys for fear of sexual contact.

But that was okay. She liked being thought of as untouchable. Like her mom said, she was a good girl.

At college she'd grown up somewhat. She'd allowed herself to discover the mind-boggling pleasures her fingers could give, even though the experience itself was frightening. She would never forget the first time she'd had an orgasm. Until she'd left home, she'd never had the nerve to keep going and find out what it felt like. Once she knew, she was hooked.

Overcome with guilt at her almost constant need, Elaine became convinced she had a medical condition. After reading some articles online and books she'd found in the college library, she discovered she was not abnormal. Just rare. She was, as the books described, simply 'highly sexed'.

Somewhat reassured, over the following months Elaine trained herself to remain quiet and to rein in the passion her fingers seemed able to induce. Unfortunately, orgasms thus procured were relatively unsatisfactory, often leaving her even more desperate for release. And so, as became her regular routine, she would wait until her roommates went out before ultimately finding herself biting down on her pillow and screaming her head off.

Having a vibrator sitting in her bedside drawer was a double-edged sword. She had trouble enough maintaining control. Yet she wanted to know.

Eventually both opportunity and curiosity got the better of her. Fortified with a couple of glasses of Merlot, the next time Elaine's roommates went out, she turned off the lights, stripped naked, and slipped between the clean sheets on her bed. For the next three hours she had come and come and come. Zeroing in on her final climax, the damned batteries ran out

In a blind fit of frustration with her fingers a blur on her numb clitoris, Elaine had hesitated, moaned, then jammed the vibrator full length into herself. The pain of 'becoming a woman' had ignited her best orgasm ever, so strong it floored her, leaving her bucking and gasping for air.

Almost an hour later she'd woken, sprawled on the floor beside her bed and wondering if she'd somehow knocked herself unconscious.

Elaine spent the next few days avoiding her roommates and putting off buying new batteries. She was shaken by the intensity of her experience and again worried that there was something wrong with her.

Over a quiet Sunday dinner a week later, Elaine admitted to her roommates that she had tried the vibrator. For once, Kendra and Chelsea put aside their teasing, and they sat and drank wine, talking about all kinds of things long into the night.

Though Elaine hadn't admitted to breaking her hymen, after talking to Kendra and Chelsea, she realised her experience wasn't all that unusual. Both girls described their first times with a vibrator as mind-blowing and wanting to do it again and again. They said the intensity was caused by the newness of the experience and would be less so in the future. It made sense.

She went out the very next day and bought more batteries. Stuff it, she thought as she bounded down to the local supermarket with renewed enthusiasm. It wasn't until she'd asked for two long-life batteries that she considered how she looked. Suddenly she wondered whether the sales girl also had a vibrator and recognised

the batteries she was buying. Before she knew it, she could feel the heat in her cheeks and her nipples stiffening.

Wonderful, she'd thought. Now I even LOOK guilty.

Her pussy was wet all the way home. Just thinking about it made it worse.

She could hardly wait to try the vibrator again, but that wasn't why she was excited. Elaine already knew that if she blushed from even mild embarrassment, her pussy would moisten. After that, she felt like she was in a perilous, yet intoxicatingly vicious circle. Elaine feared her weakness might be taken advantage of or used against her by her future lovers. She really didn't know how someone might react. She hoped they never found out.

* * * *

Every time she needed to buy batteries, Elaine's tummy flipped and she'd start getting nervous. Going through a set almost every session, once she established a routine, she needed to buy quite a few. She couldn't shake the idea that whoever she bought them from knew exactly what she was doing with them.

In order to appear less obvious, she started buying other unnecessary items as camouflage or going to different stores so no one would recognise her as 'that girl who goes through so many batteries she must be masturbating'.

She felt her cheeks warming as she made herself a coffee.

Over the last five weeks, she'd used the vibrator almost every chance she'd had. A week ago she'd promised herself she'd avoid using it for seven days, just to prove she wasn't addicted and still had some self-control. A week was a long time and it hadn't been easy. The seventh day had been and gone and Elaine had to wait until the eighth for some time alone.

That night was tonight.

A month earlier, soon after her first vibrator induced orgasms, Elaine had discovered a free website on the Internet containing literally thousands of erotic stories. Their effect on her had been staggering. Some of the stories had turned her on tremendously

and she loved that feeling. There were so many and the choices had been endless. It seemed as though every sex act and every fantasy ever conceived had been covered. Flushed with passion while reading, she had caught herself rubbing her thighs together many, many times.

After only rudimentary investigation, Elaine had found the part of the site where the best stories were listed, and she'd read and read, beginning with Romance and First Time and moving on to Erotic Couplings then Loving Wives.

