

Fall of the Chateau Glissant, Chapter 6 (Conclusion)

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The last party

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“You look way freaked out,” she said, upon seeing me walk in behind the others. She was in a pair of Burberry sandals that she must have borrowed from my closet, and an emerald green bikini that cinched slightly into the crack of her ample, round ass when she walked. “Come with me,” she said. “DeDe’s gonna take care of that,” then took me by the hand with a floaty smile, snuck me into the staff entrance of the kitchen, and gave me two of something with a bottle of water. I didn’t ask her what it was; I figured she knew what I needed. I went upstairs so I could get out of my dress and into a swimsuit, aiming to chill out in the hot tub with DeDe and a few mutual friends plus some cocktails. Just as I took a shot of Belvedere from the bottle that I kept in my bathroom, the goodies that she’d given me earlier started to kick in. Like a wilting flower given sunlight and a dose of water, I felt myself come back to life, and even laughed out loud to myself as the rush hit and the wind came back into my sails. - The Thursday night group hang-out that DeDe envisioned had turned into a full-on bash- thanks to my stepbrothers and who knows who else- with a momentum that nobody could have stopped. All the usual suspects, plus seemingly everyone they knew, had converged on the Chateau Glissant as word of a party with open doors spread through the hills. Re-entering the throng downstairs in a bandeau top and wrap skirt over bikini bottoms, I was back in my element: working the room, giving enthusiastic greetings to people I didn’t really know, and engaging in meaningless surface-level conversations and exaggerated laughter. It was the social code, and I knew it cold. If you’d ever met them before, then you acted like you knew them well, and that their presence just made your night. Nobody actually cared about anyone else’s well-being; it was just standard to ask, then keep moving. Once you got through that routine, you didn’t so much as have to make eye contact the rest of the night. The music was on, and the house was thick with the competing aromas of body sprays, weed, and the occasional whiff of alcohol. But the actual smells of the place weren’t telling the story. What was really noticeable- from the time I stepped in the door, and then throughout every room, every hallway, and every terrace outside, too- was that lingering, palpable spell of sexual tension and doom. It had been hanging around all day, and the sheer number of people hadn’t drowned it out. With the party in full swing, the spell was intense: everyone was on the prowl for that

next thrill, seeking to scratch that next itch, whether it be a sexual conquest, a substance high, or something else entirely. Almost everybody was obviously on something, doing something, or drinking something; and I could tell what people were taking just by looking around. Two achingly beautiful starlet-types were leaning against a column on the terrace, laughing along with an Italian- or was he Spanish?- man's conversation. Regardless of what he was saying, they thought it was hilarious. They didn't have drinks in their hands, but that was only because they drunkenly left them somewhere. The guys and girls that took g-pills were either lounging or roaming, looking for another activity to intensify their pleasure, or a place to engage in it. An impromptu dance floor was established in the downstairs den for the more manic MDMA and X rollers, with the music loud enough to rattle the upstairs great room and clash with its lounge and trip-hop mix. The room was too dark to make out anybody's face but that didn't seem to bother anybody. The crystal was the biggest hit, no matter how people chose to take it, and I watched all three methods- snorted, shot, and smoked- take place within fifteen feet of the drug table as I walked by. Chase and Foster were part of a group playing acoustic guitar and singing outside on the upstairs balcony. From below, I could see the tiny orange lights of their joints move with their dark shadows. The tattoo guy and his two friends, including the short, bossy girl, were eyeing me from afar, and I could've sworn I caught a glance of Pete, but it was so fleeting that I couldn't square my eyes on him. People were starting to make out irrespective of privacy: on couches, in the pool, on the stairway, and I'm sure- if I bothered to look- in the unlocked bedrooms. If not for the far more dire events that would transpire later, this probably would've been remembered as "The night that everybody got fucked at the Chateau Glissant." There was something- and at least one somebody- for everyone. I was sitting chest-deep in the hot tub, soothed by the aerated hot water against my skin. Two friends of ours, Reann and Tricia, stayed with us for two drinks but when they got up to go get a couple of favors from the drug table- or as we called it, the table of goodies- they never returned. I was hoping Annabelle would walk by, and also kept a regular over-the-shoulder watch through the doors. I never caught a glimpse of her until I finally volunteered to get out and go get us more pills. - Just seeing her was daunting, which fucked with me. Why was I nervous when she was the one that fucked my boyfriend, then didn't even pretend to be bothered that I walked in on it? I wasn't sure I'd know what to say: wanting to be angry but for some fucked up reason, needing to