

Sticking Plaster Part 3

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The Hen Party Reaches Its Sensational Conclusion

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“Oh, you like this then, do you?” the Simon masked person asked, noticing Beth’s predicament. Beth went to shake her head vehemently but Alex demanded she stay still whilst she took the picture. Simon had delved into his pocket and reached for his own cell phone, throwing it gently on to the bed. “Take a few for me too, please” he requested. Beth’s jaw dropped. How could anyone be so perverted? Dirty little fucker! Alex paused to swig some more of her drink before picking up Simon’s mobile phone and locating the camera. “I’m going to send them on to my phone afterwards, if that’s OK?” Alex said as a question but without expecting a reply of affirmation. If he wanted the pictures, he’d have to pay the price! Simon was not bothered, he’d removed his mask and was kissing Beth’s neck with gusto, his tongue licking her skin as he continued to caress her breast with one hand. With his other hand, he swiftly removed his trousers and, having slipped his shoes off earlier, it enabled him to step out of his trousers Simon kicked them backwards towards the door, his boxers following suit almost immediately. Beth was paralysed by shock, unable to protest or remove Simon’s hands from her body. She knew it was wrong, being semi naked, being kissed and groped by a total stranger yet Beth knew it was for a good cause....wasn’t it? Beth averted her gaze back to the bed where Alex and Nigel were engrossed, kissing and tugging at each other, his hands across her bra covered breasts, tongues entwined with each others. Nigel had been frustrated that Alex had again paused to down the remainder of her alcohol. Shit, would she have one hell of a hangover in the morning?! With his belly pressed into Beth’s back, Simon continued to nibble Beth’s neck, his hands wandering away from her breasts and down towards her panties. Fuck, whoever this bird was, she was so fucking horny and he couldn’t wait to get his dick buried inside her. His hands circumnavigated her flat stomach, the skin warm and soft like a baby’s bottom. Beth felt a quiver run through her body, a mixture of guilt and pleasure. This odd-ball who had dressed as Simon was experienced if nothing else, taking his time to slowly stroke her body, arousing her in the process. Beth had made love to Allan only once in the last week or so, just before she left the UK thanks to Allan’ man-flu incapacitating him. Beth was no sex maniac but she did enjoy her love making and had missed the closeness. Her body needed release and what she needed now was for Allan to walk through the door and whisk her away Simon and sort her out in the privacy of their own bedroom. Beth knew that she had to stop this but the actions were enjoyable and as she closed her eyes, Beth

visualised Allan doing exactly the same. She pressed her hips backwards into his in appreciation, more by reflex than desire for the stranger. Simon responded by allowing his hands to slowly drop lower, across the waist band of her panties and touching her pubic area. Beth groaned out loud, making Nigel and Alex temporarily halt their own exploration of each other's bodies. Alex would have winked knowingly at Beth but her eyes were still closed, lost in her own little world. Convinced she could handle the situation, Beth's responded by sighing deeply as though highly aroused. Beth could act but this was not a façade, her reactions genuine but not through love, more lust. Allan had left her unsatisfied for a few days and this Simon character was giving her the kick start she needed. When she got back to her hotel, she'd shower and get herself off at the same time. Simon continued to kiss her neck, his kisses including some sucking as though trying to leave a love bite, some semi permanent reminder of his presence like a calling card. Beth tried to dislodge him by swivelling her neck but Simon remained locked in place, continuing with his arousal. Beth nudged a little harder and he removed his face, allowing Beth some temporary relief. She was having trouble believing what was happening to her and she considered dressing and leaving before things got out of hand. Alex, however, was now straddled over Nigel and was pressing her panty covered pussy into Nigel's face whilst slowly teasing his cock, rubbing her hand up and down his shaft, allowing her blonde wig to trail over the head of his dick, sending sensations of immense pleasure to his brain. Beth could not really leave without taking Alex with her and it seemed Alex was not yet ready to leave. It would be unfair to leave her at the mercy of two drunken sots to have their way with her so Beth decided to remain as support for Alex, at least for the time being. Besides, this was just a little harmless fun, wasn't it? Suddenly, Beth felt herself being lifted and then lowered as Simon placed her on the king sized bed close to where Nigel and Alex were entertaining each other. It was then that the full horror hit Beth like a slap in the face. Simon had knelt on the floor so his torso was in between Beth's legs and his head was hovering over her scantily clad pussy which was now moist with the earlier arousal. As he lifted his head, Beth gasped out loud. Shit! It was Michael, the creep from work that had been pursuing her for so long. (For the rest of the story the Simon character will be identified by his real name Michael) That was why she had the instinctive dislike for the guy! That would explain why she recognised the voice! He'd been hiding behind the mask for the entire evening, she had not realised and now, the bloke she most detested was pawing at her pussy, his rough chin grazing the inside of her thighs, his dirty grubby hands had been groping her tits, his filthy mouth nibbling at her neck. Had he recognised her yet? Beth doubted it and she knew if she showed any recognition, maybe Michael would smell a rat and if he disposed of the wig and realised it was her, Beth would never be able to show her face in the office again, irrespective how far he'd now gone with her. He had photographic evidence now and unless she could delete them from his phone, she was done for. Her heart beat raced as the conundrum rattled around her mind. Michael, meanwhile, had heard the gasp and his ego assumed it was because Beth had found his actions arousing. She was gaining even more brownie points as she was finding his sexual expertise so fulfilling. Now, he wanted to feel fulfilled himself and that could be achieved by fully filling Beth's cunt. The bed bounced as Nigel thrust his hips upwards as though he was trying to launch his cock into space, the space between Alex's facial

