

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I was loading the boot of my car with shopping that I had purchased from the supermarket and was bent over the boot of the car. The back of my short skirt was riding up so that the beginnings of my ass cheeks were on show as I only had on a small thong under my skirt.

Just then a red classic corvette convertible pulled into the parking lot. It looked like one of those cars that guys spend so much time on. Engine sticking up out of the front of the cover and bright polish silver trim and pipes everywhere you looked. It was like right out from behind one of those tacky bikini models on the cover of a car magazine. It spoke money, both in raw cash and in leisure time to maintain that type of car.

For the moment I forgot about my shopping and watched as this guy, brimming with an air of self assured poise, jumped out of the convertible and walked into the store. With one glance he spotted me still near the sodas and made an abrupt change in direction to walk my way. As he got close he wiped the mop of wind blown blonde hair back from his eyes. Without a word he stood next to me. His tall lanky body hovered over mine as I stood between him and the refrigerator cooler of cold sodas. As he leaned over my shoulder, reaching past me for a can, he openly gawked down the front of my top and grabbed the first can his fingers touched.

A shiver travelled down my body as he continued to stare down my top.

Self-consciously I reached up and closed the open flaps of my top and held my hand there to preserve my modesty. This elicited an open chuckle from him and he smiled at me all knowingly. Turning away I walked over to the next row of selves and notice out of the corner of my eyes how he was checking out my ass with a leering grin. Nothing shies about this fellow I though. His open approval of my body brought a slight smile to my lips. Half disappointed and half-relieved that he was not following me around the store.

Grabbing an orange juice I headed back to the counter. No sooner than I got to the counter Mr. Mop top was standing beside me with a soda and a package of beef jerky. As the till girl rang up my order I could feel some fingers lightly tracing against my upper thighs. With my purchase done I headed outside.

Just before I put my sunglasses back on I could not help but to take a scan at Mr. Mop top car. I slowly strode by with my "Ain't I pretty" leisurely walk past his car, knowing that Mr. Mop top would still be checking me out from the checkout counter.

"Ain't she pretty" Mr. Mop top called out to me as he bounded out of the store in a disguised rush. For a moment I was not sure if he was talking about his car or mocking me. "Yes, it a really nice car" I said over my shoulder and kept walking slowly away. "Would you like a ride in it?" He yelled as I reached the end of the parking lot and began to turn down the sidewalk for home. Thinking I was being cute I gave him a little bye bye wave with my hand.

Hearing his engine roar to life I expected him to drive by and check me out once more. I quicken my pace and tugged by shorts down into place. Sure enough I heard Mr. Mop tops car behind me. Wondering how my ass looked from behind, I made it a point to sway my hips a little more than usual. To my surprise he did not dive by, but pulled up right along side me and slowed down.

"You did not answer my question?" He said with a boyish grin. Looking at Mr. Mop top, I speculated that he was at least in his early twenties. "WHAT QUESTION?" I snapped back still half annoyed at his persistence and half liking the attention he was devoting to me on an otherwise boring Saturday afternoon.

Figuring he was not going to stop cruising his car along the sidewalk till I talked to him, and worried about what the scene looked like to passing motorists, I stopped and faced him. "Your car is very nice, but I am not about to hop into a car with a complete stranger" I said and wondered if he realized I was a 42 year old married woman.

"I'm Tom," He said as he applied his brakes and turned off his engine, then reaching his hand up as if to shake hands. Taking a step back I put my hands on my hips. "You're still a stranger and I am not about to get into that car with you."

"I having a party tonight, want to come?" He asked, ignoring my last statement completely.

"I won't get into your car, because you're a stranger, and now you expect that I will come over to your house just like that, I'm old enough to be your mother, and I am married as well." I asked incredulously.

"Well, you don't have to come as my date. Just show up. Bring a friend; bring two friends if you like. Matter of fact, if you have a lot of friends as good looking as you, bring them all, and it makes no odds to me if you are married if it doesn't to you. And as for your age, I like older women, they know what they want and you have a good body. Just don't invite guys unless they have their own dates. Parties are always hard enough to keep the girls Vs guys ratio within reason." He said as he reached under his seat and took out a sheet of paper and held it up for me to take.

Tentatively I took the paper from his hands and looked at it. It was a flyer announcing his party and giving directions to his place. Just as I finished reading it, Tom-Mr. Mop top, raced his car's engine twice without moving and then on the third time his car spun its back tires and he drove off as he called out over the noise "See you tonight"

From the directions given on the flyer, Tom lived on the outskirts of town. It was an area of former ranches that the rich had taken a fancy to. They would replace the modest ranch house with a large expansive mansion and leaving a few miles between them and their next door neighbour.

Toying with the idea of going to party, I called several friends to see if they had plans for later that night. I had already told Chas, my husband, and he was keen for me to go. He said he was keen to hear all about who I fucked that night. He doesn't mind me being a slut which is good, as that is what I am most of the time. As I exhausted my address book of potential party mates, it seemed like I was the only girl in town not going out for the evening. Finally I happened upon Cindy. She was a really good friend a year or so back, but we had drifted apart, after chasing the same guy for several months. Neither of us got the guy, but it had strained the relationship and weakened the trust between us. As much from habit as liking each other, we still exchange phone calls every month or so to catch up and still talked like we were still friends if we bumped into each other at the mall or around school.

Cindy had a date for the night, but it was with someone she did not care for all that much. After telling her about how I met Tom, and about the car he drove, I explained how the party was going to be at one of the rich ranch estates on the outside of town and how all the guys at the party would probably be twenty something's. She told me she would break her date and come along.

The idea of going to the party raised many questions. First was what to wear. I did not want to look like I was 42 among a bunch of probably younger guys in their twenties. I did not want to appear too much like a slut, yet I wanted to get a little more than my fair share of attention from all the guys. The next surrounded Tom. Did the fact he ask me to the party mean I was his date? What would I do if Cindy made a play for Tom, or, how was I supposed to react if I showed up to the party and another girl

was on Tom's arm for the evening? I decided to worry about the first set of questions and play the second set totally by ear.

Cindy and I decided that we better meet several hours before the party to plan out our attire. Cindy was a 39-year-old hottie, who had developed cleavage long before the rest of our peer group. She was about my height and maybe a few more pounds, but those extra pounds were all concentrated in her 36D cup bras.

Combined with deep blue eyes and natural blond hair, Cindy looked like she walked right out of a Playboy centrefold.

We decided to caution on the side of being conservatively sexy. I wore a black pencil type skirt that hugged my hips all the way down to just about four inches my crotch. My top was a red satin top that flowed smoothly over my breast. I wore a half-cup bra underneath that allowed my nipples to poke out from underneath the thin satin. With a few buttons undone I could show an ample amount of cleavage, but could also adjust how much according to the situation at the party. Under the skirt I wore some self-supporting thigh highs black stockings. They would add some excitement if I decided to get flirted on the dance floor and allow my skirt to ride up high enough to flash some bare thighs and maybe a glimpse of my red satin thong that matched my top. That and my four-inch pumps and I was ready to dance the night away.

Cindy wore a tight fitting royal blue shift dress made of lycra-cotton blend that stretched over her curves tightly, with a low scooped neckline and a slit up the side to allow her legs to move for dancing. Just to draw a little more attention, she wore a heart shaped opal necklace that came to rest just at the top of her cleavage. With the slit up the side of her dress she decided that stockings would just look funny and decided to go bare legged.

We took Cindy's car and decided to drive by the place to check it out, but we could not see much from the road. Cindy then drove down the newly paved driveway. As we got closer to the house we could see many add-ons to the originally modest ranch house. "Hurry drive past," I screamed at Cindy and she stepped on the gas to zoom by and out the opposite end of the horseshoe shaped driveway. Several guys called out to us from the front of the house. Looking back I could see them waving their arms and could still hear "Come back, come back"

"What's the matter?" Cindy said gruffly.

"We were way too early" I answered in a relived sigh. "They were still unloading the kegs from the trucks and moving stuff inside."

