

# XTC's Collection of Dirty Little Secrets, Vol 1

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*XTC shares with you a collection of secrets, starting with Sara's gang bang.*

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Hello. My name is XTC, and I am a keeper of dirty, little secrets. You know...those kinds of secrets that a husband might keep from his wife, or a girlfriend from her boyfriend. I watch and record their secrets and spin them into torrid tale of kinky debauchery. Wanna hear one? Well...come here. Sit down, and make yourself comfortable. I have just the yarn for you. I know a filthy slut, who takes advantage of her husband's business trips. This is Sara's dirty, little secret. \*\*\* Sara lives in the lap of luxury. She's married to a prominent businessman, who frequently goes on long trips around the world. At first, these trips upset her, but Sara; being the creative person she is, found a way to alleviate the boredom. Her husband's money gave her the means to achieve perfection. Top notch hair stylists turned her mousy brown hair into spun gold, with curls that cascaded down her back. Perfect make-up accented her sea green eyes. Liposuction and a personal trainer gave her the toned, tight body that most envied. Her all over tan was made possible by tanning nude at her pool, which was surrounded by a 7ft privacy fence. While most were struggling to make ends meet, she took her riches for granted by splurging on frivolous things. She did try to give back to society occasionally. She went to the charity functions, and when she felt moved, she volunteered. Her peers and friends thought her to be the perfect lady; always groomed to the nines in designer shoes and clothes. She knew which fork to eat with, and never said the wrong thing. As far as anyone knew, profanity never came from her heart shaped mouth, but Sara had a dirty, little secret that even her husband didn't know about. On the second Saturday night of the month, Sara, the perfect lady, was the leading lady in a community gang bang. Don't look so shocked. That closet whore told me that she loves every minute of it. After dear old hubby's nightly check in, Sara would dress in the sluttiest thing she owned, which basically consisted of a hot pink net shirt that allowed her fat nipples to poke through, a micro mini, so short that her ass hung about 2 inches below the hem, and a pair of crotchless panties. Her long legs were encased in supple leather, thigh high stiletto boots. This perfect society lady transformed herself into a cheap whore. Believe me when I say this, by the end of the night every hole in body will have been penetrated by several hard cocks and a few strap ons. She was driven to the exclusive club by a limo, provided by the host, and when she arrived; Sara was

led, blindfolded, into a dimly lit and very smoky room, filled with strange men and women. Placed in the center of the room, she would stand there patiently waiting for the party to start. She trembled, whether it was from nerves or excitement, I don't know. She told me that when the host approached her, her nipples got harder, and when he placed the wooden box over her head, her pussy gushed. There was something about the wooden box that she couldn't resist. Made of pine, it sat on her shoulders. It wasn't heavy, but bulky, so it was up to her to keep it level. The box contained one simple hole, situated where her mouth was. Essentially, it cut off her sense of sight, leaving her in the dark. She wouldn't know whose cock was being shoved in her mouth, or who's cum splashed her face. Now that I've told you the essentials, this is where I take leave and let Sara finish her tale. \*\*\*

Sara stood trembling in the middle of the room. She couldn't see anything, and to make the suffering worse, her hearing was muffled, as well. Her arms held the box still. The small amount of light filtering in from the hole was enough to tease her senses. She felt strong hands on her shoulders push her to her knees. For several seconds, she knelt there...waiting. A fleeting shadow startled her, and then darkness, as a body blocked the light coming in from the hole. Her heart pounded. Her itch was about to be scratched. When she heard the faint sound of a zipper, she licked her lips eagerly. He pushed her hands away and took over holding the box, mainly using it for leverage. The smooth, blunt end of a fat cock nudged her lips. She parted them, allowing him access to the warm, moist confines of her mouth. Cupping her tongue around his mushroom, Sara licked every inch of his glans and as far down his shaft as she could. His taste was salty and strong. She couldn't be sure, but Sara thought that he might be uncircumcised. He let her tongue his meat for a few minutes, and then started thrusting faster, until he was face fucking her mouth. Sara tried to keep up, but soon settled for holding still. Loud, wet gagging sounds emanated from the box, as he pushed his thick prick down her throat. Very aroused by now, Sara wanted nothing more than to rub her clit, but knew better. Finally after several hard thrusts, he pushed far down her throat and blew his load. She swallowed rope after rope of warm salty cum, and when he pulled free, he smeared the remaining drops all over her chin and lips. Sara's pussy was pulsing and swollen. She squeezed her thighs together, trying to relieve some of the throbbing pressure there, and was reprimanded with a sharp knock on the top of the box. Immediately, she opened her legs wider. The shadow left, and soft light again filtered in from the hole. Sara, expecting another cock to suck, was suddenly pulled up to a standing position. She swayed, as the box tilted from lack of support. Unknown hands steadied it, as she was bent at the waist, until the flat top of the box was resting levelly on the floor. She was now balanced by the box on her head and her feet. "This is new," she thought. In this position, her ass was high in the air. Her mini skirt was pushed up to her waist. Someone knelt down beside her and cupped her hanging breasts. The touch was soft; hand small; a woman. From her experience, Sara knew that the ladies were usually kinkier than the men. She held her breath, as that soft hand kneaded her tits. Her puffy, pink nipples were poking through the netting of her shirt; easy access. She squealed, when the woman pinched her nubs hard, and then pulling on them. The stranger tugged on them, until they burned and were hard enough to cut glass. As suddenly as she grabbed them, she let go, leaving Sara wondering what was going to happen next. Less than a minute passed, and she had her answer. Sharp alligator clips

