How I became The Volleyball Team's Slut - Part 3 -

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Meg's slutty affairs continue...

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I collapsed on theground where Alex and Laurie lay panting. My body no longer wanted to move after the morning of sex.

I glanced up to see some of the upper years enjoying each other's bodies, but mostly the girls were getting dressed. The other three sluts and I lay on the ground, panting from the morning we've had. From one fuck to the next, I have been used all morning. And I have loved every minute of it.

As I lay there panting, I began to get a sense of my surroundings, and how my body felt after the vicious pounding I had just received. I could feel the juices of my pussy leaking out and trailing down my leg. I no longer noticed the coach's cum after it had been washed away by the perspiration of my naked body. My pussy was sore from Buster, the massive dildo, and my ass was feeling stretched beyond belief from the small anal plug that had been inserted there earlier.

I could never have imagined being treated this way. The primary reason I kept this up was for my tuition, but now…it was something more. Now it's a deep desire, a lust to get all my holes filled with cock and my body splattered with juicy cum…

"Get up, sluts." A voice wrenched me from my day dream, I could feel the bonds on my wrists untied, and the three of us were hauled to our knees. "Alright you whores, we are done for this morning, but don't get too excited now." Upon hearing our completion, I instinctively reached back to pull the plug out of my swollen anus.

"What do you think you're doing? We have a bigger one if you don't like that one, slut!" I froze, not wanting to incur the wrath of our captain. "Sluts, those butt plugs will stay in NO MATTER what." Cassie began, "if you are caught without them in, you will lose all your current slut points that you have accumulated, and your slutty ass hole may require some attention from Buster." Cassie grinned, "There is one catch for today; we have your numbers, but you do not have ours. We will text you 'slut

report’ and you have 5 minutes to take a picture of your slutty ass and send it to the number.”

My mind was reeling. This wouldn’t be a problem if this wasn’t the first day of classes. But now I would be forced to scurry out of class to take a picture of this fucking anal plug…

“Furthermore,” Cassie continued, “you will receive one slut point per cock or pussy you are fucking at the time of receiving our message. You are dismissed. You also better hurry up; the janitors might be here in a few minutes.” Cassie winked and strolled over to her locker and to fetch her clothes.

I pulled myself to my feet. Most of the other girls had left the room, so I walked towards the showers. My legs trembling from exhaustion, my finger found my clit under the hot steam. With one hand softly massaging my breast, the other rubbed the moisture of my aching pussy. All I can think about is the feeling of that massive dildo filling my pussy, and the amazing feeling of the anal plug in my virgin ass. As I picked up the pace, my deep breathing turned into a slight moan. My moans were encouraged by hearing similar sounds to the girl in the stall beside me. With a last flick of my clit, my body shuddered as waves of ecstasy flooded my body.

I put my head against the wall to rest, basking in the warmth of the hot steam. My ass was slowly getting accustomed to the invader that is now stretching it. I turned the water off and grabbed my towel from the rack. I strolled over to where my locker was and opened it up.

What I found in the locker shocked me, but made my pussy begin to grow wet again. I pulled out the skimpiest plaid micro skirt. Accompanying it was a trimmed white tank top. No bra, no panties.

I could see Alex and Laurie looking at their similar attire with disgust, Alex was first to make a move. She pulled the skirt on and the top over her head. She did a quick twirl for me and for Laurie.

Her perky nipples showed through the white fabric, and the skin of her toned stomach was exposed. The skirt covered to mid-thigh, but when she bent forward to pick up her gym clothes, the skirt rode up almost to the point of seeing the butt plug.

“Do I ever feel like a slut now,” she joked. “I think I will just skip class for the day.” Not a bad idea. But I had a pretty full schedule and I don’t want to get off on the wrong foot for my first day of college.

I reluctantly pulled on the skirt and the shirt. I felt so exposed, with my wet pussy juices practically dripping down my leg. My ass peaked out every time I even leaned forward, and the butt plug was a reminder of who I am, the dirtiest slut of them all.

I headed off to my first class. The large auditorium was packed, and I could feel many eyes staring at

me. I swore I heard the click of a camera as I passed a row. I found a seat near the back of the theatre. As I sat down on the cold plastic, the butt plug was pushed further into sore ass. I closed my eyes as my pussy dampened. I was sitting as still as a stature, trying not to think of all the guys staring at my exposed legs. Suddenly, my phoned buzzed.

