

# Nat and Sandy Pay the Rent - Part 2

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*The sex-party games begin in earnest for the girls.*

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Story so far: Experienced Natasha and naive Sandy have come up short on rent for their landlord Alan. Rather than be kicked out, they have made the decision to provide entertainment at a sex party in Alan's apartment. While in a bedroom Alan and his 30-something friends close in on poor sweet Sandy, Natasha takes on the amorous attentions of the party's younger male guests in the living-room. There was nothing tentative about Natasha's approach to her duties back in the living room. At twenty-eight she had been fucking too long and too lustily to be coy in the presence of Alan's younger guests. She knew from experience that a spirited contribution made the task easier in the long-run. Guys came quicker, were worn out longer and let you call the shots a bit more, if you matched them in vigour. Nor was she averse to multiple male partners; despise Alan though she did, she had a fundamental liking for cock, and being left alone with this crowd might have had its pleasures. But there was Sandy to think of. Trapped elsewhere in the apartment, Alan's filthy and experienced friends slowly closing in on her as they loved to do with first-timers, she was going to need Natasha's support as never before. The plan was simple. Get these boys off in quick succession, excuse herself while they broke for a drink and hunt out the other group. Alan might object, but the others would be so horny they would be glad of a second warm female in whom to stick their cocks, and so she could draw some of the heat from her room-mate. She'd known from the off, however, that these young men would be a tough proposition. They were strong, confident and no doubt well-supplied in their lives with pussy. What they might lack in sexual finesse, they would certainly make up for in stamina. And there were seven of them. Three were well-developed and testosterone-fuelled personal trainers from Alan's gym; the others, it had transpired, were a squad of builders, who had worked on one of his house renovation projects - less well-groomed than the gym crowd, but with plenty of raucous, lustful energy, heightened by camaraderie and alcohol. The only male in the room not set to take her on was young Ryan, who stood observing from a secure distance, a towel wrapped around his loins. He looked as intimidated as he did intrigued. Just as well he was holding back, thought Natasha. There was enough to occupy her as it was. She acknowledged her task and met it squarely. The body-builders exposed their rampant dicks first and she fell to her knees near-naked before them, to give the organs some well-co-ordinated pump-and-suck. The demands of three rods slowed down the process, as one always went unattended, so she broke off occasionally from her oral endeavours to

encourage whoever was waiting: 'Come on, wank that cock, get it close. I want you bastards to spunk in my face at the same time!' Then she would fall to again, sucking and jerking her way round the three cocks, knowing the guys would not turn up the offer to facially douse her. She gauged it carefully from their guttural moaning and the feel of their pricks in her mouth, moving between them with increased rapidity, so that they all achieved a state of maximum pulsing hardness together. Then she leant back and challenged, 'Come on guys, full in the face, fucking blast me!' Even without prompting the men would not have taken long. They pummelled their cocks frantically in front of her, faces reddening, neck muscles standing out, as they raced to a combined climax. They came in quick succession, in a tumult of primal grunting and orgasmic obscenity, shooting viscous, pearly jets point blank into Natasha's expectant face; her features were instantly obscured in a great messy splatter of semen. She screwed up her eyes and took the copious combined-load almost proudly, waiting till the heavy spurting had completely subsided, before wiping her eyes clear and running her tongue round her mouth to lap up male seed. Well that was three out of the way. Her face still plastered with sperm, she stood, parted the wilting bodies of the gym instructors and walked amongst the hastily stripped and fully excited labourers. 'Okay boys,' she said, pushing one young, pony-tailed guy down into a chair. 'How about I make myself comfy on this cock and then suck off the rest of you?' This plan proved universally popular. She gave pony-tail a splendid view of her smooth back and gym-hardened ass and he held his length in place, so she could lower her tight cunt on to it. She could hear his pleased reaction and groaned a little herself, as his thick sex expanded her. Then, squatting firmly down on him, she bent forward so she could slurp on the other cocks as they crowded in on her, while thrusting back purposefully on the one penetrating her twat. The group of suckees pressed her more urgently, vying to stuff her mouth and slapping their cock-heads against her cum-stained face, whenever someone else was being attended to. Their seated colleague drove into her as she pushed back on him, impacting deep within her on each thrust. She worked hard and with practised skill at both ends, keeping all pricks fully inflated and drawing reactions that were steadily more fevered from the fuckers of her mouth and cunt. Then as one of the self-taught studs grabbed her head and began to force his cock down her throat to the very hilt, she seized the two remaining hard-ons and pumped tenaciously. It was all she could do to remain in control of four cocks at once, but that hardly signified at this stage. Within a minute the guy she was sitting on began to buck out of control and grabbed her hips so that he could fuck with orgasmic urgency. A constricted scream ripped itself from his throat as he shot his load inside her and his violent climax triggered those of his friends. The room was full of climactic yells and profanities, just before Natasha was engulfed a second time. Cum drained down her throat and splashed over her face from both sides, as all her attendants emptied themselves. She eased herself from the spent cock on which she sat and moved through the drained labourers to lift a beer from the table. Then having washed the remaining cum down her throat, she wiped further spunk from her face and made her move. 'I can see I'm going to have my work cut out with you horny bastards,' she said with a wry smile, as she set off ostensibly for the bathroom. 'You'll have to excuse me.' But her way was blocked by Jed, a tall fitness instructor with elaborately tattooed, bulging arms. 'Hey, don't go just yet,' he grinned, pushing up against her, so

