Hold That Pose

by DrkVrtx

Summary

Time stops for Tina Armstrong. But not for you. And you're going to take advantage of it.

You don't know how you got here, but you're here. And frankly, you don't even care how. There's sand beneath your feet and coconut trees dotted about the periphery of your vision. The air is a pleasantly warm breath against your skin and you can smell the sea. You can hear it too, the water gently sloshing to and fro. But forget all that for a moment. That's far from the most important detail. The only thing that matters to your eyes right now is the fact that Tina Armstrong is sitting in the sand in front of you.

There you were, playing a single round match against some randomly chosen character, all with the intention of losing on purpose. Because then you'd get to see Tina in her lose pose, and that is a thing of beauty. So there you are, ogling – admiring this woman from any and all angles, manipulating the camera like a seasoned veteran as you check out those luscious curves. Better yet, you had Tina dressed in mere scraps, that bikini that was a nightmare to unlock but was damn well worth it in the end. Oh, it was so worth it. And then, as you turn the camera this way and that and zoom all the way in – suddenly you're no longer on your couch with a tent in your pants. Now, you're standing on a resort island beach in front of the woman of your digital dreams.

Pixels have never looked so good.

No, really. Your cock was hard before, but now it's practically fighting its way out of your pants. If you don't release it soon, you might just harm yourself.

Tina sits on her knees with her thighs splayed wide. She leans forward as though the weight of bitter defeat sits between her shoulders, her hands pressed into the sand. The manner in which she sits means that her bountiful chest becomes subject to its own weight. Each breast strains against the star spangled blue of her bikini, round and full. More than that, because she has her hands close together in the sand, her arms are pushing in towards her chest. Her biceps nudge the underside of her breasts,
giving them each a subtle lift and narrowing the valley of her cleavage. You're staring and you don't
give a fuck. In fact, you've been staring for a while now, and belatedly you come to a realisation.

Tina – well all of the girls actually (you don't know about the guys, you've never played as them) –
tends to pant when assuming this position, her shoulders rising and falling as her form slumps a little.
However, right now she doesn't appear to be moving. Or breathing. At all.

You frown upon noticing this detail. For all intents and purposes, Tina looks real as she sits there in
front of you. You can hear and feel the soft breeze around you. You can hear the ocean lapping
against the shore of the island, and you can feel that sensation of sand getting between your toes. So
you're assuming that Tina will feel just as real as she appears to be.

Her head is slightly bowed as you take an almost hesitant first step forwards. You soon reach and
then crouch down in front of her. After a long, deliberative moment, you slowly lift your hand until it
hangs in the air in front of her face. And then you wave.

Tina's cerulean eyes are open, and they remain open as your hand moves left to right and up and
down before them. She doesn't blink or react in any way to your presence. Her gaze is pointed down
and to your right and stays fixed there. You hum curiously.

After another moment, you try holding the palm of your hand close to her nose and mouth. Some
part of you naturally anticipates feeling her breath against your skin. But there is nothing. Heck, you
lean in close with an ear just in case Tina is the lightest breather you've ever known. But still nothing.
You lean back, your frown ever present. As the understanding, or at least the excited thought, begins
to come to mind you lift your hand once more. There's just one more test to do.

Her skin is impossibly smooth to the touch. Your fingertips are at the back of her hand, heart
pounding in your chest and breath trapped in your throat. You hope beyond hope that what you
think has happened here is true, because if it is this is the best day ever.

Tina doesn't stir the merest inch as you allow your touch to linger. If she could see how you begin to
smile when your fingers move towards her forearm, she would no doubt be creeped out. You can
feel how wide your smile spreads your lips. Her skin is cool and soft and you encounter not a hint of
resistance as your hand moves towards her inner elbow. Carefully adjusting its path so that you avoid
touching her breast (you positively salivate at the thought of doing so however), you move on to her
upper arm and then her shoulder. Tina doesn't move, doesn't breathe and doesn't look at you. She
doesn't react in the slightest to your touch. And now you're grinning like a deranged individual.

Well, this is interesting. And very convenient.

