**Campground Gangbang**

by The Gangbang Girl

When my boyfriend Jason told me he was going away on a camping trip for a week with a bunch of his mates, I wasn't very impressed. I had taken a couple of weeks off work and was looking forward to spending it with him. Jason and I had been going out for about six years and it had been pretty good, as relationships usually are at the start. The last year though, we had been arguing more, usually about stupid little things. This wasn't the first time that Jason had gone away camping with his friends. Weekend trips away happened about once every month or two. They were fishing trips mostly. Lately I had become suspicious about these so called fishing trips and was wondering if there was something more to them. It crossed my mind on more than one occasion that maybe Jason was cheating on me and this time, when he said he wanted to go away for a week, I put my foot down and insisted on coming along.

In hindsight I think I was suspicious about Jason because of a guilty conscience. I had screwed around on him quite a few times. My job takes me away to conferences and seminars fairly regularly. They usually only go for a couple of days but every now and then they go for a week or more. I didn't usually have any problem going without sex for a day or two but the first time that I went away for over a week was only four months after I started going out with Jason. I met a guy and slept with him on the second night of the two week seminar, and again every night after that! Every year from then on, I fucked at least two or three other guys at various conferences, but I always came back to Jason.

I should tell you a bit about myself. My name is Brianna and I live in Melbourne, Australia. I'm 175cm tall. I have longish, dark brown hair, about down to my shoulder blades. I am very fit because I work out every day. I'm fanatical about it. I haven't missed a day at the gym in years! My breasts aren't particularly large but they aren't small either. My friends say I'm pretty and I guess I am, although I don't think I would ever make it as a super model or anything like that. I'm 27 years old and quite a successful business woman. I think I will keep the nature of my business to myself as I have used my real first name, so I can't add too much detail or someone might put two and two together and figure out who I am.

Jason wasn't very happy about me coming along on this particular trip, which only made me more suspicious. We went to a campsite somewhere in the Grampians. That's a mountain range not too far from Melbourne. I wasn't really into camping and when Jason finally agreed to let me come along, I regretted it almost instantly. If he really was planning something other than camping, he would never have agreed to let me come, so I knew I had made a mistake, but I couldn't change my mind now. Not after all the fuss I had made.

We got to the campsite and we were the last to arrive. There were nine other guys there and I was the only girl. I was instantly uncomfortable with the whole situation and Jason was still mighty pissed off with me, so this didn't look like being a fun week. The other guys were surprised to see me turn up with Jason, as this was supposed to be a blokes only sort of trip, but they were friendly enough. They were friendlier than Jason was being at the moment anyway. He was still pissed off with me and a bit embarrassed about turning up with his girlfriend. I was feeling pretty bad about the whole thing as well. It was obvious now that I was mistaken about Jason cheating on me and I thought I would make it up to him tonight in our tent.

Jason was cold to me the whole rest of the day and bit by bit I changed from feeling guilty to getting annoyed with him as well. He was drinking pretty heavily that night as we all gathered around the camp fire. I was trying to be nice to him, using the cold as an excuse to snuggle up to him and getting very flirty. I could see the other guys watching me and I knew that as they watched me coming on to Jason, they were wishing they had a woman with them as well. Jason still wasn't interested though and when we finally went to bed that night, he was out like a light within seconds of his head hitting the pillow. To make matters worse, he snored like you wouldn't believe and I got very little sleep that night.

Things were a little better the next day. Jason wasn't being cold to me anymore but he also wasn't interested in sex that morning. He was seriously hung over and looked like shit. He also smelled very bad! We got up and got the fire going again. I tried to help out a bit with the cooking but I had never cooked on an open fire before and the guys very quickly but politely suggested I go and sit down. After lunch I wanted Jason to come with me and do some hiking but he was feeling a bit unwell so I ended up going alone. I was gone for a couple of hours and when I returned, the guys were already drinking heavily. I didn't want Jason getting seriously drunk again so I suggested he slow down a bit, but that just pissed him off again. It was obvious he really didn't want me being there.