that she felt his prick against her stomach. Fully reactivated, she noticed with a sinking heart. 'Party's only started,' he explained. She tried to manoeuvre round him, but he grabbed her by the waist and heaved her backwards into a sitting position on the glass-topped table, causing the other men to laugh appreciatively. 'Okay girl, spread your legs. Do what you're being paid for,' he said, with cheery lust. Christ, she thought, as she parted her thighs and provided him with access. Impressive recovery. Looks like poor Sandy's on her own for a while longer. She braced herself for a long, hard fucking and the boys supplied. From the sidelines Ryan watched, quiet and avid, as the live gangbang played out before him. \*\*\*\*\* Sandy ran her fingers over the surface of Gavin's cock, staring all the while in tremulous fascination. The hard, priapic tower spasmed slightly under her touch, as she explored the bulbous, purple head and traced the engorged veins down the underside of the shaft. She was acutely aware of all the male eyes fixed on her, as they avidly followed the training of this novice. And Alan's intrusive camera clicked away, recording her plight. The dick far outsized any she had seen in her life. Her hand could not fit around its girth. Its outrageous length jutted ceiling-ward like a threat. Yet she knew her body was about to accommodate it. Somehow. 'Use your mouth. Lick the tip clean.' Gavin's voice was as granite-hard and demanding as his cock. Sandy took the shaft in both hands and curled an obedient tongue over the eye, scooping up a shining bead of pre-cum as she did. 'Now flick your tongue under the head. No, flick it. Fast. And harder than that.' She worked at him heatedly, no longer sure she knew what she was doing. 'Look at me. Don't take your eyes off me. Now keep going till you get it right.' Sandy gazed up at his stonily handsome features, feeling some imperative she did not understand to please him. She stared intently as the efforts of her busy tongue began to register in his arrogant face. He was enjoying what she was doing. 'Now flick your tongue down the shaft. Take your time, girl. I said take your time! Now - lick my balls.' She followed each instruction, receiving no word of commendation, simply reading his expression - his curled lips and the increased heaviness of his breathing - for signs of pleasure. She slavered her tongue over his bristling, red sac, waiting for further commands. 'Suck on them.' His voice was hoarser. It was all she could do to slurp in either of his heavy bollocks and, but she persisted until she got the measure of them, massaging each testicle between her tongue and the roof of her mouth. His next words, however, almost caused her to panic. 'Right, now suck my cock.' She broke away and looked at him in worried consternation. 'I don't think it'll fit...' He dragged her up by the hair and stuck his dick between her lips, forcing her jaws wide apart. Then he jammed her head down on to it, filling her gaping mouth, his plum-like cock-head searching for her throat. 'There, it'll fit,' he said with cool savagery. Her eyes bulged in shock, as he fucked her wide-stretched mouth in a fierce bout of pumping. She could feel herself starting to choke, as his massiveness stoppered her helpless airway, and began to suck in air desperately through her nose. Then before she had come to terms with what he was doing, he withdrew his cock, hauled her to her feet and flung her sprawling on to the bed. The others roared their approval at her tumbling nude form, all tangled hair, flailing limbs and bouncing boobs. She was still recovering, brushing her tousled locks from her face, when Gavin climbed on top of her, pinning her wrists and clamping his mouth to hers in a kiss that channelled pure lustful intent. As her flailing, overwhelmed tongue