"Kegs? ... From a truck?" Cindy asked in a tone of disbelief.

"You did not see the truck?" I replied, astonished.

"Well I saw the truck, but though nothing of it, I did not see them unloading kegs... just how many kegs were they taking off this truck?"

"I saw at least six kegs on the ground and I don't know how many more were still on the truck," I replied.

"Man alive, they must be planning a big ass party," Cindy said and turned to me smiling.

"Yeah," I said as I looked back down the road towards the house "But I did not see any other girls and only a few cars in the driveway, we better come back later and check it out again."

It was 8 PM and we decided to kill an hour or so and then check the party out again to see if they got a crowd. Cindy drove us to a Denny's restaurant near the freeway. Outside were a lot of big trucks. As we strode inside a lot of eyes from old grimy truckers began to check us out in our party cloths. I could feel their eyes scanning across my chest as my half-cup bra allowed my breast to jiggle under my thin satin top. As we sat down in a booth opposite the counter full of truckers, I was careful to tuck my pleated skirt under my legs so as not to show them too much.

Maybe they thought we were hookers, but no sooner had we sat down than three truckers came up to our booth. Each offered to buy us dinner as they stood over us as if waiting to be invited to sit down at our booth. I could see their eyes stealing looks down Cindy's top and at my nipples poking out from underneath my blouse. We smiled sweetly but declined their offers only to see the dejected truckers replaced by another hopeful as soon as they left. We shared a plate of fries and each had a diet coke as we fended off all offers of the various truckers and giggled at their attention.

Upon leaving I purposely slid out of our booth, letting the vinyl seat pull my skirt back. With the skirt back above to my ass I provided all the truckers at the counter a good look at my long legs up to above my bare thigh and my stocking tops to my tiny thong before standing up. Cindy had taken notice of my exit and once outside jokingly scolded me for being such a tease. But, seeing a new trucker entering the place, Cindy dropped her purse and bent over at the waist letting the trucker get a nice long look at her ass encased in her body hugging dress. Just as she stood up the trucker came over and made an outright offer of £100 if she would go back to his truck with him.

"Get lost loser," Cindy snapped at him in her coldest voice. Dejected the trucker left with his tail between his legs and calling Cindy dirty names under his breath.

"AWW, don't be cruel Cindy," I said, and called to the trucker.

As he came over, I said "So you don't feel rejected have a look and feel of this." I pulled my thong down and off and lifted my skirt giving him a good view of my bare cunt. I parted my legs and told him to have a feel. His hand slid between my leg and up to my cunt. He began to rub my wet slit then inserted a couple of fingers up it moving them in and out until I shuddered as I orgasmed. Cindy was grinning at me as she watched the action in front of her.

I pushed the trucker away and put my thong back on.

"What about me slut, I've seen you alright, what about me," the trucker said rubbing a huge hard on underneath his jeans.

"It's only fair, you know," Cindy said and laughed.

"Oh, ok then," I replied.

I got down on my knees in front of him, undid his jeans and got his hard cock out. I slid my red lips over his meat and using my tongue began to slide his cock in and out. He began to moan and gripped hold of a hand full of my hair. A few minutes of him pulling my head on and off his cock and thrusting his hips into my face, my tongue rolling over his shaft he soon let out a loud groan and emptied his seed into my mouth. I sucked and swallowed until he was drained. I stood up and licked the surplus off my lips and reapplied my lipsick.

"Fuck, that was the best blow job I've ever had darling," he said.

"Glad you enjoyed it," I said as we both turned and walked to the car laughing.

"Your such a slut Kathy," Cindy said.

"Yea I know, but I can't help it, and I love it so." I replied to her.

We drove back to the party and it was in full swing. As we got close to the house we notice what seemed like hundreds of cars lined up along the street and people walking towards the house. As we turned into the driveway more cars lined the horseshoe shaped driveway on both sides, leaving just a narrow gap to drive through. As we past people Cindy and I checked out what the girls were wearing and decided that if anything we were dressed too conservatively for the party.

Most were dressed like they were heading for some underground nightclub. Many were in skirts so short that they barely covered their ass. More than a few were dressed in almost Gothic attire in tight short black leather skirts and accessories of collars and wrist cuffs that hinted at a bondage fetish with dark brooding makeup and lipstick.

Cindy drove past the house and there was no doubt that a party was happening inside. All the windows on three floors were open and White Zombie blasted away louder than any ordinary stereo could handle. Inside any windows that were not well lighted, we saw the white pulsing of strobes and other lighting effects.

Through the main window of the living room the draped were open and it looked like it was crammed full of bodies trying to dance. An overflow of people milled about the front entrance with beer in hand and a constant stream of people were walking to and from a bank of beer kegs lined up at one side of the driveway.

We drove out the other end of the driveway and looked for parking along the street. The next house was at least at least a mile away as we drive seeing no other signs of housing. We finally found a space along the road and parked.

Seeing what the other girls had been wearing I took of my silk blouse off inside the car and removed my half-cup bra. Putting my blouse back on I left it unbuttoned and tied it over my breast so the smooth fabric would hug my bra-less tits like a second skin. As we walked down the street I could feel my breast swaying with every step. Cindy kept telling me that I was going too far, but I ignored her Mother like lectures.

It seemed like a long hike, especially in five-inch heels, but we finally made it to the house. As the two of us walked up we were being checked out by a dozen or so boys hanging out of the front steps. As we climbed up the small flight of steps to the front door, I wondered how much the guys sitting near the bottom of the steps could see up the back of my skirt. Self-Concisely I placed a hand behind me to hold my skirt down against the back of my legs.

The front door was open so we both stepped in. The house was packed wall to wall with people. No sooner than I was inside the door that I became jammed between a crowd of people all trying to move in different directions. Then I felt something on the back of my legs. At first I though nothing much of it, as I was too busy trying to fight my way inside. But then I recognized the touch as someone's fingers and slowly they were sliding up my right leg, feeling the silkiness of my stocking. I thought to myself this was going to be one hell of a good party and pushed at the wall of bodies in front of me to no avail. The fingers reached the top of my stockings and fingered the supporting elastic. Not managing to push forward, I tried to retreat back out the front door, but that was as blocked as the way forward. Even my arms were pinned up against my chest against someone else's back. All I had managed to do was to turn so the hand now was at the front of my thigh instead of the back of my legs.

Slowly I felt the arm of the hand lifting the bottom of my skirt up as the fingers snaked up closer and closer to my cunt. Looking around at the people near me I tried to spot the person sneaking a feel of me, but could not tell who the offender was among those pushed up against me. I fought to free my arms and bring them down below my waist, but it was too late. The mysterious fingers were pulling aside my thong and was playing with my slit. I twisted and even moaned but no one could hear me over the sound systems blasting away its industrial strength heavy metal music.

Just as I managed to work my arms free enough to get them below my waist, another stranger hand reach between some bodies and cupped my left breast and began to knead my flesh. Grabbing at the hand that was fingering my cunt I tried to pull the offender too me so I could see who it was. But the arm belong to someone much stronger than me and feeling my grip it soon snapped back into the mass of bodies around me with it fingers wet from my cunt.

Tuning my attention to the hand on my breast, I looked up and was pretty sure I was looking at the guy doing it, though the arm came from between two other bodies. He was looking at me with a wide self-satisfied grin on his lips and as our eyes met from between the crowd his hand squeezed slowly into my flesh.

Working one hand up above my waist I again tried to grab the offending arm and again it pulled back out of harms way. I tired to push forward to confront my assaulter, but as I managed to take a step forward the guy had managed to totally disappear into the crowd.

Looking around I discovered that I was apparently the only girl in the jammed pack crowd. Deciding I was too convenient a target among all the guys in the area for any comfort I pushed and shoved my way through the morass of bodies. I was aiming for a side room where the crowd might be thinner. Several times I was moved off course, as a stream of bodies moving together in a particular direction carried me along. Several more times I felt a hand slide up my skirt or fingers jerking at my blouse. I soon learned to keep one hand high and one hand low to fight off the guys looking for cheap thrills with a quick grabbing of my ass or tits for the time being.