just have it the way it was before. All of this raced through my mind as I approached, before she even saw me. Annabelle was wearing a metallic gold-embossed bikini and platform heels, neither of which I'd ever seen. If she weren't so goddamn beautiful, she'd have looked a little slutty, at least in a centerfold-glam sort of way. But her skin was too smooth, her curves too ample and perfect, and her vibe too pure for anything of the sort to come across. Never underestimate the power of the newest, prettiest young thing in town. She simply dropped every jaw and made every dick in the room come slightly closer to attention as she walked through the minglers, gracing me with a careless wave before turning her attention to the table of goodies. I brushed past a small circle of people to get next to her while she sifted through bags, looking for one in specific. "Having any fun yet?" I asked. "Hey," she said blankly, brushing her hair from her face once before giving it up and resuming her search. "You doing okay?" I asked. "The MDMA is over here if that's what you're looking for...that's what I'm

taking.” She turned, towering several inches over me due to her natural height and her heels. “I’m not looking for MDMA,” she said with a curt grin. “I’ll find what I’m after, okay? Let’s just talk later.” “Look, I ‘m sorry things got fucked up,” I said, completely vulnerably, desperately hoping she would apologize too. “I just didn’t expect it from you, but I don’t know why,” she said, shrugging facetiously. “I mean, you yourself said it right: it’s just sex, it doesn’t mean anything, right? Does anything mean anything to you?” A couple of people approached the table of goodies, then turned away, sensing drama and deciding to come back later. Part of me wanted to retreat, but I couldn’t; I hung in and took whatever punches she had, including one big one. “I really thought it was different with me, but I should’ve known better. So, compete all you want, Nikki.” I shook my head. “I’m not competing-” I said, but she kept talking, leaning in and cutting me with her words like a dull knife. “But if it’s about sex? Omar’s says I’m a better fuck anyway, and I know Chase thinks so too, that’s obvious.” She savored using the word ‘fuck’, and it tore through the last layer of emotional cool I had left. I knew she wasn’t sober; far from it. Whatever she was on had brought out her vicious streak and egged it on; but underneath her chemical courage, I knew she was really hurt, and because of that, so was I. “Was that all?” she asked, cocking her head. I could only look back down at the table of goodies as she walked away. I was dizzy, blindsided, and tossed into loneliness amidst what had turned into one of the biggest parties we’d ever held. Who the fuck was that, and what happened to Annabelle? I knew the partial answer, but couldn’t face it down. So I did what I always did: I went numb. But numbness wouldn’t be enough this time, and for the first time that I could remember, neither would drugs. I walked away from the table of goodies with nothing. - We were sitting on the edge of the hot tub with our feet in the water, trading banter with a stupid, hot guy who was opposite us and sitting inside water, urging us to join him. “Come on, like, get all the way in!” He said, unable to focus on either of us with his eyes, but not slurring his words at all. He was hot, happy, seemed harmless, and I had DeDe to share in the fun with me: the perfect fun remedy and distraction. “There’s your girl,” she said to me, while the guy in the hot tub was playfully tugging on my toes in his persistence to get us in the water. I turned around and saw Anna cutting through the great room near the french doors holding a glass of wine. The arm of a lean topless guy in a low-fit fedora- “Damn, that was Chase,” I realized - had his hand wrapped around her waist. She laughed hysterically as they slipped behind a small crowd. “She sure knows how to work it, damn,” DeDe said. “I think she might be up to some trouble before this night’s done.” “I think we all will,” I said, battling dull heartache underneath my exterior as I pretended to stretch, trying to hide my craned-neck attempt at another glimpse. When I turned back around, DeDe had immersed herself into the water and was giving me a come-hither look, which was comical next to stupid-hot guy’s blank, just-won-the-lottery grin. I dipped my whole body underwater and came up in his lap, leaning across him to give DeDe a kiss while his hand came up underneath me to cup my ass. Ten minutes later, I was standing up, kissing her and massaging her breasts from behind while she fucked stupid-hot guy on the ledge of the hot tub through muffled moans, sitting on his lap with her bikini wedged over to the side. After he abruptly lifted her off and shot his cum on her belly, we got up and walked away together, relishing the small group of horny voyeurs eyeing us like celebrities while stupid-hot guy was sitting on the ledge with his dick out, still

