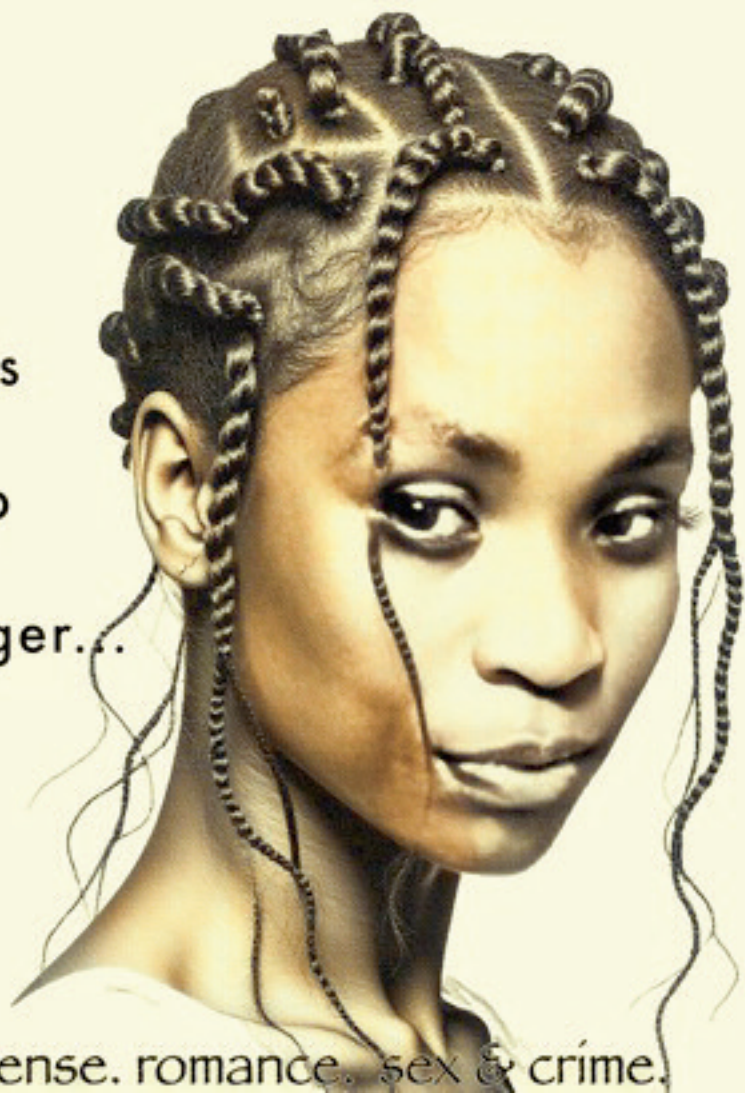


Lee Groubert

Cam Girl

Deviations

What
happens
if you
hook up
with
a stranger...



suspense. romance. sex & crime.

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Cam Girl - Deviations

What Happens if You Hook Up With a Stranger?

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1

December 15th, overcast, 23°

A group of intimidating, black vehicles with tinted windows began to move, followed by a Minibus. The sky had turned a dull grey as if to camouflage the things to come. The convoy left the main road and turned off into the lowlands of the city. They pushed through the narrow lanes between shacks and unpainted bungalows, past a neglected stadium, and then took some even smaller drives up to a place which the locals called *Campus* for no recognisable reason.

Chloé was sitting next to Zahra, who was driving the leading car. She stopped just outside the settlement on the curb of a dusty lane under some scraggy trees. The engine grumbled at idle and emitted slight vibrations. In the background, a high wire mesh fence could be seen, topped with a spiral of barbed wire, fencing a row of low barracks.

