The Gangbang

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When a young woman runs out of gas, she has an unexpected sexual adventure.

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I cursed as the engine in my car kept cutting out on the quiet, dark road. I hadn't a clue where I was. I had visited a new friend and had got lost after setting out for home. It was a part of the city I had never been in before, and had a very run-down and threatening feel to it. I had been sure I had enough gas to get home, and of course, sod's law applied. I had left my mobile phone at home on the charger.

It was after midnight, and the streets were deserted. Any shops, which weren't boarded–up, were closed. Just as I saw a pub sign ahead of me, the engine finally died and the car rolled to a stop outside the dingy pub. It looked badly in need of a paint-job, but at least they would have a phone and I could get some help, and maybe even some gas.

As I got out of the car, I smoothed down my short denim skirt and pulled my pink boob tube away from where it clung to nipples which had responded to the cool air. I suddenly wished that in this dubious-looking area, I was wearing something less revealing, but it had been such a hot day. At twenty-seven, my firm breasts were still in good enough shape to allow me to go bra-less, and the very short skirt showed off my long legs to advantage.

I enjoyed the cool night air wafting over my bare legs and tummy. Thankfully, my long auburn hair was tied up, and the cool breeze caressed my neck and shoulders. My high heels clicked in the silence as I crossed the road to the pub. With any luck, the breakdown service could be here soon, and I would be back at my flat within the hour and ready for a nice cool shower.

I pulled open the door and walked inside. The bar area was cramped and grimy. The barman was slowly polishing glasses and he looked up in surprise at my appearance. To my right at a small table,

two young men were drinking beer. On the other side, two more were playing pool. There were no women to be seen. I let the door close and walked towards the bar. I was very aware that the conversations had stopped, and felt eyes boring into me, no doubt stripping me naked – not that there was much to strip.

There was the sharp sound of a pool cue on a ball, then silence. I looked around at all the staring faces and became extremely aware of how I must look, in my rather sluttish get-up. Although I was an exhibitionist and enjoyed attention, I suddenly became nervous under the silent scrutiny.

When I reached the bar, a couple of long, drawn out wolf whistles broke the silence. Then I heard muttered comments.

“Sweet.”

“Nice legs.”

“I could give her one.”

I felt my face redden, but I focussed on the man behind the bar. “Excuse me, my car ran out of gas just outside. Is there...?”

A burst of male laughter startled me into silence.

“Oooh, gas, excuse me. What is the bitch doing in here? Does she think this is a filling station?” was one man’s idea of humour.

“No, I reckon she is on the game,” another wit called out, “How much for a blow-job, love?”

Those were the more polite comments I heard as the two who had been playing pool put down their cues and walked slowly over to me. I glanced around nervously as a rough hand brushed my bare shoulders.

“We ain’t got gas here, sweetheart, we only got booze,” laughed one. “Fancy a drink, pretty? I’m Billy.”

He was taller than the five feet ten inches I can claim in my stilettos. His dark hair was curly and he had the build of a labourer. I tried not to look at the muscles rippling on his arms and his chest, revealed by the sleeveless T-shirt. He looked no more than eighteen or nineteen, and in an attempt at bravado, I replied, “Are you sure you are old enough to be drinking?” Although I cringed as soon as I

had said it; Christ, was I not in enough trouble?

He ignored my question.

“I like cheeky sluts, they’re not so mouthy when they’re sucking my dick.” He sneered challengingly. “You’re not from around here, are you?”

“She can’t be or you would have fucked her by now, Billy,” chortled the other pool player, who was around his friend’s age. Although not as tall as him, he also had a muscular build, and his long blonde hair looked in need of a wash.

“I’m from the other end of town,” I replied nervously, glancing quickly around me.

I turned again to the barman who was still polishing the glasses.

“Look, could I use...?" Again I was interrupted, this time by the touch of a calloused hand on my thigh and before I could react, Billy’s rough fingers slid under the hem of my skirt and caressed the cheek of my ass where it was exposed by my skimpy thong. I spun round and brushed his hand away.