With your hand still at her shoulder, you give thanks to the universe for this miracle. Perhaps this is
the reward for all those good deeds you've done in your life thus far. Whatever it is, you're most
certainly not going to let this glorious opportunity pass you by. You're once again made aware of
how tight your pants are. If the throbbing of your cock was a voice, it would be demanding with
loud cursing that you release it.

Your thoughts are spinning themselves up into a frenzy as you consider the woman in front of you.
There are so many possibilities, so many things you've wanted to try with a woman and now your
depraved mind is clamouring at you with all of those ideas at once. Tina has been the object of your
voracious desire for years; who in their right mind wouldn't lust after her? She is perfect in every
way. The healthy tone of her skin glows in the sunlight, pulled taut and smooth over the planes of
her body. That body curves in all the right places, meaty exactly where it needs to be. And her tits –
hell, do you even need to lend words of description to them? They're perfect, she's perfect, and now
she's right here, offered up to your every last whim. This is every man's dream and then some.

Tina, right now, is your personal fuck toy. And as far as you know, there's no expiry date.

With that in mind, you manage to claim back a little control and rein in your wild thoughts. There's no need to rush anything. Assured of her state…condition…whatever, you bring your hand up to her chin and tilt her face upwards. Her lips are inviting, pink and moist. Certainly she won't object to a small kiss? You wonder what she'll taste like, down south in particular. But you'll get to that.

Her mouth doesn't respond to yours. You expected that, honestly, but some small part of you is still surprised. Later on, however, you'll be thankful that Tina can't vocally or physically respond to what you're doing to her. From her personality and character, the way her hips sashay as she struts into a fight and how provocatively she is want to dress, you imagine that Tina would be something of a freak beneath the sheets. You're not sure you could survive that for long. But you're in complete control here. You'll move at your own pace and do exactly what you want, when you want. And right now, you deem that Tina's hot little mouth can be put to much more appealing uses.

No one's around, but as you get to your feet, you cast your gaze left and right anyway. Convinced that there is in fact no one around, you finally drop your pants. You feel the stickiness of leaked pre-cum against your thigh as you rid yourself of them. Your cock stands to proud attention, the head smeared and glistening with natural lubricant. You imagine Tina's bright blue eyes simmering with heat at the sight of it, the busty blonde licking her lips with anticipation. Unfortunately, or fortunately, she doesn't react as you unveil your manhood. You're not offended, though. No, instead your skin is tingling with anticipation as you take yourself in hand, giving your length several swift pumps as you regard Tina's position.

The way she is leaned forward leaves her face level with your thighs rather than your cock, so you lean down and grip her shoulders, straightening her back and adjusting her to the appropriate height. You have to spare a moment to adjust her arms and hands in such a way so that she supports her own weight, your eyes lingering hungrily on the generous mounds of her chest. But your attention soon turns back to her face, her eyes not quite centred on you and her mouth slightly parted in mid-pant. You shuffle forwards, taking yourself in one hand and using the thumb of the other to fully open her mouth. Her lips comply without resistance, parting to take you in. You gladly accept the invitation.

You release a soft moan upon introducing your meat to her mouth. Her orifice is warm and moist, your cock sliding over her tongue. As expected, Tina isn't responsive to the intrusion. You imagine her tongue swirling around the head of her cock though, lapping up the beads of your pre-cum; her lips warm and tight around your length, gliding back and forth; her cheeks hollowing as her mouth provides pleasurable suction and she hungrily takes in more of you. The fantasy is a powerful thing, lending a strong buck to your hips in the moment. You settle your hand atop Tina's head to steady her, the other at the base of your cock as you guide it between her lips.

You have a smooth rhythm going now, back and forth, back and forth. Tina rocks slightly with each of your shallow thrusts, but your hand keeps her in place. Your fingers slide through her hair until they reach the back of her head, and you angle yourself so that your cockhead pushes against the inside of her cheek. It feels good to thrust into her mouth this way, her cheek bulging with the girth of your meat. It occurs to you that Tina won't protest no matter how hard you push, so you turn her head more to the side, holding her steady as you start to really give it to her. Watching her cheek round out with the shape of your cockhead as her lips warmly hug the shaft thrills you. The jerk of her head as your length glistens with saliva sends your train of thought barrelling down another, closely related path.
You adjust yourself in front of her, aiming your cock directly into her mouth once more. Your thrusts are harder, reaching deeper, because it occurs to you that Tina should have no problems with you fucking her throat. You'd be lying if you said you'd never dreamed of watching her choke on your meat. You'd love to feel her throat convulsing around your shaft, listening to her gag and splutter as you use her mouth like a pussy. Of course, that situation might not have been so comfortable for her, even if it would feel like heaven to you. Luckily however, she'll be spared the discomfort by whatever manner of sorcery that has her frozen in time.