lips. Michael had begun kissing the material that barely covered Beth's pubic hair, feeling the delightful sensation of hair beneath the soft, silky material. It had not gone unnoticed either that her pussy had become very moist, as though Beth was ready for penetration. Michael desperately wanted to do it but experience told him to play it cool, slowly reel her in. His tongue darted across the crotch of her panties, adding to her own wetness and making her panties saturated with bodily fluids. Beth hated herself as her body defied her mind, her hips thrusting up in reflex to Michael's oral actions. She abhorred the bloke yet any false moves could ruin her anonymity. What the fuck should she do? Panic began to set in, her mind torn between just getting up and blowing her cover, or remaining static and having her dignity lost. Again, momentary confusion as Michael moved himself away from her moist pussy allowing the cool Ibiza air to flow around her moist sex. A heavy weight beside her made her twist her head sideways to see what was going on but before she could comprehend her surroundings, Michael had straddled her head, a knee by each ear as he lowered himself towards her. Beth saw for the first time Michael's monster dick. Allan was a fair size, a good seven and a half inches but Michael must have been a good ten inches, the biggest Beth had ever seen, other than on internet sites. She could see it pulsating like it had a life of its own and it dawned on her what Michael's plan was. Beth opened her mouth expectantly as the tip of his cock approached her lips, a drop of pre-cum oozing from the head of his dick. Beth reasoned that if she gave him head, he would soon blow his load and probably roll over and fall asleep, thus giving her time to gather her things together and get the fuck out of there. She was a pretty good judge of character and guessed that Michael would probably not have too much stamina and that she might just be able to protect a little of what dignity she had left. Beth froze momentarily. Her reasoning was logical but was it ethical? Should she really be doing this, not only to a married man, but to the man she most detested in the entire world? What would Allan think? Beth had to find a way out of this mess but how could she do so without Michael discovering her real identity. If that happened, then she'd be well and truly at his mercy. Beth needed to make an excuse, a burning desire to use the bathroom or anything to get away from this horrendous creep. This insanity had to end now! Michael, however, had other ideas. He was going to make this last for as long as he could. He'd noticed Nigel had rolled Alex onto her back and was now plunging his tongue deep into her pussy, her panties discarded somewhere out of his visibility. With the patience of a saint, Michael slowly and subtly hooked his fingers around the waist band of Beth's panties, slowly drawing them down her thighs, revealing her sexual beauty inch by agonising inch, her dark pubic hair coming into view, then her labia, her clitoris which stood proud, then her lower labia until her vagina was in full and total view. Michael fought hard to control his breathing as his own excitement grew as he viewed Beth's wet pussy lips. Beth felt revulsion but was paralysed, her body failing to respond to the abhorrent actions of the office creep. She wanted to shake her head, to shout out "Stop!" but her voice seemed to get stuck somewhere between her lungs and her larynx. How unlucky could she be, ending up with the one guy in the whole world she hated more than anything? His warm, wet tongue probed gently at her labia, her own lubrication easing his access inside her. Beth wanted to wriggle away, the very thought of this shit bag licking her most intimate part made her feel violently sick yet, by some strange

perverse way, she did not find it as offensive as she ought to. Why was this? Michael was lapping it up in more ways than one. This Jessica tart, or whatever her real name was, was so fucking horny, almost as horny as that delicious bit of crumpet that he worked with. It was the thought of Beth that rattled through his mind as his tongue probed inside the woman in front of him. Gently, he reached up and found her bare breasts, his hand movements slow and gentle as his fingers caressed and tweaked her pert nipples. Beth had closed her eyes, partly to shut out the horror of what was happening to her and partly to imagine more pleasant images. It felt every bit as nice as Allan, the movements slow and erotic, not rushed or rough. The tongue movements had changed, starting from her anus and travelling up her labia until the tongue reached the clitoris. The roughness of the tongue, mixed with the mutual moistness had Beth wriggling again, but this time in delight! The motion on the bed next to them had subsided and it appeared that Nigel had laid Alex on her back and was now lying on top of her. Beth's eyes flickered fleetingly as she noted the change of activity around her, her senses still alert despite the alcohol. Beth now wished she'd given the alcohol a wide berth as it often made her horny. She had almost forgotten just how horny it made her feel and fond memories of her and Allan making love for hours echoed in her mind. She remembered how they usually fell asleep, totally exhausted in each other's arms and the sheer delight of waking up next to the one you love, their smiling face the first thing you see as you wake up. God, how she missed Allan! Beth realised that her mental distraction had resulted in her sucking hard on Michael's erection which, in turn, had aroused him even more. She had been imagining Allan and those thoughts had made her think Allan was the one in her mouth. Beth wanted to vomit at the thought of Michael being this intimate with her, his cock on her tonsils. She had been reluctant, frozen in her actions a moment ago but with her mind wandering, thoughts of Allan had turned her on and consequently, Michael found himself with a wet dick after all. Beth's confusion delayed her opportunity to remove him from her mouth and Michael continued to revel in the moment. Beth had never had anyone other than Allan in her mouth and it had been many years since she'd had anyone else's cock in her hand. Prior to meeting Allan, Beth had dated a few guys but had never gone any further than wanking them off a little; And suddenly, here she was with an alien dick in her gob! Beth felt repulsed by Michael and disappointed in herself. How the fuck could this have evolved? She should have called "time" by now but she was in danger of losing her anonymity. It may just have been in her own mind, but Beth thought she could taste corruption on her tongue, his cock having a distasteful flavour. They were both married to separate partners and neither should be indulging in this sort of activity...should they? The rumours around the office about him being a bit of stud were not without an element of truth as his expert arousal techniques and enormous cock proved. Alex was still unconscious by the looks of things but this hadn't stopped Nigel from trying to reach his own personal goals. Beth realised maybe she should have walked out earlier, while she had the chance and maybe Alex would have come with her, Michael's revelation being the tipping point for Beth. Either way, it might have spoilt the moment enough to allow the girls to regroup, collect the evidence they needed to win the competition and split. Beth's mind wondered how the other girls were doing and if Amy and Diana had reached double figures for cocks consumed that evening. Alex had passed out and Beth thought that might be a

