**Alexis' Catfight**

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The Party  
  
Alexis was blushing. She and her four friends were partying in Maria's house on Friday night. There was nothing new about that. Maria had been divorced from her second husband a few months ago and now she was more than prepared to be the hostess for their regular party nights. There was only one rule – no men allowed.   
  
Up to this point, everything had been normal; nice food, plenty of wine and five women who knew how to party. But Maria had dragged them through to the huge "entertainment room" as she liked to call it. All it consisted of was a huge TV screen with integral DVD player, some low, comfortable couches and another well stocked bar.  
  
They all went along with Maria's request since she was their friend. In truth, they felt sorry for her; she was smaller than the rest of the group, a little plumper with thick dark hair and generous curves around her breasts and arse. She had to stoop a little to insert the DVD and they all watched as her skirt was pulled tight across her fat arse.  
  
"I thought you might all have a good laugh at this. I found it among my ex's belongings. One of the many things I have found out about him since he left."  
  
There were a few sympathetic noises from the group of friends but the Italian-looking beauty ignored them. She couldn't wait to see if the film would have the same effect on her friends as it had on her. She could feel her pussy becoming moist in anticipation and squeezed her thighs together to try to control her lust.  
  
The other four women giggled a little as the film began and they realised what it was – a catfight! None of them had ever seen anything like it but Maria would have been glad if she had known that hers weren't the only knickers that had a damp spot as the film continued.  
  
They sat transfixed as the action continued on the big screen: hot girls of all shapes and sizes were wrestling for dominance, wearing bikinis or parts of them, with tag team and one-on-one lesbian matches featuring girl-girl sex when the winner tied up, dominated, humiliated and brutally fucked the loser -- any way she wanted!  
  
Alexis couldn't tear her eyes away but was aware the others were just as mesmerised. Caroline, the only true redhead among them, was squirming in the deep cushions of the couch. She was a mother of two, bigger than the others is just about every way, but her most amazing feature was her flaming red hair which never failed to turn mens heads even if she secretly wished it would turn the heads of her friends instead.  
  
She watched in disbelief as one obvious newcomer tried to take on an experienced tag team just because she looked stronger than the two of them. Caroline couldn't help but wonder what it would feel like to be standing there, waiting to fight, wearing only a tiny bikini, surrounded by her cheering friends. She knew that her knickers were getting wetter by the minute as she watched the tag team tear their victim's bikini to shreds before taking their "winnings" – each of them attaching a big, hard strap-on and fucking the loser, one in the pussy and one in the arse.  
  
Alexis' knickers were also wet but she didn't know how the film was affecting her other friends. She didn't know, for instance, that Jessica was squirming on the couch because she wasn't wearing any knickers and she was suddenly afraid that her pussy juices were going to leak out onto Maria's couch. She had watched lesbian porn before, they all had and they had all watched it together before becoming very conscious that they were five attractive women all getting turned on by other attractive women having incredibly hot sex.   
  
But this was different; she couldn't believe the brutality of it yet something about the nipple pinching, arse fingering, and pussy slapping was doing things to her own cunt, reigniting feelings that she had forgotten all about. Her husband could never keep up with her insatiable needs but now, she thought, perhaps some of these wrestlers could tame her wild, body.  
  
The final friend was desperate to rub her pussy; she could feel her nipples straining against her bra; she could feel her pussy lips rubbing against her tiny thong and Lara knew that if something didn't happen soon then she was going to have to excuse herself and hide in one of Maria's many toilets so she could bring masturbate at the memory of those gorgeous female bodies rolling around the floor while they punished each other.  
  
Alexis wouldn't have been surprised by her friends reactions if she had known their knickers were as wet as her own. They had always been highly sexual women and now, seeing other nearly-naked women having violent fun, she would have been more surprised if they hadn't reacted. She knew that her breasts were bigger by far than any of the others and she could easily imagine her 40dds coming into action in a wrestling match.  
  
They all somehow made it to the end of the film and, just as the credits were rolling, they saw an advert about how to stage your own wrestling match. They laughed nervously about how much fun they could have if they organised such an event for themselves but they told themselves that no one was being serious – no one, that is, except Maria who had already taken a note of the number and who, after secretly watching her friends' reactions, thoroughly intended to call the number in the morning.  
  
The Phone Call  
  
Maria steeled herself as she punched the numbers on her phone and very nearly hung up before she finally heard a sexy female voice on the other end of the line. Maria explained that she had seen the film and would like to arrange a match for her and her four friends.  
  
