

# My introduction and pathway to group sex. Part 11

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*My first experience having sex with many in a group situation. Giving myself.*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/group-sex/my-introduction-and-pathway-to-group-1.aspx>

Continuing my life story. Please read Parts 1-10 first.

My sex life had become very good at this time. I had three boys on constant rotation; trying new things that I thought of or were asked of me. I had developed a great confidence in myself. I knew I could please boys and be appreciated by them. I wasn't scared to ask for what I wanted and nothing I knew of was going to scare me because my body was so accommodating to whatever was asked of it. I developed very strong urges towards other boys and a fascination of what they would be like. How big were their cocks or their balls? How much did they spray when they came? Would they all like being sucked by my throat? I used to get aroused thinking about it during the day and clearly remember crossing my legs and squeezing my thighs together in classes to give myself some pleasure.

The other boys were chatty with me, but they never asked me out. I gave out hints I was available but I never received the invitation into their circles. I clearly needed to get the word out. I decided to confide in the 'in crowd' girl who had given me her doctor's name when I wanted the pill. I told her I was fucking the 'at school' boy which naturally led to her asking about my real boyfriend. Her eyes and mouth opened when I told her I was still doing him too.

That was all it needed. Within a few days, the number of boys giving me chats, Hi' s, and Hello' s ballooned. The school grapevine is a long one. Four days later I was approached by a final year guy,

a year ahead of me. He asked me if I wanted to go out with him on Friday night and catch up with his friends later. I agreed quickly. This guy was one of the top team in final year and I wanted to be part of that crowd.

He picked me up in his father's car from the park near my home. I didn't want my parents to know I was seeing another boy. While he drove we talked about school and the people there. Gossip; who was on with who etc. He drove to the beach foreshore and into a car park. There were quite a few other cars parked there and I could make out other people in them. It was obviously a popular dating spot. I had never been out with a boy in a car before and felt very grown up. He didn't waste much time once we were there. He had his arm around me and coming in to kiss me very quickly.

I had thought about this in the two days since he'd asked me. I was clear in my mind that I wanted to fuck him; to try another one. I was fairly sure that he would be expecting it. My game plan was simple. Just let him do what he wanted and hope he wanted to go far enough.

I needn't have been doubtful. This guy was very sure of himself and what he wanted. Two long kisses and his hand was on my tits. I let him go on them, rubbing and squeezing. He had his hand down my bra rubbing them. I decided to give him a strong come on by reaching behind and unhooking it. Next thing he was pulling my dress off my shoulders to expose my tits. I let him look at them and rub them bare. When he moved his head down to suck them, I stopped him. He looked at me, disappointed.

"Let's get in the back" I said.

There was no way I was going to be able to fuck properly in the front seat of that car and I was not leaving anything to chance. Once we were in the back he pulled my dress down again and I pulled my bra off. He went to town on my tits. Rubbing, pulling, and gently twisting my nipples. With no resistance to this, he had his hand up my leg in no time. I followed my game plan. Let him do anything. This was an important night.

He rubbed me through my undies first, and with no complaints quickly slipped his fingers under them to rub my cunt. My heart melted. I loved that feeling. To make sure he knew he had the green light, I

reached under my dress and pulled my pants off. I dropped them on the floor of the car and leaned back into the corner of the seat. His hands were straight back onto me, pushing his fingers into me. I let him go at it, feeling good. I wondered what I looked like to him. Lying back in the semi darkness, my dress bunched at my waist, my bare tits poking out and my legs open with his fingers in my cunt. I decided I must look good, and that I would like how I looked, if I could see myself through his eyes. My cunt was squelching and he was going maximum fingers first up. I really needed to feel his cock. I reached to his pants and started pulling on his zip. He kneeled up, undid his jeans and zip, and pushed them down to his knees. His cock poked out, strong and hard. I couldn't see it really clearly in the semi light, but enough to know it was a decent size and rigid. I wanted to suck it, to feel it in my mouth and treat it with my throat.

He was too anxious for that and was leaning into me straight away. I felt like I was the one that he didn't want to get away. He needn't have worried. I put one leg on the other side of him, along the seat and reached up to hold his cock. At least let me feel it. I loved it. Would I ever get tired of feeling cocks? He was in a hurry now, his prize close. I pulled on his cock, down towards my cunt and waited for him to make contact.