‘Slut Report. Take a picture bitch’ The panic set in. I had no idea where to go, let alone the idea of getting someone to fuck me. I improvised and ran up the aisle, sprinting towards the door. My long strides caused the skirt to ride up and my ass to be exposed. I ignored the obvious glares and the whistles as I sprinted out the door.

I glanced at my phone. I still had time to find a washroom and take a picture. I scrambled around a corner and saw a sign. I raced by a few guys and one reached out and grabbed my ass.

“Slut!” He said loudly. “Want my cock babe?” His grip stopped me abruptly, and a crazy thought raced through my mind.

“Yes! I want that hard cock, all of your hard cocks! But we need a picture first.” My mind was racing. I grabbed the guys hand and went for the girls washroom.

“Not so fast slut, you’re doing this our way.” With that, the upper year dragged me into the Men's room. I didn’t protest too much, I needed this done, and a quick fuck is all it takes to win, then so be it. I strolled into the washroom and bent over once I was inside. I didn’t take notice to the other guys in the washroom. I glanced at my phone. I still had a couple minutes to pull this off and get out of here.

I bent over invitingly. “Fuck me boys, and take a picture of my hot ass first.” Suddenly, there were more guys than I thought. The first guy lined up behind me and pushed me into the stall I was facing. The stall was large enough to accommodate the half dozen guys that were pulling out there cocks of all shapes and sizes.

The first guy, the one in the hall way, took my phone from me.

“Check this slut out, she has a big plug in her ass.” He then boldly grabbed it, and twisted it causing tremors throughout my body. My senses were on high as a teenage with a 7-inch cock sat down on the toilet seat in front of me. My shirt was pulled off abruptly, and my skirt pulled down to my ankles.

I was then forced to me knees, the boy’s cock just inches from my face.

“Hurry up and fuck me. And take a picture of everyone here so I can tell that you were here.” I then took the guys cock in my mouth, swirling my tongue around and then down his shaft. I shook my ass

impatiently, then without warning, his thick cock plunged into my already used pussy. I then heard the click of a camera. Then another, and another.

In a panic, I took my mouth off the teens cock, and grabbed my phone. I quickly found the slutty photo of my ass in the air with a cock deep in my pussy, and my mouth sucking the other guys cock. I quickly sent it, encouraged by the guys to hurry up.

I sent the picture. My shirt and skirt was then placed under my knees as I assumed the position to carry out the slutty deed. I resumed sucking the guy's long shaft, and the cock filled my pussy once more. My hands were then placed on two more cocks as the fucking commenced. Every thrust pushed my mouth deeper onto the thick shaft.

Before long, the cock in my pussy emptied its load. The guy grunted as sperm flooded my overused pussy. Without warning, an even thicker cock was replaced, and the pounding was resumed. I moaned loudly as the new cock took over where the last one left off.

My cock sucking paid off, as I felt hot jism splatter down my throat. I couldn't swallow all of it, and several beads leaked out of my mouth.

"This slut is great at sucking cock." A new cock, hard and ready was replaced to be sucked.

"She is tight as fuck too." Another one said. "I'll be filling this pussy with –uhg." His grunt was audible as more sperm filled my pussy. The amount of cocks felt infinite. One after another used my mouth, my pussy or simply jacked off and left their sperm on my slutty body.

I am a whore. A cum dump. A slut of the team. The feelings of all the cocks caused my body to shudder in violent spasms. Ever wave rocked my body as my pussy and ass tightened. The sensation was incredibly a I nearly blacked out from the pleasure.

After what felt like eternity, the final cock was pulled from my pussy. I collapsed to the ground exhausted. My knees were sore from kneeling for so long. My body felt slippery from all the cum that had been dumped on my slutty body. I stood up, my legs quivering. I glanced around for my clothes and I found them in a pile in the corner. I picked up my phone.

2 O'Clock! I had been fucked for over 2 and a half hours. I noticed I missed at least 2 slut checks. Shit, I thought. There was also a third text.

'*Meet us in the gym, slut 3. You're in trouble'*

I couldn’t imagine how much more trouble I could find myself in