**Blackmailed by Fraternity Boys**

by[Amyscute2000](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=15399&page=submissions)©

Hi my name is Amy and I’ve got some great news. I got engaged to my boyfriend Michael! We met in a bar downtown 8 months ago and we’ve been together ever since. I’m thrilled. I haven’t written any stories in a while but have gotten several emails asking what ever happened with my brother’s friends Mark and Steven at Sigma Nu. Here’s what happened after I worked, and danced….at their party.  
  
About a month later my brother came home from Colorado for the weekend. He was upstairs getting ready to go out and I was eating lunch in the kitchen with my dad when the doorbell rang. My mom answered the door and in walked in Mark and Steve to pick my brother up.   
  
“Hi Mr. Sanders,” Mark said to my dad, and turning to me and smiling added, “Oh, hey Amy.”  
  
I ignored him.  
  
“Hey Mark, hey Steven!” my dad replied. “Long time no see. What have you boys been up to?”  
  
“Not much, the usual, causing trouble and trying to graduate!” Steven said chuckling.  
  
“My son tells me you guys have had quite a few great parties, I hope you guys are keeping your grades up.”  
  
My brother walked into the kitchen.  
  
Mark said, “Yeah we are, and that’s not the only thing we’re keeping up, check this out Mr. Sanders”  
  
My dad had always had a very good relationship with all my brothers friends, and he was always kidding and joking around with them about sex and girls, usually though, not in front of me.  
  
Mark pulled something from his coat pocket and handed it to my dad.   
  
“Oh my!” My dad said, “You lucky son of a gun! Who’s this lucky, or should I say unlucky lady!”  
  
I looked up from my sandwich alarmed, flushing bright red fearing the worst. It was a picture, two or three actually. I held in a gasp as I realized it was me from their party!  
  
My dad handed them to my brother who quickly yelled “Damn! Is that the girl from the party you told me about?”  
  
“Yup!” Mark said, “See one of me, one with Steve, and one with both of us!!”  
  
“What is it?” I said, trying to keep my legs from shaking as I stood up and walked over to my brother.  
  
He was looking at a picture of me, taken from behind so you couldn’t see my face. I was on my knees, fully naked except of for a pair of boots. Only the back of my head, back, ass, and back of my legs were visible. On my ass, on each check, were painted the letters of their fraternity, the Greek symbol for Sigma was on my left cheek, and an N for Nu on my right. I was kneeling on front of Mark who had his pants open. You could tell that I was giving him a blow job by the way my head was positioned in front of his crotch. My brother flipped through and looked at the other two pictures. Both were similar shots of me, one with Steven and one with both of them standing next to each other.   
  
“That chick has one sexy butt!” My dad said peering over. “Amy don’t look at those!”  
  
“These are awesome!” my brother said. “Can I keep these? I’m gonna use these later in the bathroom!”   
  
I was shocked that my brother would say something like that in front of me and my dad, but they were joking around and cackling like a bunch of jocks taking about girls. Then it sunk in. My brother was going to jerk off while looking at picture of my ass! At a picture of me blowing his friend! I almost threw up and passed out at the same time.  
  
“Yeah sure.” Mark said. “The guy in our house that took them made a bunch of copies.”  
  
I walked out of the kitchen and headed for my room.   
  
As I left I heard Steve say, “Geeze, what’s with her?”  
  
When I got to my room, my mind was racing. What was I going to do? I heard my brother come upstairs and go into his room and then leave to go back down. I heard him and his friends leave the house and their car pull away.  
  
How did I get myself into this mess?! I thought as I started to cry. I took a shower got dressed. I put on a tight pair of jean shorts and a dark grey t-shirt, and tried to relax. I stayed in my room and waited until my brother came home. I knew he would be home by dinner, and sure enough, at around 5:30 he came back to the house alone.   
  
I went downstairs and snuck out of the house and went to my car and headed over to Sigma Nu. My plan was to talk to Mark and Steven and make them give me copies of all the pictures of me.  
  
It took me a while to find their fraternity house, since I had only been there once and had only a foggy memory of where it was. When I found it and pulled into their driveway, I noticed a lot of cars were in their parking lot. I realized then that they must be having dinner.  
  