blessed relief for the poor girl, the alcohol and exertion having fatigued her too much. She almost wished she had passed out but was all too aware of the enormous cock in her mouth and tongue between her legs. Beth wished it would all stop and by some strange coincidence, Michael removed himself from her mouth. Was he about to spray himself all over her face and hair? Beth closed her eyes and braced herself for what she thought was the inevitable. Somewhere in the town, a clock struck two o'clock and Beth wished she was in her own bed with the duvet wrapped around her sweet body. Instead, she had been left naked and abused by a work colleague who had no idea who she actually was. He had stripped her, groped her and throat fucked her before rolling her over onto her tummy. The impending shower of cum had not yet materialised and Beth wondered what was happening. Her nightmare was far from over. Movement from behind her made Beth tense up. Fingers probed at her crotch, sliding into her saturated cunt. Beth gasped with shock and pleasure as Michael's fingers penetrated her, slowly entering her, deeper and deeper. The fingers curled, touching her cervix as he searched for her G spot, swivelling his fingers so his thumb could caress her labia as he fumbled for her clitoris. Beth jumped involuntarily as he found pleasurable areas and she squirmed with total joy. Michael was unable to believe his luck and he knew that he was just moments away from fucking this woman, probably the sexiest woman he'd ever had. Beth was in seventh heaven, a sensation that continued to confuse her. She was not just married, but happily married and true only to her husband. Add to that the person probing at her was the vilest person she knew, Beth shook her head mentally, trying to understand why this was happening and why she hadn't just walked away. But the arousal within her pussy made it impossible to withdraw. She'd been without sex for long and missed Allan desperately and although she detested Michael, he had something about him, his foreplay was every bit as good as Allan's. She had been a virgin when she had met Allan and although other boyfriends had indulged in some foreplay with her, she had never gone all the way. But even with these previous boyfriends in the back of her mind, Michael's actions were as good as anyone she had ever been involved with. "Just one more minute" she had kept telling herself. She had hoped Kirsty or Sarah had seen them leave the club with the two guys and that maybe there'd be a call from one of them, checking to see if they're OK and the interruption would be sufficient to end this nightmare. Yet Beth could not force herself to just get up and go. Was it arrogance that she could handle herself, manage the situation? Was it her ego that meant she strived for perfection and was focused on winning the competition? She felt Michael slip her shoes off and he began kissing her toes, sucking on each one like it was a mini nipple. Beth had never been with anyone who had a foot fetish before and it did very little for her yet the sensation was not too unpleasant. Michael continued kissing her feet all over, working his way up her ankles to her calves. Slowly, his kisses moved up her legs towards her thighs, gently spreading her legs wider as his face moved back towards her arse and pussy. Beth decided in her mind that as soon as his face reached her pussy, she'd sit up and object. Through squinted eyes, she could see Alex was still out cold and Nigel was getting frustrated. Maybe she should feign unconsciousness, too! Michael reached the top of her thighs and stopped, almost as though he could sense Beth's decision. Beth exhaled deeply, her sigh of relief misinterpreted by Michael. Assuming she was disappointed at his ceasing of his

arousal (why wouldn't she be? He was fucking great in bed!), he stood between her legs and lowered his tummy onto her back, kissing her shoulder blades as he did so. Without warning, supporting himself with one hand, his other hand reached and skilfully placed it against Beth's pussy, teasing her with his fingers, slowly entering her vagina, feeling her warm wetness on the pads of his fingers. Beth responded automatically, her body defying her mind and sensing the pleasure of his touch. Beth had not had enough physical love recently, Allan being incapacitated with a snuffle which had resulted in her having to go without. She had felt neglected and Michael was filling that void left by Allan. Little did Beth know that this was not the only thing Michael would be filling tonight. His fingers slid along her love lips, the clitoris his next port of call and, as he expected, it was enlarged and screaming for attention as it stood proud of her pubic hair like a child raising its hand to be recognised. Michael caressed it gently, listening to Beth purr in pleasure as he stimulated her, enjoying making her relaxed enough to not object when he fucked her. Now there's a thought! With his next objective set, Michael moved his body closer so his cock was almost touching her pussy, so wet and inviting. He felt his wedding band on his finger pressing against her pubic hair and knew it would be OK for him to proceed. Beth had chosen not to challenge him about his wedding ring which he took to be acceptance of terms. Michael kissed her back, licking her spine so that her skin created more goose bumps. He often did this to enhance their sensations prior to entering the woman. He may have been a total shit-bag, but he had some good moves! He began to finger fuck Beth, enjoying her moans of exquisite delight as he did so, removing his fingers momentarily before sticking them back in again, slight twists to increase her pleasure. Beth had reluctantly begun to squirm with his motions and with one swift movement, Michael removed his fingers and grabbed his own cock and penetrated her. Beth's moistness offered no resistance and took her totally by surprise. She gasped in air with shock and again, Michael assumed it was in passion. God, she was one horny bitch! Beth's eyes flew open as realisation hit her, that an alien organ had penetrated her and was slowly going deeper into her. Beth wanted to cry out, both in anger and in pain yet her scream stuck in her larynx, the noise unable to emit itself. Was it because there was no pain as such? It was uncomfortable but not painful. Beth tried desperately to analyse her thoughts like some computer searching for a lost file but in danger of hanging, lost in its own circuitry and chasing its tail to nowhere. With each second it took for Beth to think, Michael's cock sank deeper into her, each inch disappearing like a tube train going into her furry tunnel. Suddenly, Beth gasped for air again, sucking in oxygen in desperation as his cock reached beyond the point she had ever experienced before. Allan was a reasonable size but Michael's cock was larger than Beth had ever experienced before. Nerve cells that Beth never even knew existed suddenly became alive, stimulated as the longer, thicker, harder tool broke the barriers of her previous experiences. Her skin began to perspire and she blushed with embarrassment as her pleasure increased. She should be rejecting the bastard, not accommodating him, she reasoned. Or should she? Shit, could she really be this disrespectful to herself and her husband? Beth's mind sank further into despair as Michael reached maximum penetration, his testicles slapping into her labia. It was too late to stop Michael and Beth wondered how the situation could have reached this point. Why the hell had she agreed to go with Alex? Why was winning so important? Was it her own ego,