At one point I decided that the only way to get out of the living room body pit would be to crawl between people's legs. I squirmed my way down and began to crawl along on my hands and knees. Pushing at one pair of heavy leather boots, the legs parted for me to pass, but just as I got half way through they closed up around my waist.

"LET ME GO" I screamed but not sure if anybody could hear as I tried to twist myself out from between the legs that were crushing around my waist. Then I felt the back of my skirt being pulled up and I started to pound my fist on the guy's toes while shouting that he let me go. I squirmed as I felt an open palm rub itself over my barely covered ass. Then the fingers hooked into my thong and I cried as someone attempted to rip them off me, jerking me up by my hips as the material of my thong crammed even further up my cunt and ass like a length of rope and was being tugged on.

Thankfully my panties tore a little, but did not come off. After several hard jerking attempts to rip them off me the person decided that they were not going to tear off. I screamed as the guy's legs kept me pinned between his muscular legs on all fours with my skirt up around my waist as I felt my thong slowly being pulled down the back of my thighs. Again I pounded my fist into his boot cover foot, but not so hard this time, and struggled slightly to get free as I felt a hand roaming all over my backside. In sheer pleasure I felt the hand stop roaming over my naked ass and a finger position itself at my anus. Knowing what was to happen, I stop my futile struggling and just shivered from head to toe. I suppressed a groan as the finger pushed itself hard into my rectum and began to finger fuck me up the ass with god knows how many onlookers behind me.

Knowing that if I did not get free then I would be raped, and I really did not want that to happen yet so early in the party. I lifted up the cuff to the guy's jeans and bite him on his ankle. His legs moved enough for me to scamper free across the floor, crawling on my hands and knees with my panties down around my thighs I managed to get most of the way across the room with only a few swats to my ass.

Once at the end of the room I stood up and figuring most had seen my ass anyway. I pulled my skirt up and adjusted my thong in place. They fit a little more loosely than before from being stretched. Walking through an entryway I entered another room. This one was crowded too, but not nearly as much as the room I had just left. I walked across and felt a few more hands try up my skirt, but I had enough manoeuvring room to twist away from any errant hands. Totally separated from Cindy I wondered is she was having as much trouble as I at keeping from being outright raped at the party.

Down a hallway I looked for a bathroom. When I found one the line was just too long, but I was relieved to see a fair amount of the people waiting were girls. I was beginning to think that maybe all the other girls had left the party after getting the same kind of treatment I had upon entering. Seeing a mirrored closet door I used it to reapply my makeup and adjust my cloths in a presentable manner. Making my way down one hallway and another and through a room or two, I finally came into the kitchen.

"You seem lost," A guy shouted at me over the music. I could barely hear him, but nodded back and yelled "I came with some friends and we got separated."

"Your boyfriend should not just bail on you at a party like this," The guy screamed back and I smiled at his obvious attempt to assess my availability.

"IT'S A WILD ONE" I screamed back letting him wonder about my dating status for the night. I had no idea if I would ever find the guy that invited me in this crowd, nor even if I did, if he would not have a date of his own.

He handed me a cup with some luke-warm beer inside and I made a face as I took a sip. "Guess that has been sitting a while, let's go get some fresh drinks," he screamed over the noise. He moved to a door and I followed him. Outside was like a library compared to inside. The cool night air felt good on my bare midriff and on my face. I followed the guy around the outside of the house, marvelling at his athletic build and boyish good looks. He was just an inch or two taller than me and had a rugged chin, but his eyes sparkled of a devilish side as he spoke that intrigue me.

We made it around front and after standing in a short line he poured two beers from the metal kegs that sat in tubs of ice and handed me a cup. Walking over to the front of the house I naturally just followed his lead. There were still a bunch of guys without dates sitting along the steps. One seem to be pointing me out to another and I wondered if he was one that had felt my ass up inside or had stood by watching as I was pinned on all fours between a guys legs and my ass finger fucked. But now there were also a lot of couples out in front of the house. Probably seeking refuge from the loud pushy party raging on inside.

Some of the couples were engaged in various stages of making out. Some kissing lightly and some more passionately. A couple of the girls were letting their dates openly fondle their breast of ass for anybody that looked their way. A few more couples were sitting on the front lawn talking and smoking both cigarettes and joints.

"By the way, my name is Steve," the guy said as I followed him out to the far side of the house.

"My name is Kathy," I replied, relieved I no longer had to shout over the music.

I figured Steve to be around 23 years old and I grew self conscious at not coming across as a much older woman like I was. But, I thought that he would maybe enjoy fucking an older woman.

It was not long before Steve had fetched me another beer. I was feeling a lot more relaxed when almost done with my beer, Steve leaned into me and kissed me lightly on the mouth. I froze and did not know how to respond. I did not want to appear too eager like I was easy, yet I did not want to put him off in anyway.

Before I could settle the debate in my head, he leaned down again and kissed me harder. I let out a little giggle as he placed his beer-chilled hand on my bare hip while pulling me into him for a passionate kiss. I let him kiss me long and hard before I gently pulled back. Coyly I escaped his hands on my hips and smiled so he knew I was not offended.

Steve moved to kiss me once more, but I held up my cup in front of his face. "Beer?" I giggled. Steve sheepishly backed away and smiled. He took our cups and soon was back with more cold beer. Not being a big drinker I did not know how much of my feelings were because of the relaxing nature of the beer or because of the pure lust I felt for Steve at that moment.

As I took another sip of beer, Steve moved in for one more kiss. This time I held my arms out wide with my beer in one hand and my other hand up in the air. His lips pressed hard on mine and then I felt his fingers at my blouse. Feeling a rush of excitement I stood with my lips pressed to his as I felt my blouse being opened up and his hands cupping my naked breast. There were others near enough to see me letting Steve reveal my breast and the idea of them looking excited me as much as Steve's hands touching my erect nipples.

After several long minutes our lips separated, and Steve's hands moved to my hips as he looked down at my bare breast. Laughter erupted nearby and I turned to see a small group of guys looking at my bare chest along with Steve, so I quickly set my beer down on the grass and grabbed my top closed, buttoning myself back up.

Steve took me by the hand and we walked off. He led me around the house and even into the garage. It was obvious he was looking for a place for us to be alone, but everywhere we turned was already overcrowded with other couples making out or the dateless just hanging out.

"Let's go back into the party and see what is happening," I suggested. Steve took me around through the back door and motioned me up the stairs just off the kitchen. The stairs were steep and I notice Steve hanging back several steps as I climbed up the flight of stairs.

"Are you trying to look up my skirt?" I asked with a flirty giggle. "Maybe," Steve said with a shrug like I had asked a very dumb question. It was probably the effects of too many beers, but I reached behind me and lifted my skirt up so show all of my half-torn thong. "Okay then, look," I said laughing as I held my skirt up around my waist and stood several steps above Steve's face. "NICE ASS" Steve replied and I looked past him to see several other guys crowding around the bottom of the stairs to look too.

For the rest of the climb up the stairs I held the back of my skirt up letting Steve and those behind him to look at my ass all they wanted to.

The second floor was like a second living room for the house. Music from downstairs still blasted away, but up on the second floor you could actually talk over it and be heard. There was a large group of people dancing, but this time it was almost all couples. I asked Steve to get me another drink and he trotted off to get me another beer. Wondering around I saw many people standing around talking, some dancing but not to the tune of heavy metal beats. As I got to the far side I saw

one group standing around a circle and went to see what they were watching.

As I peaked over the shoulder of one girl shorter than me I looked down on a table with five people sitting around in various stages of undress. Cards were strewn about the tabletop along with chips and a pile of clothing in the middle. My eyes grew wide as I looked at one young girl sitting at the table topless and another wearing a very skimpy bra. Then I spotted Mop Top Tom gathering the cards up from the table and arranging the deck. He looked to be winning the game of strip poker still wearing his pants.