catching his breath. We went to the rinse shower on the dark, far end of the pool and stood together under the hot water while she washed the fluids from her body. I turned the water off and hooked my arms around her, resting my chin on her shoulder and shivering from the wind whipping across my wet skin. Four naked men suddenly rounded the corner of the partition, but they walked right past us, deciding that the rinse shower was a good place to release their inner freak on each other. DeDe and I sat on a lounge nearby, idly caressing and kissing each other, but soon riveted by the sight of them joining in attentive, almost choreographed foreplay before fucking each other with near-manic urgency. "So many hot ones are gay...such bullshit," she said. I don't remember when they finally stopped, because by then, DeDe and I were fucking for the very first time. - The short, bossy girl that looked like a tougher, more boyish Zooey Deschanel told me her name was Paula. I had just returned to the billiard room with a fresh drink when she approached me. "This is your party, right?" she asked. After saying all the right small-talk things about how great the house was, Paula got straight to the point. "My boyfriend and his friend and I noticed you earlier," she said, tilting her head, telegraphing her intentions. "Oh you did, did you?" I said, looking her over. She had pink hair, wore a white tank top allowing her to show off some impressive inking on her arms, a black skirt that would've worked equally well as part of a receptionist's wardrobe, and floral-pattern peep-toe pumps. It was an odd ensemble, but nothing I hadn't seen before. She had a tight, toned body and a confident attitude, and those two traits could take anyone a long way. "So what did you notice?" "That you're fucking sexy," she said. "And we think we'd all have a good time together." I didn't think for a second that she was just messing with me; I knew she wasn't. The eyes gave it away, but so did her one-inch-too-close position and the look-over to the two guys, who were standing on the nearby porch and pretending not to look in at us. "We?" I asked. "You mean, like, all three of you?" "Yes, absolutely," she said, as if that detail would set my mind at ease. "You know, it's no pressure...but if you're interested, let me know. I think you are." Before I could respond, she walked away with a self-assured smile, looking back at me as she signaled the others to follow her, then disappeared around a corner. "Who was that, Nikki?" Tricia asked. "She just fucking tried to pick you up right? Like, I heard that, right?" she said excitedly. I lied and told her I had no idea, leaving out how intrigued, slightly creeped out, and, frankly, aroused I was at her pass. Who were they, and why was she their spokesperson? I wandered out of the room; not following Paula and her two tattooed friends, but not making a point not to, either. - The great room was packed as people kept appearing out of the woodwork, crowding the floor space like it was New Year's Eve in Times Square and passing drugs and drinks back and forth. The Bose system was playing a Deadmau5 mix with the bass set at a head-rattling frequency, and I was hanging with two girls that I only knew from their bit parts on *Gossip Girl*, both of whom were tweaking heavily from a crystal dose. Annabelle just started to creep back into my mind when I saw Chase working his way across the far side of the room near the stairs. I pushed my way through the crowd and followed him down, finally catching up as he rounded the corner into the wine cellar. Sensing somebody approaching fast, he turned around just as I pulled his face to mine and kissed him. I clasped his head against mine and went for his buckle, starting to undress him, when he half-pulled away, breaking the kiss. "What the fuck are you doing?" he asked, laughing. "Come on," I said,

breathlessly, again reaching for the buttons on his pants. "I want it." "Jesus, Nikki," he said with a touch of exasperation, but that was quickly replaced by a smooth, heavy-breathing cadence as I took him in my mouth, sucking him out to full erection in about forty seconds. I started to stand up, and wasn't even fully to my feet again when he whirled me around and sank his cock into me from behind. I grasped the rough cedar shelves of the cellar as he gripped my hips, holding himself inside of me and yanking me backwards at a quicker pace than I could keep up with. I got dizzy trying to stay upright and dropped at the waist, grabbing my ankles and letting him support me while he bounced my ass off of his body, giving me all of his dick. But less than three minutes in, he was already slowing down. "Ungghhh..." he groaned, blowing his load inside of me. Before he was even through the last of his spams, he pulled away, making me stumble awkwardly as I reached for the shelves to break my fall. "Thanks, I needed that," he said, pulling his pants up while I was still figuring out that he was done with this encounter already. "So that's it?" I asked, pulling my bikini up, but noticed his leaking cum soaking the bottom upon contact. "What the fuck do you want, a cuddle?" he said, chuckling. "It's a fucking party. You cornered me in here and basically forced me to fuck you!" "Is she better than me?" I asked, after a pause. He asked who 'she' was. "Annabelle," I said. "Oh, Jesus fucking-" he muttered, rolling his eyes and slumping his shoulders for effect. "Fucking tell me, Chase! Tell me if she's fucking better!" I screamed at him. He looked at me like I was a child. "Fucking tell me, motherfucker!" "Shut the fuck up, Nikki, you crazy bitch! You're strung out and you're all fucked up. Just go take something else and chill the fuck out!" he yelled, then left, narrowly dodging the sandal I threw at him. "I am not fucking strung out! I'm not even high!" I yelled back, even though I really wasn't sure if I was still high or not. "Whatever, you fucking junkie," he said, whipping the shoe back at me. I couldn't even form words; I could only scream, drowning out the last of his curses as he