The rest of the fleet lined up behind. Chloé had no idea about the details of the plan. Nor did she have any urge to ask about it. She felt like a stowaway on an unplanned journey. Zahra seemed rather unimpressed by it all, staring into the distance for a few seconds, her hands loosely on the steering wheel. Then she reached behind her and took a pile of papers from the briefcase in the back seat. She grinned at Chloé with a nod that could be interpreted as encouragement. But she said nothing and immersed herself in her reading.

* * *

Chloé let her window slide down. In the wing mirror, she saw a thin grey plume of vapour slowly dissipating in the evening breeze. A few of the residents of the settlement below approached leisurely. The skinny blokes stood indecisively on the other side of the road until one of the khaki muscles got out of his ride, looked at them, and slowly rounded the black monster. He opened the tailgate, took something out and engaged in small talk with the group. Chloé saw cigarettes, beer bottles, small pastry packets, and even banknotes changing hands. The recipients settled down under a low tree at the side of the road, which was decorated with slimy rubbish. They began consuming the gifts and conversing in hushed voices, occasionally turning their heads and glancing at the gleaming, threatening vehicles.

Chloé looked back at Zahra, who didn't let any of this disturb her reading. She wore a comfortable dress consisting of a sweatshirt and jogging trousers - all light grey, all tone-in-tone and very stylish - and a pair of white boots with flat soles. "Put this on, honey, out there, it can get dirty," she had said at the hotel, handing over a similar outfit to Chloé. *Absurd.* She thought. *Why getting this fancy thread stained? I'd be better off wearing my own rags; they're already tatty.*

Zahra's crew also had changed into different gear: the heavies were now clad in khaki pants and dark blue sweaters with wide belts from which hung a lot of clanking stuff. with wide belts from which hung a lot of clanking things. Chloé was convinced that the car boots were filled with an arsenal of firearms of all kinds.

Darkness began to seep in. Finally, Zahra lowered her side window, leaned out and gesticulated something. She shifted into gear, and with a roar of the mighty engine, she started the race down the hill with wild abandon. Chloé was amazed by how quickly this polished businesswoman had transformed into a fierce amazon. How many more different identities does *this Halle Berry substitute* hide from me?

In the rear-view mirror, she could see the other vehicles following close behind like the loosely assembled body of a giant black metal worm as they tore through the neighbourhood at dangerous speeds. Soon, they passed some familiar places until Zahra slammed on the brakes at the

studio's gate, causing a cloud of dust to envelop them as they screeched to a halt. Within seconds, the fleet had blocked both sides of the road.

2

November 15th, fair, 35°

*Below those clouds' underwood
a deep hanging sun fingers in my face
no place to hide*

A loud and persistent banging on her door shocked her out of her daydreams, causing her to leap off the bed. An irritating, nerve-racking energy had filled the flat all morning. This felt like the final straw. She thought.

Bad figure of speech. She thought.

"Yebo, come in!" she hollered, watching as Pumi's massive frame barged into her room.

"Chloé mouse, we're about to bounce. Not sure when we'll be back, though. This line is always running behind schedule. And fuckin purser always find somethin' more to wipe up, the bastard. It's like he's doing it on purpose. By the way, don't forget paying the rent. Keep it clean here; don't smoke in bed or let any creeps inside, got it?" She cackled in her rough voice, swivelling around and exiting the room. Zola and Asmahle babbled, and she could hear their voices from outside.

"See ya later, kiddo!"

"Later, you three. No marry da captain! And don't get flippin' drowned!" She shouted back before she heard the front door slam and felt completely satisfied to be on her own.

She resisted a languid feeling in her body. Her mind was elsewhere as she unbuttoned her cropped jeans and lowered the zipper. She slid the waistband down over her hips and let the jeans fall to the floor. With little care, she stepped out of them and bent down with grace to pick them up. As she got up again with her legs apart, she couldn't help but feel like she was performing for an absent spectator. She folded the pants with precision and placed them on the bed. Next, she reached for her yellow, tight blouse. She crossed her arms dramatically, then pulled it over her head. The fabric caught on her ears and nose, which made her struggle awkwardly to free herself. Points deducted.