thrashed about with his, she felt one of his large hands kneading her breasts in turn, exploring their fullness and then plucking at her big nipples. The same hand searched downwards over her flat stomach and pelvis, reaching between her legs to tease her clitoris into life once more. And all the time that gigantic cock was pressed menacingly against her thigh. He came up from the bruising kiss and his steady, blue-eyed stare burned into her, as she panted for breath. His searching fingers had already found out moisture in her pussy. 'Getting wet for me Sandy,' he said, his voice demonstrating its first glimmer of approval. 'I know you're here for the money, but I we both know that part of you WANTS to get fucked.' It shocked Sandy to find the truth in his words. Rent money and loyalty to Natasha aside, something secret within her was getting off on her naked abasement, something she desperately didn't want these horny guys to know about. Gavin slid one finger right into her slick interior and began to move it around, exploring her wetness. 'How many cocks have been up here before tonight? Tell me.' His steely gaze and the quiet dominance of his voice drew the truth from her. 'Th - three,' she croaked, almost inaudibly. 'And when was the last time you took some cock?' Her hips squirmed under the effects of his fingering as she answered, 'Last summer.' His enquiring look prompted more information. 'My boyfriend Tommy. He's - He's not my boyfriend any more.' Why such an explanation was necessary, she did not even know. As if she owed this man any details... 'And did you like it when Tommy fucked you? Did you like his cock right up inside you?' She nodded, her whole body now trembling under his touch. 'Yes, and I'll bet he just loved fucking you. I imagine he told all his friends what it was like groping your beautiful tits and sticking his cock into that tight, wet cunt of yours. I'm sure he made quite a story of it. What age are you, Sandy?' 'Twenty,' she said breathlessly. 'Twenty,' he mused. 'And only three cocks to date, a pretty girl like you. That's not very giving, is it? You have to get it into that pretty head of yours - the main reason a girl like you is on this earth is so men can fuck you.' His voice sounded coldly earnest, like he really believed it. 'Well you're going to do some catching up tonight, Sandy. We're going to remind you what your pussy's for, right lads?' There was a chorus of lewd agreement - 'Fucking right', 'We'll fucking show her' - as he climbed on top of her, shoving her legs apart and nestling his cock-head between her wet labia. She was holding her breath, such was her combination of expectation, arousal and dread. Oh God, oh God, he's going to split me! 'Now this might hurt a little, Sandy,' Gavin explained to her plainly. 'But you'll get the hang of. Plus, it's going to make me feel fucking great.' He seized her upper arms and with a single thrust drove his huge cock inside her as far as it would go. She screamed as the great hard slab of man-meat filled and stretched her like nothing in her memory. Gavin held himself there for a moment, imprisoning her soft, feminine body under his iron form, his thick pole still buried deep. 'Just remember, Sandy,' he said, his lust-reddened face hovering over her, 'that however hard I make you take it, this is only the beginning.' Then he gripped her hard, drew back and fucked her without mercy. She could only cling to his broad, muscled shoulders and cry out incoherently, as the swollen cock withdrew and thrust again, withdrew and thrust, cramming her helpless, twenty-year-old cunt. She was overwhelmed by how forcefully and how completely she was being penetrated. Her whole body shuddered and bounced on the bed, her tits undulated rapidly, as this powerful man, twice her age, rammed her unrelentingly with the strength of his whole body, his face contorted into a primal

snarl as he did so. Her mind reeled and her mouth hung open, releasing an urgent moan at each spearing, body-slamming thrust. It terrified and amazed her and made her juices flow like they never had before. Quickly she lost track of time, knowing only the totality with which this man was controlling her body. Then she heard his taunting words again. 'Oh, you're going to get fucked like you can't believe, Sandy.' There was growing excitement in the hoarse rasp of his voice, as his driving sex opened up her sucking, wet orifice time and again. 'You're going to take yards of hard cock tonight, I'm only getting you ready - You're going to be fucked in ways you've never imagined. They're all lining up for you... Oh Christ, your cunt feels good. Guys, you really want to get a piece of this!' The outburst heralded his conclusion. He suddenly climbed from Sandy, dragging her from the bed with him, then he pushed her to her knees, grabbed her head and once more shoved his thickness into her gasping mouth, as his balls began to clench involuntarily. 'Come on Sandy, fucking swallow it - drink my spunk! Come on - Ohhhh fuck!!! Take it!!!!' His whole body went rigid with a paralysing ecstasy and he shot off, hosing cum into Sandy's mouth. She quickly filled up from the onslaught of gushing sperm and spluttered, letting some of the thick, salty fluid leak out the corners of her mouth and down her chin. 'Don't spill it, swallow it like you were told!' It was Alan's voice again, matching Gavin's in severity, and she responded the only way she could, by gulping down the semen like the good girl she was expected to be. She felt the hot, slick passage of his man-juice as it rivered down her throat. Gavin gripped her head, pumping out the final few shots. Then he roared his way to a quick recovery, dragged her to her feet and swung her about to face the others, panting, 'Right, who wants her next?' There was a close-up flash of Alan's camera, capturing Sandy's dazed, spunk-smearred face and temporarily blinding her. 'Right, Darren - Steve - take over,' the photographer instructed, taking charge once more. 'Let's see her double-teamed. Don't give her any rest.' 'Oh don't you worry, we won't,' Steve replied with conviction, as he and his brother grabbed Sandy enthusiastically and bundled her back on to the bed, dropping her on all fours. 'You want to take her from behind?' Darren had already climbed up behind her and taken a firm grip of her ass with both hands. 'Don't mind it I do,' he said feverishly, fitting the head of his substantial prick between her now swollen cunt lips. Then in one fluid thrust he sank himself to the balls in the wet tunnel so recently vacated by Gavin and started to pump energetically. Sandy gave out a loud, involuntary cry every time Darren's thrusting rippled through her flesh, but only until Steve seized her by the hair and corked her mouth with his own cock, so he could resume the oral fucking he had been giving her earlier. She tried to suck on him, her muddled brain barely clinging to the task she had accepted, but Darren's vigorous shafting began to drive her hard on to his brother's organ, so that her throat was gorged once more with rigid male fuck-flesh and sucking ceased to be an option. Alan continued his photo shoot and the other men looked on in erectile delight at this beautiful, naked young woman, now spitted helplessly on two hard-working cocks, her large, firm tits swaying beneath her like udders, as she was banged from both ends. In the midst of the mayhem she found her fingers creeping treacherously towards her clit, but something in her psyche was preventing her from touching herself; she did not want the lustful voyeurs to know the shameful extent to which she was turned on. The brothers drilled Sandy's opposing holes with a technique they had honed through

