

Night Games

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A round-up of all today's Olympic sex.

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Dawn is breaking on Day Nine of the London 2012 Olympic Games, which means round seven of the unofficial night sports is drawing to a sticky, panting conclusion. It's almost a week since over ten thousand of the world's top athletes poured into London's Olympic stadium on a tide of hope, hype and hunger for gold. But we all know there are less noble appetites to be sated, don't we? We all watched these sporting warriors smile and wave to the crowds, those cheers amping up their spirits and their physical drives to the point of bursting. The cream of global athletic endeavour, at the peak of their training, that's a whole lot of cream waiting to spill. Then it was all bottled here, in the Olympic village, a cocktail of testosterone, estrogen and adrenalin, shaken and extremely stirred. Honed bodies in proximity, cross-cultural multi-lingual exoticism, increased caloric intake to be burned off through hard training, it all turns the village into the most exclusive singles club on the planet, and no media coverage permitted. Which is why you love our exclusive, totally unofficial undercover reports. Yes the Night Sports team, all posing as chalet staff in the village, have been bringing select viewers comprehensive coverage of the other games, the secret ones played out nightly in this crucible of lust. And it's been a sensational evening, to which the spycam footage will testify, unprecedented to our knowledge in the modern annals of wild Olympian sex. Even as I report, the last of the nocturnal screwing, licking and sucking is going on in the dwellings all around me. What an exquisite thought. It's virtually impossible to document every fuck that takes place (so many of the condoms assigned to the village get shot full of cum over the course of an evening), but we do all we can to bring you the premier athletic action. And hell, have we got some magnificent cross-disciplinary sexual highlights for you. Coaches have been turning the traditional blind eye and even the top competitors have been casting aside all caution and joining in what has been a night of complete fucking mayhem, pun most definitely intended. Take Juniper Janus, Columbia's formidable heptathlete, and her fevered coupling with Bron Kirby, NBA star and slam-dunking hero of the Canadian Olympic basketball squad. What a sight to witness the sun-kissed young goddess riding that brawny mountain of a man, her slim, tightly-sculpted body riding his massive upward-thrusting cock like she was leaping the hurdles all over again. The javelin is one of her strengths, and there were no problems with how she took Kirby' great hard javelin inside herself. She may have perspired her way through seven heptathlon events while he pumped it on the basketball court, but it was surpassed by the sweat that rolled down her ribbed