The other woman, Gemma, explained that once she agreed to host such an event then all control would be taken from her hands and given to the organisers. Maria hesitated on hearing this but, she reminded herself, she hadn't been fucked in months and she couldn't get the idea of those huge strap-ons out of her mind. Nervously she agreed and Gemma proceeded to tell her the rules.   
  
The Invitation  
  
The following Friday, the five women were once again gathered at Maria's, ready to party. She made sure they had all had a few drinks before she told them she had a surprise for them. Refusing to tell them any more, she gave them all an address in the most exclusive part of town and told them all to be there at 10.00 o'clock the next morning – and to bring their bikinis. Thinking that Maria must have already snared another wealthy man, they all agreed, looking forward to a day by the pool.  
  
The Rules  
  
Maria met them at the high gates leading to the magnificent house they had all been invited to. When she pressed the buzzer by the side of the iron gates and announced who she was, the gates swung open and they made their way up the long drive. They couldn't help but be impressed by the manicured lawns and obviously expensive flowers and shrubs.  
  
Maria, still trying to pretend she wasn't nervous, and still refusing to tell her friends any more about the day ahead, knocked on the huge white doors and waited. The door opened silently and they were welcomed in by a striking looking blonde woman, dressed in a traditional maid's uniform.  
  
The maid escorted them through the tastefully decorated house. Everywhere they turned, they could see evidence of good taste and lots of money. Eventually, the maid opened two adjoining doors and stepped back. The women entered what was obviously an indoor swimming pool room but the pool itself was covered by a retractable floor covered in turn with wrestling mats and, in the middle of it, stood ten of the most athletic women they had ever seen.  
  
They were all dressed in tiny bikinis so that their large breasts and obviously bald pussies were barely covered. One of them stepped forward and asked for Maria. The short woman felt dwarfed by the other bikini-clad woman and felt her fingers being crushed as they shook hands. Introducing herself as Gemma, the gorgeous long-haired woman addressed the group of friends.  
  
"You are probably all wondering why you are here. Let me explain. Your friend has asked us to provide you with some entertainment. We are a professional Catfighting team and I believe you may have seen us in action already in the film you watched at Maria's. Today, you have been volunteered to play the part of our competitors and I am sure you will all enjoy what is about to happen. I would like you all to follow the maid and she will show you where you may change into your bikinis."  
  
The five friends practically ran out of the room and four of them crowded around Maria, the smallest of the group.  
  
"What on earth did you think you were doing?" they all demanded.  
  
"I thought it would be fun," she almost whimpered. "You all seemed to enjoy the film so I thought we would enjoy doing it for real."  
  
Almost embarrassingly, the others did remember how much they had enjoyed the film, and how wet their knickers had been, except for Jessica, of course, who hadn't been wearing any. They grudgingly admitted this to Maria and their plump friend regained some of her composure.  
  
"Come on; it'll be fun," she encouraged.  
  
The others tried to join in her excitement but Alexis knew what she was thinking about and she was sure, by the looks on their faces, that the others were thinking the same thing too – what happened if they lost? They had seen what had happened in the film and couldn't believe that was going to happen to them. Maria smiled to herself; she alone knew what she had signed them up to and couldn't wait to lose.  
  
They followed the maid to another opulent room and quickly changed. The all liked Maria and didn't want to upset her by letting her know they had major reservations about her choice of entertainment. But they were here now, so they might as well make the most of it.  
  
They were comfortable getting changed in the one room. They had all been swimming many times before and had enjoyed numerous days at the local spa so, undressing in front of each other was nothing new. Very quickly they were all changed into their fashionable bikinis; they weren't as small as the ones the professionals were wearing but these were still five very attractive, very sexy women. They were proud of their bodies and, once more, followed the maid back to the arena with their heads held high.  
  
Once they saw the wrestlers again, however, some of their courage deserted them. These ten women were all perfect examples of how toned bodies could also be incredibly sexy and the five friends suddenly felt very intimidated. Once more, Gemma was the one to speak first.  
  
"Before I tell you the rules, let me explain how we will decide who you will be fighting. In the bowl in front of you are five numbers, each one relating to the number of the disc we have tied to our wrists. You will each take a ticket from the bowl and, once we know who we will all be facing, each of us will take a ticket from the second bowl, also numbered one to five, and that will determine the order of the fights."  
  
The five women were starting to feel more and more nervous as the point of no return was faced. The maid passed in front of them and each withdrew a ticket from the bowl she held. Unfolding their tickets slowly, the women looked across the room at their challengers and each of them shuddered at the thought of being wrestled by these frightening amazons.  
  
Once everyone knew their opponent, and the professionals had chosen their tickets to produce the order in which the fights would take place, Gemma once more addressed the room.  
  