When I got out my car I noticed that it was now getting dark and it was much colder than it had been earlier in the day. I was still wearing my shorts and a t-shirt, and I got cold right away. After seeing all the cars, I was nervous for a minute about going into the house. Then I thought about my brother and other guys jerking off while looking at a picture of me giving a blow job, and I knew I had to deal with this.   
  
I put my head down and walked into the house and went looking for Mark or Steve. As I walked through their foyer, I saw two guys coming down the stairs. They seemed to be headed towards a hallway. I seemed to remember that hallway as leading to the room that we had the party in, the room that I had danced in. When they saw me they stopped.  
  
“Hey, that’s the chick from our Pledge Party!” a short fat blond guy said.  
  
The guy with him said “Yeah, that’s her. Your name is Amy right?”  
  
“Yeah” I said. Have you seen Mark or Steven?”  
  
“I think they’re in the dining room,” the short fat guy said. “Do you remember me?”  
  
I looked at him for a second and shook my head no.  
  
“Amy! Come on!” he said laughing, “You gave me a shot and then I licked your ass! I thought we had something!” He had an ear-to-ear shit eating grin on his face.  
  
I noticed he was staring at my chest. I looked down and realized that the cold outside had made my nipples hard and they were now poking through my thin t-shirt.   
  
Seeing me look down and noticing I was visibly embarrassed about it, the other guy said, “Come on, we’ve already seen your tits!”  
  
I flushed and felt my skin get hot as I remembered myself, gyrating, wearing nothing but a g-string, in front of these gross of the Sigma Nu guys.   
  
“Fuck off!!! I snapped, and turned away and headed down the hallway to their dining room.   
  
When I entered I saw 4 or 5 round tables with about 5 or 6 guys at each table eating dinner. I scanned the room and saw Steven on the other side and made a bee line straight for him.  
  
As I crossed the room I heard a few whistles and behind me I heard the blond fat guy I was just talking to say “Hey guys, check it out, she’s back!”  
  
I walked over to Steven, trying to ignore the now blatant stares, whistles, and snide remarks.  
  
“What the fuck is your problem!” I said pointing a finger in his face and trying to act tough. Then I saw that Steve too, was looking right at my chest. I looked down again and realized that my nipples were still hard and were jutting through my t-shirt.   
  
“You’re an asshole” I said, and turning and looking up to the rest of the room yelled “You guys are all assholes!!!” This just caused more laughter and catcalls. I almost started to cry.  
  
My voice quivering, I said, “Steve, you have to give me those pictures back, all of them. I’m not some stripper or some fucking slut that doesn’t give a shit, I’m thinking of applying to law school and getting a real job, I can’t have you sleeze balls having them.”  
  
“Amy, calm down,” Steve said. “Listen, you can’t even tell it’s you in the pictures your brother has. In fact, in most of them you can’t tell it’s you.”  
  
“You mean there are more than those!” I said, trying to sound indignant.  
  
Steve looked almost ashamed, barely, but he couldn’t contain his smile, “Well, um….yeah, there are a bunch, maybe 15, maybe 20 of you and Mark and me.”  
  
“I want them all, the negatives too, or whatever the hell you took them with, erase them! Delete them! Whatever the fuck you have to do!” I said to Steve as calmly as I could.  
  
“Amy, its not that simple,” Steve said. “We had a deal, we wouldn’t tell your brother, and we didn’t. What can I do if a frat brother of mine took a few pictures, and is circulating them and you can’t even tell it’s you from most of them? Lighten up!”  
  
“Who the fuck took them!” I said.   
  
A well built looking jock stood up.   
  
“I did,” a guy said. “I’m sorry, but you seemed to be enjoying yourself at the time.” This brought a few whistles from the room.  
  
Now panic stricken, I looked down at my chest and noticed for the first time that my nipples were finally cooperating.  
  
“Listen, Amy,” Steven said, “Let’s talk about this upstairs.”  
  
Steve got up, and I followed him out of the dining room and into the hallway. The guy who took the pictures followed us out too. I followed Steve down the hall and up the staircase to the third floor and into what I assumed was Steve and Mark’s room.   
  