That first touch of a cock rubbing into your lips is sublime; sliding, searching, eager to penetrate. I rubbed it up and down my crack, and then rolled my hips up to give him cunt access. I pushed his cock down my crack until it lodged. He sank it straight into me with a grunt and started thrusting quickly. It was a short, fast and furious fuck for him. He body slapped into me, lifting my hips and going for maximum depth. It felt great and he came quickly, emptying his load into me. I always loved that. My cunt; my power to make you come.

He rested on me for a bit. I hadn't had an orgasm, so was still aroused and was hoping for some more. With one load out of the way, the next one would last longer I told myself. My mind turned to the cleaning suck that I would give him. Oh yes; the taste of his semen.

Imagine my surprise when he pulled out and pulled his jeans up.

"I'm hungry. Let's go and get something to eat" he said.

While he climbed back into the front seat, I shoved my bra into my bag and pulled my pants back on.

He drove to a nearby hamburger place. Inside, I recognized many people from our school, mostly from his year level. We ate our food with some of them and a few of the girls seemed surprised to see me there. My boy left me a couple of times and spoke to guys at the other tables. There was lots of laughter and some table banging. He returned and told me we were all going back to the beach for a few beers. I felt disappointed as I was still hoping to fuck him again and get myself off.

We drove to a different place at the beach this time, down an unmade track. There was no car park, just a small turning area at the end near the dunes. Beer cans were opened and people wandered from car to car yelling and laughing. I was having fun, although beer wasn't my favorite drink. Every now and then, my guy would grab me and kiss me hard in view of the others. I figured he was making a demonstration that I was his tonight. As I wandered back and forth along the cars, I noticed a couple of the other girls were in the back seats with boys with lots of groping going on. I was very interested in this development. I had never been anywhere with other people where they had been obviously making out, apart from kissing. I made a point of passing the cars with couples in them to have a glance in at what was happening. Pretty soon I could see naked skin through the windows. How I wished I could have stopped and watched. How far were they going? What does his cock look like?

I needed to feel one. I went back to my guy and kissed him, pressed my tits into him and slipped my hand under to squeeze his cock. Thank God it fattened. He was ready again. He let me do what I wanted to do, then nodded over the top of my shoulder indicating something I should see. I turned around. One of the cars was rocking up and down and had guys peering into the side windows. There was obviously a couple fucking inside.

"Come here" I said.

I went back to his car and sat on the back seat with my feet out the door on the ground. I pulled him into the opening and undid his jeans. I wanted to suck his cock badly.

I freed his cock and sucked it in deeply a few times. He let out a loud groan. He hadn't felt anything yet. I relaxed my throat and pushed on all the way until his knob lodged in my throat. I pulled off and did it again and again. He was very vocal, with lots of loud "Oooh fuck." I gradually became aware of additional presence and raised my eyes to see some other guy's heads looking through the door at me. I decided to give them a show to remember me by. I put my hands on my guys arse and pulled him into me while I pushed my mouth on to his cock and pressed my nose into his hair. While I held my breath and he held my head, I could hear the other guys murmuring.

"Fuck. Look at that."

My guy pulled his cock out of my mouth and pushed me roughly back into the car, reached under my dress and pulled my pants off. They were still wet from his cum that had leaked out of me. He pushed my legs apart and leaned into me, jabbing his cock at my cunt. I grabbed it and guided it down to his target and he shoved it in hard. God I loved this. He fucked me hard and fast again, but longer this time with the benefit of already dumping a load. I was building, waiting for that moment when it takes over and you know you can't stop yourself from coming. A soft noise behind my head made me open my eyes and look up. Another guy had opened the other rear door and was looking in at me. His eyes were focused down my body, where I was being fucked. For a moment, I was able to see the intensity in his eyes, the lust and desire. Then he looked at my face and we locked eyes. I was being watched by this guy, being fucked by another guy. The thought was too much and my orgasm broke. I threw a hand up over my head while I spasmed and my guy fucked into me faster while he spurted. The guy watching did the nicest thing. He held my hand while I had my orgasm and let me squeeze it hard. He was still holding it while my guy pulled out of me and climbed out of the car. My guy didn't say anything to me. Just pulled out and walked off. I was left lying on the seat holding hands with someone whose name I didn't know.