"Now I will explain to you the rules of our competition. Each fight will begin with the competitors facing each other on their knees. The areas of conflict will be your tits, your pussies and your arses. Other than that there are no rules. Does everyone understand? Good. Then let battle commence."  
  
The Fights  
  
Maria had drawn the first match, just as she had planned the day before with Gemma. She was never really comfortable in front of the other girls when she was wearing her bikini. They were all taller and thinner than her but she planned to put her extra pounds to good use in her bout. When she looked at her opponents, however, she knew she was hopelessly mismatched. They were like twins, both blonde, and their extra pounds were solid muscle.  
  
As instructed, the fight began with one of the twins facing Maria, both of them on their knees. The two women locked hands as soon as Ashley, the referee and the only woman in the room not wearing a bikini, blew her whistle to start the challenge. Maria was heavier than her opponent, Jane, and tried to push her over.   
  
What Maria didn't see, however, was Jane's partner, Angela, crawl round behind her while she was facing the other way. Concentrating so hard on not letting Jane push her over, Maria was taken by surprise when Angela reached round from behind and tore her bra off. Her large tits popped out for all to see and all the professionals laughed at her being caught so easily.   
  
As Jane still had her fingers locked between Maria's the poor woman could do nothing but shriek when Angela started to slap her breasts. She had never been treated so violently and her tears began to flow as she realised she had no one to blame but herself. This was all her idea and now they were all going to pay a heavy price.   
  
Forcing her backwards, while Angela pulled on her shoulders, Jane knew they had Maria exactly where they wanted her. Letting Angela take over grasping Maria's trembling hands, she knelt over the frightened woman's and grabbed her bountiful tits, one in each hand. Squeezing hard, she watched as Maria's face contorted in pain and wondered if this plump, little woman could take all that she had coming to her.  
  
That wasn't her concern, however; she had a job to do and was being well paid for it. Releasing her captive's tits, she crawled across Maria's face and the poor woman knew the wrestler's cunt was only inches away from her mouth. Leaning forward, Jane once more took over the responsibility of holding Maria's arms in place as Angela rushed round on her hands and knees to get between Maria's frantically kicking legs.  
  
Slapping their prisoner on each of her heavy thighs soon stopped the kicking and Angela smiled an evil grin as she grabbed Maria's bikini bottom and roughly pulled it down her chubby legs. The poor woman fought hard to hold back her sobs, realising that her friends and the other wrestlers could now see her puffy lips and her dripping slit.   
  
"You belong to us now, bitch," whispered Jane into her ear as Angela opened her legs and moved menacingly between them. She could feel her opponent begin to play roughly with her pussy and, just as she was prepared to submit once again, Jane straddled her head and sat down on Maria's mouth. Pulling her own bikini bottom to the side, she presented her sweaty cunt to Maria's reluctant mouth.  
  
"You don't get to submit until you've tasted my juices," she sneered but Maria shook her head from side to side, refusing to taste another woman's pussy for the first time ever. At least, she refused until she felt Angela force her clit out of its hood and clamp down with her teeth on it. As if that wasn't bad enough, the defeated woman could feel Angela sticking two fingers hard up her pussy and fucking her with them.  
  
She tried to surrender again but her mouth was muffled by Jane's crotch and all she could do was lie there, trapped, naked and aroused. She could smell Jane's pussy and she was sure Angela would be able to smell hers. More concerning however was the fact that Angela was know fucking her with four fingers and Maria knew she couldn't take any more.  
  
With one almighty effort Maria screamed and thrashed her body so violently she nearly threw Jane off – nearly, but not quite. When the professional wrestler once more offered her pussy, Maria was only too willing to run her tongue along the cruel woman's wet slit. Angela and Jane stood up, gave each other a high-five, and walked over to join the rest of their team.   
  
Maria lay on the mat, her naked body exhausted and covered in sweat, thinking, if that was them taking it easy because she had paid them, what would they do to her friends. Just as she was about to get up, she saw Jane walking back towards her and she fell back to the floor, pleading for mercy.  
  
"Forgot to tell you, fat arse, when this is over I'm going to have you. And you won't believe the size of my strap on."  
  
Round Two  
  
As Maria crawled back to her friends, feeling sore in places she had never imagined, her friends rushed to help her to her feet. As they escorted her back to their end of the room, however, none of them were rushing to be next on the mats. They had all watched in horror at what had happened to their friend, (even if some of them secretly told themselves she had no one to blame but herself), and no one wanted the same kind of treatment.  
  