When we entered, Mark was sitting there on the phone. He looked up at Steve, saw me and the photographer guy and hung up the phone.  
  
“Ok, hand them over” I said, “All the copies, and you” I said turning to the photographer guy, “You! show me your computer and delete them all!”  
  
The three of them looked like I had two heads. I suddenly realized that my tough chick routine wasn’t working. My demands were falling on deaf ears. Mark got up and walked over to a desk and pulled up a stack of pictures and handed them to me.   
  
I looked down and flipped through them. A few of them were similar to the ones that Mark and Steve had shown my brother and my dad, but a few of them were different. In a few of them, the photographer had an angle where the picture showed my face, with my mouth open and Steve, or Mark’s (I couldn’t tell) dick in my mouth. In another few you could see my face with my mouth open and my tongue sticking out licking one of their balls. To make matters even worse, in most of them I was smiling, although I don’t remember doing that at all.  
  
Needless to say, I freaked out!  
  
I couldn’t let my brother, dad, my future husband, classmates, see me with my tongue licking some guys balls! I almost started crying again, but instead looked up and tried to talk to them.  
  
“Let me have ‘em” I said.  
  
Mark looked at me and said, “No way Amy. If you want these back you have to do something for us.”  
  
“What the fuck do you want me to do,” I said, still trying to sound tough, but realizing my toughness was fading fast.  
  
The photographer guy spoke, “Well, being that I didn’t’ get what Mark and Steve got, I think at a minimum I should get the same treatment, then maybe I’ll think about deleting the folder I have of you Amy.”  
  
Mark chimed in, “Amy, I have a picture of you, with your eyes looking into the camera and smiling, with your tongue on my balls. I ain’t giving that up unless you fuck the shit out of me.”  
  
Not knowing what to do, thinking about my future, my family, the pictures, I finally said. “Ok, what do you want me to do to get them all back.”  
  
The three of them looked at each other, moved together for a minute and started whispering in each other’s ears.  
  
After about a minute the photographer guy said, “Well, if you fuck us at least 3 times each, we’ll give you everything back.”  
  
“No way!” I blurted out! “I’d rather have my stupid brother jerk off to me blowing you than fuck any of you assholes!”  
  
“Ok, Ok, Ok!” Steven said, “How bout you blow us three times each then. Whenever we want it, up to three times.”  
  
I stood there pondering my predicament. I screwed up my whole life. My brother’s two best friends had pictures of me sucking their dicks, smiling, wearing nothing but a g-string. I had already given two of them blow jobs, and the photographer guy was kinda built and good looking.   
  
“Ok. Fine,” I said. I’ll give each of you 3 blow jobs each. But no fucking.”  
  
“Awesome,” the photographer guy said.   
  
He dropped his pants and pulled out his penis.  
  
“Amy,” he said, “I’ll delete whatever you want, just take off those shorts, and suck my dick”  
  
I looked at Mark and Steve. Both of them nodded their heads. I almost had tears in my eyes when I looked down at the photograph’s dick, and realized I didn’t even know his name. I realized my nipples were hard again. I saw a little bit of wetness on his dick.  
  
I dropped to my knees and moved my head towards his dick.  
  
“Wait!” He said. “Peel that shirt and shorts off.”  
  
I looked up at him, the tip of his dick brushed against the bottom of my chin for a second. I reached for the sides of my shirt and pulled my shirt over my head. My nipples froze, standing erect at attention. Feeling ashamed, embarrassed, and humiliated, I reached for my belt. I turned and looked at Steven and Mark. They both had undone their zippers and pants and now had their dicks out too. I tugged on my shorts and slid them down my legs to my knees where they touched the floor. I pulled my shorts under each knee, and slide them back. I was now naked, in front of three guys, with their dicks out.  
  
I look at them, and then at the photographer guy and said, “Ok, this is the first one.”

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I took my hand and reached up and grabbed his dick. I looked at it for a second and saw that the tip of it was already a little wet. I took my other hand and rubbed it off.  
  
"Amy," he said, "Why are you even bothering to do that? I'm going to cum in your mouth in a minute."  
  