In wonder I stood and watched as Tom dealt the next hand and wondered why the girls were even playing a game like this in front of so many people. The topless girl was very nice looking and looked like the All-American girl. Blonde, Blue eyed and well portioned breast that the guys standing around were drooling looking at. Her breasts were at least two-cup sizes larger than mine were, but in a conical shape Vs my balloon shaped breast. The one in the skimpy bra was small breasted but they looked perky and high set. I took notice that only one guy was even down to being shirtless.

The topless girl took her cards and asked for three back and I could see the disappointment on her face as she read her cards. All around the guys reacted to her reaction with smiles. Each person at the table then laid their cards down. Tom first then the rest. The topless girl seemed reluctant to even show hers, but soon put hers down on the table.

"Look's like you lose," Tom said with a smile. The topless girl stood up in just her panties. Tom stood up and motioned her over to a nearby chair. Tom indicated for her to bend over the back of the chair and the girl looked around for help and seeing none she draped herself over the back of the chair with her feet dangling off the floor. My breathing grew rapid as I watched the scene play out as Tom slowly pulled her panties down her legs and then hesitating around her ankles he pulled them off the rest of the way. The crowd watched as he ran his fingers up the back of her legs and then tapped the inside of her thighs till she parted her legs.

With her pussy clearly visible Tom used his fingers and traced them along her slit as it peaked out from between her legs. Girls have never turned me on, but I felt myself getting hot at just watching the girl being played with in front of so many people. Tom then pushed his fingers inside her and pumped her cunt and it became shiny from the wetness her pussy was producing.

"Time," someone yelled and Tom removed his fingers from inside her cunt. The girl slid off the back of the chair and she turned to face the rest of the crowd and her face was blushing red. The girl sat back down at the table and Tom collected the cards.

"Okay now you have one more bet to make if you want," Tom said to the now naked girl. "You can play one more round and if you win you get all your clothes back.

Or not play another hand and remain naked till 1 am serving my guest drinks."

And, the girl nodded anxiously still blushing deep red, and Tom added "But if you play again and lose, I will let six guys from the crowd at random pull cards from the deck and you will have to fuck any two with the highest cards."

Amazed the girl agreed to the bet and Tom dealt another hand. The topless girl took two cards and seemed happy with what she got back. Everybody in turn laid their cards down and the topless girl jumped up with joy as she did not lose, her breast bouncing as she jumped and clapped naked in front of everybody, while the crowd of guys nearby moaned in defeat. She quickly sorted her panties out from the pile on the table and put them on and then found her short skirt and put that on. Soon she found her bra and was dressed once more and quickly left the table into the crowd.

The girl in just the bra stood up and another guy from the table stood up and made her put her hands up on her head like a prisoner. He reached around her and unhooked the bra and let it fall to the floor and stood back letting everybody see her naked breast as she stood there in nothing but a skimpy pair of blue panties. He did nothing else to her but made her stand in front of everybody topless.

She decided to pull out of the game and so Tom ordered her to remain topless for the rest of the party serving drinks and that if anybody caught her covering herself up she would automatically lose and be offered up for a gang bang. She agreed and went off to fetch everybody at the table some beers. I wondered what the dateless guys down by the beer kegs would think when she would come walking out in just her panties to get some beer.

Steve returned with my beer and I took a heavy swig as I explained what had just occurred. "Sorry I missed it," Steve said jokingly and then added. "Tom is known for some really kinky shit happening at his parties."

"But why do the girls even want to play strip poker at a party like this and in front of a crowd?" I asked.

"Because Tom is very rich, this is not his parents' house, he is 23 and this is his house. He made a ton of money with an Internet company and made millions selling just some of his stock options. His buddies are the other guys playing the game; they also made a lot of money in the same company." Steve said solemnly

"SO the girls play just hopping to meet them?" I replied.

"NO, each of the guys pools some money into the pot. The girls get it if they can win the game. Last party one girl walked away with \$10,000 dollars." Steve said

"10 grand?" I repeated, astonished. "That's a lot of money"

"Don't think about it, more often than not you will lose. One party he made a girl do 15 guys in the middle of the living room"

Taking another swig from my beer I thought about what I could do with 10,000 dollars. Steve manoeuvred me over to a dimly lit area of the room and leaned over me as my back was against the wall. We talked and flirted and he leaned down kissing me between sips of beer.

"HEY YOU MADE IT," A voice beside me said loudly. Both Steve and I turned to see Tom standing there. "I knew you would show up."

"You did?" I replied matter-of-factly.

We exchanged some banter and I could tell Steve was getting a little irritated at me flirting with another guy. But, we had just met, so I did not think Steve had any claim on me yet, so I flirted with Tom and Steve fumed.

"Hey you're not interested in some big money are you?" Tom asked. "Don't start Tom — don't start," Steve said in a heavy growl. "If you don't like my party Steve you can leave, I am talking to my guest."

Flattered by the idea that two men were fighting over me I smiled to myself and replied to Tom. "You mean by playing your little card game over there?"

"Yes," Tom said and added; "You could win 10,000 dollars."

Maybe it was my fifth beer of the night, maybe it was Steve making my Adeline pump, but I felt silly and foolish and ready to try almost anything. Almost in jest I stood up straight and faced Tom and replied "10,000 is chicken shit or feed or whatever" my words now slurring from the drinking. "I will play, but only for \$100,000" and laughed myself dizzy thinking how outrageous that demand was. Steve also smiled at me thinking that I was turning Tom down in a very insulting manner.

Tom eyed me up and down like merchandise and let out a low hum. "Okay," he said brightly, "\$100,000 it is, but the stakes on your side go up too," he added in a sinister tone.

"No don't do it," Steve said in a panic.

But \$100,000 was a lot of money to me; it was more than my whole family made in a year. I thought I was not a virgin, and I had been gangbanged quite a few in my life, and I was a real slut most of the time, so the idea of having to fuck a couple of guys with some people watching seemed like very little to risk for that much money.

I found myself being lead by Tom across the room and his buddies soon gathering around the table. As each guy took his seat I realized I would be the only girl in this game. A large crowd gathered around to watch how much I would have to strip off in front of them.

Tom pulled out a video camera and set it up on a tripod near the table. "Just to make sure there are not false accusations later I want to make sure everybody understands the game"

"State your name," Tom said as he started the camera and sat down next to me.

"Kathy," I replied.

"Now listen carefully as I explain the rules," Tom said as much to me as to the camera. "We play strip poker. If you can win enough hands to get any of the guys around the table naked you win and we will pay you \$100,000. When you lose you can choose which item would want to have taken off, but the guy with the highest hand gets to take it off. He can make you get into any position he likes to remove the clothing. He also gets to play with whatever portion of your body you have exposed for two minutes before we play the next hand.

You lose if you lose so many hands that you are completely naked before anybody else at the table than, because of the stakes involved, there will be no second chances, you must do any and all depraved sexual acts that I demand for the rest of the weekend."

"Now, do you agree with all this?"

"Yes," I replied without thinking.

"We need to make sure you understand — I want you to look at the camera and tell us what you are agreeing to do if you lose," Tom said sternly

Looking up at the camera I said, "I am going to play strip poker. When I lose a round a guy will take a piece of clothing off me and get to play with my body for two minutes. I will play strip poker till I win and get \$100,000 dollars or
I lose and then must have sex with some of the guys"

"No, no," Tom snapped, "Repeat after me."

"I Kathy."

"I Kathy."

"Am going to play strip poker."

"Am going to play strip poker."

"If I lose a round, I will get into any positioned ordered and let a guy undress me."

"If I lose a round, I will get into any positioned ordered and let a guy undress me."

"And touch my body in any way he likes."

'And touch my body in anyway he likes."

"If I lose the game."

"If I lose the game."

"I become the sex slave of the guys around this table."

"I become the sex slave of the guys around this table."

"For the rest of the weekend."

"For the rest of the weekend."

"And I will perform any lewd, depraved or perverted sexual acts they order me to do for loosing the game."

"And I will perform any lewd, depraved or perverted sexual acts they order me to do for loosing the game."

"All right let's play," Tom said satisfied.

"All right let's play," I repeated as a joke and giggled.