Finally done, she neatly folded it and added it to her jeans. Effortlessly, she slipped out of her underpants, dropped them, and picked them up with her toes. She ended her impromptu performance with a bow to an invisible audience. A *nine-point-four out of ten*. Just like in figure skating or something.

The single window was lightened against her grey, gloomy space. Midday's sun try to brighten her room and her meek mood. She opened the once grass-green curtain, just a small gap. A beam of hot, radiant light painted a blur of white ribbon on her body. The ray followed the outline of her breasts, thighs, and down to her feet. It created a sensual image as she turned her fragile body. Some resistance was needed to avoid jerking the veil wide open to offer herself to the public view, to the traffic below, to the gazers from the windows across the street, and showing some snake dance and a tongue rolling, hands caressing her tits, singing a tune in an alien language known only to her. And so on and so on and so on.

Her Indian landlord would certainly disapprove. This block of flats sat in a safe, almost entirely white neighbourhood. The residents embedded themselves into perfect, proper beings. The *umLungu* kept their share of good old hypocrisy. Not embalmed, confined, or locked away in the attic. Not at all. Worn like an amour against the blackish horniness, eros, bushie itch, desire craving, rolling over each other behind the bushes. Doggy style, of course. Animal lust. Naked black feet on red soil. Against a spindly tree.

And they knew that their pale, wrinkly wives knew what they were up to, when they thought that their wrinkly wives didn't watch. Yet they

knew that their pale wives observed the black housemaid. Suspiciously. And their pale wives were mute like fish.

Be ready for the challenges of the daily day!

She tried to stop fantasizing and setting up to work. She was already behind her schedule. She motioned to the slim mirror, that was leaning against the wall, whilst swinging her hips in kind of a salsa style. Like a vivacious, exquisite dancer in Brazilian Carnival. She checked her naked reflection: thin body, petite, hardly any wrinkles. Not flawless, after all, she wasn't conceived by an Artificial Intelligence image machine. *For one thing*, she thought *I'm looking like a plucked chicken down there*. Besides, it seemed like everyone in her business is jumping on the *bushy-pubic-hair* trend these days. The Asian sluts never joined in the naked snatch business. They always kept a scrub in their perfectly groomed armpits and a neat landing strip above their pussies, trimming the scruffy wool around their crack and on the inside of their thighs. As in: *Bikini cut*.

I could consider trying it out. Maybe I'll ask the customers, like by conducting a survey or a poll. Like in: How Would You Prefer My Genitals to Be Covered: a) Not At All, b) Barley, c) Partially, d) Completely? And have a designer working on the shape. It would be a unique and unconventional twist on the usual dynamics between performer and clients. Well, a neat triangle of trimmed hair above her crotch, perhaps as short and orderly as a cricket pitch. *Well, if they would decide to play on black cricket pitches in the future. And what about leaving the armpits unshaven and dark like dirt?* She could publish the outcome of that poll on social media and go viral. *Yahoo! Finally viral.*

She wondered how long it would take to grow long pubic hair and if she could try different styles like cornrows or braids. The thought of an afro-clad slit made her giggle. *They say shaving is more hygienic. They say you won't stink anymore.* She took a deep breath from under her armpits and decided that she liked her odour. And behind their screens, clients wouldn't smell anything anyway. Still not.

She scolded herself and finally got up to prepare for work. She put on her blue fluffy bathrobe. Then she pinned her hair neatly into a bun, ready for any vigorous activities that may occur during her sessions

when a lot of bed romping was needed. Now she had to do her 'light makeup look', a minimally dolled yet natural look that still gave off an air of professionalism. *A true professional always looks and acts the part exceptionally well. Always visually appealing to her audience while enticing them with fables and her dirty secrets.* She thought, in her profession as a cam girl, she was quite good at mastering the art of being coy and naughty at the same time, concealing her actions with effortless style and casualness. She couldn't help but mock herself as she checked her appearance one last time. She let slip the bathrobe down her shoulders, holding onto it until she finally revealed her body – an almost perfect rehearsal, scoring *Nine-Point-One out of Ten*. She entered the empty kitchen without getting dressed, relieved to have the flat to herself.

