

# Girls' Night Out

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*An innocent GNO ends with my friends and me fucking a millionaire and his girlfriend in their limo.*

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Friday night in the city. A coin toss decided the plan for tonight, and I'm excited. We're headed to a hockey game, followed by some club hopping...the perfect way to meet guys. It's Girls' Night again...and my friends and I are ready with the triple threat. There's Madeline, the petite blonde bombshell, with her platinum pixie cut and deep emerald eyes, her fake boobs, perfect ass, and fair, lightly freckled skin. Then there's Britney, the redheaded siren, with long, thick hair, eyes a deep ocean blue, and legs that go on for miles. And finally, me, Rachel, the brunette. My hair curls past my shoulders, and my brown eyes are so dark you can't see my pupils. My chest is a natural 36C, and I know how to use it to get my way. The three of us are a walking wet dream, the combination of our features address nearly any fantasy. The mild weather on this April night allows us to dress up: short skirts, halter tops, stacked heels. I drive over to Britney's to pick her up, then the two of us head out to Madeline's. She lives in an amazing condo in the heart of downtown, allowing us to leave our car and walk. No worrying about designated drivers tonight, so we can party recklessly and head home on foot whenever we're ready...or when the bars close, whichever comes first. Madeline has drinks ready for us when we get there. Mojitos...my current favorite. We each drink two, enough to get the buzz going before we get to the arena. By the time we hit the road, we're giggling already, excited to be together, looking forward to a fun night. We don't have hockey tickets yet, but Madeline is an expert at this. We find a scalper on a street corner with a handful of tickets on floor level, excellent seats. Madeline works her magic, handing him a business card and offering a deal for a free massage at the spa that she runs in exchange for giving us 3 tickets for half the price of one. Amazingly, he agrees and we get into the game at a fraction of the normal price. Part of the fun of attending a hockey game is the attention we get as we walk into the arena. Heads turn, jaws drop, and the Jumbotron camera operators fall all over themselves to get a shot. These seats are fortuitous...there's a bachelor party seated right behind us. A half dozen really cute guys. Throughout the game, they talk to us, buy us drinks, take pictures with us (presumably to get the groom in trouble with his fiancée, which is amusing as well). When the game is over (home team won, by the way), the bachelor party planners ask where we're headed. I exchange looks with Madeline and Britney, who both shrug noncommittally. "I think we're going to The Slammer," I say. That's my favorite club, and we usually end up there at some point. "Maybe we'll see you there?" One very cute guy makes eye

contact with me and smiles. He's got a nice smile: cute dimples. We all stand up, and I realize he's tall too. Even better. He holds out his hand to shake mine and introduces himself. I tell him my name too, but after we've walked away I realize I didn't pay enough attention and I don't remember his. Oh well...I'll probably never see him again anyway, so it doesn't really matter. We walk down Broadway, stopping at a bar or two along the way. At the first bar, the bartender offers us free drinks all night if we'll just sit at the bar and attract customers. That's flattering, but doesn't sound particularly exciting because the bar is not very crowded. We each accept one free drink and move along. At the next stop, a group of businessmen buy us a round of drinks, then one very drunk older man approaches me and puts his arm around me. "You're fucking beautiful," he slurs in my ear. "Do you know who I am?" I shake my head. Madeline recognizes him, even if I don't, and she hisses his name to me in my other ear. Oh, my God. It's the owner of the hockey team. My eyes widen and I turn my head to look at him. Sam is very tan, and dressed a little ostentatiously in an Armani suit with a Rolex on his wrist. His arm is wrapped firmly around my waist, and it's making me slightly uncomfortable. He sees the recognition in my face and grins, the self-assured smile of a man who knows that his money and notoriety will buy him practically anything he wants. "Now, if it was just up to me, I'd probably approach your little blonde friend, or maybe the redhead. You'd be my third choice. But my girlfriend noticed you right away, and she likes you a lot." At that, I follow his gaze across the bar to a beautiful blonde sitting at a table with a lot of other men. She raises her glass and smiles at me. I return the smile, but inside I'm panicking. "I told her she could have whoever she wants tonight, and she wants you. What do you say? I have a limo waiting just outside." "I don't know," I say as my hands begin to shake. "I'm with my friends, I can't just go off and leave them." Plus, I've never been with a woman I add to myself. "Not a problem," Sam croons. "They can come too. It's a really big limo, and there's enough fun to go around." I turn to look at Madeline and Britney. They grin back at me and nod. This is not exactly what I had in mind for tonight, but it's different and definitely exciting. "OK," I say. "Let's go." "Fantastic," Sam says, helping me up from the bar stool, but keeping a firm arm still around my waist. He gestures for the blonde to come with us, and leads all of us out of the bar to the stretch limo that's parked at the curb. The windows are tinted black so it's impossible to see into the car. Sam opens the door for us and we pile inside. Introductions are made, and before I even know what's going on our host is taking off his pants to reveal a massive erection. Wow...he's rich and hung. That's a lethal combination. I can tell Madeline thinks so too, because she is not wasting any time. As I watch, she slips off her shirt, slides her panties off and straddles him, taking his huge cock into her tiny body with a moan of excitement. "Oh, yeah, baby...that's what I'm talkin' about," he slurs, unhooking and removing her bra, then grabbing her hips and moving her up and down his shaft, watching her tits bounce as she rides him. "Wait a second," Britney pouts. "I want to get in there too." Sam slides quickly onto the floor with Madeline still perched on his cock, and leans his head back against the seat. "Don't fret, darlin...ride my tongue," he drawls. Britney smiles and slides across the seat, positioning herself over his face. As he begins to lick her, she closes her eyes and says "mmmmmm." Jennifer, the blonde who "picked me out", turns to me. "They'll be busy for a while. He's drunk so he's likely not to cum for an hour or so. That leaves us to amuse ourselves." My heart is