I wanted to fuck him too. He was so nice. He hadn't even spoken to me. I turned myself around to face him and reached for his pants. While I rubbed his cock he put both his hands on my tits and massaged them. I started to pull my dress down my shoulders to give him my tits, then changed my mind and pulled it up from the bottom over my head and took it off. He stared at me, taking it all in. His cock was rock hard inside his jeans. I unbuttoned him and released his cock. It sprang out in front of me. Oh, to feel it in my mouth. I leaned forward and consumed it quickly and firmly. Straight to the throat this time. Oh, push hard boy. He groaned like someone who had never felt this before. He was rubbing my tits really hard and I sensed he wouldn't last long. I pulled my mouth off and lay back on

the seat pulling him down. He clambered on and pushed himself at me.

I held my second cock that night and lodged him into me. I was dripping wet from the load of cum I had just received and he slid in very easily. I found out later that this was called 'sloppy seconds'. He started groaning straight away sliding in and out, but he wasn't all the way in. I put my arms around his shoulders and pulled him down so he would get into me properly. I was rewarded with a deep penetration and his balls slapping on my arse hole as he fucked into me. He didn't fuck me fast, and he didn't last long. He groaned into my neck, stiffened and bucked his hips while I felt his wetness release inside me. He lay heavy on me and I could feel his heart beating hard against my chest. Unusual for a slow fuck. He lifted himself up and looked at me.

"Thanks" he said.

"First one"? I asked.

"Yeah," he laughed. "Don't tell."

He slipped his cock out as he got up and backed himself out of the car.

"Thanks," he said again before he turned away. He was my third first timer. Now there were three boys who would always remember me.

I lay there for a moment savoring the thought of two guys tonight, both bareback and three loads of cum in me. My thoughts were broken by a new head poking around the open door.

"Couldn't do me a favor too"? asked a happy, slightly drunk sounding voice.

I smelt a waft of beer. I just lay there looking at him. He was perving on my naked body. I knew he would have a pretty good look at everything. Even my cunt would be fairly visible from the open legged way I was laying. I didn't even think of moving. I was used to being seen naked now, with boys looking at every part of me, holding my cunt open to look inside, spreading my arse to look at my hole.

Why not, I thought. Why pass up the opportunity to feel another cock? This is what I wanted. I didn't move or say anything. I just lifted one arm and beckoned him in. He grinned and leaned in. His hand went straight to my cunt and started wiping up and down, followed by a couple of fingers in me. I reached up and rubbed his cock. Jesus, another one already hard. He undid his jeans quickly and freed his cock. I leaned my head forward to suck him but he just pushed me backwards and knelt between my legs.

This guy was urgent and more experienced. He climbed on top of me and pushed my legs wide. He grabbed his cock himself and wiped it up and down my crack a few times before settling it down into me. He just pushed the knob in and then put one hand under my arse to lift me up a bit. With one good shove, he pushed it all in. This was a pretty good weapon; fat, like my boyfriend's brother. He started fucking, hard and deep. He knew how to position us to get really deep penetration. He pushed one of my legs up and hooked my foot over the front seat and the other on top of the back seat. Spread wide, he had good access, and used it. He fucked me as hard as I had ever been fucked before; deep and thumping, with a good rhythm. This felt so good; I knew I wouldn't take long. I concentrated on the feeling between my legs; that beautiful stretch. The guy was into me like a marathon. He was hard, wide, deep and his balls were slapping my arse hole. Perfection.

It was a fantastic orgasm. Deep, long and rolling through me, while the guy kept up his steady pounding all the way through it. Hearing my orgasm seemed to give him a signal to now go for his own pleasure. He increased his pace and vigor, smacking into me with a massive force. My cunt was taking a pounding and my arse hole was feeling fantastic from his balls smacking into it. It felt so good my body started reacting. My arse was tingling. How I would love a finger in it now. The thought made another small orgasm burst from me and I was spent. Do anything to me. The guy finished himself soon after, emptying his considerable load with a long groan and grunting while it pumped out.

He lifted himself off and backed out. He stood at the door fixing up his jeans and said

“You're a pretty good fuck you know.”

After he left, I reached around on the floor for my undies and used them to wipe myself up. My cunt was a gooey mess. Did I just get sloppy thirds? I squeezed out as much as I could and wiped it on my

pants. I left them on the floor and pulled my dress back on.