numerous similar three-ways; they plunged into her throat and pussy simultaneously, nailing her between them with a combined fourteen inches of stiff cock. Three times they exchanged places, leaving her livid, red cunt exposed and her ravished mouth drooling globs of saliva; three times they sank their shafts back inside her at opposite ends and continued their precision assault. Finally, with Steve driving deep into her pussy and Darren filling her throat, they both acknowledged some unspoken signal and banged their way, harder and faster, towards completion. 'Come on, come on, come on...' Darren urged himself through gritted teeth, his pre-orgasmic determination mirrored in his younger brother's charged facial expression. With near-synchronization their voices combined in an exultant roar and they hammered furiously until their cocks spewed thick, heavy loads deep into Sandy. Her snatch quickly swam with Steve's generous delivery of sperm, while Darren's cum jetted copiously down her throat, to mix with Gavin's in her stomach. They continued thrusting until they had drained themselves completely, then they pulled out of Sandy's body and clambered off her, leaving her bewildered, spluttering and spunk-filled on the bed. Sandy's mind reeled at what was happening to her, the extent to which she was being used. She slumped lower on the bed panting, tresses of damp hair sticking to her face, her whole body slippery with perspiration. Her throat burned from the cum she had swallowed, her mouth was thick from the stuff. Her pussy felt soaking wet from desire and stretched from persistent filling. She could only hope for some sort of respite, because she knew there was more on the way, how much she could only guess. Before she could hope too long, however, Alan's hands were on her, pulling her into an upright, kneeling position and brushing back her tousled hair. He pointed a plastic water bottle in her face - she briefly wondered from where he had produced it - and soused her with a long jet of cold water, that made her splutter once more, as it washed away the cum and saliva. Then he put the nozzle in her mouth, saying, 'Here, drink this.' She sucked down the water gratefully, feeling it wash out her mouth and soothe the hot sensation in her throat. Alan took the bottle away and looked her full in her water-dripping face, stroking her cheek as he did so. 'You're doing well, Sandy,' he told her, and for a moment it seemed to her that there was a touch of concern mixed in with his obvious lust for her. 'Don't forget, you can stop this at any time. Stop it and forfeit the money. Or, fifteen hundred pounds, that's how much you can leave with. You just keep your mind fixed on that, okay?' She nodded and felt herself calm, if only minutely. 'So what's it to be?' Sandy gathered her faculties enough to focus on Alan. She had come this far, she couldn't let herself and Natasha down now. 'I'll - I'll keep going...' 'Good,' Alan grinned evilly. 'Right, now what do you think this is?' He held up a second object he had brought over with the bottle. It was a bulbous piece of red plastic on a flat base, that reminded Sandy of the spade from a deck of cards. 'Seen one before?' There was a murmur of amusement from the onlookers. Sandy's breath caught and a feeling of mortifying embarrassment crept over her cooling skin. She recognised the object, had seen something similar in a catalogue Natasha had shown her on one of their giddily hilarious girls' nights in. 'You know what it is, don't you, Sandy?' Any concern there had been was giving way to mockery 'And you know where I'm going to put it.' The group's ribald laughter increased. 'Tell me where.' Sandy knew beyond doubt, but her mumbled response died in her throat. 'Tell me,' Alan demanded softly. 'In my ass,' she responded more clearly, but with a distinct wobble in her voice. It astonished