left me alone, sitting on the cold concrete floor. - After I got myself back together with a quick clean-up and another shot, I came back out in a Stella McCartney one-shoulder dress and flip-flops. I couldn't find DeDe, but I found Marcus and his friends hollowing out Cohiba cigars and packing them full of weed. "Blunts, bitches," he laughed, fist-bumping a group of friends, some of which must have gotten word and shown up on their own. "Hey, don't you guys play for USC?" said a slightly beer-bloated blonde girl in an empire-waist blouse. "Naw, you got us all confused, girl," Marcus answered. A tiny red-headed girl in a micro-bikini thanked me for the great party and offered me a joint, which I declined. Another vodka tonic would do me just fine. - Across the upstairs sitting room, I saw Chase kissing a Korean girl with incredibly long legs punctuated by d'Orsay heels. A Broken Bells song was playing loudly, and I was woozy from the vodka with nothing in my stomach to dull its effects. Two high-school age boys- twins, both expelled from the same private school I attended for erratic behavior- traipsed through the house like marauders, keyed up on coke, bellowing unintelligible proclamations to everybody and nobody. Annabelle was visibly upset at Chase, whose Korean companion looked at her dismissively and fired back verbally, sending Annabelle into an upset monologue complete with finger pointing. Chase's other two bandmates pulled her away from him, both laughing at her while they wheeled her around and made clear she needed to go elsewhere. She didn't see me as she stomped past with a petulant frown, looking back hurtfully before going

downstairs. Chase and the Korean girl laughed, too, returning to their canoodling while the bandmates filled a bong for themselves. - On the terrace, looking for DeDe, I was serenaded by an agitating mixture of the music from all three floors. From the shadowy pool deck, the lights in the house seemed blinding, with the partiers inside scurrying about like sugar-addled ants. Somebody had dumped detergent into the pool and turned on the fountain, transforming it into a glowing range of glowing foam billows, with muffled laughter emanating from somewhere in it's midst. A blood-curdling scream rang out as a naked girl ran down the outdoor stairs with two cackling fully-clothed guys chased after her. I thought I heard my name, but nobody stood where I swore it came from. Where was DeDe? A stoned guitarist attempted to play "L.A. Woman" from the upstairs balcony, his drawling voice carrying out like a late-night call to rock-and-roll prayer:: " Never saw a woman so alone, so alone.. " - The short bossy girl with the pink hair was topless and dancing with nobody in particular. She saw me and turned away with a Cheshire grin, knowing I was looking. Her two friends sat at the bar nearby, watching cable porn and smoking crystal. I pretended not to notice, walking purposefully past them to nowhere in particular when I heard faint shouting over the music in the basement, feeling all three sets of eyes following me. - The marauding twins were naked, Pete was not. One twin was wielding what looked like a Ginsu knife, lording over Pete, who looked as if he'd been struck, but not by a knife. The other twin was nearby, screwing his formerly-fishnetted young Latina female companion atop the pool table. She had on only a bra, barely visible under his bulk, with the rest of her clothes strewn nearby; the twins clothes were nowhere to be seen. Her petite body was jerking violently under his unrestrained thrusting, but was held in place by the friction of the billiard felt. Pete was yelling obscenities at both twins, but she was oblivious to that particular subplot, moaning and grunting from his wanton onslaught. The knife-wielding twin turned his attention to me, eyes lighting up maniacally. "Nikki fucking Glissant!" he shouted. "Nice to see you," I said numbly, then walked by. "Just don't cut him or kill him, okay psychos?" This perplexed him only long enough for him to shrug it off, and refocus on the task at hand. "That's what you get for bringing a whore to a party!" he said to Pete, then I heard both twins laughing while she continued to moan. "Hey, fucker, it's my turn! I'm gonna shoot Viagra into my cock and fuck her all damn night!" one said, just before I got out of range. - A beautiful, mocha-skinned black girl was naked, perched on the countertop. A man stood in front of her, dusting her cunt with cocaine, giving it the affect of confectioner's sugar on smooth gingerbread. She squealed as he snorted across the slit, then penetrated her with his cock, both of them cackling at the tingly sensation. Neither of them noticed me watching them, lonely and aroused, as the rest of the house drifted away. He convulsed as he fucked her, pressing her head against the mirror; she laughed hysterically, screaming out, "I'm so fucking numb!" I felt the same way. - Annabelle emerged from the pool with several tufts of soap bubbles adorning her glistening body. A chubby white guy followed her out, gazing at the stars, then tripped over a pool chair. On an outdoor chaise, Tricia was giving head to a man, clasping one hand onto her matted hair and extending the other to flip me off. - DeDe put another pill into my mouth and pulled me into a mass of dancers occupying the space where Foster had fallen through our coffee table earlier. I closed my eyes and danced with her, feeling her mouth on mine, then turning around and grinding her soft ass against me. Opening my