Jessica knew, however, that it was her turn. She had drawn number 2 and was actually quietly confident that she could handle herself better than her fatter friend. She was taller and fitter and her two opponents looked too small to do her any real damage. Once more the contestants faced each other on the mats and knelt down. Even on her knees Jessica could look down on her opponents and she smiled to herself, confidently.  
  
Big mistake! As soon as Ashley blew the whistle to begin the bout, the two wrestlers launched themselves at their unsuspecting foe. Even on their knees, they were more than a match for the tall housewife and they soon had her on her back, floundering. Her bikini lasted no longer than Maria's and soon she was naked and at the mercy of these two intimidating women.  
  
Just as with Maria, the two wrestlers took control of either end of Jessica's long, beautiful body and began their double act. She was commanded to hold her own tits and offer them to her jailer. Tina laughed as the woman below her offered up her breasts as she was told and began to slap them, lightly at first, then harder. Her friends watched as Jessica's tits wobbled and bounced with each blow. Tina loved slapping the breasts of any woman she had first defeated and she interrupted her slaps only to twists Jessica's rock hard nipples  
  
"Slap her tits! Slap her tits!" cheered Tina's team mates and she was delighted to do just that. Jessica's breasts were getting more and more red with every slap while Tina continued to laugh as she watched them bobble beneath her hands.  
  
But that wasn't all the poor woman had to worry about. She now became aware of Helen between her legs and began to worry what was going to happen between her legs. Swinging herself over the prostrate woman, Helen knelt with her back to Tina, straddling Jessica's waist, her wide open pussy exposed to the ministrations of the wrestler.  
  
Helen reached down and took Jessica's pussy lips tightly between her thumb and index finger, pulling hard and stretching those lips way beyond the woman's experience. This continued until the woman surprised her friends by involuntarily raising her hips as if asking for more. Just as it began to look like Jessica was actually enjoying the roughest treatment she had ever endured, it stopped.  
  
With a sharp slap to her dripping pussy, Helen brought Jessica back to reality. It had only been three fingertips but to Jessica it felt like a heavyweight's fist. Her mouth screamed but her body trembled in anticipation. It seemed to take forever but, when the second blow fell, Jessicaa thought she had gone to hell – and realised it might be heaven.   
  
The slow, steady rhythmic spanking continued for several minutes and Jessica squirmed in pain and pleasure beneath each blow. Helen could feel the woman's breathing become more and more rapid until she was sure Jessica was going to cum. That's when she stopped.  
  
The two wrestlers climbed off her and looked down witheringly at her. She looked back at them in disbelief and frustration. She was desperate to cum but she couldn't bring herself to beg them and they saw the confusion and regret in her face.

"Don't worry; before today is through you will beg and you will cum and then you will wonder why you didn't beg before."  
  
With that, the two professionals rejoined their team mates and sat down to await the next round. Jessica climbed back to her feet and walked back to her friends, only too aware that they had all heard what Helen had said to her.  
  
Round Three  
  
Caroline knew she had to fight them next but she dreaded what might happen to her. Just as with Jessica, she towered over her opponents but, just as with both Maria and Jessica, she was no match for the two professionals. They soon had her on her back, her bikini ripped to shreds and her bald cunt giving no clues as to whether or not she was a true redhead.   
  
The two demons who had brought her to this state knelt across her outstretched arms and looked down ravenously at her huge breasts. They seemed to take enjoyment out of who was going to slap her first but, when it came, it didn't matter to the mother of two who slapped her – it was incredibly painful! The first woman, on her right, seemed to take great delight in slowly slapping Caroline's rigid nipples. Her friends watched in terror as the wrestler, (Caroline didn't even know her name), slapped just the tip of her nipple in an up and down motion and she screamed as if there was a fire burning from her aching nipple to the rest of her body. Then the woman turned her attention to Caroline's whole breast and began slapping it, leaving angry red marks all over her right breast. Then the other professional took over.  
  
She copied her colleague at first, flicking Caroline's left nipple with her finger tips. When she tired of that, she slapped the poor woman's whole breast, enjoying the sight of it bouncing around beneath her blows. Again and again, Caroline's poor breasts were slapped until she became aware that only one woman was delivering the beating. Afraid to wonder what was about to happen next, she got her answer almost immediately when the first woman slapped her pussy.  
  
Caroline cried out in surprise and pain but the woman seemed to take encouragement from her screams and did it again and again. Finally, the blows on her breasts ceased but Caroline's respite was short lived. The woman began pinching her nipples, twisting and pulling them. Her puffy nipples hardened even further under this torture as they were very, very sensitive and she could feel her body starting to respond. Just when she thought she was going to embarrass herself in front of her friends, they stopped. She was left breathing heavily on the floor as the two wrestlers got up off the floor then smiled at her.  
  