her to hear herself uttering such a phrase in front of six men, most of them strangers. 'And do you think you'll like it there?' 'I - I don't know...' And in all truthfulness she did not. 'Well let's find out.' Alan grappled her back down on to all fours and gripped her firmly by the shoulder, so that he could apply the butt plug with his other hand. 'That's right,' he said cheerfully, pulling her to him side on and pressing the shallow tip of the plug to the entrance of her instinctively clenched asshole. He had obviously coated it with some sort of lubricant and despite her involuntary rectal resistance she felt it begin to prise her open and slip intrusively inside. 'You're leaving with fifteen hundred, and you're going to earn every penny!' Raucous shouts of encouragement for Alan rang in her ears. The onlookers were gathering round the bed for a clear view of the plastic bulb slowly stretching her anus and easing its way little by little inside. 'Oh my god oh my god oh my god...' She was muttering it to herself like a mantra. What was being done to her felt bizarre, invasive, intimate in a way that scared and aroused her as she could never have imagined. 'That's right, Sandy, it's going in all the way, all the way into your tight, little bumhole.' 'Oh my god oh my god...' How was her ass ever going to swallow the fat end of the plug? 'Oh my god oh my god oh my god oh my god oh my god...' 'Stretch that ass, all the way!' He slapped the base decisively with the flat of his hand.

'FFFFUUUUUUUUUCCCKKKK!!!!!!' \*\*\*\*\* Ryan had studied hard at university. He had gained a two/one in his degree: joint honours in English Literature and Psychology. Over three years he had read a lot about primal sexual urges in the novels of D. H. Lawrence and the musings of Sigmund Freud. His friends on the course had not read so much. They had been out screwing girls. Ryan, meanwhile, had masturbated in private to hardcore pornography. He had stared at the screen, watching the male participants give vent to their most basic animal drives, with no attempt to disguise them as anything more sophisticated. Yet whether he read the theory in Freud's 'The Interpretation of Dreams' or viewed the practice in 'Biker Chicks Get Butt-Fucked', Ryan's real experience remained very far removed. He was a nice guy and he attracted nice girls, who wanted him for his sweetness and his sensitivity and his ability to listen. This meant that the sex was nice too - tender, gentle, tactful. And because he was nice, of course, he never ventured to re-enact with those girls any of the scenes from 'Biker Chicks'. He slept with, he made love to. He didn't fuck. Not outside his head. So here was his chance, attending one of his uncle's secret parties - occasions he had wondered about for years, since Alan had begun slyly alluding to them, steadily fanning his interest. Here he stood, watching a beautiful woman get the shit fucked out of her by a large group of guys; a woman who had sucked the cum out of his ball-sac one hour earlier, who was snarling into the faces of these sweat-soaked men as they pounded her, insisting that they do her harder. And Ryan knew she was open for him as well. That he could finally get to deliver the sort of all-out fuck about which he had fantasized. But he couldn't do it. Not in front of the other guys - guys who seemed to know each other and who hadn't thought to include him in their gangbang comradeship. And not with a clawing tigress of a woman, sexually the polar opposite of any girl he had ever been with. It wasn't that his libido had wilted; under the protective towel he was poker-stiff. He just couldn't summon the nerve to launch himself into the erotic fray. Instead he sidled furtively round to gain a better view of what was happening to the amazing Natasha. After the one called Jed