arrogance even, that had driven her to this point where she was now being unfaithful, albeit passively, to Allan? She thought she could handle the situation but she had been proved wrong. Depressed, Beth's mind wandered momentarily, images of Sarah as Madonna being like a virgin! Why hadn't she accompanied Sarah instead of Alex? Why hadn't she stayed at home and nursed Allan back to health? Michael was now in full swing, withdrawing himself two thirds of the way before sliding himself back into her. He battled hard to control his breathing, his excitement building as he continued to fuck Beth. It felt to him like she'd never had a cock as big as his before, judging by the tightness although with each thrust, she was loosening further. He was an expert at pacing himself, certainly with the usual string of girls he'd shafted before but this one was totally different. Somehow, Jessica just oozed class. He placed his hands on her hips, his thumbs strategically over the soft, fleshy cheeks of her arse. Judging by the noise she was making, Jessica was loving it but Michael was not very comfortable. With much reluctance, he withdrew from her and positioned her on the bed, on her knees and elbows before kneeling between her legs and entering her again. It was like his cock had an in-built sat-nav as it eased its way Michael, into Beth's waiting vagina. Beth felt restricted. If she responded too much, there was a possibility her wig would come off and, with it, her anonymity. Sure, her makeup was convincing but the wig finished off the look. With her clothes discarded, she had very little to hide behind and her identity was in jeopardy. It would have been bad enough earlier back in the club but now, it would be impossible. Michael must never ever discover her identity and Allan must never find out either. Michael's cock slid deeper into her than before, the new position enabling even deeper penetration and Beth wondered if a cock of this magnitude made that person deformed. This could not be natural, could it? Michael slid his hand beneath her hips, his fingers searching for the furry triangle that surrounded her pussy. Jessica had been amicable but not overly seductive. Michael would have loved to have kissed her, wrapped his tongue around hers and tasted her juices. As it was, his mouth was alive with the tang of her tasty excretions and wondered just how invigorating it would have been to have kissed her, other than just nibbling her neck. The love bites would not be big but they would stay for many days, he mused to himself. Michael's fingers found her clitoris which was unable to hide in the flaps of her labia, the moistness acting like a beacon to his fingers, enticing them nearer to her love bud. His fingers slid towards her clitoris, silent like a slug, gently brushing against it. Beth gasped, her body flinched and her muscles tensed all with excitement and as she did so, it enhanced Michael's sensations even more. Beth, was living her worst nightmare, a living nightmare made all the worse by the unreal sensations between her legs. She tried valiantly to fight off the sensations, the signals from her sensory nerves telling her how wonderful the feelings were, yet Beth was not interested. These sensations belonged to her and Allan, not her and anyone else, not till death did they part anyway. But her body defied her reasoning, the flesh stronger than the mind and she felt herself pushing back against the enormous cock that was buried inside her. Shit, this mustn't happen! Beth bit her lip. She wanted to stop, she felt her guts churning and she was sure she was going to vomit at the thought of Michael defiling her, yet she could not stop herself. Beth closed her eyes, aware vaguely of additional movement on the bed and she assumed Alex was rolling onto her side. In her mind, Beth tried to visualise her and Allan making love, their first time

together, their honeymoon night, their first anniversary and various other romantic times, hoping the images would see her through the ordeal mentally. Michael's hips pounded into her buttocks as he increased his pace and Beth could hear his laboured breathing; movement again but this time, beneath her. Beth opened her eyes to find herself face to face with a one eyed monster, the penis belonging to the character they had come to know as Nigel. He had manoeuvred himself so he was lying face up and had slithered down the bed so his cock was right in front of Beth's mouth. "Suck me..." he whispered. Gently stroking her hair, his dick was below par, a mere five inches at best Beth had guessed, given that the dick in her cunt right now was around double the size of Nigel's. Nigel gently stroked her some more, his movements encouraging her head to dip lower until he had lined her mouth up with his cock. With little encouragement, he lowered Beth's head further, forcing the tip of his cock into her mouth. Beth tried to gag but found, unlike Michael or even Allan, she could still breathe with this tiny cock in her mouth. Again, Beth knew not what to do. If she reacted too much, would she lose her anonymity? Nigel might not know her, but Michael certainly would. Beth accepted the inevitable, reluctantly taking Nigel's cock in her mouth. "Oooh, yes! That's it, sweetheart. Suck me!" Nigel mumbled as her tongue circumnavigated his end. Beth had little choice and the force and rhythm of Michael fucking her meant her head was masturbating Nigel at the same time. His words of encouragement combined with Michael's stimulation of Beth's genitalia was bringing Beth close to climax, a climax she needed but felt so guilty about. Allan had neglected her over the last week, unable to satisfy her demands and in his absence, Michael and Nigel were filling that void in more ways than one. Sensing Beth's impending predicament, Michael changed his method, slowing his pace down but with each thrust, ensuring his cock went deeper into her, hearing Beth's involuntary moan of pleasure as his bollocks rubbed against her lower labia. Beth tried to control herself but her body continued to defy her, making her squirm and moan in ecstasy as she was filled at both ends, her actions enhancing Nigel's experience at the other end. From her peripheral vision, Beth could see Alex, still in her bra and panties, out cold, thanks for your support, Alex, Beth thought. Michael had now moved one of his hands up Beth's torso, cupping a breast as it hung limply from her trembling body, allowing the nipple to slide between two of his fingers so he stimulated it from two sides, whilst simultaneously inserting his cock to maximum penetration again. Beth exhaled deeply, her warm breath against Nigel's pubic hairs making Nigel sigh in pleasure himself, Nigel's body suddenly jerked and became momentarily rigid, his eyes closed as though he was wincing in pain before his wince turned into a grin. Beth's confusion lasted nano-seconds as Nigel's cock began to ejaculate in her mouth, filling her with his own cream, pump after pump it came. To Beth's surprise, she was not as abhorred by the experience as she might have thought, swallowing hungrily as Nigel emptied his scrotum into her willing mouth. "You're fucking lovely!" Nigel muttered. His eyes closed and he, too, fell into an alcoholic coma, leaving Michael to finish Beth off. Beth was still confused as to why she had acted so slutishly with Nigel, why she had gladly taken his seed and consumed it instead of spitting it out or pulling away so he squirted himself over her tits and Michael's hand, although she doubted it would have stopped Michael. Michael, meanwhile, was having his own thoughts, his endeavours to hold on to his own seed was a continuous struggle and any moment