Whenever she had a moment she would read an erotic story, loving how it made her feel. The more debauched the story, the more memorable it had been. Some of the stories in Exhibitionism and Voyeurism had her on edge for days, and some of the offerings from the Group Sex and Mind Control categories had been unforgettable. Daydreaming of a random scenario during lectures or at work had become a regular occurrence.

She loved the stories and if they were well written, she could become completely immersed in them.

One day it occurred to her that the stories she enjoyed were becoming more and more 'extreme', particularly in language, and she wondered about it. She rationalised that it was 'merely fantasy' and her sensibilities were changing. It was far less confronting to 'read the words' than have them spoken to her. That only happened in her dreams. And she couldn't control her dreams, so that was okay. And anyway, if she didn't like a story, she could simply choose another one.

Elaine liked the Internet. Her favourite things about it were the safety and the anonymity. To be able to disappear into the ether was extremely comforting. She could turn on and turn off on a whim, and she felt like she was in control of her admittedly solitary sexual life. Being 'into' erotic stories was okay. Her anonymity was assured. No one would be any the wiser.

For now, it would have to do.

Besides, she'd found some stories to be quite educational. One story in the Exhibitionism category prompted her to dance naked in front of the mirror in the bathroom after a shower. To her

surprise she realised it turned her on to watch herself. Sometimes when she got out of the shower she would turn sideways and watch intently as she caressed a nipple and watched it grow. She had 'pencil eraser' type nipples and they never ceased to amaze her. They were very sensitive and her nipples hardened regularly, embarrassing her and demanding a thick bra.

If the truth were told, she quite liked her breasts. In bed she could caress them for twenty minutes and barely notice the time passing. Seeing the reflection of herself plucking and twisting her nipples in the mirror was almost like watching someone else perform for her. Either that or watching herself perform.

Whichever it was, it turned her on. She knew if she ever did dance for a lover, he would be happy with how she looked. Her breasts were full, round and smooth and she often wondered what they were doing on her slim, five-foot-five frame. They were perhaps slightly out of proportion and had embarrassed her when she was younger, but nowadays she covered them with loose fitting clothing and sweatshirts. She was pretty sure no one had any idea whether she had a nice body or not.

Of course, during her 'No Vibe' week, she still had to masturbate. She'd grown quite fond of playing with her body, and not doing it was completely out of the question. The two nights that she was alone, she'd read lots of amazing stories, then later fingered herself to a few unsatisfying orgasms. Whenever she denied herself something, like if she swore off chocolate, the one thing she couldn't get off her mind was chocolate.

By the end of the week, she was seething with the need to feel that buzzing toy taking her over the edge.

Elaine enjoyed her time alone in the apartment. Sometimes she contemplated stripping down to her underwear or even getting naked, just for fun, but she'd never done it. She didn't have the nerve. What if her roommates came home and caught her? It would have been worse than when they'd given her the vibrator, and she would have just died. So instead, she'd get a little dressed up, and occasionally leave out the underwear. The idea of being braless or panty-less was way more exciting than being naked. It

felt wicked and naughty. Besides, she'd begun playing with her body while in front of the computer, and less layers meant easier access.

It was Friday and her horrible week was up. Braving the humiliating task of buying batteries, Elaine had bought extra, just in case. When she arrived back home, it crossed her mind that she had no reason not to use her vibrator right away. Her roommates had left a note saying they'd be out for hours, and Elaine was already hot from thinking about tonight all through her classes. Still, there was an element of delicious torture in holding off for a while. With the whole night ahead of her, for the next hour or so she was happy to stew in her own juices.

There was something about having hard nipples and a squishy pussy that appealed to Elaine on some animal level. Intellectually, it was a bit of a quandary. She felt 'horny' and 'attractive', as though each went hand in hand. She thought she was prettier, more desirable, and more sensual if her body was aroused. She just felt good. It was as simple as that. She liked the feeling.

Only just last week, on a whim and desiring some human contact, Elaine had registered a nickname and entered the chat room that was within the erotic stories site. She'd chosen the name Naughtygirl and was immediately bombarded with all kinds of disgusting proposals. Finding it a bit confronting, she'd wondered if all the girls were treated the same way.

Just to escape, she'd tried clicking on a sub-room. It was a Hot Tub room and she'd been disappointed. An argument had been going on and if there was a hot tub, she'd seen no evidence of it. She tried changing rooms and went into a Family Role-play room that was filled with daddies and daughters and uncles and nieces. Someone had immediately accosted her, telling her to, "Call me Daddy and suck my cock!" Elaine had been shocked and backed out of the chat rooms without replying.

She'd sat back for a moment and thought about what had happened. Reminding herself that she was on an adult site, consisting of what were generally considered to be 'pornographic' stories, she wondered if she was being a bit prudish. She shouldn't

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