Moving into the apartment was an almost perfect strategic choice - her roommate's work on the cruise ships meant they were away for weeks at a time. When they did come home, they spent their free time and earnings on nightly clubbing. *The Trio*, as she privately called them, had been living together for some time now, having lost their fourth roommate for unknown reasons. She didn't dare ask, sensing the sensitive nature of the subject. And while there was an underlying tension surrounding the topic, she couldn't deny that it had worked out in her favour - the three needed someone to fill the vacancy, and she obviously fit the bill. She had been chosen from more than a dozen applicants who responded to their ad on *Gumbush*, and she considered herself lucky to have landed such a prime spot close to the city centre. She never got very close to them. There wasn't much overlap in interest and taste. The three of them would discuss endlessly about finding that wealthy older guy on the cruiser, marrying him and living off his wealth until his passing. She often heard their conversations and couldn't help but feel sorry for them.

The kettle on the stove whistled its song, and she poured the boiling water over the tea bag into the cup. She stretched and looked in the top cupboard to see if there were any biscuits left. There were indeed two open bags of ginger cookies, no longer quite fresh but edible. Nibbling and sipping tea she retired to her favourite spot on the sofa.

* * *

The entrance interrogation for joining The Trio as a roommate felt like a daunting school exam. She remembered, uneasily perched on the edge of a chair, facing their stern expressions and endure a barrage of invasive questions. She understood the careful selection process - while they were sailing the Seven Seas on the way to Durban or Maputo or even Rio for a few weeks, she would have all the time in the world to pack up and sell their belongings. But by the end of the day, she had made the right impression. Despite their thorough questioning, she managed to conceal the true nature of her profession with semantic tangles. She spun tales of being an assistant to an assistant director at a major film production company, bound by strict confidentiality agreements. Never explicitly stating but hinting that it may involve something illicit in the Adult Industry.

After the trio accepted her as the successor to their lost roommate, she faced a new challenge: her work. The Trio's job and their habit of spending the nights in clubs when at home helped, of course, and she adjusted her working schedule accordingly. However, if they were present, the apartment's flimsy walls were a constant source of anxiety. She was always worried that the noises she had to create would arouse their suspicion. As an explanation, she would then drop her boyfriend spend the night at her place and leave early for work. Actually, Kwesi often visited her, and the Trio knew him from their frequent TV binge sessions in the living room. So, her tale made sense.

She gazed pensively over to the distant hills of Stellenbosch as she reviewed this cross-examination again. She knew it was only a matter of time before her cover would be blown and she would be kicked out of the apartment. However, she felt like she had no other choice - should she work in a dingy studio for a bunch of demanding bosses who, next to the petty money, might even expecting sexual favours? She had once worked for a couple of weeks in such an institution that was a clean legal business, and she was lucky to get into a studio because these jobs were as rare as green zebras. But from hearsay, she knew some of the studios were not a place to go. The girls working there would be from rural areas with no job prospects, recruited by experienced pimps who promised them a better life. And most likely, these girls were also expected to provide sexual services on top of their other tasks. No one openly discussed these details on the internet forums she frequently

visited, but it wasn't hard to imagine the shady dealings that went on in the industry. Just thinking about it made her shudder.

3

November 15th , fair, 21°

How can I feel

What I miss

Before I sense

What I'm suffering from?