eyes, I saw two men scuffling while a girl stood by, crying. Two bald men rushed through the front door, one of them shouting. - I rebuilt the wall inside, numbing everything out. I let the music wash over me, and let her caress my breasts from behind me, smiling as the lights went dim. I turned around to find that the hands weren't DeDe's, they were Paula's. She leaned in, as if slow dancing, pressing her bare, firm breasts into mine and whispering things into my ear that I couldn't understand. Her skin was porcelain-pale, glowing an ethereal shade of near-lavender under the low light. The tattooed man from earlier was shirtless, revealing a torso that appeared to be entirely inked, like a dark, garish Ed Hardy design on skin. Beside him was the lean fortyish looking man with mop hair, multiple tattoos on both arms, and prominent veins; and Jordan lurked nearby, still hiding his barrell-like bulk under a sleeveless tee. Annabelle walked past with a hollow expression, struggling in vain to hold up the guy that she exited the pool with. Any second he would hit the floor, passed out, and I saw Marcus and his friends approaching to help just as I turned away. The tattooed men danced closer, their encased erections bulging at the fabric of their pants and attempting to rub them against me in rhythm with the aggressive house beat. I felt Annabelle's eyes lock in on me, standing still in a room of movement, watching mine. I leaned in to kiss Paula, who returned it assertively, surging her tongue into my mouth and pulling me close. All three were pressing into me, the spine of the two men's cocks poking into my sides, and their hands groping my ass. Paula deepened our physical connection, slipping a hand down and pressing my dress fabric between my legs. I moaned into her mouth, she pulled away enough for me to see her smile. "I knew it," she said, with an air of triumph. - Turning around in delirium, with Paula's hands clasping onto both breasts from behind, I saw the glint of Anna's top strap as she went upstairs, with Marcus trailing her. On a loveseat near the kitchen, DeDe's eyes were closed and her mouth was open, taking a doggy-style pounding from a man I'd never seen before while a female couple was entwined on an adjacent chair. The numbers were dwindling, but those left seemed to pairing up like crazy. There was something- and at least one somebody- for everyone. - Chase ran around shouting like a madman- he'd taken too much crystal and his body was trying to burn through it. Three girls walked by, all of them speaking simultaneously; one of them was the Louis Vuitton girl, I was sure of it. A snare drum was inexplicably thrown from the top balcony and landed with a crash on the pool deck, while a nearly couple that may or may not have been having sex on the outdoor sofa failed to so much as flinch. - I felt my dress slip over the supporting shoulder and drop down the length of my body, followed by the release of my bra strap and a quick tug to drop my thong down my legs; I lost track of whose hands were doing what. "This is James," Paula said, gesturing towards the full-body tattooed guy whose arm was around me while her fingers again slipped between my legs, this time pressing between my folds. "He's my baby." She was fingering me and her boyfriend's pants were down, pressing his pulsing, hard cock into the small of my back. "Our friend's name is Claude," she said, then with a smile: "You'll love him." - Mickey came into the house and dropped a new bag on the table of goodies while I was pinned against the wall. James was lifting me up by the bottoms of my thighs as his tongue was fucking me from below. Paula was sucking on my nipples, squeezing them, and kissing me aggressively, holding my back flat against the polished plaster wall. "Where the fuck is he?" he said aloud, then looked at me and

smiled. "I guess you wouldn't know, would you?" Mickey laughed, then jogged toward the stairs. Through the small group of dancers that surrounded us, I saw Foster, with one side of his face bruised purple from the altercation that morning, huddled with a group of guys at the bar. Screams echoed down from the upstairs, moans drifted through the open doors from outside, and two other couples were watching TV on mute, oblivious to all. - I was still quivering, cumming on Paula's fingers and sucking on her breast when James lifted me up and sank me down on his cock with my legs draped over his arms. I screamed in shock, my nerves overwhelmed by the sudden deep intrusion, but couldn't hear myself or anything else besides the music blaring from the speaker that was right in front of us. The breath was being forced out of my lungs as he slammed himself balls-deep with each swing of his arms. I opened my eyes to see Paula smiling, encouraging him, then pushing us from behind. He was laughing, walking through the crowd as he fucked me, suspended and impaled on his cock. The fortyish man named Claude, and Paula were both naked and following us as we left the great room. Only one door away in the sunroom, the music wasn't as loud, and through my ringing ears I could hear myself moaning, as well as the faint slap of skin as he picked up speed again. "Holy fuck, you're banging the shit out of Nikki Glissant!" Jordan said with hungry enthusiasm, pulling out his phone to record the memory. He was the only one of us wearing clothes, and given the choice of protesting his paparazzi work and looking at the boner poking through his pants, the latter one won out due to less effort involved. My verbal faculties