Upon hearing that, I shivered. There was no turning back now, I had to get them to give me the pictures they had of me back, and in a few hours it would all be over. I closed my eyes, opened my mouth and pulled his dick into it. He had a normal sized dick, and within seconds I was talking him all the way in.  
  
"Oh my god this is good!" he said. Without stopping, I opened my eyes and looked up at him and saw that he had eyes closed too. I closed my eyes again and started bobbing my head faster and faster, and trying to suck him as hard as I could. I wanted to get this first one over with as fast as I could. I had a guys dick in my mouth, and I didn't even know his name.   
  
After about a minute I felt him grab the back of my had with one of his hands. He began pushing my head down on him, then he clenched the back of my hair and slowed me down. In a slow rhythmic way, he made me bob my head, then he'd hold me down on him, making me keep his entire dick in my mouth, then he would ease up and let my head back.   
  
Maybe another minute passed when I heard him say, "Oh god! I'm gonna cum."   
  
Almost immediately I felt him shoot into the back of my throat. I pulled my face off of him and away from his dick, and gulped for a second, then I gagged. Without intending too, I had swallowed some of his cum.   
  
He wasn't finished. For the next few seconds he tried to squirt his cum at me. A little hit my face, and the rest hit right below my neck, and started running down my chest.   
  
When he was finished, he opened his eyes and looked down at me and said "We'll that was worth it! Damn that was good!" He pulled up his pants, and walked over to a chair and sat down.  
  
"Amy there's a little bit of a mess here, why don't you come and clean me off."  
  
I stood up and looked back at Mark and Steve. Steve said, "You heard him Amy, clean him up." I realized he wanted me to lick him clean.  
  
I walked over to him and saw that he had a little bit of cum still oozing out of his dick. I knelt down in front of him and with my tongue, I licked him until it was all off of him, and in my mouth. I had no choice now really, except to swallow. It tasted terrible and I almost gagged again.   
  
Steve walked over and sat down in the chair next to the guy and said, "Amy, it's my turn."  
  
"Hold on, let me clean myself off a little," I said.  
  
"No," Steve replied, "You have to stay exactly like that, no cleaning or wiping anything off until your done."   
  
"Nice! Great idea," Mark chuckled from somewhere behind me.   
  
Eager to finish, I shuffled sideways over in front of Steve, and pulled his pants and boxers down around his ankles. His dick was as hard as a rock, and also had wetness on the tip. He was a little bigger then I remembered from last time, and he was much bigger than the guy next to him. I grabbed his dick and started jerking him off for a second, then I leaned forward and took him in my mouth.   
  
I licked him and sucked him, and bobbed furiously, for about 3 minutes. After a while, my neck started to hurt so I stopped and said, "What's your problem?"  
  
"I dunno," Steve shrugged, "It feels great, I just can't seem to cum. Give it another few minutes."  
  
I began licking up and down his dick, trying anything to make him cum so I could stop. I took one of his balls and flicked it with my tongue.  
  
"Oh yeah! Put my balls in your mouth Amy!" he yelled. "I love that!"  
  
I licked all around his balls and the sides of his legs and between his balls and his legs. After my tongue and licked just about every square inch of his balls and crotch, I opened wide and took both of his balls into my mouth.   
  
"God that is warm!" He practically squealed.  
  
With his balls in my mouth, I tried to use my tongue to licked and move them around. After a while I went back to sucking on his dick, and he still wouldn't cum.   
  
"Amy, this isn't good enough, let me fuck you."  
  
"No way!" I said, "That wasn't the deal."  
  
"How bout if you let me fuck you, once, you don't have to blow me two more times, you're finished with me?" Steven said.   
  
"No fucking way," Mark said from behind. "If you fuck him, your gonna fuck me too."  
  
"And me too!" the photographer guy chimed in.  
  
I thought about it for a moment and assessed the situation. My neck hurt, I was naked, and I had to blow these assholes at least 7 more times after I finished with Steve. I would probably have to come back tomorrow or another day to finish, maybe two more times. If I fucked them now, I could get the whole thing over with.  
  
"Ok, fine," I said. "But we are going to do this right now tonight, you are going to give me them all back today, and I'm going to make you show me that you are deleting all the pictures and giving me all the copies."  
  