Back in her tiny room with the bed, the mirror, and the bunch of plastic flowers in a high glass vase, Penelope Chloé Nomvula Dakalo Mthembu checked her gear and clicked all the buttons to start streaming. She was active on two platforms at the same time and had a separate window open on her screen showing the chats, which quickly filled with the typical non-fantasy names of her customers: *Penisextension3*, *ILoveToCum*, *biggameplayer*, *IGotTheLongest*. She tried to categorise them, as camming and porn both had common categories. She herself would fall under *Ebony*, *Petite*, *Perky Tits*, *Slim*, *Shaved* and *Black*. For her clients, she created categories like *Fugitive* - those who enter her room for a few seconds before leaving in a hurry. There were *Freeloaders* who stayed in the room for hours without saying or paying anything. There were those *Chatterboxes* who urged her to share their pointless biography with her, usually without dropping any tips. If they paid, they would drop only one token. And, of course, there were the *Surprise Perpetrators* who entered and immediately set her vibrator to level five with a ten-dollar

fee, overstimulating her clitoris in a second. After that, they would disappear into the abyss, wordless.

Men always seem to believe *bigger, heavier, or faster* is better - foolishly so. Nevertheless: these remote control vibrators were the game changer in camming; customers from anywhere in the world could control the speed and intensity of the vibrations on her clit or in her vagina by just tipping her. And all for a measly some dozen cents for five seconds. Higher levels for more intensity could cost five odd bucks. In this way, the customers' need to tantalise the girls with the highest level was regulated financially. Of course, the customer's contribution was not intended for her alone. The platform kept the big share, and the models had to make do with fifty per cent or less of what the guys would spend. But still, it seemed easy money - some might even say - *jealously* - inducing money.

Her shift began with little activity in her niche of the adult internet. She checked the time on her monitor, noting that it was eight thirty-four. The Americans would be still at their boring work. The Europeans would have to put up with saying good night to their children by now. After that, the wives would either be watching TV or reading a book written by *Philippa Gregory*. The man of the house would retire to his realm, claiming to have important work to do, but would spend the next few hours browsing his favourite porn sites. Chloé knew she would see more business soon.

On her screen, she could see whether a guest was equipped with a filled purse. This gave her a certain amount of leeway in how she could deal with each one. Currently, her room only had guests who were greyed out, non-registered users, or those without any credit. She was using the *block* button frequently to keep some out and her stream clean. A few customers holding a purse briefly stopped by her room before moving on a few seconds later. She couldn't help but wonder about this behaviour. Did they expect something different from her than what they saw? To join her room, they would have clicked a thumbnail of her anyway. Did they want to gaze on more meat? More clit or ass? How could they determine the offer in two seconds? Or perhaps there was a new kind of sexual frenzy based on the number of pages visited per

hour? Either way, these boys weren't giving her any headache. By nine thirty, she had earned around three hundred Rand worth of tokens from passing guests, whom she tried to engage in brief conversations. Because the pretend personal relationship with a customer paid the bill. Just like in any other business.

Her income on this platform was measured in *Token* because there were some legal hurdles depending on the sex work legislation in every country, and paying a sex performer with real Dollars was generally prohibited and not in the spirit of the moral guardians of the law anyway. So the smart asses of the industry came up with the idea of allowing horny consumers to buy a kind of fake money with names like *Nuggets* or simply *Tokens* for their hard-earned Dollars. These could then be passed on to the cam models as symbolic payment; the platforms would pay out once a week or twice a month a more or less significant percentage to the creators, and everyone was happy. A fine move and a win-win-win situation for clients, platforms, and tax offices as well. A well-balanced business. Whether the models were winning was questionable.

With some sex toy acrobatics, rolling eyes, and exaggerated fake moaning - the Japanese call it *Ahegao*, as a universal symbol for a woman on the brink of orgasm - she managed to convince some customers to leave a few extra tokens as tips along with the tribute for activating her vibrator toy. What was a clever addition to her camming setup, allowing her to keep her hands free for other tasks like using her smartphone or reading or switching through some Streamflix series? It was a bullet-formed bright red latex thing the size of an egg hidden in her pussy. A red finger-long antenna was dangling between her legs: the connection to the computer, to the internet, and finally to the worldwide sex addicts, who were just a mouse click away from her arousal.