Tom shuffled the cards while Steve stood in the rather large crowd that had gathered as word spread of the \$100,000 game.

My first hand was a pair of twos and I took three cards getting nothing but a King back. As each player laid their cards down it became clear I lost the first hand. "My Shoe" I said and a stocky guy across from me stood up. He had me pull my chair back from the table. My face turned a little pink as the guy made me lift my legs up and hold them by my ankles with my legs spread and everybody getting to look up my skirt and between my open legs. He took my shoe off and began to tickle my feet. Within a minute I was begging him to stop, but he continued to tickle. He then offered to stop if I would bend over and let him swat my ass. Before I could decide someone yelled "TIME" and he stopped and I let my legs fall to the floor.

Another guy shuffled the next hand and one by one the cards were dealt. This time I had nothing but an ACE high and asked for four cards, but was told I could only get three. I took my three and ended up with a pair of ten's which was good enough to win the round and the guy said "SHOE," but unlike me he had socks on so tickling his foot was not as effective as it had been on mine.

Once more the guy shuffled and dealt the cards. Right off the bat I got three sevens and images of dollar bills danced in my head. As the cards were laid down and every guy had something better than my hands, from a full house to a straight. "Shoe," I said and another guy repeated the last and had me hold my legs up high and wide while he tickled my foot.

With the next hand I felt little more sober as I lost and had to give up something that matter. "Stocking" I said demurely. Tom stood up and pulled my chair back from the table. He held my hand as he helped me stand on top of the table where we played poker. "Lift your skirt up high," Tom commanded. Reaching down I fumbled a little as I grasped the bottom hem of the skirt in my fingers.

Hesitantly I began to lift my tight skirt up while trying to think of how to tease them more. Once I had pulled my skirt up over my waist, I felt Tom's hand on my ankle. Standing in front of a large crowd of people I stood on the table top flashing my panties for all to see, as I felt Tom's hand snake up my leg over my stocking. Then he hooked his fingers inside the support tops and gently tugged one stocking down and as I stepped out of it he threw it to the crowd as a souvenir. Tom used his two minutes to feel up my thighs as he stood below me looking up between my legs.

"Does she have nice legs?" Tom asked the spectators nearby as I stood mortified on the table top holding my own skirt up like some cheap stripper.

"Yes," The crowd answered back.

As Tom helped me down from the table someone handed me a fresh drink. This one seemed to have a little more kick to it than just beer and it help sooth my nerves as the next hand was dealt. I was relieved when I actually won the next hand and one guy said belt. I decided there was not much I could do with a guy's waist so I waved my two minutes and the next hand was dealt.

"Stocking," I said meekly as I laid my cards down on the table. The effects of the booze had smoothed out some of my inhibitions so it was not as traumatic for me to climb up on the tabletop once more and raise my skirt for the crowd. As I looked out into the spectators I felt the hand of a stranger reaching up my leg and removing my other stocking. I stood feeling myself get wet as the hand massage my thighs and I could see several guys among the spectators getting turned on watching me flash my panties at them.

I won two more hands, getting another belt and one guy's sock. I started to question the odds a little in my mind as I compared how much the guys had on to lose compared to me with their belts, socks and some with undershirts. When I asked about the question of belts out loud someone handed me my drink and I took another long sip of the beer and felt the rush as it went down cold but flushed through my body as a wave of warmth.

As I laid my cards down with just a ten high I was very distraught as I realized I would now really be providing a show for the party. In my mind I debated between my skirt and my top. If my skirt than I would have my panties, but if my top my tits would be bare. How I wished I had kept my half cup bra on instead of leaving it in the car.

"Skirt," I snapped in frustration. The guy across from me stood up and walked around to me. He pulled me up from my chair and sat down.

"Take it off bitch," he said and I reached behind me and undid my skirt and let it fall to the floor. With one motion he grabbed my arm and jerked me down over his lap. With my body bent over his lap my upturned ass was presented for what I shockingly knew what was to happen. I began to struggle as his open palm landed on my thong covered ass.

"You're loving this," I said, as the second slap of his hand hit my rump. "Yes, I am bitch, you made your bet," he said with a chuckle and an even harder whack of my ass made me wince and the sound echoed even over the blaring music.

"Take it easy cliff, I don't want her all bruised up yet," Tom said and his yet made me even more worried. But the spanking still stung but was not as hard. Finally someone called out "Time." With my cheeks bright red I got up off his lap and stood as my spanker got up out of my chair. The crowd looked on bemused as I flinched when my sore ass touched the hard wood seat of the chair.

The next hand got me a pair of dirty socks and a tennis shoe. The next had me get the stocky guy to remove his shirt. His fat repulsed me so I waived my two minutes of play time and I could tell how this irritated him as his friends made jokes about him being "Untouchable."

With a two pair I thought I was in pretty safe shape, but as I saw the flushes, straight and three of a kinds being displayed around the table my relief was short lived. "Blouse," I said meekly and the stocky guy stood up and I regretted not having done something with him when he removed his shirt. With a motion of his finger I stood up and from the look in his eyes I knew I was in trouble.

Standing before him my chest was heaving hard as my breath quickened knowing my breast would be exposed soon to all? The stocky guy reached out and undid the knot to my blouse and pushed it back on my shoulders. With my chest bared his hand reached out and took my erect nipples in each of his fingers and began to roll them hard between his thumb and forefinger. As my face contorted from the pain of his pinching my tits, his smile grew wider and he chuckled as I began to moan.

The pain was so much and I reached up to stop him from pinching so hard. Suddenly from behind someone grabbed my arms and pinned them back. Steve lunged forward, but two of Tom's friends grabbed him and pushed him away. "Stupid bitch," the stocky guy said, "That is against the rules," and my eyes grew immense as I saw him pull his hand back. In one sweeping motion he brought his open palm down across both my tits. I cried out and arched my back as my arms were held back making my breast jut forward, as he took another swat with his hand across both tits.

"Time."

The crowd laughed as I fell to the floor holding my breasts in my hands, rubbing them trying to soothe the stinging that emanated from the nipples on out through my chest. Someone helped me up and dumped me back in my seat. Grabbing desperately for my drink I spilled some on the cards that were dealt to me and dribbled some more down my bare breast.

Numbly I picked up my cards; half crying I asked for three more and got nothing back but a jack high. Tom stood up "You lose," and he grabbed me out of my seat and bent me over the back of a low-backed chair. No sooner had my feet left the ground than my thong was snatched down my legs and off. In front of everybody my shaven cunt was bared and my ass wantonly displayed over the back of the chair. The chair was cushioned but not enough to keep the backrest from digging into my hips. Hearing the chuckling and comments from the crowd, I felt like just so much meat on exhibit for their perverted entertainment. It made me feel so cheap and slutty that a wave of pleasure flowed through my body as I pondered being naked and by body played with in front of so many people.

Tom moved behind me and playfully slapped my ass and then I looked up and saw the crowd standing around still watching as I heard Tom drop his pants. I realized I was about to be fucked in front of them all and I wanted to crawl away and hide. Almost as I reflex I tried to get up from being bent over the chair as I felt his hands on my hips and felt his prick positioned at my cunt. But, two

people nearby pushed me back down. With one lunge forward I felt his rock hard cock push up inside me, causing me to let out a loud grunt. My sounds amused the crowd as they laughed and tittered while watching me being fucked in front of them. His first deep thrust made his hips slap at my naked ass still sore from the spanking I got earlier.

Tom began to fuck me harder, making me grunt and moan louder, to amuse his audience more. He pumped my cunt for what seemed like eternity before I felt him finally pull before I felt any cum sprayed inside my cunt. For a moment I wondered what was going on. Why he had stopped before Cumming inside me? Then I jumped when I felt his cock head positioned at my anus, but my arms and legs were quickly grabbed by his friends and I was held down in place. Four guys held me spread eagle over the back of the chair, one holding each of my limbs out as wide as they could stretch my body. Tom positioned himself to fuck me up my rectum. Once more I felt Tom's hands on my hips and his cock positioned at my ass.