"Fine," all three of them said, one after another.   
  
"We'll have to get the rest of them from the other guys in the house though. Eric and Bri and a few other guys have a few too." Mark said.  
  
"What! You've got to be kidding me?" I yelled. "You guys have me up here blowing you and you don't even have all of the copies?"  
  
"Well no," Mark said, "A bunch of other guys have a couple I think."  
  
"I'm not fucking anybody until you get all of them right now." I said.  
  
"Let's go downstairs and get them all then," Steve said. He seemed too eager to fuck me. This was going to be awful I thought.  
  
"Ok fine," I said.  
  
Steve got up and pulled up his pants and left the room. I stood up and sat down in the chair that Steve had been sitting in and looked around the room. The photographer guy lit up a cigarette and Mark went to a little refrigerator and pulled out a beer.   
  
"You guys want anything," Mark said.   
  
"Yeah I'll take one," I answered. The guy next to me took a beer too.  
  
So there I was, sitting there naked, drinking a beer in a fraternity house. I realized that I still had my shoes on. They were little black sandals with a slight heel. What the hell did I get myself into I though.   
  
We sat there and waited for Steve to come back.   
  
After a few minutes he walked in and said, "Ok, here's the deal. The guys will give all the pictures over to me, and I'll give them to you after we are done."  
  
"Great!" I said. "Let's get this over with."  
  
"There's one catch though. They want to watch, lets go downstairs."  
  
"They want to watch! No way!" I started to cry.  
  
"That's the deal Amy, take it or leave it, and you owe us 8 more blow jobs still." Steve said. "No cameras, we'll lock the front door. In 20 minutes it will all be over."  
  
Tears were running down my face. "Ok," I sobbed. "Let's go."  
  
"Are you on the pill Amy?" Mark asked.  
  
"Yes," I said.   
  
"Awesome!" he said back.  
  
They all headed for the door. I stood up and followed them out. I was walking naked following three guys through a fraternity house. We went to the photographer guy's room and he walked over to his desk.   
  
"See Amy, here they are." He clicked on an icon and a folder opened that had about 20 files in it. He switched to view them, and I could see from the thumbnails that appeared on the screen that they were all of me. He highlighted them all and deleted them. Then he emptied his computer trash can. His camera was on the desk next to the computer.   
  
"Let me see the memory card." I said skeptically.  
  
He turned on the camera, and showed me that the card was empty.   
  
"Ok" I said, "Lets go."  
  
We went downstairs and through the foyer. Mark walked over to the front door and locked the deadbolt so nobody would wander in.  
  
We walked down the hallway and back into the dining room.   
  
When the brothers saw me they erupted in clapping and whistles. One guy started chanting, "Amy's gonna fuck! Amy's gonna fuck!" They all joined in. I stood there, on the side of the room, trying to hold back tears. A few guys left the room and came back and handed pictures over to Steve.   
  
"Ok, this is all of them." He said.   
  
Somebody pulled a chair into the room. It was like an office chair, on wheels, and it had no arms.   
  
Steve handed the pictures to Mark to hold and kicked off his shoes and pulled down his pants down and took them off.   
  
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Somebody pulled a chair into the room. It was like an office chair, on wheels, and it had no arms.   
  
Steve handed the pictures to Mark to hold and kicked off his shoes and pulled down his pants down and took them off.   
  
"Nice boner Steve!" one of the guys jeered.  
  
"Thanks!" Steve laughed, "I'm gonna fuck, what do you want from me?"  
  
The room erupted in laughter and whistling again. Steven slid the chair towards the middle of the room between the tables. Some of the guys were still eating dinner and most of them had beers too.  
  
Steve sat down on the chair and pulled his shirt over his head.  
  
"Amy, get that sexy little ass of yours over here!" he said.  
  
I looked around and the 30 or so guys. Their eyes were all on me. I put my head down and walked naked, to the middle of the room where Steve was sitting. I grabbed his shoulders and straddled him with my legs, and lowered myself onto him. His dick started to go inside me, but I realized that I wasn't wet, and it was going to hurt. Before I could stop him, Steve grabbed my hips and forced me down onto him. His dick stabbed into me and I yelled in pain. At least I think I yelled. I felt like I was in a movie, and the sound was off. I could not hear anything, I had blocked out all sound.   
  
