The Men's Locker Room Club - Part II

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Georgina decides to upgrade her membership of the Men's Locker Room Club

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Brad smiled at Georgina. It was one of those ‘knowing’ smiles. She returned his smile as he approached her. It had been almost two weeks now since their encounter and it was the first time they had come into contact since that night. Somehow work and personal commitments had kept them apart. She had seen most of the others around during that time but there had been no physical contact between them; just silent acknowledgements.

“Everything okay since the inauguration?” He smiled.

Georgina nodded. “Yes fine thank you!”

“No second thoughts?”

Georgina smiled. ‘Second thoughts!’ she thought to herself. There had been third, fourth, fifth, hundredth thoughts. She had thought of nothing else but that night. Georgina had relived every moment time and time and time again. No, there were no second thoughts, not in the regretful way Brad meant anyway.

“The committee were wondering if you would like to take more advantage of your membership.” He said.

Georgina trembled with excitement. The thought of another session in the men’s locker room made her knees go week. “Hmmmm maybe!” She responded coyly.

“Perhaps you would like to upgrade your membership?”

“Upgrade?” She almost shouted with excitement.

“Yes.” He told her. “At the moment you have the bronze or basic level of membership. We can also offer the silver and gold level’s if you wish!”

Georgina, who was standing behind the reception desk with her paperwork, had to hold on tightly to the counter. “Silver? Gold?” She replied. “What does that entail?” She asked with intense excitement.

Brad leant forward and spoke quietly. “Perhaps you could join us all after the regulars have left and we can discuss it properly.” He offered. “There are also three other committee members who would like to meet you too!”

Georgina was not only trembling but she could feel the perspiration on her brow. “That.….that…..that would be fine with me.” She replied, finding it very, very difficult to quell her excitement.

“I’ll organise things so that we get rid of everyone by nine thirty.” He told her. “Why not get your things from the Ladies room and join us then?” He added as he moved away.

Georgina felt the wetness in her panties. She also felt slightly faint. She tried not to let her feelings show on her face but it was very difficult. The thought of all those stiff cocks; eager hands; penetrating fingers; thrusting bodies were almost too much to bear. She glanced up at the foyer clock. It was only eight o’clock. How was she going to survive the next ninety minutes!

Survive she did though. She saw the last member off the premises and locked the door. As she left the reception area she saw Brad standing outside the men’s locker room. “See you in a few minutes!” He smiled.

Georgina went to the ladies locker room and grabbed her bag and clothes and headed for the men’s room, filled with nervous excitement. Brad was waiting for her along with a couple of others and he led her to an area of lockers away from the main ones. ”You can use this one if you like.” He told her.

She put her bag down on the bench and turning round she noticed that a few other guys had now joined them. A couple of them were naked but the rest had towels wrapped around their waists. “That locker could be yours permanently if you accepted Silver level membership.”

Georgina turned to look at the row of lockers and she noticed that the five next to hers had a ‘Private Members’ badge on the door. “Who do these belong to?” She asked.

“Other ladies who have become Silver level members!” Brad told her.

She began to wonder who those girls would be. “What else do Silver level members get in the way of benefits?” Georgina asked him.

Brad smiled. “They get very regular attention from the committee!” He told her.

She noticed the other guys smiling.

“What sort of regular attention?” She asked trying to be coy.

Brad smiled as he stepped forward and tenderly brushed some strands of hair from her forehead. “Well……..for example, help with cleaning all that cum from your face and hair.”

“B….B….But I don’t have any cum on my face and in my hair!” She replied.

Georgina knew her error almost as soon as the words slipped from her lips. Some of the men stepped forward dropping their towels in the process to reveal their eager erections. ‘How did they know it was one of her favourite fantasies?’ ‘How had they known that she had always wanted to be surrounded by a group of males with rampant cocks demanding satisfaction from her lips and hands?’

She stopped asking herself questions and reached out for the nearest erection. She didn’t look up at the owners face; she wasn’t interested in whom he was; she just wanted to feel his cock; wanted to suck his cock; wanted to hear his groans as his cum splashed against her face. There had been many times when she had awoken during the night and slipped her hand inside her panties to relieve herself in this longing. Lying there and using her fingers to bring herself to a climax as she imagined eager, rampant cocks emptying their cum all over her.