"Please yessss," I screamed, which just elicited a round of laughter from the mass of onlookers. "I'll do anything, please fuck my ass," I pleaded and struggled against the hands that held me down.

I heard Tom chuckle with the crowd. "Go ahead fuck her up the ass," I heard some guy from the crowd call out and then one girl in a catty voice, "God what a slut, just do her and shut her whining up, she knew what she was doing." I could hear others chime in with their comments urging Tom to fuck me ream my asshole with his hard cock.

"I guess if you'll do — "anything" — then you will get fucked up the ass," Tom shouted boisterously and I felt his fingers dig deep into the flesh of my hips.

"Well fucking do it then," I screamed back at him.

With one jerk backwards on my hips, he half pulled me over on the back of the chair as he lunged his hips forwards. I moaned uncontrollably as his cock ripped my ass open and sink deep inside my bowls.

Oh God, that's good," I screamed as he ploughed in to my ass as Tom bucked hard against my hips. I then held my head up in pleasure as waited in submission for Tom to finish using my ass for his sexual gratification, but Tom wanted my humiliation as much as he wanted sex. He pulled my head back by my hair and I looked up to see Cindy walking up to join the spectators.

"What the hell is going on?" She shouted and saw me pinned down by four men with one standing between my legs. She made a move, I think to help me, but was quickly grabbed and held by someone in the crowd. All she could do was stand and watch as my ass was fucked.

Someone else grabbed my hair to hold my head up and to free Tom's hands to use my body. I felt Tom's handgrip into the flesh of my hips and his cock sliding in and out of my rectum. Clutching my hips even harder, Tom pulled back out with a pop and with one lunge forward he plunged his cock as hard as he could into back into my ass. The pleasure made me moan and cry out till I was hoarse and it seemed like my whole ass was ripped wide open. My body bucked against those who held me over the chair as Tom fuck me hard up the ass. My moans of pleasure were entertainment for Tom's party guest as they laughed watching me crying out in wanton ecstasy from getting my ass reamed.

His rod poked its way repeatedly in my ass as he took pleasure in pulling it out and ramming it back in again.

"UHHHH, UHHHH, I'M FUCKING CUMMMIIIIINNNNGGGGG, OOH HH, GOD YEEESSSSSSSS, AAAAAHHHHHHHH," I screamed out.

"You're providing good entertainment for my party guest," Tom chuckled as he rammed his cock into my anus again and used one of his hands to slap my ass hard.

"I'm so glad, and I hope to provide more," I shouted back at him loud enough for all to hear.

Finally I felt his hot load fill up the inside of my rectum and heard a load pop as he exited my ass. Breathing hard I heard him say to almost anybody, "Boy that was good," as he fought to catch his breath.

"Now suck my cock clean and then lick my ass as well whore," he commanded.

I crawled over and took his cock in my mouth and sucked hard cleaning all the cum off him. Then as he bent forward I spread his ass cheeks and licked his ass hole, poking my tongue as far up as I could.

"Fucking hell, look at the slut licking Toms ass and loving it," I heard somebody shout to a round of laughter.

My reprieve from the ass fucking was short lived as the guys that held my limbs down, now pulled me back down off my knees and held me down on the hard wood floor. The stocky guy positioned himself between my legs and another of the card players turned my head sideways and stuck his cock into my mouth. He pushed to jam it down my throat and just chuckled when I began to suck hard. He rammed his cock in several more times as my throat fought to keep from choking on his cock. The guy would just hold my head down harder on his cock "That feels good bitch, keep doing it," as he felt my throat contracting around his cock and pushing against him with every reflex my throat made.

But while one guy tried to gag me with his cock in my mouth, the stocky guy pushed his cock into my still unused pussy and pulled my knees up to position my pussy for a fuck.

"We're going to make you a real cum whore tonight slut, cover you in cum and give you a belly full," he snarled at me.

With a guy at each end I was rocking back and forth and the two pounded their cocks into each of my openings. The stocky guy came first and he pulled out letting half his load spill over my open cunt.

The guy fucking my mouth was going wild. Banging his hips into my face and burying his cock as deep down my throat as it would go. It did not matter that I was feeling faint from lack of air, all that matter was that his cock release it load to drown me. I was retching slightly from his cock, so far down my throat and with one whole heaving of my body all the beer I had drank that night came flowing up my oesophagus and up around his cock. "Man this is great," I heard him say as he tried to push even deeper down as his cock got the sensation of beer flowing up from my stomach. His cock plugged my mouth completely and forced me to reswallow all of the beer that could not escape. My swallowing rubbed his cock head the right way and soon he shot a heavy load of cum to mix with my beer vomit.

"That was great, but it's starting to sting just a little," he said, as he pulled his cock out from my mouth. He then made me lick his cock, balls and ass hole clean of all the cum and vomit that was over him. With his cock gone I took a deep breath, with that some more of the beer came rushing out and onto the floor around me. I took another breath air; I wiped my mouth as I lay around in my own vomit. Someone reached down and handed me a cup and I took a drink of very cold beer witch helped lubricate my throat ready for what I expected was more cock to come.

Again the men who had just fucked my holes ordered me to lick their cocks and ass holes. They each took turns in spreading their ass cheeks and burying their ass holes onto my face. I sucked and licked each one in front of the large crowd. They made sure everybody could see me thrusting my tongue deep into their holes.

Just enjoying the chance to breathe again I lay back naked in a pool of vomit and just enjoyed the sensation of well fucked ass.

"God what a fucking old slut," I heard and was sure it was from the same catty voiced girl as before.

"The stinging must of have been some of stomach acids washing up to your cock," I heard Tom reply and I laid there listening as the guys at the poker table discussed the merits of choking someone giving them head.

"Stupid little bitch spilled all my cum on the floor," the man that had choked me said.

"Now she is too messy to do anything with. We will have to take her out and clean her up," Tom said.

As I laid naked in my own vomit I heard Tom make Cindy an offer. He would forgo any more abuse to me if she played the strip poker game and would give her \$100,000 if she won. I wanted to jump up and say for her to just watch as I loved to be gangbanged. But, I did not need to worry as I heard Cindy's reply.

"Are you kidding, the game odds are almost impossible for the girl. Five guys one girl. A girl would have to win 99 of 100 hands to win at your game," Cindy replied defensively and then added, "You have had your, fun let her go."

"No way," Tom snapped, "I got her agreeing to everything on tape, she is mine till Sunday night."

"I'm ok Cindy, I love being the slut, and used as just a meat hole," I called out to her.

"So glad to hear that," Tom said as he stood above me. "So you are to do as you're told or we will whip you till you do."

"Ummm, I think I would like that as well," I replied.

"Man what are you? You're such a fucking slut?" Cindy exclaimed and shook her head at me "You'll be lucky if they don't turn your cunt into hamburger you stupid cunt." Just then I saw Cindy jump from someone grabbing her ass and she was pulled backwards into the crowd.

"Now get on your hand and knees and crawl that way," Tom commanded as he pointed to the far set of steps leading down to the first floor. Dripping with vomit I climbed up on my hands and knees and began to crawl. Tom and many of his party guests followed me as I crawled like a dog down the flight of stairs. Once in the kitchen area, even more of the party goers saw me naked, covered in vomit and crawling like a trained animal on my hands and knees. I thought of what I must look like. A 42 year old married women, crawling naked on her hands and knees through a large crowd of people with cum running out of my just fucked ass and cunt, and my face caked in it.

Down the steps from the kitchen I crawled down and onto to the backyard grass. People were kicking me up the ass and laughing, telling me to get a fucking move on as I crawled.

The cool night air chilled vomit on my skin. Tom stopped long enough to switch on all the bright garden lights on so the hundred or more people now following me could watch as I crawled across

Tom's backyard.

Tom pointed me down a dirt road that led from the house. Naked, and with all the lights illuminating my body I crawled, crying out whenever my knee landed on a rock or other hard objects along the muddy dirt road. For some reason some guy ran up from behind me up to my ass as I crawled along. He made a crude sound with his nose and mouth, a sound I had heard other guys make before, and I shook as he spat a large wet slimy load of spit on my naked ass. As I crawled along the spit slid down between my ass cheeks and dripped off my cunt. Once I slipped and fell flat on my face, my tits buried in the mud.