stomach and pooled on his ferociously thrusting groin as they fucked. As for Kirby, this magnificent African-Canadian sporting hero bounced her on shaft harder than he's dribbled any basketball. There was poetry in their rampant slick-skinned union and it was a privilege to behold the simultaneous orgasmic explosion of these two hot competitors. Very different was the unexpected encounter between Brit equestrian Tamara Reece-Phelps and statuesque Australian swimmer Michael 'Slogger' Jameson. We've long suspected Reece-Phelps to be a dirty posh-girl who likes a bit of rough, and here was all the proof we could have asked for. Stripped of jodhpurs and hard-hat, and of hot Victoria's Secret lingerie come to that, she proved a fine filly, creamy-skinned and svelte, but none too High Street Kensington in her turn of phrase. "Oh god, pound me you dirty bastard, give it to me you filthy Aussie fucker" sounds particularly choice with her perfectly enunciated upper-class vowels. Jameson was equal to her demand; he turned rider into horsey and rode that sleek mare into a wet frenzy. Her flank was punished with a serious whipping as he fucked her from the rear into the chalet floor. "There you go, posh girl, do Pommie guys do you like this?" the big swimmer asked, as he delivered full fleet strokes that would have done him proud in the pool. He shafted his thoroughbred mount with every ounce of power his honed physique could muster, dragging on her blonde mane and whacking her rump with a hand more used to surging through water. "Here we go, into the home straight," he told her, as he pumped recklessly towards the finish-line. "I do eventing!" she raged, but he didn't seem to care. All he wanted was to fuck the plummy young aristocrat senseless and spew inside her, and this goal he achieved with Olympic aplomb. Meanwhile Frida Johannsen, cute and curvaceous star of the Swedish women's field hockey team and occasional glamour model, was proving that she has a thirst for more than victory on the pitch. Fraternisation with international players outside her sport led to a sordid rendezvous with the entire United States' men's coxless-four rowing team. We looked on, astonished, as she conducted an extensive blow-bang, surrounded by a quartet of strapping men who were very far from coxless. This tender-bodied princess of the hockey pitch had no support tonight she had to take on those big hard dicks solo and she worked the American boys like a woman on the form of her sporting life. Her hands were a blur on their stout lengths, pretty mouth having lubed each one to dripping. It was a ball-sucking, shaft-pumping wonder to behold, this sweet-faced girl displaying a gold-winning fervour when it came to pleasuring cock. Johannsen has delivered some hard hockey-shots in her career to date, but when her opponents unleashed furious shots of their own, her pert Swedish features took it all while scarcely flinching. There was a victory smirk on her lips even as the cum dangled, no doubt from the thought that the American boys face Sweden in a rowing heat several hours from now. Now there's a girl committed to her national Olympic team. The most bizarre erotic encounter of the night was volley-related. Yesterday's clash between the Jamaican and Italian women's teams spilled off the court, taunts between Jamaican Kimberly Krystalle and Italian Adelina Sabatini continuing in the canteen. Krystalle asserted at one point that she owned Sabatini's ass 'on and off the court'. The feud was ostensibly patched up when teammates intervened, leading to a conciliatory drink in Krystalle's chalet, where our cameras picked up the ensuing action. Lissom blonde, Sabatini, made a move on the athletic ebony Krystalle, the sportswomen-turned-models indulging on a fierce make-out (and make-up

session). However the coupling turned combative and it was unclear who would have the edge, as these two finely-sculpted women stripped each other, clawing and biting as much as they kissed and caressed. The anti was upped when Krystalle produced a hefty dildo from her bottom drawer and challenged Sabatini to wrestle for its use. The Italian agreed to meet her rival in this new field of sporting competition and there followed a nude bout of heated intensity, access to the discarded fuck-toy as its object. No fleshy mound or tight hole was off-limits in this fierce struggle; these women's fingers grabbed and delved everywhere. Hair was pulled, asses slapped and nipples cruelly bitten in the crazed fight for supremacy. It was bravely-fought on both sides, but Jamaica's Krystalle prevailed, pinning Sabatini to the rug and brandishing the dildo in victory. She plunged it in the sunshine-blond Italian's pussy first, reaming her thoroughly before extracting the rubber cock and shoving it into her arch-rival's anus. "Who owns your ass? Who owns your fucking ass, bitch, on and off the pitch?" the Amazonian Krystalle demanded. Her bested opponent could only moan "Oh god, you do, you do!" in response. Then she pleaded in that sublime Tuscan accent, "Please let me touch myself. I want to come!" The magnanimous Krystalle did the honours herself, rubbing Sabatini's clearly engorged clitoris 'til the Italian screamed in orgasm and the Jamaican victory was sealed. Stirring stuff. Less combative but equally debauched, was the scene a few chalets away, where the US/UK special relationship was being cemented in a very unique event. No fewer than three members of the British women's soccer team took a shine to young US diver Kevin Dempsey, his fresh schoolboy looks and chiselled nineteen-year-old physique having drawn as much comment these Olympics as his burgeoning prowess in the diving-pool. They chatted him up in a juice bar and seemed to send thoughts of his pretty New Hampshire girlfriend scurrying temporarily from his mind. How taut and slender mainstay of the team Felicia Solitaire, smooth-skinned girl-next-door Astrid Marlon and hot cute-faced striker Sandy Lange lured him back to their quarters we're not sure, but once he was inside, they treated him like an after-game snack. These horny ladies, led by the insatiable hot-blond Solitaire, were on him like white on rice; they peeled him to his shorts, then did what lusty schoolgirls the length and breadth of the US have been longing to do to their pin-up whip those trunks off and dive on what lay beneath. His cock was sprung like a diving-board even before the soccer-girls stripped naked and showed off all that buff British booty. Then when they sprayed down his clean-waxed physique with lube and slathered it all in using three pairs of hands and tits, this boy was ready to explode. Not allowed, though, 'til extra time. These football-freaks had plans for him. "You're a diver? Let's see you dive, sweetheart!" the outrageously raunchy, Ms Solitaire, encouraged him, before grabbing him by the hair and jamming his face between her legs. They took turns at him, each ballsy bitch shoving his mouth to her teammates' crotches, until they'd all been tongue-fucked to squirting satisfaction. Then they turned about, closed in and smothered the lad in oiled-up worked-out prime British bottoms. "You're girlfriend's going to love you once you're all trained up," feisty redhead, Lange, told him, as she spread her cheeks and introduced her bumhole to his tongue. "Now get licking!" Only when they'd had their fun did they jerk, suck and fuck his aching organ to the first of several record-shattering orgasms. Not all Dempsey's best plunges this Olympics were into water. Young Kevin achieved silver on the day, but his sex-trainers drew a golden performance from him last