snapped down on her tender flesh. White hot pain streaked down from her tortured tits to her erect clit, making it throb harder. Small gushes of pussy juice ran down her thighs. Just when she thought the woman was finished with her poor nips, Sara heard a small click and felt the clips pull down. The woman had added weights to the clamps. "From the look of you slutty cunt, you like this a lot," the woman whispered in her ear, as she made the weights swing slightly. Sara gasped and moaned. The pain from the swinging weights was rapidly pushing her to orgasm. The woman never let the pendulums stop. When they got too slow, she gave them another push; the whole time telling Sara how much of a whore she was, and how wet her pussy was getting. Sara couldn't take it any longer. Her knees buckled, as her pussy ballooned open before contracting down in the first of many orgasms she would have. "Tsk. Tsk. Only bad girls cum from that. Do you need a spanking?" the woman asked. "Yes, Ma'am," she said loudly. The woman helped her stand back up. Leaving the clamps in place, she left Sara's side. Sara felt a current of air behind her and knew that the woman was behind her. She felt those soft hands caress her ass, lovingly. The woman kneaded each globe thoroughly, before grabbing the waistband of her panties and pulled them down. She lifted one leg, and then the other, helping Sara out of her tiny panties. Sara could feel a new gush of fluid escape her cunt, as she stood there wondering just how many people could see her naked ass and slit. The woman kicked Sara's legs open wider, making her cunt gape open. "It's a shame that such a pretty puss like this is empty," the woman said. Sara silently agreed and was about to reply, when she felt the woman's fingers open her labia as wide as they could go. Then...the woman stuffed Sara's panties all the way inside her cunt. Sara knew how small her panties were, but when they were stuffed in her pussy that way, she felt so full. So full in fact, that she could feel the throbbing beat of her clit deep inside her puss. Working her muscles, she felt the lace tickle the smooth walls inside her. "That's better. Don't ya think everyone?" the woman said. Sara's cheeks felt hot, as a chorus of voices agreed. She tried to imagine what they were seeing and saw a woman with her head hidden in a box on the floor, ass high in the air, weights swinging from her cherry red, swollen nipples, and a bit of black lace poking out from the confines of her pussy. Just thinking about it and knowing that others were probably stroking off to the sight started familiar tingles in her clit, again. The woman leaned down and said, "You're so sexy, and I would truly love to make your ass bright red, but that honor is reserved for the host." Sara felt shivers run up and down her spine. Having the host participate was indeed an honor. He never touched her. In fact, he always wore a mask. She didn't know his identity. Lost in thought, Sara missed the question that was asked, and when she didn't answer quickly enough, someone yanked hard on the clamps. "I'll ask again. Are you a good enough girl to have the box removed?" the masculine voice asked. "Only if you think I am," she replied. "Good girl," he helped her up. Disoriented from standing on her head for so long, the man steadied her, while another unlocked the box and removed it. She was told to keep her eyes shut. They laid her down flat on the floor. The weights attached to her clamps pulled to the side, forcing her sore nipples a new direction and making her whimper. Unknown hands pulled her legs up and over her head. Each ankle held by a different person. She was again folded in half, but this time, she was on her back. The pressure from this position squeezed her panties halfway out of her bulging pussy. The man played with her