racing. Jennifer is gorgeous, but I have never even experimented with another woman before. I have no idea what to do. Luckily, Jennifer seems to be an expert. She leans in and kisses me, a sweet kiss. I can taste her lipstick and smell her perfume. She reaches a hand behind my head and strokes my hair, then reaches her other hand out and traces around my breast with her long fingernails. That's a new sensation for me, but it's not unpleasant at all. "Do you like toys?" Jennifer murmurs as our lips part for a second. I have to wait to answer because her lips crash back against mine. "Yes," I finally manage to gasp. Without breaking away from me, Jennifer reaches into a storage compartment in the door of the limo and retrieves two bullet-type vibrators. She reaches under my skirt and positions one of them inside my panties, wedged snugly against me, and turns it on low. Then she does the same with the other one in her own panties. She reaches down and grabs my thigh, pulling it across her lap. I adjust my weight so that I'm straddling her. I can feel my vibrator touch hers, and the sensations get stronger as our bodies push them tighter against our sensitive clits. Jennifer reaches down and pulls my shirt over my head, then reaches behind me and unclasps my bra. She cups a breast in each hand and kneads them as she continues to kiss me, then she moves her mouth from mine and attacks my nipple, licking, sucking, and nibbling at it. I'm so hot now, I begin to gyrate my hips, trying to hit the right spot with the bullet, which is mercilessly teasing me now. Jennifer begins to move her hips as well, then she reaches under me with a free hand and slides her fingers into my panties. I tense a little, anticipating what she's going to do, and she waits, sucking harder on my breast and cupping my pussy with her palm. As I relax again, she slides her index and middle fingers inside me. They go in easily because I'm so wet, and I press down against them, enjoying the excitement of fooling around with this beautiful woman. On the other seat of the car, I hear moaning. Britney has begun rubbing her own clit while she continues to ride Sam's tongue, and she is obviously enjoying herself. Suddenly, she throws her head back and screams out "Oh, God, I'm cumming...YESSSS...I'm cumming...ohhhhhhhh..." Apparently, her noises affect Madeline, who comes in a close second. "Oh, fuck...fuck...I'm cumming...yes, yes...fuck, yes..." Sam doesn't appear affected, and he continues to bounce Madeline on his cock until she begs him to stop. Just as Jennifer predicted, the alcohol seems to have increased his staying power, and he's hard as a rock and just as huge when Madeline removes herself from his lap. With hardly a word, Britney and Madeline switch places, and the quiet moaning continues as Sam resumes sucking and fucking my two friends. The sounds of orgasms from the other side of the car get Jennifer and me even more excited. She reaches back into her secret compartment and withdraws a huge dildo. She grins at me as I slide off her lap for a second, then she positions it on the seat and slides herself onto it, then she puts the vibrator back in place and pulls me back onto her lap. Jennifer begins grunting as she moves her hips, sliding herself up and down the shaft of the giant silicone cock. I'm grinding against her, and suddenly with a flick of Jennifer's finger, the vibrator speed increases, then she slides her fingers back inside me. I'm overwhelmed with the sensations of Jennifer's mouth on my nipple, her fingers thrusting into me, the vibrator on my clit, and the sounds and smell of sex that has overwhelmed the back of the stretch limo. Suddenly, Jennifer cries out as she reaches orgasm, and I follow, pressing down onto her fingers, shuddering against the vibrator and moaning my pleasure as

wave after wave takes me. Our noises affect the other three. First Madeline climaxes using Sam's tongue. As she climbs off his face, Britney cries out her impending orgasm, and finally Sam gets his as well. He grabs Britney's shoulders and pushes her down on his cock, yelling "fuck yes...fuck yes...fuck yes..." as he shoots a load of cum into my redheaded friend. All of us are satisfied, and as we begin to get our clothes back on, Jennifer tells me she'd like to see me again. I surprise myself by saying I'd like that too. I don't think I'm a lesbian, in fact I'm a little jealous of the fact that Madeline and Britney both got to enjoy Sam's huge cock and I didn't...but Jennifer's kisses were nice, and I liked the way she made me feel. I don't know if I'd enjoy being with any woman, or if it's just her, but I would like to experiment more with her sometime. "Sam," Jennifer says. "I think we need to thank these girls properly in a way that will ensure we'll see them again." "I think you're right, darlin'," Sam says, reaching into his pocket. For a minute, I'm afraid he might be getting ready to pay us. As fun as this was, I'm not ready to accept money for sex...the implications of that are uncomfortable. But he surprises me by handing me an envelope with the hockey logo on the front. "Tickets to a private box for all playoff games this season. And we're doing real good, so we're sure to have a few. My only request is you have to meet with us for some more entertainment after each game." I look at Britney and Madeline, grinning broadly. "That would be fantastic," I say. "Thank you." "No, thank you," Sam says, opening the door of the limo to let us out. We step out into the warm night air and take a deep breath, our heads still a little fuzzy from the drinking and sex. "Now where to?" Britney asks. "The Slammer?" I suggest. "We've still got a bachelor party to go to."