I had worked up a bit of a sweat with all my hiking and really needed to bathe but the river was freezing cold. One of the guys had brought along a bush shower, that's just a canvas bag that you hang from a tree and fill with water. It has a shower head attached to it but the water doesn't last long so you have to be quick. The shower was out in the open off to the side of our campsite so I went into our tent and changed into my swimsuit. It was a tiny little white bikini and while I had worn it many times at the beach with hundreds of other bathers, somehow it was different wearing it here where I was the only one in a swim suit and nine guys were watching me shower. I discreetly turned away as I lifted my bikini top and washed underneath. I could feel all eyes watching me as I put my soapy hand inside my bikini bottoms and washed between my legs. The water was quite cool but wouldn't have been too bad if it wasn't for the wind chill. I got very cold as the wind blew and my nipples got very hard.

When the shower water ran out, I threw a towel around me and moved closer to the fire as I tried to dry myself as quickly as possible. I could see my nipples poking out through the flimsy material of my bikini and I knew all the guys around the fire could see it as well. About the only person who didn't seem to notice was Jason who was already well on his way to getting smashed again. As soon as I was dry, I went back in to the tent and got changed into something warmer. Normally jeans would have been best but I had a long, thick woollen skirt that was very warm, so I wore that instead. It was getting on towards sundown, so I didn't need a bra. A t-shirt and soft wool pullover, with a pair of sheepskin 'Ugg' boots to finish it off and I was nice and warm.

After dinner we sat around the fire and talked, just like the night before. Jason was staggering drunk almost before the sun set and he was being an arsehole as well. I could see my chances of him making love to me that night were slim to none, so I thought I might as well have a few drinks as well. They didn't have any wine and I'm not really into beer but fortunately someone had brought along some port, which is nice and sweet and burns as it goes down. I sat close to the fire drinking my port and soon I was feeling warm inside and out. Jason got so drunk he threw up and crashed into bed by about 8pm. I was starting to get pretty pissed off with him.

Most of the other guys were still sober or at least not staggering drunk like Jason. We sat around the fire and laughed and talked and my mood started to improve. I was starting to get a lot more attention from the guys now that Jason had gone to bed, nothing too serious, just a bit of flirting. I was sitting on a large log that we had been using as a seat near the fire and I had a couple of guys sitting on either side of me. We were squeezed in pretty tight to stay warm and I was rubbing shoulders with the guys on my left and my right. The wool skirt I was wearing reached almost to my ankles so as long as I kept it wrapped around me, I was toasty warm. The skirt was split all the way to the top but with a large overlap at the front. Occasionally as I shuffled around or adjusted my legs, the skirt would fall open, baring one or the other of my legs all the way to my upper thighs. I quickly noticed though and a quick flip of my skirt and I was decently covered again.

David was sitting on my right and he commented on my choice of wearing a skirt and asked me if I was cold having the wind blow right up me. He was being a bit suggestive but I was getting quite drunk by this time and I just laughed. I told him that I was very warm underneath thank you and that the wind wasn't a problem. One of the guys whose name I can't remember asked me with a laugh if I needed another shower. All the guys joined in laughing and so did I but I said no thanks. I could feel my cheeks burning as they made comments about my shower earlier in the day and my suspicion that they were all watching me as I showered was confirmed. I had several offers to help me next time I wanted a shower but I laughed it off.

Even from where I was sitting I could hear Jason snoring and I wasn't in any hurry to go to bed. I figured if I had a few more drinks and waited until I was really tired I would have a better chance of sleeping through the thunderous noise. The cool breeze picked up a bit and once again David commented on how cold I must be wearing a skirt. Once again I told him I wasn't cold as I bared my right leg and said, 'feel'. David put his hand on my leg and was amazed at how warm I was. His hand in comparison felt ice cold and as I flicked my skirt back over my leg, he left his hand where it was, to get warm, he said. I laughed again but didn't do anything to push his hand away. The other guys were all watching and David kept talking about how warm and soft my legs were. Paul on my left also reached out a hand between the overlap in my skirt, and slid it between my legs. I was laughing as I sat there with two guys' hands between my legs, roughly half way up from my knees, trying to warm their hands.