The night went on; her vibrator would activate every few minutes, sending electric shocks through her body and causing her to groan heavily, open her eyes and lips wide in shock, and then release a smile and a *thank you*, usually created by a software bot in the chat window.

These little gestures of admiration fed the fragile ego of those guys. And opened their wallets.

In the meantime, she teased viewers by tugging at her bright blue lingerie, revealing glimpses of her shaved private parts or nipples before settling into her preferred position: sitting on her bean bag that provided support for her back while allowing her to spread her legs and show off the hidden vibrator with the red pulsing light shining through her red panties.

By eleven o'clock, she had collected around eight hundred Rand. Not good, but better than a poke in the eye. She usually could rely on one or more of her regular customers dropping by activating her toy on higher levels and longer durations or paying her for a private audience. This quickly added up to other sums, bearing in mind that the platform rigorously took away the big slice of the cake. She had a better rate on other platforms, but here on *CamDaily* she felt better presented. The pages were tidier, and the thumbnails of the performers were larger than on other sites. There was also a feature where snoopers could hover their cursor over a thumbnail of a model and see a live cast without actually entering the room. This attracted more customers, they said, and Chloé had no reason to doubt it.

"Hey Jake, how's it going today?" She grinned and waved at the camera. Her mezzo-soprano voice, a stark contrast to her petite frame, was perfect for stimulating a certain type of guest, someone looking for seriousness, honesty, and authority rather than the typical high-pitched breathless voices that filled the acoustic world of this part of the Adult Industry. And this client with the screen name *Jake2go* was in the centre of her target group. If she would have the opportunity to serve only a certain target group.

"I'm well, thanks. And yourself?" Came the reply from the laptop speakers, one of the few guys who were using their microphone instead of typing in the chat box.

"All green. What can I offer you to sweeten a dull evening?" She said.

"Yes, indeed, a gloomy evening. But here you are, turning this evening into a colourful one," said Jake, his voice sounding hoarse through the crackling of the mediocre transmission quality.

* * *

After exchanging more pleasantries, Jake requested a private show solely for his eyes. He was a rather *vanilla* user, and his requests were usually limited: undressing, fingering, and having an orgasm. So, she adjusted her beanbag position, checked all the settings, pressed the button for a private session, and began to strip down in a stylized dance. After removing her silk bustier and panties, she turned towards the camera to give Jake a full view of her assets. She carefully pulled out a vibrator from its sheath, which gave her a little thrill. Now, with a smile on her face, she sat down on her beanbag and slowly spread her legs.

As an experienced cam girl, she had the necessary accessories within easy reach. But she didn't hurry with the performance. She knew that the first thirty seconds of a private session were not credited to the client. They were more or less preparation time for the spectacle to come. But some girls didn't know that and immediately set off with everything they had and were surprised that some customers were gone again in half a minute and even more when there was no credit appearing on their earning list. Tough fuck - tough luck. Information rules.

From her fancy ceramic bowl with lubricant, she let a few drops fall onto her body. She caressed her breasts, teasingly circling her big black nipples with her fingers before letting one hand wander down to spread the oil on her lips downstairs. Starting with stimulating her clitoris, she rubbed her labia and eventually dipped her fingers into her crack just as Jake liked it and went through all the variations of her art.

It only took around fifteen minutes before Jake switched off the private show and disappeared from her universe, probably to clean up the mess his hand acrobatics would have caused in his realm. He was always quick to finish, which wasn't great for her financial state. But as he made regular appearances, turnover was in balance. By the time his name reappeared on the screen, she was already dressed up again. They exchanged some more pleasantries, and he reassured her that she was the most beautiful and talented girl in the cam world. And soon, he was gone, and she was ready for her next client.