"You're ours now. See you at the end."  
  
Caroline shuddered as she too remembered what had happened to the losers in the film. Was she shuddering in fear or anticipation? She wasn't sure she could answer that question.   
  
Round Four  
  
Lara sat where she was; she couldn't move. She had sat and watched as three of her friends had been stripped and abused and she didn't think, no, she knew, she couldn't go through with it. By now all the women were scared and wanted to leave this hell as soon as possible but the only way they could see that happening was if they all endured their match. They tried to encourage the dark haired beauty and she gingerly walked over to the mats, trying to smile at the two professionals waiting for her. They didn't smile back.  
  
Instead they knelt down and Lara followed their lead. One of them locked fingers with her and tried to push her over. She had been expecting something more devious and felt quite pleased that she had the strength to push back. She had forgotten about her other opponent but she received a very quick reminder.  
  
Lara felt before she saw the hands that tore her bikini off her breasts and, when she released her hands from the wrestler's grip to protect herself, her bikini bottom was suddenly ripped from her too. Throwing her over on to her back the women sat on top of her and smiled down at her with a menacing grin  
  
The first one, the one sitting across her stomach, reached down and grabbed her nipples roughly, squeezing them hard. Lara moaned but it wasn't with pleasure – that really hurt. Holding her nipples the professional twisted them very hard until her tits were all wound up and distorted. The woman revelled in the look of pain on Lara's face as she twisted her tits and then suddenly let them go. She let them go only to move on to her breasts and started to pinch and squeeze the fleshy part of her tits, pulling at the skin.   
  
Lara was screaming but then the woman went back to her nipples and grabbed one of them, pulling it as hard as she could until it was as stretched as much as humanly possible. Then, with one almighty swing, she slapped her beaten victim's outstretched tit as hard as she could. Lara screamed as the woman above her slapped her again and again before moving over to the other nipple and doing the same to it.   
  
Lara thought this was bad enough but she also thought she knew what was coming next. She was wrong. When her first captor tired of thrashing her stretched tits, Lara was rolled round onto her front and onto her painful tits. Her attention, however, was immediately demanded by the fingers playing with her arse cheeks.  
  
As the first wrestler sat on her back and prised her cheeks apart, Lara could feel the other woman's fingers at her tightest hole. Obviously realising that she was an anal virgin and that nothing was going in there too easily, the woman ran her fingers along Lara's bald slit and found it as wet as she knew it would be. Coating Lara's dirtiest hole with her own pussy juices, she forced one, then two fingers deep into her virgin arse. She didn't stop there.  
  
She just kept on going and shoved in a third finger in and then a fourth. Lara was crying with the pain – her virgin arsehole now stretched wide open. The woman began to fuck Lara's arse and every time the fingers were pushed in the poor woman would moan from the pain but the wrestler began to sense Lara pushing back on to her hand and her moans starting to betray some pleasure so she stopped. This time Lara moaned in frustration and felt the women climb off her.  
  
Round Five  
  
Alexis was furious. Her embarrassment and her nervousness had been overtaken by her fury at the way her friends had been treated and she was going to take no more of this. Marching over to the mats she stood in front of Gemma and glared at her.  
  
"OK, so you've had your fun, but enough is enough. We're leaving here right now and you're not going to stop us."  
  
She then made the mistake of turning her back on the smiling group of professionals. The next thing she knew she was flat on her face as the whole team jumped on her and flattened her to the floor.  
  
"Big mistake, bitch," sneered Gemma. "You're about to find out what real pain is all about. Cuff her."  
  
Alexis was dragged over to the other side of the room, stripped naked and cuffed to a radiator affixed to the wall. She instantly regretted her outburst as the wrestlers all gathered round her and wondered who could save her from her fate. The answer of course was - no one.  
  
Two of the wrestlers took hold of her by the ankles and spread her long legs wide apart. In any other situation Alexis might have been embarrassed at her pussy being wide open to a crowd of strangers but she was way beyond embarrassment now; she was very, very afraid. Gemma stood between her outstretched legs and leered down at her.  
  
"This should give you a taste of what's coming your way, bitch."  
  
Alexis had nowhere to go and no one to turn to. When she saw Gemma draw back her foot and aim for her cunt, she tried to steel herself but the pain that shot through her was not like anything she had ever suffered before. Her friends cried out in shock and alarm as they saw their beautiful protector's body jerk with the force of the kick and winced as they could only imagine the pain she was suffering. Gemma, however, had more torment in store for the women and her captive.  
  