They were both rubbing their hands up and down my inner thighs under my skirt and my legs were being pulled gently open by their hands. They weren't open wide but bit by bit they pulled them wider. Every now and again my skirt would fall off one or both legs and I would flick the skirt back over their hands again. I would never have allowed them to do any of this if I was sober but I was very drunk by this time and enjoying the flirting. I rested my head on David's shoulder and closed my eyes as they touched me. David changed hands and put his left arm around my shoulders as I leaned into him and he continued stroking me with his right hand.

Paul was the first one to get a bit braver and his hand was reaching quite high up my thigh as he was stroking me. He tentatively brushed the heel of his hand against my knickers as he was moving up and down my thighs. When I didn't protest, he got a bit braver and eventually stopped his hand as high up my leg as he could go. His hand was resting against my clit, through my knickers, as his fingers continued stroking my upper inner thighs. I was so far gone by this time that I had totally forgotten about all the other guys there, who had gone very quiet. David also slid his hand up to my groin and began directly rubbing my slit through my knickers. He gently pulled my leg wider and Paul did the same thing from the other side. My legs were spread wide open now and they both had easy access to my panties. My skirt had completely fallen off both of my legs and I was no longer concerned about covering up. The hands rubbing me and the alcohol were keeping me warm.

I had completely forgotten about Jason by this time. I was only dimly aware of what was going on at all but I certainly wasn't resisting. This continued for quite a while and I can remember giving out a few little moans as they touched me. I'm not sure which one it was that first slid a finger inside my knickers. I think it was Paul but I can't be sure. He slid his fingers in from the side and started rubbing my clit directly. I was moaning louder now and he was obviously getting more confident as he began rubbing me harder. Occasionally he slid his finger down a bit to moisten his finger in between the outer lips of my cunt which was by now very very wet, before returning to rubbing my clit.

After a few minutes I felt more hands rubbing my legs and in a dreamy sort of way, I realised there had to be a third man kneeling in front of me but I didn't even open my eyes to see who it was. I really didn't want Paul to stop rubbing my clit, it felt so good. Paul moved his hand up and came in from the top of my knickers and continued rubbing me. He slid his hand down further and used his thumb to rub my clit as he slid first one, then two fingers inside me. I gave a gasp as his fingers first went in and I was rocking my hips backwards and forwards against his thumb as I could feel an orgasm approaching. A few seconds later a powerful orgasm swept through me and I spasmed and gave a long loud moan of pure pleasure. Before I had even finished Cumming, I felt the hands of the guy in front of me, reach up high on either side of my hips and pull my knickers down.

I still had my head resting on Paul's shoulder but I opened my eyes even as I was Cumming and saw most of the guys gathered around really close where they could see me being fingered. I had a moment's hesitation when I saw that sea of faces but I just closed my eyes again as the second wave of my orgasm swept through me. I didn't even notice what was about to happen until it was too late. Very suddenly, Paul's fingers withdrew from my cunt and were replaced with a cock. I opened my eyes again and saw that I was being fucked by Nigel, one of Jason's best friends. He was kneeling on the ground between my legs and was holding my knees apart as he looked right into my face and continued fucking his best friends girl. I was being supported on both sides by Paul and David and was leaning back as Nigel screwed me.

This was all like a dream to me. A part of me knew that what I was doing was wrong and that I should put a stop to it but another part of me was really enjoying it. Nigel didn't take very long and a few minutes later he gave a bit of a grunt as he buried his cock deeper and pumped his cum into me. Paul and David held my legs wide open as Nigel pulled out and stood up. My cunt was clearly visible to all the other guys standing in front of me and one of the other guys took Nigel's place and a few seconds later I was getting fucked again. This wasn't the first time I had had multiple partners. I have had several threesomes' over the years and once I even had three guys at the same time but I had never been gangbanged before. That was about to change though as the second man was working up to a frantic pace and it wasn't long before he added his cum to Nigel's, inside my dripping snatch.