had deposited her on the table and splayed her legs, he and the other boys had taken turns fucking her pussy in that position. Then they turned her over, pushed her down so that her breasts were squished against the table's smoked glass surface and poked her from behind. She took it all brazenly, gripping their moving asses when face-on and staring back to taunt them when reversed. 'Is that the best you can do? What's wrong, are you a bunch of fucking pussies? Come on - give it to me!' And they met her challenge - gym instructors and construction guys joining forces to supply her with a constant turn-over of hard-pumping cocks, but always stopping short of coming. They had hit their stride, it seemed, and were in no danger of burning out quickly. Natasha's attention, however, seemed divided. Her sexual focus was compromised by rowdy male outbursts from some other room in the apartment, outbursts that were punctuated by feminine moans and shrieks. Elsewhere, young Sandy was being given similar treatment. Ryan had witnessed Natasha's protectiveness towards the girl first hand, and knew she was preoccupied as much with the fate of her young friend, as with the cocks plunging into her own snatch. Her randy, male attendants, however, were allowing her no opportunity to act on her concern. They had paid for this pussy and obviously believed in value for money. Ryan too wondered how Sandy was coping. She had seemed so innocent and out of her depth, much closer to the type of girl he was used to dating. He was confused as to why she should be here with the voracious Natasha; it concerned him that such a sweet girl should be exposed to this type of sexual barrage. Or at least it concerned part of him. There was another part, that he hardly dared own up to. A part that wanted to see Sandy exactly where Natasha was, taking everything that Natasha was having dished out to her. Yes, deep down he wondered what it would look like, all that sweetness being devoured by these ravenous sexual appetites. Then he heard it, along with Natasha and the gang that hemmed in her exposed flanks. Soaring above all the predatory male noise from the other room was a drawn-out wail of female desperation. Natasha looked up in alarm from where she was being pounded. She knew Sandy was in trouble and the shafters of her pussy read her thoughts as clearly as Ryan did. 'Sounds like your little friend's getting it nice and hard in there,' grinned Jed, as his colleague Andy laid into Natasha's cunt. 'Don't think she's as used to it as you, though.' 'She'll do plenty more catching up when she comes back in here,' said one of the brickies, and his friends joined him in his laughter. 'Leave her alone, guys,' grunted Natasha, her face reddened from fucking. 'Just keep it coming at me, I'll give you all you want! You know I'm good for it!' 'You hear that?' called Andy, dragging his hard dick from Natasha's wet, slurping hole. 'She wants to hog all the action. Why don't we show her what we're going to do to her friend once we get hold of her?' 'Nice,' Jed responded. 'And whatever we give her, we make sure her mate Sandy gets it just as hard.' There was further filthy laughter from the others and together they set about Natasha once more. Ryan observed in stunned fascination as the guys demonstrated their intentions for Sandy on the more experienced girl's body. It was quite a display. They lifted Natasha away from the table, set her on the floor and negotiated who went where, until all her holes were crammed with cock. She yelled aloud as the first length began reaming out her asshole. Then they rotated places to let everyone get a turn in each hole. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed of constant, hard sex, with the pissed-off, furiously working Natasha in the middle of all those thrusting dicks. And this, thought



Ryan, was a trial run for poor Sandy, the lovely, warm-hearted girl who had ministered to him earlier. He was appalled at the thought. Appalled and hugely excited.

\*\*\*\*\* In Alan's bedroom a game was underway. It was a silly and juvenile game of Alan's devising, involving two wooden bowls: one empty on the bed and the other a good ten metres away by the door, filled with green apples. Naturally the sole purpose was to further exploit Sandy for the sexual gratification of his paying guests. At every step she had demonstrated utter compliance, desperate to let Alan know she was with the program. She had knelt before him, staring humbly into his face as he explained the rules, butt firmly plugged and wrists bound firmly together behind her back with newly applied bondage tape. 'All you have to do is transfer the apples from one bowl to the other. You have a time limit of two minutes. If you complete your task within the allotted time, the plug will be removed. If you fail, it'll remain up your ass for the remainder of the evening. Simple.' Ben was timing Sandy with his watch so Alan could photograph her in action, and the rest of the group were cheering her on as though it were an Olympic event. 'Come on, Sandy, you can do it - move that ass!' It was a splendid sight, of that they were in obvious agreement; here was the cheery young pub singer of weeks ago, scurrying on her knees about the room naked and frantic, with a butt plug protruding from her asshole, as if she were competing in some pornographic game show. They loved the bounce and swing of her big breasts and the way her heart-shaped bum shuffled, clenched as it was around the intruding swell of plastic. They cheered every time her teeth crunched into another apple and she made falteringly for the bed, the fruit lodged in her mouth like she was a startled sucking pig. 'Go for it Sandy, go for it! Shift that juicy ass of yours!' They started to urge her on by soundly slapping her buttocks as she passed, drawing a muffled cry or an open squeal, depending on whether or not her mouth was full at the time. Sandy's neck was sore from having to constantly shake her hair out of her eyes. Her knees burned from friction with the carpet as she shuffled manically around the room, gradually delivering the contents of the loaded bowl. She knew she must look ridiculous and that she was merely an object of sport for these crazed men, but she held fiercely to her immediate object: to rid her ass of the foreign body that was so rudely shoved inside it. Ben was shouting at her like a sports coach: 'You've got one minute, come on Sandy, let's see you finish it! You're almost home!' Slaps were raining down on her bare bottom, but she hardly felt them. She had to do it, she had to have that ludicrous stopper expelled from her anus. There was no way she could let it reside there any longer. And she wasn't turned on by this, was she? Surely not. She tried not to dwell on the continued slithering wetness of her pussy. Just the last few apples, just a few more and she was done. She felt out of breath now and her cum-encrusted thighs ached. 'One more apple, Sandy - come on, you've a few seconds left - go, go, go!!!' Her mouth and chin were sticky with juice as she made for the bowl, the final apple clenched in her jaws. She fell against the end of the bed and released it into the container. 'Yes! She's there!' Wild cheers and peals of laughter greeted Ben's pronouncement. 'Well done, Sandy!' called Alan. 'Kyle, help her out.' 'No worries.' The brawny Australian set the bowl aside and picked Sandy up under the armpits, his as yet unrelieved cock slapping against her as he did so. He deposited her on the bed and set about peeling the tape from her imprisoned wrists. 'There you go, gorgeous,' he said cheerily, tearing away the last of the