were restricted to howling at the hard, deep fuck James was giving me; words weren't possible. Paula urged Jordan out of the room, then turned back to us. "Put her down and fuck her here, babe," she said, pointing to the daybed. "Claude, go have her suck on you." I was on my back, admiring my creamy skin against his continuous ink, tilting my hips up to meet his pumping cock. Claude approached me from the side, dropping an enormous, veiny dick onto my face with a thud, making all four of us laugh. "Don't be an ass, Claude, at least point it at her," she said, with her arms around James, looking over his shoulder at us. I didn't know these people at all, aside from seeing James- the tattooed guy- around town a few times, but it was exciting and it kept me numb, insulating me from worrying about whatever was happening outside of our tryst. I freed up a hand, welcoming his fat dick into my mouth, or at least making an attempt to, while my pussy squeezed down on him despite his powerful thrusts. He was pinning my legs to the daybed mattress by the undersides of my knees, rutting me downward in a hypnotic cadence. I was moaning loudly, vocal cords strained, and trying to kick free but only succeeding in pushing my hips up to meet him with each effort. I went limp, and he went slower, which she noticed. "Don't cum yet, baby," she said. "Come here." I heard a commotion and strange cheer from the room next door as Claude climbed up on the bed, pressing his blunt cock head against my slit. I grinned and shook my head with muted hesitation, looking at the proposed mismatch between my legs. I'd never hooked up with anyone of this size, plus he was old enough to be my dad. But he was hot in a druggie, Anthony Kiedis sort of way, and my body's wants and my mind's buzzy curiosity conspired to let me tackle this monster. I snapped my head up toward the ceiling and cried out as he slipped his thick spongy crown past my opening after rubbing it back and forth, searching for the right angle and soaking it in my juices. He wasn't all the way hard, thank fuck, because I already felt like I was being pried apart

by the half-inch as he slowly pushed into me. I felt his hot breath on my skin as he pulled backward, then pressed in again. My thighs opened wide and my legs lifted up and over his back, and his mature, lean muscle flexed as he arched himself in. "Careful, Claude," Paula said from underneath James. "She's tiny, you could hurt her!" She laughed. Claude was only focused on rocking back and forth on top of me, sinking his cock into a place that was clearly made for something a little smaller. It hurt but it wasn't really painful; I was tense, but I wanted it, as if tackling such a huge, quality dick could exorcise me in some way. I briefly wondered how many pussies he'd stretched out like he was doing to mine, then the thought was gone as another sharp twinge of discomfort rang out. He was thick and long, twisting and rolling as my fingers clawed into his back and my pussy flooded his cock, overwhelmed at every nerve ending as the ribs, ridges, and veins of his massive shaft rolled past them. I moaned deeply and loudly, arching my back and digging my bare heels into his lower back as he filled me completely, yelping and tensing each time he bumped into my cervix. Resting his weight on my hips, he rolled back and forth, stuffing then emptying my engorged pussy, over and over. This old guy knew how to fuck with that big dick, and the last of the discomfort was overtaken by a deep, resonating tremble deep in the base of my hips. In the I could hear more cheers from the next room, as well as Paula, calling Claude's name. "Claude, bring her over here," she said, clearly in charge of what we were doing. I didn't think I could walk, and luckily I didn't have to, with Claude holding me upright, his cock lodged halfway into me like a skewer, then stopping as James came up behind me. His cock was knocking on my back door, prodding against my anus as his hand came around to roughly grip my breast. Only a home invasion had stopped me from my first double-penetration early the morning prior; but nothing was going to stop it now as he pressed through and began sliding into my ass from behind while Claude sawed in and out of my pussy. I clung to Claude, tensed and exhausted, James held me tightly by the hips for leverage and started to fuck me in the ass, both of them forcing the air from my lungs, thrusting into me, forcing me deeper on one each time the other withdrew. I began to spasm deeply, overtaken by a mass of nerve eruptions; my body's surrender to the two-cock invasion. - Through the doorway, I could see an image on the great room big-screen TV, and noticed that the music was turned down, but couldn't focus on it, or anything else besides their sweating, grunting, flexing bodies and the two cocks pistoning in and out of mine. Paula stood up to kiss me, but only succeeded in receiving violent, ragged gasps of breath each time she pressed her lips to mine. She was moaning and rubbing her own clit as she leaned against the three of us. They sped up, obliterating the tenuous rhythm that my body tried in vain to adjust to, turning my breathing into heaving sob-like convulsions. The train was off the rails, there was no stopping them. "Yeah," Paula whispered huskily. "Give it to her, babe." James grabbed my hips and pulled my ass tightly against him, burying his cock and holding it still while it pulsed and throbbed. I felt the hum of his moans against my skin and the warm sensation in my bowels as he came deep in my ass, splashing my guts with a familiar warmth. I was relieved when he pulled away from me, but a moment later found myself pressed up against the hard, cool wall again, with Claude fucking me as deeply as possible, holding me up by my ass. I didn't resist even as his long strokes sucked my breath away in sharp bursts and tapped my innermost reaches, bombarding my nervous system with something in