“What the fuck do you think you are doing?” I demanded, but my anger was tinged with apprehension.

The man behind the bar remained silent, and Billy just grinned.

“Ohh, steady guys, this one is trouble,” called another youth who had come up behind me.

There was laughter again. I was surrounded by three mean looking guys, who were not afraid to grope me. What would they try next? Despite my concern, I was amazed to feel a glow of arousal in my stomach; then a distant but pleasurable memory flickered at the back of my mind. When I was at college, I had got involved in a drinking session with three male students in my room. Somehow or other, I had agreed to play a form of strip poker. I was glorying in the attention and didn’t have a steady boyfriend at the time. To cut to the chase, I ended up being fucked by all of them, and thoroughly enjoying it.

“Look, can you help me please?” I almost shouted at the barman.

He put down the glass he was polishing and without replying, sauntered over to the pub entrance, locked the door, and handed the key to Billy.

“Right, that’s my shift over, I’m off; I’ll let myself out the back door. Make sure that your pals pay for their drinks and be sure to lock-up and set the alarm when you leave. Have fun, but play nice lads, play nice.”

While I stood with my mouth open in amazement, he disappeared through another door. His words, “have fun,”, seemed to echo in my ears as I became increasingly anxious.

“Okay, thanks for nothing,” I said, trying to sound unconcerned. “Just open that door please, and I’ll go.”

“Now then,” said Billy. “We can’t let a hotty like you wandering around this neighbourhood alone, can we Tim?” he said to the one who had touched me up.

“Definitely not,” Tim grinned. “Why, she might get raped or something. We wouldn’t want that to happen would we?” To giggles from the others. He smiled charmingly at me, “Relax and have a drink with us, and then you can use the phone.”

With mock courtesy, he named his companions: the blonde one was Tim and the other two youths were Jim and Bob. My brain was spinning as I tried to think of my best option. Fighting them for the key would be futile. Perhaps I could charm my way out of this.

“Fine, I’m Jill, but just the one drink. My boyfriend will be getting worried,” I lied.

I didn’t have a boyfriend at the time, and in fact, I hadn’t had a fuck for a while. I lifted the large gin and tonic Billy poured for me and took a gulp to settle my nerves.

“Do you play pool, Jill?” Tim asked.

“Not very well, I’m afraid.”

“Come on then I’ll play you. I’ll give you three balls start, but if I win I get a kiss, Okay?”

I nodded mutely. Fuck, I thought; I was not appropriately dressed for sprawling over a pool table, and they knew that of course. Still I had to make the best of it; perhaps they would be satisfied with some good views of my ass with a few kisses and gropes. I walked slowly over to the table and took a cue.

“You can break,” Tim smiled as the others gathered round to enjoy the fun.

As I bent down to take my shot I did my best to stop the hem of my skirt riding up my thighs. From the

corner of my eye, I could see my breasts swing in the tight, fine cotton as my arm moved. The game continued with me having potted one ball to Tim's four. I was sure that he was now deliberately leaving the white in as awkward a position as possible for me, so that I had to stretch across the table to get at it. I knew that my most of my crotch must be on show on those shots, but what was really bothering me was that my perverse and seemingly uncontrollable pleasure from exhibitionism was in full flow.

I realised that despite my show of reluctance I was enjoying this and my pussy was so wet that I was afraid it would show through my thong. What an invitation that would be!

The men had dropped their banter, as they moved around to watch me play, and the sexual tension and silence was worrying. I leant across the table for a difficult shot and felt my skirt slide up my back. If someone wanted to stick their cock in me there and then they'd have no problem. Billy came up behind me.

"Try doing this," he whispered in my ear as he positioned my arm.

He was bending over me and I felt his erection pressing through his jeans against the back of my ass cheek. With his free hand, he ran a finger lightly over my right nipple.

"Hold it right there and you should pot that one," he chuckled before moving away.