Your hands sink into Tina's hair and grip tightly as your cock disappears behind her lips. You begin thrusting with abandon, you meat slippery with her saliva and encompassed by the heat of her orifice. You push until you feel the back of Tina's throat, pulling her forwards and mashing her face against your crotch. Your pubes are tickling her nostrils as her lips seals around the base of your prick. When you withdraw, bridges of spit hang between your cock and her receiving mouth, dribbling towards her chin. Lifting a hand from her hair, you grip her jaw and begin to roll your hips, with long steady strokes fucking her mouth. The filthiest of words are leaving your own lips, punctuated by heavy grunts. Your only audience is yourself, and the fucktoy that Tina has become can't talk back.

Your eyes eventually drop towards her chest as you thrust away, jerking her body. Constrained breasts bounce around, demanding to be set free. It would be criminal to deprive them of your attention any longer. Fucking Tina's accommodating mouth feels damn good, but those tits are just calling for your cock.

You pull Tina in close again, arching your back and pushing your hips forward to embed your meat deep in her throat. As the fingers entangled in her hair hold her in place, your other hand moves to the back of her neck and fumbles briefly with the strings of her bikini. You pull them apart and slowly withdraw from Tina's mouth.

Saliva dribbles down into the sand as you kneel in front of her, her lips still parted as she gazes off into the unknown. Your prick is rigid and well lubricated, and you give it several pumps as you draw the strings of Tina's bikini around her neck, peeling away the vibrant cuts of fabric from her breasts.

It's as though the universe sings its praises when you do, and you yourself fail to breathe as you expose them to the cool air. The cut of the bikini gave you a tantalising view, but the difference as they are fully and finally bared to your lusting eyes is like night and day. Globes of creamy flesh, no longer straining to be free, are crowned with the healthy pink of her nipples. You cup the full mound in your hand. You cup both, feeling the nub of flesh that caps each one poking into the middle of your palm. Her nipples are stiff with arousal, which when you spare a moment to think about, you find curious.

Doesn't this indicate that she is in fact reacting to what you're doing to her? You wonder what you'll find if you let your fingers creep towards her pussy. If she's wet for you there, then all the better. It makes zero sense, but you stopped trying to puzzle this out long ago. The only thing that matters is taking your pleasure with this goddess of a woman's body.

Your fingers sink into Tina's breasts, kneading them like dough. They are soft and yielding to your touch, weighty as you bring your hand to their underside and experimentally lift them. Thumbs circling around the pert, pink nubs of flesh at their tips, you lean forward as your tongue slips out of your mouth. You start with the breast in your left hand, tracing a tight circle around the nipple before taking it between your lips. Suckling like a thirsty babe, you quickly move to her other breast, repeating the action. You continue to knead them between your fingers, gripping them harder. You can't get enough of how they feel in your hands, and you've no doubt they're going to feel even better around your cock.
After suckling one last time, teasing the flesh with your teeth, you move away to consider the way Tina is positioned again. You reckon it will be awkward attempting to fuck her tits with how upright she is at present, so you move to fix that. Your prick wobbling in the air as you stand up, you take Tina's arms and carefully position them on the sand behind her feet. Then you reconsider and spare a few extra moments to loosely wrap her fingers around the thin heels of her shoes. Afterwards, when you lean her body far enough backwards, you stand back to consider your handiwork. The pulse that sweeps through the length of your cock indicates you've done a good job.