I joined some others up near one of the other cars. There were many grins and nudges. My guy offered me a drink.

“Have a good time”? a girl asked.

I recognized her from school. She gave me a look that said camaraderie.

I smiled at her and said “Yeah, great”.

I laughed a bit. It was a bit of a strange situation for me. I had just been fucking many guys in the back of a car and everyone here knew I had. There were a few laughs. I looked around while I sipped my beer trying to recognize the guys I had been with. I recognized the first timer because I had locked eyes with him and now he kept looking at me. The last ‘fat cock’ guy I couldn’t recognize and found out a bit later he was drinking in another car with some others. I looked at the girl again, wondering if she was the one fucking in the back of the rocking car. Had she done more than one guy tonight? The other two girls were missing, obviously still in cars.

A guy moved over to the girl and said something to her. There was a short murmured conversation followed by a gentle push from him. She turned and walked to one of the cars and got in the back. He followed her in and shut the door. We watched them walking away, smiling and nodding. So, this is how it was in this crowd? Just join up for the night and fuck each other? I wanted in. What a dream come true.

Two guys came from a car and joined our group. One of them stood next to me, put his hand on my arse and asked how I was. I recognized him as my ‘fat cock’ guy that had given me the big orgasm.

“Great” I answered.

He introduced me to the other guy with him and then spoke to me quietly,

“It’s been a bit of a dead night for him. Think you can help him out”?

The twitch in my cunt answered for me.

“Yeah, OK.” I giggled.

I turned and walked back to the car. This was so easy. It was all here for the asking.

I climbed into the rear seat again and the guy followed me in. He sat there for a moment, a bit unsure. I wanted to have a good play with his cock and balls first so I told him to pull down his jeans. He had them down to his knees in a flash. I leaned over and pushed them over his knees to his ankles. I wanted to be able to open his legs and get to his balls. I held his cock and gave it a few strokes. He was hard but not fully rigid yet so I bent over, slid him into my mouth and gave him a tongue rub underneath his knob. He hardened up really quickly. I held his balls and juggled them in my fingers while I pushed my head up and down his cock. So many cocks and balls; all different; all good.

He was groping under me for my tits. The way I was leaning over him he couldn't get between my legs. He was starting to get impatient, trying to pull my dress down to get to my tits. I pulled it off over my head and sat up. He started sucking my tits and feeling my flaps. I was still very damp from leaking cum. I was jerking his cock while I let him have his feel, then slid my leg over his and sat on his lap with my back to him. I leaned forward and positioned his cock at my hole, then sat back and impaled myself on it. I leaned back against him and let him play with me. He had one hand rubbing my tits and one rubbing my flaps. He was making my clit feel very good. I slid up and down slowly on him enjoying the cock filling me. He started to take control and put both his hands under my bum, lifting me and dropping me down again. He pushed and held me up while he slipped a hand between my legs and ran his finger around the edge of my cunt where his cock was sticking into me. I leaned my arms on the back of the front seat while he enjoyed his feel.

When he finished I pulled off and slid sideways. I wanted to suck him again. He was wet from me and the semen that had been unloaded in there earlier. I sucked it off like it was one of my clean up sucks. I straddled him face to face and sank onto him again. He was much more agitated now and I could sense he was not far off. I humped him hard and fast while he just held onto my arse and sat there. I was going to let this boy feel what it was like to be milked dry by my cunt. I thrashed up and down on him until he started grunting loudly and I felt his wetness spreading inside me. I humped him

until I could feel him going soft, rested a moment then pulled off him and slid sideways.

I felt cum dribbling onto his cock when I pulled off. This was going to be a real good cleanup suck. I put my head in his lap and sucked his softening cock into my mouth. Taste that cum girl. A gentle suck and swallow, followed by a strong cleaning suck produced some more cum dribbles from him. I dipped my tongue down and licked up what had run down onto his balls.

“That was great,” he said. “Can we do it again soon?”

“Ok; probably,” I said.

I pulled my dress back on while he fixed his jeans.

The night ended not much later. On the way home I made it clear to my guy that I'd had a really good time and wouldn't mind going again. He also mentioned a party coming up soon and asked if I wanted to go. There would be some of this crowd plus others. I accepted. I wanted in to this group. In one night, I had gone from having fucked three guys, to seven.

Part 12 to follow.