adhesive material. She rubbed her hands together to help the circulation return. 'Now let's get this little guy out of your pretty asshole.' She squealed again as he pushed her forward, seized hold of the butt plug and began prizing it from her rectum's tight grip. 'Ooooooooooooooh!' she moaned plaintively, as her anus stretched once more, then she felt the plastic intruder pop into the open once more, leaving her free and empty at last. Relief washed over her. She had passed the test and been rewarded. 'Right Kyle, let's see you fuck her up the ass!' She was still taking in Alan's words, when Kyle's rough hands clapped hold of her cheeks and pulled her plump rear into the air. 'Okay, sweetheart, let's fill that rear of yours properly!' 'What? Oh God, oh my...' Even as Kyle's swollen glans nudged against her slightly dilated back entrance, she felt a deep sense of foolishness at having doubted this would happen. She had witnessed those porn actresses go through with it in 'Cumfest Initiates 7' and had wondered in her darkest, most sweaty night-time fantasies what it would feel like. Well now she was going to find out. 'Oh God!!!!!!' She felt a stab of pain and an accompanying wave of panic as Kyle's apparently lubed cock-head slid inside her. 'Relax your ass, darlin', don't fight it,' he advised her in his slow drawl. From there he set about divesting her of her anal cherry, easing himself inch at a time past her sphincter muscle's reflexive tightening. 'Oh God, it huuuuuurts...' groaned Sandy, shocked by the severity of the burning sensation in her rear passage. The pain was almost too much to stand. 'We'll take it slow,' Kyle promised, sliding his thickly oiled cock in with intense concentration and pausing any time Sandy found it too much. It was fun putting her ass under duress, but he had no intention of causing her actual harm. Plus he was enjoying the sight of her pert young backside very gradually swallowing his broad shaft. 'It'll get better once it's all in,' he assured her. It took time and fierce attention, but he made her bum consume every thick, hard inch. 'Ooooooooooh...' Sandy's moan was long and piteous, as she felt Kyle's balls finally nestle against her ass cheeks. It was partly from the still considerable pain, but more from the thought that a man she had only met had his erect penis all the way up her bottom. She could feel its pulsing hardness right up inside her body, in a deep place she had not been consciously aware of before now. Kyle held her rump steady, enjoying the tight hold of her surprised rectum on his dick. 'Okay, let's just hold it there, get you used to it,' he said calmly. 'First time you've had a cock up your shitter?' 'Y-y-yes,' Sandy gasped, her breathing shallow. 'Thought so.' He sounded like the thought really excited him. 'And I get to break you in. Right, let's try moving you a bit.' He gripped her lightly fleshy waist and began to rock her gently on the shaft that impaled her, so that her tensed anal tract involuntarily pumped him. His breathing became heavier at what Sandy knew must be for him a delicious sensation. 'Oh God - Oh God - Please be careful!' Kyle held her waist almost tenderly, but leaned into her, penetrating her ass still more deeply. He worked her steadily, carefully, for some minutes, answering her loud moans and dry sobs by speaking soft, pleasure-soaked encouragements. 'That's it, sweetheart, you're doing well. Just keep your ass moving, that's lovely.' Slowly it became easier, more fluid; she felt bunged by his steel pole, owned and used like never before, but she was less scared that she was going to be torn apart. Unfathomably it was starting to excite her. Her pussy was flowering, her nipples were engorging into hard points, there was a perverse, shameful thrill at having the brawny Australian's cock thrust up her anal cavity as his friends cheered him on. Then she felt