Tina stares vacantly up into the sky as the supple mountains at her chest wholly demand your attention. Their peaks glisten with your saliva, and you cock is still a little slippery with hers. You move forwards into position, one hand curled around your meat and the other reaching forwards to grasp a breast. You briefly squeeze it before bending your knees and smearing pre-cum around her nipple. You smile at the sound of flesh meeting flesh, slapping the soft mound with your cock. It's a little sticky when you finally slip into the valley of her breasts, but satisfyingly warm as you take each in hand and smother your cock. You push inwards, groaning delight as your prick is compressed between Tina's tits. You can forgive the slight friction of skin against skin as your hips buck and shove your cock forwards. Her breasts squeezing around you, enveloping you entirely in a warm, fleshy embrace, you draw back slightly and make for another thrust, practically seething with pleasure. This feels heavenly, though you quietly mourn for the lack of lotion. Then this would be truly out of this world. Fuck, even just the thought of it is making your cock throb dangerously.

You wish Tina could provide a little assistance and keep her luscious mounds pressed together for you. Frankly, all you want to do in this moment is lay her out on the ground and fuck her tits like a pussy. Despite the almost insatiable heat of your desire however, this is getting a little uncomfortable. The pre-cum dribbling from your cockhead isn't enough to keep the passage of her cleavage well lubricated, and you can feel your skin pulling against hers. It's a crying shame honestly, you think as with a heavy breath you allow her tits to loosen around you. But perhaps you can consider it a lucky coincidence; you could feel your balls tightening as they slapped against Tina's chest, and you've no intention of spending your load yet. Not before you sample her sweet centre.

With blood very much gathered about your second, lower head, impatience is fast arising to claim you. Your readjustment of Tina's position is clumsy as you set her arms in front of her again, leaning her torso forward. You want to fuck her like a bitch in heat, and as that potent thought circles around your head and Tina unwittingly assumes the position, it becomes more difficult to keep yourself in check. Very difficult, when you lean her so far forwards that she ends up resting her weight upon her forearms, leaving her nose mere inches from the ground. The peak of her breasts are practically jutting into the sand as you move around behind her, and once there your cock almost leaps forward of its own accord.

The spread of her thighs and the angling of her legs lewdly presents Tina's ass to you. A scarlet thong sits between the full cheeks that your hand doesn't hesitate to grip, squeezing the plump, soft flesh. The clap of flesh on flesh rings out as you lightly swat her, savouring the momentary ripple. The fingers of your other hand move to the hem of the thin fabric veiling her sex. Above it you're offered a glimpse of the crevice of her cheeks, which disappears beneath the thong. You pull upwards, stretching and tightening the fabric. When you glance down, you can see the shape of her pussy pressed against the material of the thong, and a moist line that runs down its centre.

This detail arches your brow and curves your lips. It again makes zero sense to you, the fact that time has stopped for Tina but her body still presents signs of arousal. But now is not the moment to attempt to wrap your head around the thought.

You bring a pair of fingers down and trace the shape of her pussy lips through the tight and stretched
fabric, continuing to pull on the hem of the thong. When your cock pulses with impatiently, twitching in the open air, you turn eyes to her hips, looking for the ties of string in order to loosen them. But it appears that Tina's outfit consists of a single piece, the one tie keeping it in place being the one around her neck, which you've already dealt with. This makes the thong loose enough to be pulled to the side, exposing Tina's glistening petals to your unblinking gaze.

You slip straight into her with two fingers. Right now, you don't care for preamble, for admiration of the real thing you've spent forever conjuring up into your fantasies. She's oh so wet, and your fingers slide into her with ease. You plant your hand on her hand as you begin swivelling your wrist, kneading her flesh as you thrust fast and hard, burying your fingers to the knuckle.

You imagine her groaning underneath your ministrations, fingers curling into the sand. Her back, glistening with pearl drops of sweat, arches as you piston in and out of her. Curvy hips that will soon be in your hard and unrelenting grip roll fluidly, grinding into your hand. Your cock throbs its impatience, but it can wait. You want to entertain this particular fantasy a little longer.

The flavour of her pussy is something you just might get addicted to. Tongue lashing the flushed petals of her sex, you lap up her juices, listening to the sopping wet sound of your fingerfucking. You withdraw those fingers only to press your face into her crotch, pushing your tongue into her warm depths as though you crave her essence more than air. Unfortunately, Tina doesn't yield it to you, but – you swear – you can feel the slight pulse of muscle at the edges of your probing member. It reminds of your other, which seeks to do a lot more than simply probe.