"Fucking get back up you dirty cunt," one of the men shouted as he trod on my ass pushing me deeper into the mud and then dragged me by my hair through the mud, my tits scraping along the ground back onto my hands and knees.

"Fucking crawl whore," he shouted as he kicked me up the ass.

A feeling of depravity swept through me, as I carried on down the path. Deep down I knew I loved the feeling of being used, like a cheap slut again. How many guys at the party had seen me ass fucked, mouth fucked, cunt fucked and my body sticky and slick with my own vomit. I was beyond the level of the gutter and my body was now just a sewer for any guy's waste, and I didn't give a shit, I was revelling in it.

Soon a couple more guys came up and out of the dark spit slimy spit on my body and in my face as I crawled along the dirt road from the house. Then a guy ran up ahead of me several feet. I looked up as I saw him undo his pants. As I got close he let loose a hot stream of piss into my face and kept peeing on me as I crawled past him.

I continued to crawl along as other guys ran up along my path and took turns peeing on me as I crawled; others whipped my ass with their belts. My knees hurt and I felt dirtier than any whore could ever feel. As I crawled I was aware of every curve and opening of my body and how it was now providing lewd images to those near me. My tits and hips swayed with every step and every new gob of slimy spit that hit between my legs reminded me how open my cunt was from behind. I was beyond a slut or cunt, I could not even think of a word for how low and depraved I had become to allow men to piss on me at will while I crawled naked along a dirt road and other men spat or wanked over every part of my body.

After what seemed miles on my hands and knees I spotted our destination. It was a large barn. Tom opened the door while I stayed on my hands and knees and one more guy finished relieving himself on my ass. Tom stepped inside and suddenly I heard the splash of water. Looking to my left I spotted a corral and lights were turned on and I could see water gushing from a fire hydrant type of spigot as Tom flooded the corral with water.

"Into the water bitch," Tom commanded. I was allowed to stand up and I looked down at my body. Floodlights shone all over my flesh. I could see a lot of my vomit had been washed away by the piss. My body was sticky wet and I looked forward to taking a bath, even in a fire hydrant and with over a hundred people, men and women watching.

Ice cold water splashed hard on my body and I had to turn my back to the water because the pressure was too much against my breast and stomach. Goosebumps formed on every bare inch of my entire body as ice cold water splashed over me.

I took a step back and turned around in the water, letting it wash the gunk off my tits and front. Looking over I could see the crowd gathering around the fence of the corral, some climbed up to

take a seat on the fence. The corral was lighted and it was almost like being at one of my high school football games. Except I was the show. Tom ordered me to the middle of now muddy corral. I stood naked and alone in the middle of the corral under the bright lights.

"Now any and all of you that want a fuck from this dirty bitch may get one," Tom announced. There was a cheer from the crowd and quickly five men came around to the gate and began to take off their cloths. Soon the line looked more like at least fifty men.

"Wait isn't there another way; I don't know if even I can fuck all these guys?"

"There is a way, but you would not like it," Tom called out to me, "besides you have to do what I say anyway, you have no say in the matter."

"Maybe I would take the alternative, what is it?" I asked.

"You seem like a women that likes to take chances-okay here it is— I am not going to tell you want the alternative is. Let's just say you may enjoy it. Do you want it or not"

"Yes," I replied, unsure.

"What?" Tom called out.

"Yes, I will do the alternative."

The evil laugh that Tom let out chilled me to the bone.

Soon two of Tom's friends brought out a padded saw horse that seemed a little low to the ground. One end was higher than the other, which made the saw horse even that much stranger. They placed the sawhorse next to me in the centre of the corral. Then each took me by the hand and guided me down on the sawhorse so my head was at the low end and my ass was sticking just over the high end in mid air. My legs and wrist were tied down very securely. Once tied to the sawhorse my head was just an inch or two from the muddy floor of the corral. My ass felt very exposed being so much higher than my head and one of the two men played with my cunt as the other went inside the barn.

For several long minutes the men played with my open cunt as many from Tom's party hung around the corral waiting for whatever show I was there to provide. He rammed his fingers inside my cunt till I was slick with wetness from my own cunt. Another got a riding crop and thrashed my bare upturned ass. I screamed out with each blow, my ass cheeks red and marked from the thrashing.

Then he called out. "Okay Jim, she is ready."

I squirmed my head around and saw as the other man came back out of the barn leading two horses by their bridles and also several dogs on leads.

'Oh my god," I screamed, you want me to fuck all them." ok, I will fuck all your guest, instead," I shouted at Tom.

"Too late," Tom called out.

"Fuck you then, ok I will then," I shouted, and my answer was meet by increasing laughter from the audience. I pulled at my restraints and tried to get into position on the sawhorse, but to no avail. One of the men pushed on my back to make sure the sawhorse did not tip over from my struggles and then I screamed as I felt the sting of a belt across my ass.

"WACK, WACK WACK, WACK, WACK, came five hard blows across both my ass cheeks as someone stood behind me whipping my ass. Finally I decided it was going to happen no matter what and I screamed out "Okay, okay."

"Okay what?" I heard Tom say and with a motion of his arm another stinging blow was delivered across my upturned ass cheeks then another slap across my face.

"Okay, okay," I screamed, "I will do your horses and dogs."

"Just wanted to hear you say it cunt," Tom said.

First of all it was the dogs. The first one was lead up. It smelt and licked my cunt then climbed up on me. It grunted as it plunged its large cock into my soggy cunt and began to fuck me fast as only dogs seem to do. I soon settled into it and began to enjoy the sensations this animal was giving me. I was groaning and crying out loud as I cum time after time.

"Fucking hell, the filthy slag loves fucking animals," somebody shouted in the crowd.

As soon as one dog finished, shooting it's cum into me another took it place fucking me hard and fast as the other was brought around to my head where I was made to suck it's cock clean of all it's and my cum.

This went on for the next hour or so until all the dogs had emptied their cum up my well used cunt.

After all the dogs had fucked me, the man brought the first horse so it stood behind me. I felt the soft nuzzle from the horses nose on my cunt and its hot breath. I felt its wet tongue slide up my slit and its soft nose nuzzle me some more. Its nostrils flared as it hot breath once more warmed up the skin of my open cunt. Then the horse was lead over me and the horse was already bucking before it was even inside me.

One of the men positioned the horses cock head at my gapping pussy. I felt the horse lunge and I screamed as the horse dick was tearing my pussy open beyond its size. Deeper the horse cock filled me up and soon was bucking hard into me. It felt like the horse cock would poke completely through my body and come out my mouth it was so large. With one lunge the horse pushed both me and the saw horse forward, causing the saw horse to be partially buried in the mud of the corral and making my face ever closer to the mud.

The pain eased slowly as the horse fucked me hard and filled me up totally. The crowd loved ever minute of it as they watched my naked body being used by a horse. It was depraved and my grunting caused even more amusement among Tom's party guest. But all I could do was to lay tied to the sawhorse and submit to the horse taking me. The audience cheered every time I cried out as I cum from this mammoth fucking.

With a couple more thrust the horse had pushed the sawhorse deeper into the mud. My face was now half buried in the wet goo and I began to panic that I might drown in the mud. All I could do was to move my head from side to side to push the mud away from my mouth and nose and allow me room to breath. Still with every thrust and water still pouring from the hydrant, the horse's lust kept pushing my head deeper and deeper into the mud.

The horse kept trying to ram further into me and was frustrated when my cunt could not handle more horsemeat inside me. Tom slapped it on the ass making lunge and bury more of its cock into me making me squeal out loud. Finally the horse bucked once more and shot it load deep into my womb. But, as more pour out in buckets it pushed back on the horse's cock and pushed it out and soon

more horse cum splatter over my upturned ass. Once the horse was done I stopped screaming and just lay there catching my breath, feeling like the cheapest cunt on the planet. The crowd clapped loudly as the horse finished me off.