"What I should do is let each of the tag teams take aim at your cunt too but, since you've got such gorgeous big boobs, I'm going to go easy on you."  
  
Alexis had never been so glad to have been blessed with a pair of 40dds and thanked god that the whole team were not going to take part in any cunt busting that Gemma had planned. What she said next, however, made all the women shriek in terror.  
  
"We're going to let your friends bust your cunt instead and, if they don't or if they try to go easy on you, then the whole team will take their turn on your friends."  
  
Lara, Jessica, Caroline and Maria were dragged to the front of the crowd and placed between Jessica's slender legs. They tried to struggle but the professionals were too many and too strong for them. They looked down at their suffering friend and would have done anything to spare her this torment but they knew they had no choice.  
  
Maria was first in line. She loved Alexis but she knew she would never be able to withstand even one kick to her pussy never mind a whole crowd kicking her there. Trying hard not to look her friend in the eye she swung back her right leg and kicked with all her strength. When her foot made contact with Alexis' already painful cunt she actually recoiled in pain.  
  
Pain didn't even begin to describe the suffering Alexis was feeling now. She couldn't believe her friends were lining up to bust her cunt but that's what they were doing. She couldn't believe Maria had just kicked her as hard as humanly possible but that's what had just happened. She couldn't believe the pain that started between her legs and ran through every cell in her body but it was all too real. When she was finally able to open her eyes again, she saw Caroline lining up the next kick and the pain hit her once more. Then came Jessica. Then came Lara.   
  
Alexis would have collapsed on to the floor if she hadn't still been secured to the radiator. She would have crawled away if she hadn't been surrounded by people waiting to cause her even more pain. And she would have wished this pain on anyone but herself; but there was no one to take it.  
  
She felt someone else between her legs and forced herself to open her eyes to see who was going to torture her next. She tried to escape from Gemma who was kneeling down in front of her but still there was no escape. She squirmed as she felt Gemma squeezing her nipples with her fingers. The evil woman pinched Alexis' throbbing nipples hard, then bent to capture one with her teeth, her finger moving down to the captive woman's equally throbbing clit, stroking it playfully.  
  
Alexis couldn't help but moan. She loved it when her husband played with her nipples. They were always so sensitive but she couldn't believe she was also being turned on by the pain coursing through them. But Gemma wasn't trying to deliver pleasure; she only wanted to cause pain to the beautiful woman with the huge tits.   
  
Gemma was satisfied that she had managed to stretch Alexis' nipples as far as they were going to go and stood up. Alexis watched her tormentor stand between her legs and noticed that the maid had reappeared, this time carrying a lighted candle. Alexis had used a candle in the past to pleasure herself but she knew that's not what Gemma had in mind. Watching the two of them stand over her, she almost didn't notice two of the wrestlers crouching down beside her, one on either side.  
  
She did notice, however, when they grabbed hold of her elongated nipples and attached the sharp teeth of a clamp to each one. Alexis screamed once more as the vicious teeth bit in but her torture was not yet complete. Another wrestler now took Gemma's place between her legs and fixed a chain to the two clamps and laughed as she pulled forward her prisoner by the chain, stretching Alex's extra large breasts and making the other women even more jealous of her charms.  
  
Thinking nothing could be worse than what she had endured already, Alexis raised her eyes to see what Gemma was doing but was mystified by her persecutor kneeling down in front of her, the lit candle in her hand.   
  
"Do you like candles, bitch? I do. They're my favourite for making whores like you scream."  
  
And, with that, she tipped the candle towards her prisoner and watched as the hot wax dripped on to Alexis' already punished breasts. This time she screamed and screamed and screamed and didn't think she would ever stop. She did. She stopped when Gemma moved the candle down her body and dripped the wax on to her engorged clit. That was when she stopped screaming because she had blacked out and her friends screamed at their tormentors to leave her alone.  
  
When Alexis opened her eyes she couldn't believe the sight in front of her. Each of her friends was being fucked. Each of her friends was being fucked by two wrestlers. Each of her friends had a strap-on in her mouth and a strap-on in her cunt. Each of her friends was being used as a fuck-toy by the wrestlers. And each of her friends was enjoying it more than they ever had before. They had all cum so many times and each of them had pussy juice smeared down their legs.  
  
Alexis would have given anything to join them but that was impossible. She was now in an upright position; how she had got there was anybody's guess but she presumed Gemma had something to do with it. She was still cuffed but her arms were now stretched above her head and her cuffs were attached to a chain which was, in turn, attached to a hook on the ceiling.  
  