night, plus enough cum to fill a diving-pool. This young American patriot will be singing 'Rule Britannia' today. Britannia certainly ruled him last night. One more Olympic face-off deserves special mention. It was no contest when solidly-hewn French rower, Castille Legrand, used his Gallic charm on darling of the American gymnastics squad, Laney Simmons. The eighteen-year-old showed her trademark sweet-faced pout and poise when they chatted in one of the village's saunas, but once they were shut up in his room, with only our spycams as witness, that cutesy media image turned to febrile astonishment at her wooer's filthy prowess. The Frenchman shed his suave persona with his clothes and showed the steel that lay beneath. All of it. What could the curvy teen hard-body do but strip for him on demand, expose her sweet body to his lascivious gaze and submit herself to her brawny seducer's demented lusts? She twists herself every which way on the beam and splits her thighs pole to pole every time she trains; these were exactly the talents this man put to use all fucking night. It was 'Sacrebleu' when Legrand spanked and groped Simmons' tender curves, then bent her like a hair-curler on the bed, penetrating the elastic teen deeply from behind. "Goddamn, you're so rough!" the petite heroine of the asymmetric bars protested, as she grabbed her auburn locks and dragged her upper body into a U-shape familiar to millions of gymnastics fans world-wide. But he simply did a reach-around twist on her nipple and plundered her pussy harder, stubbled face twisted into a savage grin. "Rough? Ahh weel show you rough, leettle girl," he said, before stretching her backwards over the bed and teaching some demanding oral gymnastics. He provided a hard and extended phallic insertion down her throat, leaving those pert features rather messier than on her regular TV appearances. After that, he took her through a multi-angled floor show and wrecked her tight cunt at every angle. What a sweat-soaked bleary mess the pretty teen was, but to her credit she finished by sucking down his protracted load without spilling a drop. Now there's a trooper. Then she sucked him hard again and said "You're so not done. I'm gonna fuck that French cock 'til it surrenders." At least with her trained body, she'll only be sore between her legs today. When Legrand's passion was finally drained, he seemed impressed. "You are one tough leettle lady," he commented. "Ahh love eet." "I'm from New York State," she responded, "so you better fuckin' believe it." "Mah leettle darling, ahh think I want to date you." A rare and touching moment of US/French détente and indicative of the boundary-crossing spirit of unity which permeates London 2012. Surely a good note on which to conclude our round-up of the night's searing action, or at least its highlights. The action will continue a full week longer in this amazing cathedral of nocturnal sporting achievement, the Olympic Village. Tomorrow promises more greatness, including an Australian female pole-vaulter, who judging by her on-going flirtation with a certain heart-throb American swimmer, may be about to get acquainted with a whole different type of pole. Oh yes, and let's not forget several squads of beach volleyball players who need help with getting sand out of all those awkward places. Long live the spirit of the Night Games. They're the goo, sorry glue, that bind the world's athletes together.