him begin to build up the speed of his thrusting. 'That's it, babe, let's go for it now. Let's move things up a gear...' 'Please, please Kyle...' He had seemed nicer than the rest during those initial introductions, and even now with him embedded in her ass, she appealed to him by name. 'Go easy on me!' 'What do you think, guys?' he enquired of his mates. 'Should I go easy on her?' Their rowdy chorus of response offered advice she could have predicted. It was the opinion of the group that Kyle should 'give it to her' and 'pound that ass' and 'fuck her into next week.' 'Tough call, gorgeous,' said the Australian. 'Can't lose face in front of the guys, can I? We'll take it gradual.' He clamped his hands to her buttocks and quickened his pace steadily, got up to a good vigorous stroking which she found herself able to cope with better than she had expected, however much her mouth might be crying out. Her ass-tunnel's resistance had loosened - it was opening up in acceptance of his deep-driving pole, as her fingers fluttered about her spasming pussy. She hardly wanted to admit to herself that she liked him there, that she was enjoying - this. 'There you go, sweetheart, now you're taking it like a pro. Good girl. Good girl...' Then he abandoned all restraint, drawing back and ramming his cock in hard, so that she howled. His mates cheered and roared and he pulled Sandy upright by the shoulder, so that they could get a full-frontal shot of her nude beauty as he fucked her from behind. The full-blooded rear-banging tremored through her, her lovely, globed tits shivering every time Kyle's loins whacked into her ass cheeks. She was letting out impassioned screams now at each thrust, arms swinging loosely and hair falling round her face. It was a spectacular sight, the pretty young singer exposed in all her shame mid-buggering, her mouth a wide, ruby oval of shocked exclamation. And in her head Sandy was bewailing the loss of her innocence, trying hard not to love every nasty fucking second. Kyle had been waiting too long to exhibit any real staying power. Sandy's tightness sent him careering over the top and he yelled as the orgasm ripped through him. 'Fuck! Fucking Christ! FUCK!!!! Nice one!' He fired his load, shot after shot, into Sandy's anal depths. It was the first delivery of cum her ass had ever received and it was an ample one. The second load, had she but known, was not far off. She collapsed forward on the bed as he let go, his still thick member slipping heavily out of her burning rectum, but she was provided with no recovery time. Darren and Steve had caught her under the arms and were bundling her off the bed, Kyle's spunk oozing out of her freshly ravished bumhole. She realised their purpose very quickly. 'That's it, keep her ass opened up,' Alan was saying. His lean, shaven-headed friend Ben had positioned himself on the floor and was gripping his stout erection so that it stuck into the air, an angry prong of rigid flesh. It was already anointed thickly from a tube of lubricant, to help ease her passage. Sandy clung desperately to the brothers' shoulders for support, as they hoisted her up by the thighs and backed her over their recumbent companion, so that her ass was hovering in peril above his carefully positioned cock. Oh God, what are they doing now? Sandy stifled a whimper and pitied her poor, beleaguered bottom. 'Bring her down, boys!' Ben yelled enthusiastically. Darren and Steve each slapped a hand to her bum cheeks and pulled them apart, then they lowered her dilated asshole slowly on to Ben's waiting probe. Sandy screwed up her eyes and bit her lip, as she felt herself being fitted on to his spearing sex. 'Oh God, don't drop me!' she pleaded, fearing what would happen if they released her full body weight down on to the stiff column. 'You got her?' asked Steve, a sly note of panic in his voice. 'No,' warned Darren

urgently. 'She's slipping! I can't hold her!' 'Her thighs are all lube and cum! Shit, I'm going to drop her!' 'Christ, me too!' 'Oh God, oh God, please!!!!!!' Sandy begged, just before they let go. Ben was supporting her cheeks with his hands for his own protection, but she still dropped heavily the rest of the way, ramming down on to his great phallus. 'OH MY GOD!!!!!!!!!!' She fell backwards on to Ben with her hair flailing, her ass spiked on his cock. She reached to each side and pushed her hands against the carpet, in a futile attempt to raise herself off the fat rectal insertion, if only an inch. He was holding her firm, bearing her up with both hands and starting to thrust with his pelvis. Her whole body began to buck, as he boosted his rocket upwards into her anal darkness. She howled as if deranged, words she had scarcely used before in her life firing randomly from her mouth. 'Oh Gggodddd, oh fffffffuuuckkk, oh shhhhitttttt!!!!!!' Her whole being was consumed with traumatised sexual excitement. The boys roared their approval and Alan's camera bulb flashed, as Ben gripped Sandy's hips and fucked the living hell out of her ass. She bounced on him like a mannequin, defenceless against his relentless, deep intrusion. She could not have said how long her quaking, nude body was banged from below, before she felt the engorged prick pulse strongly inside her. Ben's fingers were pressing into her buttery ass cheeks and she sensed his whole body tense as he prepared to unload. Seconds later he peaked and she was driven even further into the air than before by his cock's volcanic upthrust. Molten cum erupted inside her as she screamed. 'There she fucking blows!!!!!!' Ben yelled ecstatically, while his comrades cheered. In the midst of her shameful ordeal, to which she had submitted herself so naively, with such lip-biting determination, Sandy was sure she was going to pass out. She just wished she could come first. TO BE CONTINUED ALL FEEDBACK APPRECIATED