As the second man finished the guys picked me up and carried me to a single air mattress that someone had brought out earlier to sit on. I was laid back on the mattress and my legs were roughly pulled open as the third man got on top of me. I felt like I was on fire inside, but in a good way, as he started fucking me. It wasn't just the bounce in the air mattress that had me thrusting my hips back up as I was being screwed for the third time and as I was approaching another orgasm; I lifted my legs and wrapped them around his waist so he could go deeper. I didn't quite make another orgasm before he finished, adding yet another load to the mush inside me, and a groaned in frustration as he pulled out of me. I was desperate to keep the feeling going before I lost it and I pulled the next man down on top of me and guided him into my sloppy cunt.

The fourth man had a very long cock and I gave a yelp as he pushed into me with one thrust. It hurt at first as the head of his cock hit deep inside me but I soon stretched to accommodate him and started working up to Cumming again. I raised my legs high again as he fucked me and I took him all the way. I could feel his balls slapping against my buttocks as he pumped that long cock into me. A few seconds later I was screaming as I came and my whole body convulsed as the man just kept on screwing me. I let my legs fall back to the mattress as he continued and it wasn't long before another flood of cum splashed into my increasingly gooey insides.

The next three were very much the same I just lay there as they took their turns. I was exhausted and was sure I wouldn't cum again but I was wrong. The eighth man to screw me had the thickest cock I have ever seen. He proudly stood before me as he dropped his jeans and I saw what he was going to stick in me. It was massive and it wasn't even fully hard yet! I exclaimed 'Oh my god!' in a drunken slur as he knelt down between my legs. He lifted my legs over his shoulders and pushed the head of his cock into me. I couldn't believe the size of this thing. I felt the pressure as he pushed against my already loose ring and felt myself opening wide but he still wasn't inside me. He was holding his semi hard cock in one hand and slowly but firmly increasing the pressure on my cunt.

Just as I thought I wasn't going to be able to take him, I suddenly gave way and the head of his cock was in me. I gasped as he penetrated me and even after the head was through my opening I could feel myself being stretched. He started working himself backwards and forwards, getting a little deeper each time and I grunted with every thrust of that monster into my little hole. As he got deeper his cock also started to get harder and it wasn't long before I felt like a baseball bat was being shoved into me. I could barely breathe and was grunting rhythmically to his thrusts. I couldn't believe it when I finally felt his body pressed against mine and realised I had all that meat inside me.

He lasted a long time in that position and as he fucked me with long slow strokes, I came again. I wanted him to stop as I had my orgasm but he ignored me and kept on pounding into me. I went into a frenzy as he continued to screw me even as I was Cumming, and that generated another wave and I had another orgasm, only seconds later. I had three more orgasms in the next 30 seconds or so and was starting to scream so much, he put his hand over my mouth to keep me quiet. My multiple orgasms finally subsided and he screwed me for about another ten minutes before finally unloading an amazing quantity of cum from those monster balls. Each surge hit my insides like a powerful stream of water and I counted seven surges before he finally finished draining his balls. I felt my ring stretched again as his head pulled out of me with a squelching noise and my cunt suddenly contracted back to more normal size.

Half a dozen more men went through me after that so I know at least a few of them came back for seconds. I'm assuming they all screwed me but I can't be certain because I had my eyes closed most of the time. When they had finally done with me, I was helped to my feet and stood there very unsteadily on shaky legs as I was supported by two men. I could feel the Cum running down my legs but I didn't dare even try to bend over or walk yet, so I just stood there as Cum ran down past my knees and into the top of my sheepskin boots. One of the men handed me my knickers and with some help I managed to get them back on. As I looked around I saw that over half the guys had gone to bed, there was only three men left awake. Without a word, two of them helped me to the entrance to mine and Jason's tent and I unzipped the door and crawled inside. Jason was still sound asleep and making loud rumbling noises as I got undressed and used my t-shirt to wipe the sticky mess off my legs. I buried the now sodden t-shirt deep in my bag and crawled into the double sleeping bag with Jason. I was truly exhausted and fell asleep very quickly despite the snoring in my ear.