You've worn out your patience by this point. Cock in hand, you shuffle into position. Raised up above Tina like this, you glory in the spread of her body, the woman of your dreams bowed submissively before you and offering you the comfort of her pussy. You're going to enjoy this; there was never a doubt about it.

A heavy groan spills from your mouth as you slip inside her, a single, sure thrust embedding your meat into her depths. The first thing you register is the proximity of her inner walls in relation to your cock. She's tight, and warm, and wet. The fleshy cheeks of her ass are pressed right up against your thighs, and you hear just how wet Tina is with your first thrust. It's a glorious sound. A fucking glorious sound, and before you've even made the intention to, your hips are on the move.

Something has possessed them, or possessed you rather. You're pounding away like an animal, eyes afire, teeth clenched and brow shining with perspiration. Your fingers are going to leave marks on Tina's flesh once you're done with her, so fiercely do you grip her hips. Your thoughts and the words spilling from your mouth are all monosyllabic, and you barely notice the utterance of each one. You're single-minded, your cock enveloped by Tina's walls as you thrust with abandon. The moist clap of flesh punctuates each one, accompanied by strained grunts.

Tina's whole body jerks with your impassioned efforts. You can almost hear her wanton moans as your hand slides up her back and then around to find her breast. It sits comfortably in your hand, moulding itself to your grip. Its neighbour bounces as the force of your thrusts grows, your cock thrumming in familiar fashion. For once, you don't care about holding off. You've no need to impress anyone. You don't need to please anyone but yourself, and you're practically on a warpath to doing just that.

Your hand returns to Tina's hips as your own jerk powerfully, thrusting your throbbing length into her depths. You can feel it coming, that whirlwind of a high that will come crashing down onto you. The pleasure pulsing through your cock is almost painfully intense, pressure building steadily in the seat of your groin as you feel your balls tighten. That high comes several thrusts later, as you bury yourself to the hilt inside Tina. You groan shamelessly, your voice ragged and loud, as your seed
floods into her depths in a series of powerful bursts. Your hips buck with each one, as though trying to grind your cock ever deeper into her, nature's way of ensuring your little soldiers get off to a good start.

That thought sticks with you as the heat of your lust begins to fade. The fog slowly clears from your mind and now, as you breathe heavily and gulp down air, you wonder whether you could in fact have impregnated this frozen in time, digitized woman whose pussy you've just pounded into oblivion. Probably not. Maybe.

Who cares, anyway? Right now, you don't. You're too busy being wrapped up in the blissful afterglow of sex. You flop down in the sand, arms spread wide as you look up to the cloudless blue sky.

You just fucked Tina Armstrong.

That statement by itself doesn't even make sense. She isn't real; she's a videogame character. And you are quite certain that none of this is a dream. So, somehow, you've done more than just break down the fourth wall. Heck, how many rules have you just gone and shattered?

The afterglow of your achievement lingers long enough for you to not yet be concerned with how on earth you're going to get back to the real world. You're lying on the warm sand of a resort island with the sun on your face, the wind cool upon your skin, and the hottest woman in the gaming universe bent over and spread out beside you, your cum leaking from her used pussy. Right now, you don't give a toss about anything else. Until something moves into view and a shadow falls over you.

"Hey, stud."

There it is, that sexy southern drawl that you are so familiar with hearing. Except it's usually coming from your TV speakers, not from a practically naked woman kneeling beside your head. Shock nails you in place. Nothing moves except for your eyes, which turn to find Tina looking down at you with a slanted curve to her full pink lips. You don't even know how. That's the only coherent thought that comes to mind.

Tina's gaze shimmers with mischief, and then you feel her hand at your thigh, painted nails lightly scraping against your skin. The touch sends shivers racing up your spine. Blood on its way north is redirected to more important regions. You watch as Tina's eyes follow the path of her fingers, her hand slowly drawing closer to your reinvigorated member. It glistens in the sunlight with mingled juices, swiftly rising to salute the awakened goddess at your side. She meets your eye again, her smile making words obsolete.

"Ready for round two?"

And there is only one way to answer that question.

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