My hand startled to tremble. I missed the intended shot and potted the black ball.

"Game over," yelled Tim triumphantly and before I could straighten up he leant over me, pinning me to the table. Again I felt the bulge of a hard-on press against me.

"You should have done it this way," his beery breath filled my nostrils as he pressed his cheek against mine.

My right arm was trapped under his, and he cupped my breast in his big hard hand.

"Hey, steady on," I murmured, trying to wriggle free but remain friendly. "You said a kiss, remember."

Tim released me and I turned round to face him and was immediately drawn away from the table in a bear hug as his mouth fastened over mine. Before I could react, Jim and Bob seized my wrists from each side. Tim gripped my hair, pulling my head back and kissed my neck, his rough stubble grazing my soft flesh. Billy moved between me and the table and fingers looped into the elastic waistband of my skirt. I braced my legs closely together in an attempt to protect myself, but this only made it easier

for him when both my skirt and my thong were abruptly whipped over my hips and down my legs. In seconds, he had reached down and forcibly lifted each foot in turn until he had my clothes in his hands.

Billy tapped Tim on the shoulder and he released me.

“Come on, let’s see her tits.”

My arms were raised and my top was quickly pulled up over them and thrown onto the table. The two holding my wrists extended my arms fully out to the side so that my naked body was presented like the captive I was. My clit was screaming out to be touched. What difference do another few fucks make in my life? I asked myself. The men were devouring my body with their eyes and I decided not to put up a show of resistance. They didn’t seem to be in a mood for conversation, and I kept quiet, knowing that appealing to them would be a waste of time.

Billy stepped forward and cupped a naked breast in each of his rough but warm hands. Thumbs gently rubbed my nipples which had already risen from my excitement and fear and I shuddered at the sensation, closing my eyes. I felt rough hands push my thighs apart and brush along my damp slit, rubbing my steadily blossoming clit and vulva. I gasped and became aware that I was steadily becoming more and more aroused. . The sensation from my aching nipples combined with the pleasure from the fingers probing the wet warm flesh of my pussy and I stifled a moan. Someone slipped a finger deep inside me, and I opened my eyes to see that it was Billy. He slowly withdrew the finger and held it up in full view, glistening and slick with my juices.

“She’s ready boys,” he whooped gleefully.

As if on cue they lifted me and carried me to the pool table. I remember thinking that it was better than being on the filthy floor. I was laid out on my back while they hurriedly stripped off, and I was treated to the sight of four young hard and lean bodies complete with quivering erections. As I had expected, Billy stepped forward first; he gripped my ankle and pulled me to him. I slid easily along the green baize until my backside was propped up on the lip of the table and my cunt made freely available. Billy spread my long legs and looped them over his broad shoulders, as he aimed his cock at my opening. As I looked up at him I noticed his earring for the first time, and that his eyes were blue.

Soon I felt the swollen head of his cock pushing at my opening, then sliding smoothly in. He swung his hips and with each long thrust he was able to fill me completely and I could feel his balls brushing my clit as he slammed his shaft home. I realised that the pool-table was at an ideal height for fucking. I enjoy that position, but usually on the edge of the bed with the man kneeling, because his hands are

free to work on my clit; the standing position definitely gives the man more thrusting power, and Billy was using it well, forcing a grunt from me with each stroke.

His totally-erect young dick was pushing along my sensitive front wall and my head began to swim with pleasure – his big hard dick was really reaming more than I had enjoyed recently. I usually need my clit stroked to get full enjoyment and an orgasm, but from the angle he was at, his cock was stimulating the root of my clit and it felt fucking great.

My breasts were being sucked and fondled by Jim and Bob, and my greedy, slutty body was enjoying every minute of it – I was getting a good fucking and despite all my anxiety I started to writhe reflexively as the men took their pleasure. The two on my breasts were making me wank them as they leaned over me, and the rubbery-hard cocks felt great in my hands. Tim was watching keenly and had been offering encouragement as he stroked his thick, stubby shaft.