now, he would shoot his sperm into Beth's vagina. Hell, this was better than any sex he'd ever experienced and Beth's thrusts and vocalisations were adding to his own enjoyment. Beth could sense that Michael was nearing his climax by his intense breathing; she hoped and prayed that he would soon be finished and that her ordeal would be over. Yet Beth was also a little disappointed that she had not yet reached her climax, that she had been tricked into sex and had not had any release of her own sexual tension. Should she really be thinking like this, she wondered? Could this be normal? "Fuck!" Michael exclaimed. He tensed his body and Beth braced herself, not knowing if a cock this size would ejaculate harder than normal; that it would squirt like some obscene hose pipe into her waiting womb. Yet still the climax evaded him, prolonging her ordeal and enhancing his delight. He ought to have shot his load by now yet he was hanging on by his fingernails. How could Beth end this nightmare, get rid of the bastard by him reaching the inevitable? Then the idea hit her. "Deeper!" Beth whispered. Hoping the dirty talk would be sufficient to tip him over the edge, "Fuck me deeper! Harder, faster, deeper!" she encouraged. Michael was overawed by this horny bitch, not only did she have a tight cunt, but she was a dirty cow, to boot! He increased his pace, his shaft entering her as deep as humanly possible, his enormous organ deep inside her. "Yes! That's it!" Beth continued, "Fuck me, Michael! Give me all your cock. Fill me with your meat and fill me with your sperm. Cum inside me" Beth continued, trying to add some emotion to her statements. "Gently squeeze my nipples and cum." Michael thrust himself deeper into her, his actions raw and hungry. Finesse had gone out of the window, it was all about him and his impending climax that mattered now and no one was going to get in his way of experiencing that blessed relief. "Fuuuuck!" he screeched his body tensed before the inevitable happened. Beth held her breath as she felt the pumping actions from her vaginal muscles, the climax strong at first, pumping, downloading, emptying in the process, filling her until she thought she would overflow before subsiding, the actions losing their intensity and with it, the vigour of Michael's body. Her ordeal was over and Beth sank onto the bed in relief, pleased that Michael had withdrawn from her most private of places. Exhausted, Beth closed her eyes for a few moments to re-gather her strength. She needed a few moments to rest, she told herself. Beth stirred slightly as movement around her disturbed her. She felt herself being lifted a little but her position and weight had prevented whoever it was from lifting her completely. All she knew was that she was not as comfortable as she was and couldn't figure out why. Memories of the previous hour flooded back into her mind, Michael, the creep from work having had his evil way with her and she had been unable to escape without blowing her cover. She recalled being totally fatigued and needing a few moments to get her breath back but had not realised she had been asleep for more than half an hour. She opened her eyes only to find herself gazing into Nigel's face, without warning, Nigel reached up and wrapped his arms around her neck, forcing her face on to his. His lips touched hers and almost in reflex, his tongue darted into Beth's mouth. At this point, Beth was not sure if she was going to faint or be sick. She was still fatigued from her earlier experiences, she felt Nigel's strong arms lift her hips and then lowering her, his small but erect cock now sliding into her used cunt. The semen that Michael had deposited a short while ago was all the lubrication Nigel needed as his dick slid elegantly into Beth. The fact she was still slightly aroused, her own climax still