the lustful limbo between shock and climax. I squeezed my pussy against his thick stick, mostly in vain; he owned this pussy and had stretched it wide and deep. "That's right, Claude, fuck her with that big dick," I heard her say, though my eyes were closed tight, wracked and twisted in primal, almost painful, orgasm. He moaned and exhaled just as he jerked inside of me, shooting his load while I held on, legs wrapped around him. His cock throbbed, emptying his balls right up against my womb, holding me breathlessly against the wall. After a few more upward thrusts for good measure, he pulled out and stumbled away, leaving me to crumble to the floor with semen pouring from both holes. "Thanks babe!" Paula said. "I just seduced and fucked the rich bitch who blew me off for four years straight," she said. "But I bet you don't remember that. Funny how things change after high school, right? We're all equal when you're a horny slut, I guess. I'll be reliving the memory soon," she said, holding up her phone and grinning. "See you around, Nikki." Then, with a patronizing pat on the cheek, she stood up to leave, marshaling Claude and James to follow her out. - The cheers in the great room were mostly replaced by chatter, but even through the fog of residual highs and exhaustion, I could sense they were reacting to the TV, not each other. Jordan had come in as soon as Paula and the two men left, asking if there was anything he could do. I felt so alone; I pulled him to me. On the TV, three black men were naked on a bed, and if you didn't look closely, it almost looked like a miniature rugby scrum. But if you did look closely, you saw a pair of tanned white feet, legs, and occasionally arms poking out intermittently from underneath and between them. I shivered involuntarily as Jordan pulled me onto his lap, lowering me onto his dick, and was split between the pleasure of having him inside of me, sliding his cock in the slick fluids already deposited, and the bewilderment of seeing Marcus and his friends gang-fuck Annabelle for all of our pleasure. I could see that they were in my room, and that Chase, or somebody, had simply chosen that security camera for a full screen surveillance view. Hell, somebody probably stumbled on it while trying to find the "skinemax". Marcus was holding her down and fucking her from on top, slamming himself into her, while another held his dick out for her to suck, but it soon changed, and she was getting fucked doggy style by another. Jordan was grunting, letting loose with a series of sex-curses under his breath; I was breathing hard, panting, exhausted, hips burning, but savoring the sensations as he rolled me back and forth, holding himself inside me. Annabelle's eyes were closed tight and her mouth wide open, riding reverse, as if she knew that's where the camera was. A man with a thick stubby black cock held it out for her to suck; she tried, but clearly couldn't both fuck and suck effectively. The sucking was the odd action out every time. Jordan groaned, holding me close, spurting his semen up into me. I held onto his sweaty skin, shivering again at the wetness seeping out, giving me goosebumps as it hit the air. He tried to kiss me but I declined his meth breath. He thanked me and awkwardly lifted off and walked away. Thoroughly spent, and feeling the tickle of a new thick stream pouring from my dilated pussy, I fell over onto the floor, watching sideways as she had two different DP's, each time crying out in a high pitch shriek surrounded by Marcus and his friends goading her as they used her at their whims. Marcus flexed his ass and grunted loudly for effect then held himself still, no doubt filling her pussy with his cum. The voyeurs in the great room cheered. People outside were splashing in the pool. Music blared again upstairs. I heard the sound of glass breaking far away. Somebody

screamed. My body and brain were shutting down and my eyes were closing against my will as I watched another man spraying her tits with his cum. I felt so far away, and so alone. - I felt the heat before my eyes ever opened. I heard the crackling, and smelled the smoke, too, well before I opened my eyes and saw people scurrying for the front door. The lights were off but I could see a golden glow and flicker reflecting off the water in the pool. "Let's go, girl, we gotta go!" Marcus said, then slung me over his shoulder and walked me out, past four or five people who were in various stages of waking and panic, and alongside several others. I didn't realize what was happening until I got outside and looked up. The right side of the house was pouring black smoke through every opening, billowing up into the purple early-morning sky, and bright yellow flames danced through the top floor windows and a growing hole in the roof. People were still stumbling and scrambling hurriedly through the great room and out the front door when the right outside wall creaked, then collapsed, unleashing a wave of searing heat, raining ashes down on the descending hillside, and showering the sky with a much larger bloom of orange flame. By that time, the fire department was arriving