“That’s it Billy, fuck the ass off the bitch, make her scream for more.”

But he suddenly pushed his two friends back from my tingling, saliva-covered breasts, muttering that he couldn’t wait, and swung onto the table. Straddling my chest, he slid his hand under my head and raised it to meet his erection. In that position he could just manage to push into my mouth, and nearly choked me with his first thrust. I folded the fingers of my right hand around the thick base and held his belly back with the other; he groaned and relaxed as I started to jack and suck him.

I must have been a bit over-enthusiastic with my hand movements, or he was over-excited, for to my surprise, after only a couple of minutes, Tim gripped my hair tightly with his free hand, and erupted into the back of my mouth with four or five spasms. I am usually happy to swallow, but with my head bent forward at that awkward angle, the slippery fluids gathered behind my lips and when I opened my mouth to release Tim’s cock, a thick stream of his spunk dribbled down my chin.

I watched it trickle down my neck and gather between my breasts. The sight seemed to excite Jim and Bob who had been stroking their dicks, for suddenly both came forward and started jacking-off vigorously over me, while Tim’s softening shaft was still dripping onto my stomach.

I knew that I was going to get what the porn video makers call the money-shot. Sure enough, in what seemed only seconds, Jim’s cock sent the first glob of sperm at my face. I closed my eyes and felt a warm splash on my cheek – to be followed by several more. Then Bob tugged my tangled, damp hair, turning my head towards him.

“Open your mouth slut,” he hissed.

As I complied, I felt his hairy balls brush my arm as he strained to get nearer to me. I opened my eyes in time to see his ejaculation arc through the air to land on, and between my parted lips.

“That’s it, now swallow it darling,” Bob ordered.

Still anxious to keep them happy, I used a finger to brush the spunk on my lips into my mouth, and swallowed a few times. Then I used the same finger to gather the semen on my cheeks and sucked it clean.

Meanwhile, Billy, his view blocked by Tim’s back, had pulled out of me to see what was going on, but when he saw my face being splattered with cum.

“Fuck that, I am going to shoot my load into her tight cunt,” he announced.

With that he moved back to where my legs were dangling, hoisted them again, and slipped his dick back into me. It didn’t take him more than a couple of minutes of vigorous fucking before cumming with a loud, satisfied groan.

“That was fucking great, Jill,” he grunted, “What a horny little bitch you are,” as his dripping cock slipped out.

I hadn’t cum, but was ready to get out of the place if I could before they got horny again. I sat up with an effort; my back was aching from the hard table, and my neck was stiff from bending to suck Tim. Suddenly Bob spoke, looking worried.

“What if she goes to the police?” I gathered my courage, took a deep breath and spoke as confidently as I could manage.

“Don’t worry about that,” I said, looking at Billy who seemed to be the leader.

“I wouldn’t stand a cat-in-hell’s chance if you guys stuck together and said it was consensual sex; and I don’t have a mark on me. But you have had your fun and if you try anything else I will fight you and then you will be in the shit when you mark me. Please let me use the phone to get some gas, and we will forget about it.”

There was a silence as they thought about it; but they were looking less confident now. Billy spoke.

“Okay, Jill. That’s a good attitude to take. I’ll tell you what – my van is parked outside. I always carry a can of gas for emergencies, you can have it and it should get you home.”

I was bursting for a pee, but didn’t want to delay any further. I pulled on my clothes in seconds as Billy opened the front door. The others were looking a bit sheepish now that Billy had made his decision and I left them drinking at the bar with scarcely a backward glance. After the gas had been transferred to my car, Billy confidently pulled me to him for what he called a goodnight-kiss, which included a grope of my tits. When he let me go, I climbed into my car as quickly as I could, feeling Billy’s spunk starting to seep into my thong. Just as I was closing the door, he managed a parting shot.

“You know where to come for gas next time you are in our patch,” he grinned.

The car started and I found myself giving him a generous smile as I pulled away. I might just do that, I thought.