The second horse was lead up and the whole thing started again. This time the horse did not have so much problem as my cunt was stretched from the first, and before long had its whole length buried in me. My entire body was racked in pleasure and I squirmed and writhed as my filthy abused naked body was well used by this animal's giant cock.

Finally, it filled my cunt and showered my body with it's hot cum and pulled out, leaving me panting and my body contorting as I still had orgasms. The horses were lead away.

"Okay, now anybody that wants a turn with this bitch may have one," Tom shouted.

"Wait," I shouted out, "you said that if I did your alternative that I would not have to do all the men and I just got fucked by your animals."

"You misunderstood the alternative," Tom called back, "I did not say that other men could not fuck you-the alternative was that after being fucked by the dogs and horses you might be so loose they may not want to."

"Fuck you, come on then, lets see what you got, give this slut a good shafting then you fucking wankers," I shouted,

Laughing erupted from the assembly and again men started to line up at the corral gate. One man walked over with a garden hose and washed the horse cum from my ass and shouted "NEXT," and burst out laughing.

From behind me I could hear a man walking in the mud. Tom was right in one sense. My cunt was so stretched out that I did not even feel the man as he entered my cunt with his cock. The man too was not happy and after one or two thrust he pulled his cock out and climbed on top of me while I was still fastened to the saw horse and put his cock up my ass.

"Come on you bastards, this all you got, get some more cocks in me. I recon I'd be better off fucking the animals again," I shouted at the line of men.

The man with the garden hose washed me off again, then used it to thrash my ass again, told me to shut the fuck up, then yelled "NEXT," as another man came up behind me.

With the climax of watching the dogs and horses fuck me most of the party went back up the road to the house, but several dozen or more men stayed back to take a turn at me. The next guy untied me from the sawhorse and made me lay down in the ankle deep mud. He had me lay face down, spread eagle and then fucked me up the ass. I was beyond caring as they lined up to gangbang my asshole. It was like I felt I deserved to have my naked degraded body used by anybody that wanted me.

For the rest of the night various men came down from the party to take a turn at me. Some using my ass, and some now insisting on using my mouth. Most took joy in making me lay in the mud and service them while filthy and grimy. A lot took glee in making me stand all muddy as they washed me down with the cold water of the garden hose only to make me lay in the mud freshly cleaned so they could ram their cocks down into my ass or cunt, and slap my tits and face while doing so.

Loads more came down to use me as their toilet and piss all over me, other more sadistic men and women came to whip me again. The women especially took pleasure in whipping my tits and shaven

cunt, listening to my cries echoing in the night as they did so, and several of them even took their panties off and squatted over me then pissed on my filthy degraded body and over my face, or made me lick their ass holes.

Sometime late during the night the parade of men and women stopped. I awoke in the morning as the Sun first came up. I was cold and still lying in the mud and piss of the corral. Every part of my body ached but especially my cunt, ass and jaws from being used in every hole I had. My ass especially felt like someone had ground broken glass into it from so many men taking me up the ass, and my belly must of had a few glasses worth of cum inside it.

I got the hose pipe and washed off most of the mud and stale piss on me, but the cum was dried on and harder to remove so there was patches of it all over me. I tried to wash my hair but there was so much cum in it that it just made it wet and slimey so i just slicked it down to my head with my hands. The water was icy cold and made goose pimples appear all over me and my nipples stand up erect.

I climbed slowly back up to the house, letting my naked body dry on the walk up and went inside. People were lying around asleep all over the place. In the living room I spotted Cindy. She was naked asleep on the floor. She was moaning and in her sleep and as I looked at her ass I notice some cum running out of her anus. 'So she had been fucked too,' I thought to myself and sat down wondering what the rest of the weekend would bring as this was only the end of the first day.

I thought about Chas and at that moment saw him talking to Tom. I later learned Tom had found my phone number and had invited Chas over earlier that night. He had been a spectator the previous night and had watched me perform with the animals and the audience and had also fucked the ass off Cindy as well.

I walked over to them, they glanced at me and Tom said, "morning Kathy, ready for another day." Chas laughed and they carried on talking. As I stood there naked, red marks all over my body and cum still running down the inside of my legs from my well used holes, I listened to them talking about me, saying how I had enjoyed all the cocks fed into me, how I screamed out and cum when the horses were fucking me, how many cocks had emptied their seed into my mouth last night. Talking about me like I was some cheap back alley nympho whore, which really I suppose I was.

The rest of the day until Sunday evening was pretty much the same. After I had showered the rest of the previous nights filth off me, I did another turn later on getting fucked by the dogs and horses for the guests. This time I got the horses and dogs hard by sucking and wanking their big cocks to erection, then I climbed up onto a table on my back while some women held my legs wide apart to take the animals up my sloppy cunt. The women were slapping my tits or face, and twisting my nipples at each lunge of the horses cocks.

A lot of the guests took their turn at using my holes to deposit their cum in again. I even done a turn with Cindy, licking out her cunt and ass hole of the previous nights cum, and letting her wank me to several orgasms using a champagne bottle and her fist for the entertainment of a large crowd. She made a point of telling me and everybody else how big my cunt was now after all the use that had been made of it whilst doing it.

She also put on a show giving my tits, ass, and cunt a good thrashing while I lay spread-eagled across a table, and calling me a filthy cunt, a slut, a whore, and any other derogative words she could think off while she done it. She then pissed on me as she sat legs apart on my face. The guests loved it all, cheering at every lash she gave me.

Tom even drove me naked to some friends of his where they made a porn movie of me being gang

fucked by a group of men and slapped around and fucked by several naked girls using various large objects up my ass and cunt. Some of the video of me being fucked and slapped around was even shot outdoors in a dirty alleyway on the outskirts of the city while some dirty down and outs who lived there watched. Tom also filmed me being fucked by them after offering this dirty cunt to them to do what they wanted to me. They did, and all the rest watched, as these dirty bums fucked my ass, mouth, and cunt, and slapping my ass and tits as well.

By the end of the day I had to be helped to the car as I could hardly walk. I did not even bother to get dressed again. Tom told me every body had enjoyed the entertainment and using me. They had especially enjoyed watching me taking the horses big cocks in me. Chas said he had enjoyed the party, and added he reckoned his slut of a wife had as well. I agreed, saying that by the way I was walking you could tell I was some cheap slag who had received a good hard gang fucking. Tom said, that when he had got a copy of the porn movie and sorted out his home made copy of the film of my weekends activity, we could come to his next party and watch the films. Then I could do a live performance after.

Chas said, "Too right we will. I will enjoy that, and I'm sure this dirty cumdump of a slutwife will too."

"You can bet on that, I love being used as just a meathole, all that lovely cum being shoot into and over me," I replied.

"I'll find and hire a lot of down and out bums to fuck her for the amusement of our audience as well," tom added.

"Yea, sounds good to me, you mind Tom, if I bring her mum, aunty and some of their friends, they love to see the whore well used and abused, especially by the animals, and they will give her a good thrashing for all to see as well," Chas said.

"No, that will add to the fun knowing her mum and aunty is there watching, and I'll love watching mum give her naked slut daughter a good hiding." Tom replied.

"Does any of your neighbours now Kathy is such a slut," Tom asked.

"Oh Yes, I often get home to see her stripped naked getting fucked by them, including women sometimes," Chas replied.

"Good bring some of them as well then, I bet they will never of seen a women taking so much cock as kathy will be doing," said Tom.

"Yea, I'll do that, and I'm sure they haven't seen that," answered Chas.

"I'll bring the slut naked and her cunt freshly shaved as well, so she can get right down to fucking and save time," Chas said.

"Sounds good, the guests can fuck her first, then the bums, then the animals, and maybe a bit more BDSM as well," Tom said.

"And inbetween her mum and aunty can give the slag a good thrashing as well, and that will be the first evening and night taken up," Chas replied.

"Fucking hell, looks like I'm in for a busy and good weekend again, better get in some training then before it" I answered back.

We all laughed.