Neil used to do it to her earlier in their relationship; make her sit or kneel before him as he masturbated; make her wait patiently as he brought himself to climax, then hold her head still as he emptied himself over her face. Sometimes his cum would shoot over her hair and he would profusely apologise afterwards; little did he know how much she loved being made a mess off even if it was an inconvenience. All that had been a long time ago now, so long she had accepted the attitude that it would never happen again. How wrong she was!

Georgina opened her eyes momentarily to look at the dark haired groin of the male standing in front of her. His cock was in her mouth and she also had one in each hand. Either side of her were a couple of males who were furiously masturbating. She closed her eyes again as she tried to concentrate on coordinating her hand and mouth movements to relieve the owners of their cum.

In the distance she heard Brad’s voice mention something about her clothes and then she heard a

loud voice saying ‘Yes get her naked.”

It sparked off a frenzy of activity. Hands tore at her clothing. It wasn’t the dignified undressing that she had first encountered at their hands.. This was a stripping; a violent removing of her clothing by sex-hungry males, so violent that her knickers were literally torn in half as two overly eager males pulled in opposite directions. As she sat down on the bench again to resume her sucking and masturbating hands pored her body. Hands grabbed at her breasts; hands slid between her thighs; fingers probed her opening; fingers slipped inside her and fingers masturbated her. Feeling someone between her thighs she opened her eyes to see someone on their hands and knees attempting to get between them. Georgina parted her thighs to greet his eager tongue.

Her loud groan brought comments from some of the men. Names were called; filthy, vulgar names were spoken about her. She didn’t care. She didn’t care what they were saying about her; she didn’t care what they were saying they were going to do to her. Georgina couldn’t care less. She just continued to suck on the cock in her mouth and pull on the cocks in her hands while hands and fingers explored her and an eager tongue brought her closer to climax.

A sudden and loud cry, a few minutes later, from the man whose cock was being satisfied by her mouth warned her that the inevitable was about to happen. She groaned as his cum shot against the back of her throat before gagging and pulling back forcing the last of his spurts to splash against her nose. Georgina had hardly caught her breath before the cock in her right hand began to release its own cum. She turned and opened her eager lips to receive but most of it hit her on the side of her face and trickled down to her breasts.

As she released him and turned she suddenly felt hot spurts against her shoulders. It was the male who had been masturbating to her left. She managed to catch a large spurt in the centre of her forehead just as the other cock in her hand began to erupt. This time his cum caught her right between the eyes. She had just managed to wipe it away before the last of the masturbating males began to release his cum. Long, hot squirts splashed against her mouth and chin.

She didn’t need a mirror to tell her the state she was in. She knew her face was covered in cum, she could smell it, taste it even, and large globules were already running down her breasts and body, but if she thought there was going to be some respite to get cleaned up then she was mistaken. A towel was pushed against her face and a pair of rough hands did wipe her but it was only done hastily in order to get her onto the pile of the towels that had been placed on the floor between the lockers. She may have managed to satisfy five males but there were five others who remained unsatisfied and when of them said “Come on get the bitch on the floor.” She knew what was coming next.

Georgina was physically lifted off the bench and carried to the towels. As she was laid onto her back

one of the males got onto his knees between her thighs and manoeuvred himself into her. She looked up momentarily at the men looking down at her before closing her eyes to enjoy the male fucking her. It was a hurried fuck; the man was interested in only one thing, filling her with his seed, But Georgina didn't care; she wasn't looking for some meaningful and emotionally satisfying lovemaking. She wanted just to be fucked. And that was what he did. As the men around him urged him on and called her names in the process, he pounded away between her thighs until he could hold back no more.

He had hardly caught his breath before he was told to make way for someone else. Georgina enjoyed the scramble; enjoyed the eagerness of the men wanting to get between her legs; enjoyed their eagerness to satisfy themselves with her body. She enjoyed being in demand. It might have looked as though it was they who were in control; that they might have been the ones holding her down; getting between her legs and getting their manhood into her; but she was really the one in control. It was she who had what they wanted and it was she who was giving herself to them and not the other way round. One by one they took her; one by one she used them; one by one they emptied their seed into and one by one she drained them. When the last one finished they walked away to the shower area leaving her on the floor.