and began blasting the front of the house with water, but I knew whatever they saved would be trivial. The Chateau Glissant, renowned family home for more than seventy years, was going up in flames- and falling to the ground- right before my eyes. I found the firemen and identified myself as the owner of the house, letting them know that there very well could be people still in there. I'd forgotten I was nude until I was given a blanket, then waited in the finally breathed a sigh of relief when I saw Chase, then Foster, and finally- stumbling around the side of the house- Annabelle. The Red Cross sent a white school bus to pick up the dozens of partiers stranded in the front lawn, many still intoxicated and all of us dumbstruck at the bizarre turn the night was taking at this late/early hour. We were dropped off at a shelter in the valley and given clothes to wear, seeing that most of us were some degree of naked at the time of the fire. They also fed us, gave some of us IV treatments, and let us know that we had place to stay if needed. On the cot beside us was a young Latina holding her baby, desperately trying to soothe and get her back to sleep, though a roomful of edgy partiers coming down harshly wasn't helping her cause. Looking around, I knew that nearly everyone that didn't arrive from the Chateau Glissant were homeless or displaced based on tragedy. - Somehow, nobody was killed or injured in the fire- amazing, given the circumstances. As for the cause: the fire department said it was accidental and stopped investigating, but that it would take a while for the file to officially close. I have several theories, none of which I'll share, given that no good could possibly come from any of them. All I'll say is that our own actions- taking things to the limit and pushing further from there- in some way caused the downfall, whether we're talking about relationships or real estate. So much was lost on that warm night in the Hollywood Hills, and I could have prevented losing any of it. - Three days later, Annabelle and I were unloading the last of a full day's shopping and errands into her new dorm room. Her classes started the next day, and her roommate had just arrived the day before. We made initial solemn amends in the Red Cross shelter that early morning, and over the course of the next two days, in the process of putting my life back together, we began to mend our friendship, less by what we said than by what we didn't say. But she was always there with me while, in contrast, Chase and Foster were busy with their attorneys, trying to find any way possible to sue me for the disaster.

Her car was totaled in the wreck, but the fire had left mine unscathed, and after five days of being up to no good with me and Chase, she hadn't run any of the errands or purchased any of the supplies that she would need. Besides that, she now needed to replace all the clothes that she brought with her, plus all of her bank cards and identification, since they were lost in the fire. As for me: my passport, bank papers, and emergency cash were kept at my father's attorney's office, and the American Express office replaced my card. I could worry about the rest in due time. I went back to the ruins of the Chateau and was able to recover a single mason jar of my father's ashes, leaving the remains of everything else to whomever wanted to scavenge. "Wierd how so much can be destroyed so quickly, you know?" Annabelle said, standing on the charred stone flooring, right about where we'd had our coffee after her first night's stay. I could only nod in response. - After getting everything put into place, we made pleasantries with her roommate- a mousy white girl named Kendra- then walked back out into the colorful dusk. "Can you spare one more hour for me?" I asked. She smiled. "Sure," she said. "What do you want to do?" I told her to get into the car, and we made our way back to the freeway. - "Are we picking somebody up?" Annabelle asked as I pulled over to the curbside at the International Terminal at LAX. "No, you're dropping somebody off," I said. "Me." Annabelle laughed. "What, seriously?" she asked, laughing for the first time since before everything got turned upside down. I nodded. "But all you have is your purse, you don't even have-" "I don't own anything besides what's on me," I said. "I'll be fine." "But where are you going?" she asked, to which I shrugged. "You're nuts," she said. "You sure you're okay?" "I'm great," I said. "No...that's not true. I'm not, but I will be. I just need to get away from here for a while." I could see her face soften as she watched my eyes. "Hey, I need you to take care of two things for me, okay?" "Of course," she said. "That mason jar...it's in your room. Hang onto it. Oh," I said, and got out of the car, then walked around to her side and opened her door. "You need to drive this home; it's yours now." She got out of the car, shook her head and smiled. "That's nuts, Nikki," she said. I simply raised my eyebrows to reinforce my decision. "So you're really gonna do this?" she asked. "When will you be back?" "I don't know. But I will be," I said. We stood a foot apart, looking into each others eyes: past the history, past the hurt, and hopeful about the future. "Thanks for staying with me, Annabelle. It was....an adventure." After a long hug, I watched her drive away in the black Porsche- waving her hand out the top of the sunroof until I could no longer see her- then walked into the Terminal, eager to rise in a new place, having survived the fall. THE END