outstanding had left her vagina in a temporary state of readiness like it had been out on pause. Beth wanted to scream but her mouth was fully occupied. Rough hands on her buttocks forced her to thrust herself forwards, inserting Nigel's cock deeper into her. Beth tried to resist but Nigel was too strong, retaining his position inside her. To him, it felt like she was squirming with delight, boosting his ego and his confidence even more. Had she not endured enough already, she wondered? Despite its miniscule size, Beth could still feel Nigel's cock pulsating against her vaginal lips and she realised that, as with many women, their vagina could accommodate itself to the cock it is dealing with in order to obtain pleasure. Despite Michael's monster dick, her cunt had adjusted itself like some hydraulic machine, contracting to a smaller size and so maximising the sensation. Beth began to feel aroused again, the erection inside her still able to provide sufficient feeling for her to begin moaning again, her mutterings of pleasure sounding unusual as her tongue responded to Nigel's. Her arousal was increasing and as much as Beth wanted the whole thing to stop, she responded automatically, her thrusting movements and her French kissing, no longer caring who it was that was fucking her, her focus was solely on reaching the climax that she had been awaiting all night. Michael's massive cock had failed to deliver so maybe Nigel's tiny dick would do the trick. Beth had her eyes closed, the images in her mind was that of Allan, her one and only true love, the only one (until now) who had enjoyed penetrative sex with her. In her own mind, she was not being untrue; she was making love to Allan. She lifted her chest to allow Nigel's hand to cup a breast, aware that it was not really Allan as his movements were clumsy and lacking emotion. Oh sure, he was excited and aroused, but not in love with her and that was patently clear from his actions. His movements were that of lust, not love. Nigel had been unable to believe he, too, could end up screwing this woman, the best looking girl he'd ever had. Nigel's kissing began to become more extreme, his lips totally covering Beth's. Beth tried to concentrate on the sensation between her legs to over ride the horrific sensation over her mouth. But the worst was yet to come. Motion from behind her was shielded by Nigel's reluctance to release her head, his arms holding her close to him. She smelt the aroma of sun lotion which she found bizarre at this time of the morning before the sun had risen; but then she felt cold fluid being applied around her anus. Shadows around Beth alerted her to something else going on but with so much to think about, Beth could not quite make out what was happening. Surely there wasn't another guy in the room, was there? Beth sighed in relief as the shadows moved away from her, motionless for a while before moving again as though getting a better look. Noises, small tones or bleeps as though someone was playing with an electronic gadget hit their ears, even the guys could sense something but no one really cared, they were all working towards their mutual goal, each participant needed physical release from their sexual frustrations. Alex had awoken from her drunken stupor, disturbed by Beth and her chums as they writhed around naked. Alex had witnessed what was going on and it had taken a while longer for her to process the information in her mind. Recollections of the competition ran through her brain and how underhand Rachel and Claire had been. If this didn't win them the competition, nothing could, she reasoned with herself but she needed evidence. She had found the phone and had quickly navigated her way through the menu to find the camera. Alex took a few quick snaps but nothing could prove it was Beth under the mound of flesh and bollocks. Michael

had continued to put sun lotion around Beth's anal crack and Alex could see what he was planning. Beth was impaled on Nigel's cock, the one Alex had been sucking prior to her passing out, and knew she was not missing out on much. Yet Beth seemed to be getting off on it, judging by her reactions and her breathing and Alex wondered how Beth would accommodate Michael's enormous organ. "Put it in." Alex urged Michael. If he was surprised by Alex's comment, his face failed to show it. "It is in..." Beth muttered, withdrawing her face briefly from Nigel's grasp. "No," Alex corrected Beth, "I was talking to Michael!" Beth was still confused, her pussy was already filled with Nigel's cock, where the fuck did she think Michael was going to stuff his tool? Up her fucking arse? Beth abruptly realised exactly what Alex had in mind. Fear and panic rose and her pulse began to race, running now on pure adrenalin. "No!" Beth protested, forcing her head away from Nigel's in the process. "We need the evidence!" Alex whispered as she knelt before Beth. Michael had not heard Alex's comments but was happy someone else was trying to convince this Jessica sort to take his cock in her ass! Beth continued to shake her head but Alex talked calmly, persuading Beth to comply. Beth sighed. She was in a position where she could not resist. If she put up too much of a struggle, she could lose her wig and her identity revealed which would not ordinarily be a problem had it not been for that creep, Michael from work, being involved. "OK...." Beth conceded, "...but only a little!" "Good girl!" Alex praised and she stood, adjusting the camera settings. "Go on, Michael, give it to her!" Alex ordered. Nigel had pulled Beth's head back onto his face, his tongue again seeking out her tonsils. With very little warning, Michael had swiftly positioned himself between Beth's legs and with some finesse he thrust the tip of his massive ten inch cock into Beth's arse. This time, her energy was stronger than Nigel's and she lifted her head, screaming inside the fire like sensations hit her. She had been married for four years and only recently had she begun to let Allan near her butt. Beth's bucking movements had only accentuated Michael's sensations and he grinned in pleasure as her tight arse muscles constricted against his cock, almost threatening to cut off the circulation. He began to fuck her arse, withdrawing a little before sliding it back into her, the tightness feeling like a clenched fist on his enormous tool, the sun lotion easing its passage slightly until he was in all the way to his bollocks. Beth had been on her knees and elbows as Nigel had been fucking her and now, with Michael on top of her, she had no way of escape. Trapped in a man sandwich, Beth could do nothing. If she thrust forward to escape Michael, she'd just impale herself deeper on Nigel; if she thrust backwards, then Michael's unfeasibly large cock was in danger of ripping her insides apart. Nigel had been surprised at Beth's sudden rejection of him, having been so willing so far until he realised that Michael was gaining access from the back door. That Michael was one dirty bastard and showed no respect to any one, especially women. He'd known Michael for some time and knew what a shit. Beth wanted to dress and go home, bathe and get rid of any remnants of evidence that this had ever happened, yet the sensation between her legs stopped her. Nigel's cock was beginning to arouse her more than she ever imagined and she was very close to her climax which she was in desperate need of. The breast stimulation from Michael was also enhancing her feelings and although she didn't know why, even Michael's large cock in her arse was beginning to feel good, increasing the sensations of Nigel in her sweet cunt. But she mustn't, she told herself. Her body was a shrine, a temple to be worshipped by