I wrapped my legs around him and the back of the chair and started to thrust my hips back and forth. After a few thrusts I began to feel wetness inside me build up and it stopped hurting. After about 30 seconds it started to feel good. Steve took his hands and grabbed under my ass and was now thrusting dick forward and back in rhythm with me.   
  
Then the sound suddenly came back to me. Whistling. Chanting. Laughing. Hooting and hollering.   
  
Steven started kicking with his legs and wheeling the chair around the room between the tables while we were fucking. After what must have been 2 minutes, he grabbed my ass and stood up, lifting me up with him. I carried me over to a table and flopped me down on my back. As he did this, his dick slipped out of me.  
  
He grabbed my ankles and pulled my legs up onto the air and held them as far apart as he could pull them. He stepped forward and slid himself back into me and standing next to the table, started to fuck me furiously. I looked to my right and left, and saw that I was right in between two guys who were sitting there. They pushed their plates over and kept sitting there, while Steve kept at it.   
  
"I'm gonna cum!" Steve yelled. He started thrusting slower, but harder. He pulled out and began to cum. The guys next to us backed away immediately. A wad of cum hit my face and my hair. Most of it spattered on my stomach. He pulled himself out of me and let go of my legs and stepped back.  
  
The photographer guy walked over, unzipped his pants, and without even pulling his pants down, stuck his dick into me. By now I was pretty wet, and he slid right in. In under a minute, he pulled out and started cumming all over my stomach too. Considering he had just come about 20 minutes before up on the room, it was unbelievable how much cum he had. By the time he was done I was a sticky, stinky mess. The smell of cum almost made me gag.   
  
He moved away and Mark came over. He was fully naked and looked very hard.   
  
"Hi Amy," he said almost politely. "My turn to fuck you. I've been wanting to do this for years."  
  
"Fuck you dick!" I said.   
  
"No fuck you, Amy," he snapped back and thrust his dick into me. I looked at him. He looked at me and just smiled. A look of pure pleasure crossed his face. He grabbed my legs and started fucking and fucking and fucking me. As much as I hate to admit it, it started to feel good. He was moaning, and I started to moan too. The guys in the room heard me and seemed to really enjoy it. Mark only lasted about 2 minutes, and before I knew what was happening, he said, "I'm cumming."  
  
I was on my back on a dinner table, and my brother's asshole friend was cumming inside me with 30 people watching. In a sudden rush, I felt myself start to orgasm too, without warning. I started screaming and moaning, and it quickly became clear to everyone what was happening. My eyes and Mark's eyes remained locked on each other. I continued my orgasm and shuddered to a finish.  
  
Mark's dick softened and it slid out of me. He was very out of breath. I felt the cum start to drip out of me so I sat up grabbed and napkin and wiped myself off as best I could. I started to walk out of the room and Mark and Steve followed me. As I walked through the tables, a few of the guys gave me a smack on my ass.   
  
We walked down the hallway and back upstairs. I went to a bathroom. I felt disgusting. I had just fucked three guys in front of a fraternity. I scrubbed myself off as best I could in their shower and walked down the hall to the room where my clothes were. Mark and Steve were in there waiting.   
  
Mark handed my clothes and said, "I guess you want these. Damn shame you have to put them on."   
  
I grabbed them and got dressed. Mark then handed me the stack of pictures.   
  
"Gee thanks!" I said, "You guys are such fucking little pervert assholes!"   
  
I stormed out of the room and down the stairs and walked out of the house to my car. On my drive home I pulled over next to a trash can, ripped up the pictures, and threw them away.   
  
When I got home and walked upstairs to my room, I passed by my brother's room. He wasn't in there, and I heard the shower running down the hall. I crept into his room and saw the last picture of me, sitting on his bed. I looked down next to his bed and saw tissues in his garbage pail. I looked closer and could tell that they were stained with cum. I grabbed the picture and ripped it to pieces and threw it out in the garbage can next to our house. After that I went to my room and layed down. I was pretty tired, it had been a rough night. My brother had jerked off to me and his friends had fucked me, but at least my troubles were over now.