panties, teasing her, and then slowly pulling them out of her drenched snatch. She gasped, as her pussy pulsed at the sudden emptiness. The man took advantage of that gasp and stuffed her soaking wet panties into her open mouth. Sara could taste the pungent flavor of her aroused pussy and sucked as much of her juice from the fabric as she could get. The hands let her ankles back down, and this time she was lifted and made to straddle the man. Someone guided his huge prick into her hungry pussy. She was so wet that it pierced her core easily. Sara bounced up and down on his cock; her hands braced on his chest and riding her way to her second orgasm. She was almost there, when another pair of strong hands pushed her down flat on the man's chest. Sara felt a second cock slap her tightly puckered asshole, and she braced herself, but was surprised when the second cock shoved its way into her pussy. Her loud moan was muffled by the panties in her mouth, and her eyes flew open. She had never been so full before. Two long, thick dicks fought for control of her pussy. "You like that, don't you, bitch?" the first man said, "You like having two cocks fucking your slutty cunt at the same time." She looked down at him, but his identity was a mystery. Everyone in the room had masks on; concealing them. His strong arms held her tight to his chest, as he pumped in and out of her pussy in tandem with the other man. The added pressure to her G spot caused her body jerk; spraying the first man's pelvis in her cum. The second man pulled out of her puss and went around to the front of her. Pulling her head by her tousled hair, he jerked the cock several times before coating her face in white, sticky cum. The first man pushed her over onto her back and fucked her pussy hard; his body shuddering, as he got closer. He pulled free from her rippling hole and covered her tits in a river a jism. Sara pulled her panties out of her mouth and lay there, panting; cum matting in her hair. Her make-up was smeared. She was covered in pearly white man juice. The two men disappeared from her sight, and another woman stood over her. Falling to her knees, the woman hiked her skirt up and rubbed her wet cunt all over Sara's face. Needing no encouragement, Sara wrapped her arms around the woman's rounded hips and buried her tongue deep inside the woman's tangy pussy. She scooped copious amounts of cunt cream out of the woman's sweet slit; gulping them down. The woman ground her clit on Sara's chin. Sara, done with sucking the woman's hole, attacked her fat clit. The woman returned the favor and sucked Sara's huge bud into her mouth. They sucked and licked each other, making the room reek of hot sex. The woman screamed, as her orgasm washed over her. She rubbed and smeared oyster colored juices all over Sara's cum drenched face. Sara saw white light, as her own pussy squirted nectar. Once the woman regained her senses, she got up, straightened her skirt, and left. That's when the host stepped forward. A big man; twice the size of Sara, he was wearing leather pants that did little to hide the gigantic erect cock he was sporting. His mask covered the entire top of his head. Sara shuddered. This man oozed dominance and hard sex. She watched him push his tight pants down his hips; her eyes growing wide, as a dick almost as thick as her wrist popped free. A large piercing capped his thick mushroom. He sauntered slowly over to her; cock jutting forward and bouncing stiffly with each step. He sat down in a vacant chair and motioned for her to come to him. "Crawl like the bitch in heat I know you are," his deep voice said. She crawled to him. "Now...stand up and turn around," he commanded. Once she did as he prompted, he pulled her down and lifted her legs over the arms of the chair. She

was wide open. Looking down, Sara watched as his massive cock head pushed into her dripping snatch; the piercing rubbing sensuously in all the right places. Her mouth open in a silent scream; gravity forced her pussy to swallow him whole. He held onto her hips tightly, and with agonizing slowness, he withdrew, until just the tip was inside. Then...he slammed into her, using long hard thrusts; his shaft shiny with her cream; pushing her to the edge and then backing off. "Rub your clit," he growled. Her fingers circled and pulled her swollen nub, as he pulled out of her cunt and slapped it with the head. He angled her up slightly and pressed against her tight back passage. Sweat dripped from her forehead, as he pushed and prodded. The wrinkles of her tiny, brown sphincter smoothed out and stretched paper thin, as her ass nibbled its way down his massive shaft. She felt like she was being speared. Finally, all nine inches was buried deep in her gut, and she could feel his heart beating through his cock. He sat there, unmoving. A drop of her juice made its way down her labia. Once he felt it slide down his full nut sac, he lost control and pounded the fuck out of her asshole. Sara friggd her clit with one hand, and shoved three fingers from the other hand inside her pussy. "Cum, slut! CUM," he roared. Sara's head dropped back on his strong chest; her slit sucking on her fingers. She screamed long and loud, when she felt his hot load shoot deep inside her ass. He held her tight, until every drop of his cum was emptied into her guts. Patting her head, he pulled out of her gently. Sara moaned, as her ravished anus quivered. "Push out that cream pie," he whispered. Wanting only to please the host, Sara clenched her muscles. With him holding her legs up high, it was easy to force the dirty cum from her slack ass hole. Big globs of cum bubbled out, loudly. When she was empty, he kissed her cheek and told her that it was going to hurt when they took the nipple clamps off. She assured him that she would take care of them. Sara was about to ask him about the person in the shadows, but when she turned back, they were gone. \*\*\* I watched the whole thing, and I tell you Sara was NOT the proper society lady that night. Even though she never got that ass spanking, I sincerely believe her ass got sweetly punished. So...that was Sara's dirty little secret. I can only assume that she was a bit sore the next day. Hmm...I hope hubby didn't come home the next day. If you liked Sara's tale, just wait for Malcolm's dirty little secret.