her own congregation of one, the husband she had left at home whom she loved desperately. "No!" she unconvincingly murmured out loud but neither guy took any notice of her. Like Beth, both guys were close to climax and continued in their quest for sexual gratification. "Yes, go on!" Alex urged as she fiddled with the phone camera, "You're doing brilliantly. There's no way you can lose!" Alex had been impressed, not only with the size of Michael's enlarged organ, but the very fact that Beth had been able to accommodate it and, with her arse too! Alex staggered slightly in her state of inebriation as she tried to focus the phone. "Excellent, keep it going!" she encouraged as she deleted a blurred image from the phone camera's memory. She needed to save the memory space for the ultimate picture, whatever that may be. But how could she prove it was Beth? Her drunken mind spun and she felt the first thumps of the hangover she was developing. Then she saw the tell tale sign that would give it away. Alex positioned herself behind Michael and took three photo's close up of his cock in Beth's butt, his hairy bollocks slapping against her naked body and Beth's feet facing the camera, the blue plaster covering her sore foot as plain as day. Everyone in the group had been aware of Beth's discomfort on her foot so this should be all the evidence they would need. "Go on girl, give it some!" Alex had encouraged Beth and the sound of her voice had given Beth the reassurance that all was well. They could leave now, both awake and battle weary, but conscious and able to make decisions and when to leave. But Beth was pinned down by Michael's weight and Nigel's strength. Beth's hope that Alex would rescue her, save her from further degradation was to be dashed. "Slow it down a tad.....that's it!" Alex ordered. The guys, began listening to Alex's persuasive manner, each accommodating her requests of "Lift those buttocks." or "Sink those fingernails in." Neither guy moved unless Alex gave the order. Beth, on the other hand, had little choice, her sweet body impaled on their cocks which both demanded attention, needing desperately to reach their climax and release their seed into Beth's various orifices. "I'm gonna cum inside you...."Michael whispered in Beth's ear, but loud enough for all to hear. "I'm going to cum inside your ass....." he said, "....you hear me? I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna fill your ass with my cum!" he chanted "Yeah, and I'm fucking your pussy..." Nigel added for good measure, "....I'm fucking your sweet pussy!" "Keep it going, you're almost there!" Alex encouraged. Moving around the bed with the camera phone like some porno director. Beth was obviously as drunk as she, Alex surmised, as knew that this was not Beth's normal behaviour. Alex knew Beth was happily married and she never tired of telling anyone who would listen which made her actions here this evening even more remarkable. Beth was torn, her desire to leave as strong as her desire to stay. She could not leave until both guys had had their fill as she was being physically restrained yet she desperately needed her own climax. Resigning herself to the inevitable, Beth began to writhe about between the guys, feeling Nigel's pubes rubbing against her moist pussy lips. Beth moved her lips away from Nigel, feigning oxygen starvation, before burying her head into his neck, she could grip his neck and pivot herself up and down on their cocks, building up some rhythm so her ordeal would soon be done. Beth found the energy from somewhere, it just pure adrenalin, but she began to move her hips, feeling herself being filled, whichever direction she thrust. Time and again, she moved her body but still the guys retained their seed, unable to release their cum into her holes and without that, she would remain imprisoned by their bodies. What could she do

to tip them over the edge, to bring them to the climax they needed so she could escape? What did she and Allan often do? "Go girl!" Alex encouraged from the side, "You can fucking do it!" It was then the penny dropped. "Ooh, yes!" Beth enthused to the guys, "Fill me, both of you. I need your cum!" Beth hated herself for raising the guy's egos yet she knew that if she were to negotiate this situation and retain her anonymity, she'd have to talk dirty to them. "I want your cum inside me!" Beth continued. In reality, Beth wanted nothing to do with the pervert yet she knew she had to give him what he needed in order to protect her anonymity. "I bet you've had DP loads of times!" Nigel suggested, not wanting to miss out on any of the action. "I've had DP more times than I've had normal sex!" Beth replied. "I love lots of cocks. I love being shared and having all my holes filled!" Beth nibbled at Nigel's ear as she spoke. "Bollocks!" Nigel exclaimed. He struggled to hold himself in check but Beth's dirty talk combined with her warm breath against his neck and ear was just too much for him and he tensed up, muscles rigid like rigor mortis and Beth could feel his cock suddenly jerk as it released its first of several squirts of semen, ejaculating into Beth's cervix, relentlessly until his scrotum was once again empty. "Cum inside me, Michael..." Beth pleaded, "...I need your cum so much." "I love the taste of cum on my tongue, I love it over my tits and in my pussy..." Beth teased, thrusting herself back and noticing Nigel's flaccid cock flop out of her. "But most of all, I love it in my dirt ass. Give it to me, big boy!" she exclaimed, almost spitting the words out. Michael was about to experience his wildest orgasm ever as Beth writhed on his cock, her own dirty talk arousing her as well. Michael reached around again, his hand rubbing Beth's clit like he was. Ordinarily, this would have caused Beth much discomfort but she wriggled with pleasure, her own climax just a short fantasy away. Beth felt guilt rattle through her, parallel with her climax, aware that she had been inadvertently unfaithful to Allan and had despised both guys who had defiled her yet she had needed the orgasm and had welcomed the release it brought with it. Michael, on the other hand, was too preoccupied with his own excitement he could hold on no longer. "I'm coming!" Michael exclaimed. His body forcing his cock deeper into Beth's arse as he came, his rubber clad hands now pawing at Beth's tits, noticing again. Not for the first time tonight, Michael's climax took Beth by surprise, the sheer intensity of it and the closeness to parts of her body otherwise unexplored sexually, Beth found herself experiencing sensations she never knew she could experience. They were not unpleasant but she just wished it had been Allan exploring these areas with her, not some revolting arse-wipe of a colleague. Alex, who was still at the foot end, had positioned herself behind Michael, hoping for a close up shot, had seen his cock begin to spasm and even if she could not hear his moans of delight, she knew Michael was depositing his sperm deep into her own roommate. Beth had managed to manoeuvre herself away from Michael shortly after he'd climaxed and as he rolled over onto the bed face up, Beth could see the monster cock had, until a few moments ago, been buried deep in her arse and she wondered if she would pay for it once the alcohol had worn off and the pain began to seep through. Beth stood, wincing momentarily at the wretched verucca on her foot. "Fuck me, you were something else!" Alex commended. Beth's mind was elsewhere. Guilt and disappointment overtook her emotions and she wanted to cry. She felt dirty, cheap and disgusted with herself, all over some meaningless contest with some friends. Beth knew in her own mind her sacrifices had not been