As her senses began to re-organise and she became more aware of her situation, she dragged her eyes away from her friends' orgy and looked down at her feet. They had been totally immobilised by some kind of metal bar but, looking down, she noticed something else. He clit was very prominent and attached to it was an ugly metal clamp. She didn't know how long she had been unconscious but she was grateful the clamp had been attached then for her poor clit was absolutely numb. All she had to worry about was the pain when the clamp's teeth were removed and her feeling came back.  
  
She had more immediate worries though. She watched as Gemma chose her next instrument of torture from the tray which the maid was now holding. Alexis realised she hated the maid and unfairly blamed the girl for all her woes. She looked back at Gemma who seemed to be enjoying demonstrating the use of a flogger to the only two wrestlers not involved in giving Alexis' friends the fucking of their lives. These were the two Alexis had been chosen to fight and now they couldn't wait to get their hands on the beautiful woman bound before them.   
  
"Well look who's awake. You might wish that you had stayed asleep, bitch, by the time I'm finished with you."  
  
And with that her arm went back and the many-thonged rubber whip struck Alexis between the thighs. The pain was a new one among so many others she was suffering and was lost between those and the other new ones from her nipples as the two wrestlers tugged on the chain between her clamps.  
  
Another blow landed and this time Alexis would have been felled by the impact if she hadn't been attached to the ceiling; the first strike was obviously just for practice. Again and again the flogger whipped her already ravaged pussy and Alexis thought she was going to black out once more. Finally, however, Gemma seemed to tire and nodded to the two professionals it was time for them to start having fun.  
  
One of the women began releasing the clamps from Alexis' nipples while the other one replaced it with her lips. The pleasure she felt from the wet tongue took sometime to replace the agony she felt in her nipples as the blood flow returned but soon she was throbbing with lust as the wrestler swirled her tongue round and round first one nipple then the other.  
  
The woman removing the clamps now knelt down between Alexis' legs and slowly eased the brutal clamp from her clit. She cried with maybe the worst pain yet as the feeling returned and was so relieved to feel the woman's wet tongue on her clit that it took her a moment to realise that, for the first time ever, another woman was tasting her pussy.  
  
With all the intense attention to each of her sensitive areas, Alexis knew that it wouldn't be long until she came on the woman's face. She shuddered with embarrassment until she heard Maria screaming around the strap-on in her mouth and she knew that her friends were past caring who was doing what to her.  
  
She screamed this time in pleasure as the biggest orgasm of her life washed over her and she thought she had finally found her heaven. As her body shook, the women continued to torment her with their tongues but this time she wasn't complaining. Her whole body trembled within her binds and she did black out, this time grinning from ear to ear.   
  
When she recovered once more she found she was lying on her back in the middle of the wrestling mats. Her shackles had all been removed but she still lay there spreadeagled. She looked around to see that four of the wrestlers held her four limbs and she knew she was going nowhere. Her next surprise was to once more see Gemma looking down at her, only this time, Gemma was naked.  
  
The other woman climbed on top of Alexis and simply stared at her prisoner's amazing breasts. Gemma climbed onto her so that they lay face to face, looking into each other's eyes, their tits squashed against each other. Pushing herself away from Alexis' gaze, Gemma began to kiss her way down her captive's neck. Alexis tried to squirm away but this only earned her a slap to each of her gorgeous tits and a twisting of her nipples.   
  
Alexis tried to see what her tormentor was doing as the other woman moved down her stretched body but was suddenly faced by one of the wrestler's, straight from the orgy with her friends and still wearing the strap-on which had fucked on of those friends over and over again. The wrestler pushed it against Alexis' mouth but she closed her lips tight, refusing to taste one of her friends on a plastic cock. She refused, that is, until Gemma pinched her clit.  
  
"We can do this the hard way if you want, bitch," and as Alexis opened her mouth to scream it was filled with the juice covered cock. She didn't know which of her friends she was tasting second hand but Maria did. She had cum so often on that cock she could hardly stand but, as they all stood watching their friend be subjected to a full frontal attack, she was embarrassed to know that Alexis was licking her juices off the plastic cock which was now nudging its way down her throat.  
  
As she struggled to accommodate the cock in her mouth and struggled to breath, Alexis could feel Gemma finally start to lick her dripping pussy. She had not long recovered from a huge orgasm but she knew she wanted more and, much as she hated Gemma, she knew it was her tongue that was going to bring on that orgasm. Or so she thought.  
  
As Gemma began to flick the poor woman's punished clit, she also began to insert two fingers into Alexis' pussy. She met no resistance as the juice was pouring from her captive so she very quickly added another one. Alexis couldn't believe what was happening to her but her hips started to rise to meet the invading fingers. Gemma saw that as encouragement and added a fourth finger.  
  