It was a few minutes later when she joined them in the shower. She welcomed the hot water washing the cum from her face and hair; washing away the seed that ran down the inside of her legs as it left her body. Brad moved up to her and put his arm around her showing her some affection. "Welcome to the Men's Locker Room Club Silver level!" He said to her.

Georgina wiped the water from her eyes. "Is that the best you boys can do?" She asked.

Her words quickly gained the attention of the ten males around her. Some looked startled. "I would have thought you guys could do better than that." She told them. "I came here for a proper fucking. You boys disappoint me!"

Georgina turned her back on them; turned her back before she could see the anger in their eyes; turned her back and smiled to herself. Suddenly a hand grabbed her by the shoulder and spun her round. "Disappointed hey?" He told her. "You want fucking, we'll give you fucking!" he added.

She returned his look of indignation with a smile. "Oh Yea?" She goaded.

Her words inflamed them; not only inflamed them but spurred them into immediate action. Within seconds the towels were down again and she was on her knees being taken from behind. It was Brad. Another man knelt in front of her and grabbed her hair lifting her face to his. "This what you mean whore?" He asked her.

She managed to gasp out a ‘Yes’ before she started to cum.

Brad came quickly only to be replaced by another; another erection; another cock; another solid piece of flesh to bring her to a climax. A third and then a fourth cock followed; filling her with their seed; bringing her to climax in the process; satisfying her insatiable appetite. The fifth one though was to be different. “You’re getting this up your ass bitch!” Came a voice from behind.

She groaned as she felt its blunt tip against her anus, not from pain but from the thought of being taken that way. It had been a long time, a long, long time since she had been treated to anal sex. She had once had a regular boyfriend who loved anal and had introduced her to its full, satisfying pleasures; momentarily her memory flashed back to those days. She had managed to coax Neil into trying it once but he never did it again after that.

She remembered those earlier times and especially the first few moments as the thick flesh made its slow, careful entrance. Georgina remembered how to relax her muscles to allow full, painless and pleasureful entrance, and within minutes he was easing himself inside her. With its full length deep inside she pushed herself back against him; offering herself; urging him on. “Go on take it!” She cried.

The man groaned and slapped her thigh hard before gripping her hips tightly and starting his sharp rhythmic thrusting and fucking. Georgina became quickly lost in the ecstasy of it all. Her sobs and cries echoed around the room as the man emptied himself her. As he withdrew himself from her she heard one of the men shout “Go on Ted stick it up the bitch’s ass”.

Georgina groaned in expectancy of the forthcoming pleasure, and willingly pushed herself against his erection. She could tell he was not very experienced in anal sex but she quickly got him into his rhythm. It wasn’t long before he was slamming into her, his testicles slapping against her pussy lips; his seed flowing in to her.

When he pulled away from her two men stepped forward and began to manoeuvre her into something different, something new. For a moment she wondered what was happening when one of them lay on his back on the towels, and pulled her on top of him. It was only when she had straddled his cock and felt another male behind her that it dawned on her what was happening. She was going to be doubly penetrated; one cock inside her pussy and another up her ass.

It was not something Georgina really wanted; not something she had even considered before but she was hardly in a position to stop them. “You wanted fucking bitch then try this for size!” Said a voice from behind.

His words brought a chorus of laughter which were soon drowned out by her cries of pleasure. The

man beneath her pushed upwards and the male above pushed downwards; the man beneath her thrust up at her and the male above thrust downwards. The rhythmic unified thrusts grew harder and faster into a climatic frenzy. By the time they had both cum inside her Georgina had already lost it. The pleasure of both anal and vaginal orgasms had sent her into a world of delirium.

She remembered two other males taking their places and she remembered them getting into the same rhythm but after that she remembered nothing until being lifted off the shower floor by Brad and another male. “Better get you dressed and home.” Brad told her.

She was thankful they were there because she was so weak and spent from the fucking. After they had dried her they helped her back to her locker to dress her. Though still dazed, she managed an ironic smile at the black male kneeling at her feet holding her spare knickers for her to get her feet into. Later those same hands took them down again as they took her back to her home and undressed her for bed. Brad could not stay because he had a wife to go home to but the other male stayed.

Georgina was too spent to fuck any more that night but she knew that in the morning she would be refreshed, refreshed and revitalized enough to thank him with a satisfying fuck for taking care of her.