worth the effort and if nothing else, it had made her feel even closer to Allan despite the fact he was thousands of miles away Alex looked at Beth and despite being pissed, Alex could see the misery and sorrow in Beth's eyes. "Are you ready to go back, now?" she asked tentatively. Beth nodded, reaching for her clothing which had been strewn across the bedroom floor, treated with as little respect as she had been. "Yes." Beth replied in a sigh of despair. Alex helped Beth into her clothes and had repossessed her own belongings before taking her by the arm. "Let's go Beth!" Alex muttered as they left the bedroom. Closing the door quietly behind them. There was a moment's silence before Michael opened an eye and sat up. Had he heard the whisper correctly? Did Edna really say "Beth?" He shook his head in disbelief. Maybe it was just his mind playing games with him, that he had that horny bitch from work on his mind but something niggled away at him. Could it possibly have been? She did say she was going away for the weekend? It had to be too much of a coincidence, didn't it? Michael looked around for his mobile phone, maybe, just maybe, some of the answers would lay within the images it held. He flicked through the menu to find the picture gallery, his mind Could this be his lucky day? EPILOGUE The Captain had announced they were on their final approach into Luton Airport and Beth sighed silently in relief. Her ordeal to Ibiza with the girls had not been one to remember. Sure, they'd had a few laughs but the competitiveness of Rachel and Claire had soured things a bit, not to mention the situation with Michael. Beth had been petrified as she managed her way through the airport and at the departure gate, knowing Michael would probably be departing from the same airport or, even worse, on the same flight. Beth wore her Ray-bans as disguise, claiming it was to protect herself from her hangover. No one doubted her at all and she had bought a hat for good measure to hide her normal hair in. Her Jessica outfit had been left behind. Beth wanted no reminders of her short break whatsoever. Alex had slept on, into the early evening as their flight was early the next morning, she had decided not to return to bed but to stay in the bar. Beth, on the other hand, had been more sensible, having a light meal and plenty of fruit juice and bottled water, knowing her hangover would be eased by re-hydration. That didn't stop her from taking a couple of paracetamol though! Beth felt uneasy about seeing Allan. She loved him dearly and regretted what had happened in Ibiza and feared he would sense her guilt. They had no secrets from each other and trusted each other implicitly so she knew she'd have to come clean at some point and rather sooner than later. Beth would rather Allan found out from her than from a third party. But how do you tell the man you love that you've been unfaithful, albeit not on purpose? Beth's head began to pound as the cab turned into her street and Beth began to tremble .Allan had prepared fresh coffee in readiness for Beth's return. Beth had tried her best to be conversational but Allan had sensed all was not well. Beth remained hidden behind her shades despite being back indoors, claiming the bright light was hurting her eyes. Allan had smirked, assuming she had consumed too much alcohol and he gave her the benefit of the doubt. Why wouldn't he, Allan loved Beth and trusted her to the end of the world. It was a few evenings later that Beth sat on the sofa, her feet curled beneath her with a mug of hot chocolate beside her watching the TV. Beth's phone tweaked and vibrated as a text message came in. "Be a dear and get that for me please." Beth pleaded with Allan who had been busy reading a magazine. He noisily closed his magazine and walked out to the hall table where Beth had left her

phone. He'd been in the hall for a few moments in silence before he returned to the lounge. "Who was it?" Beth said, looking away from the TV screen for a moment. Allan looked puzzled. "Who's Alex?" Allan asked. "One of the girls I was in Ibiza with. Why?" Beth asked innocently. "Well...." Allan began, "...you've got a picture message" and he turned the screen to show Beth dropped into a look of disbelief. The image was of Beth being DP'd by Nigel and Michael with Michael in top shafting her arse hole. The blood drained from her face as Allan handed her the handset. "Who's the woman?" Allan asked craftily. Beth kept her eyes on the image, not daring to look at Allan. Her heart missed several beats and she pondered if she should come clean or lie. She had never lied to Allan ever, in all their years together yet she could not find it in her heart to tell him. He'd be a broken man if she confessed and their relationship would never be the same again. What if he left her, filed for divorce or something? It had been an awful mistake but would Allan understand? Could she articulate it well enough to make him comprehend that it meant nothing, it was sex not love? "Don't you recognise the hair?" Beth suggested. Hoping Allan would have a stab at guessing one of the others. "Nope! Don't recognise her at all" Allan said slowly, examining the screen closer. Beth had not realised that Alex had blue-toothed the pictures to her own phone before deleting them from Michaels hand set. She may have been pissed but she still had her faculties about her. "That guy on top looks familiar, though!" Allan added, turning the screen slightly to get a better view. "Mmm.....maybe not!" Allan concluded, handing the phone back to Beth. She quickly put the phone back to main menu, losing the image for a while. She'd delete it shortly, once she got the opportunity. The TV had gone to a commercial break and Beth had turned the volume down as Allan left the room to commence building the book case that still needed assembling. Beth sighed heavily to herself. Had she been able to convince Allan that all was well? He'd not pushed her any further for more information on the picture, who it might have been and why Alex would have sent her the image; for that, Beth was truly grateful. "Tell you what?" Allan said, poking his head around the door and making Beth jump with fright. "What's that?" she asked, all flustered. Allan pointed to her cell phone, a half eaten biscuit he'd pilfered from the kitchen in his other hand. "Did you notice the girl in that picture...." Allan began. Walking over to Beth and kneeling beside her, kissing her with his crumb laden lips. "She was wearing a blue plaster on the sole of her foot. Strange that!" he concluded as he stood. He took another bite of his biscuit, gave her a knowing wink and returned to assembling the book case, leaving Beth to ponder on his words...