Alexis was screaming around the plastic cock but no one could hear her; no sound came from her cock-filled mouth and Gemma continued. Tucking her thumb into the palm of her hand she plunged her whole hand in and Alexis jerked so violently she nearly managed to push the wrestler away. Nearly, but not quite. Gemma's hand was buried up to her wrist in Alexis' cunt and now she really started to fuck her.  
  
The poor woman suffered the full force of Gemma's rage and the full force of her right hand plunging into her ravaged cunt. All this time the wrestler was pounding down her throat and Alexis knew she was either going to cum again or blackout again. As it was, she did both. Maria was forced to kneel down beside Gemma and to lick Alexis' very sensitive clit and she was once again overtaken by pleasure and by pain. She lay on the mat, trembling, wondering what they would do to her next.

She was allowed no recovery time, however, as Gemma manipulated her onto her hands and knees on the mat. Alexis did as she was told; having learned her lesson, slowly but without argument, she got into position. No sooner had she done so then she was presented with another cock in front of her face. There was no gentleness this time either as the second wrestler forced her juice covered cock down her throat and began to fuck her just as her team mate before her had done. Concentrating on trying to breathe, she suddenly felt another cock pushing against her cunt. Taking her mouth from the second wrestler's plastic cock for a second, she quickly glanced round to see who was about to fuck her now. All she managed to see was another wrestler in her bikini with a huge strap-on between her legs, before her head was roughly pulled back round.  
  
"Suck it, bitch," she was told.  
  
As both cocks, both women, began to fuck her, Alexis could hardly even think about anything else but what were the other's doing. The two professionals soon got into a rhythm and they began fucking her together so that both her mouth and her cunt were being hammered at the same time. She knew she would never last like this and very quickly she could feel her orgasm building deep in her belly and, as both her mouth and cunt were pounded, she started to shake uncontrollably as yet another huge orgasm hit her. She struggled just to stay in position as wave after wave overcame her and she was hardly even aware when the woman behind her leaned forward and started to play with her huge tits. She suddenly became aware, however, when the woman stopped playing and began stretching her poor nipples once again. Screaming in pain and pleasure she prayed that no one else would want to fuck her.  
  
She knew it must be getting late as more and more candles were brought into the room and she prayed again that they would not be used on her. They would be but not yet as the wrestler's weren't finished with Alexis yet. This time one of them crept in below her and Alexis felt herself being forced down on the plastic strap-on by Gemma pushing her shoulders.  
  
She managed to raise her head, trying to find her friends, trying to see what torture to expect next. Before she could see anything, however, another wrestler presented her with her plastic cock to suck. Alexi was defeated by now and opened her mouth obligingly, not even trying to think whose pussy juice she was tasting.   
  
"We've saved the best for last, bitch," whispered Gemma. The woman below her suddenly grabbed her and pulled her down until they were lying face to face. Next, she felt Gemma squeeze her arse cheeks hard then slowly pull them apart. Reaching down between her victim's legs, she scooped up some of Alexis' own juices and smeared them over her tight arsehole.   
  
"Oh, god, no!" thought Alexis but she was unable to move. The strong woman below her held on with all her might as Alexis tried to shake herself free. Yet one more juice covered strap-on rested against her dirtiest hole and, with one almighty push, forced its way past her tight sphincter and entered her virgin arse.  
  
She tried to scream in unimaginable pain but the other two wrestler's had taken Gemma's nod as a signal and started to fuck her – hard. The cock in her mouth pounded her throat as she moaned from the fucking her tight hole was receiving. The cock in her cunt was only about an inch away from the cock pounding into her arse. The cock in her arse went deeper and deeper with every thrust and she bounced between all three like a rag doll.  
  
She knew she had to escape but she knew she was going nowhere. She had never felt so full in all her life; all the excruciating pain she had endured had now been replaced with a brand new sense of pleasure and she knew she had found her heaven. Gemma, however, wanted to reintroduce some pain and began to flog her upturned arse while she was fucked in all three holes.   
  
When the maid once more reappeared with a full candelabra of lit candles and handed it to Gemma, the evil woman alternated between hot wax and the whip to torture Alexis round cheeks. Alexis alternated between pain and pleasure until finally she came and her body could take no more.  
  
She woke hours later in her own bed with no recollection of how she got there. She was naked but even dressed she would find it hard to cover the marks that Gemma had left all over her breasts and arse and she wondered how she would explain them to her husband. She also wondered if he would like to add to them.