I have no idea how late it was when I finally got to bed but it had to have been at least 3am, so it wasn't surprising that Jason woke up before me. Wouldn't you know it, he was finally feeling amorous! I woke up to him kissing me and playing with my tits. I tried to resist a bit and muttered something about being tired but he was insistent. As he rolled on top of me and entered me he commented on how wet I was. I knew the wetness was the combined cum of his nine best friends, but I couldn't let him know that, so I faked being very horny. I acted like he was the best lover in the world as he screwed me and I tried to ignore the pain as he slammed into my bruised and swollen cunt. He didn't last very long and it was only a few minutes before he added his cum unknowingly, to that of his friends. Soon after that, Jason got up and I went back to sleep for a few more hours.

When I finally got up around mid morning, Jason was more cheerful than he had been the last couple of days have a great time with his mates. I felt awful about the night before and was terribly embarrassed about the whole thing. The guys all smiled at me whenever Jason wasn't looking and I spent most of the afternoon snuggled up to him. It was obvious he had no idea about what had happened and his mates all just continued talking to him and socialising as if nothing had happened. It always amazes me how easily men lie! I felt very uncomfortable the rest of the day. I really just wanted to go home but this was only day three. We had four more nights to go before we were due to go home. After dinner that night, I went to bed early. Jason stayed up with his friends and I lay in our sleeping bag, wide awake for several hours before finally, silently crying myself to sleep. Jason was a little bit drunk when he came to bed and wanted sex again. It didn't hurt this time and I was obviously already getting over the bruising from the previous night.

Day four went much the same as day three. I was very clingy with Jason and hardly left his side. He started to wonder about my strange behaviour and kept pulling away from me to go and do other things with his friends. A few of the guys tried to flirt with me whenever Jason wasn't around, even touching me when they could get away with it. As I was lifting the Jerry can to get a drink of water, Paul offered to help me and with Jason only a few feet behind me but facing the other way, Paul gave my breast a good squeeze and smiled at me. I backed away in fright. Not that I was scared of Paul as such but I was scared of Jason catching us. That night I went to bed early again, much to the disappointment of Jason's friends. Jason stayed up quite late and I pretended to be asleep when he came to bed. He very briefly tried to see if I was interested in sex but gave up when I was unresponsive.

The fifth day I was up early and so was a few of the guys. I had another shower and the guys weren't even subtle about watching me this time. Jason was still asleep so the guys came right up to me and watched as I washed my tits cleaned between my legs. As I was drying myself the guys were getting a feel and I was whispering to them to stop as their hands touched my breasts and one of them even stuck his hand down my pants and got a finger inside me before I could pull away. Jason could have come outside of the tent at any moment and I was very scared of getting caught so I finished drying quickly and went back in our tent to get changed.

Jason woke up an hour or so later and the morning passed uneventfully. At one point, I saw one of the guys tipping away lots of ice and wondered why he was throwing it out but didn't think much about it at the time. After lunch, Michael very publicly said we were out of ice and a few other things and asked Jason to go with him to get some more. The nearest town was at least an hour away and I knew instantly that this was a plan to get Jason away. I froze as I heard Jason agree to go along for the ride but Michael already had put the cooler boxes in the back of his truck, and there were only two seats in the front cab. I tried to think of some excuse for asking Jason not to go but nothing came to mind. I went very silent and withdrawn as Jason and Michael got ready to go. Jason noticed my silence and asked me if everything was alright. This was my opportunity. I had to say something, now or never but what could I say. Don't go because your best friends all want to fuck me was the only thing that sprang to mind but I couldn't say that. "I'm OK" I heard myself say as Jason kissed me goodbye and told me they would be back in about three hours.

The dust from Michael's truck hadn't even settled when the guys gathered round me and started feeling me up. I tried to protest and said I couldn't do this again but they ignored me and continued mauling my breasts. I said 'No' more firmly, and struggled to pull away when David revealed what a total bastard he is. "You wouldn't want Jason to find out about the other night would you?" he asked me. My heart sank as I realised I was being blackmailed. I couldn't risk Jason finding out that I had cheated on him with his friends. I stood there in shock as David and the others pulled my top off and removed my bra. Several of them were holding me up as my boots were taken off. One of them was unzipping my jeans and hands pulled my jeans and knickers off and within a minute I was totally naked. I was stunned as I realised I was about to be gangbanged for the second time in three days and this time I was sober and didn't really want to fuck all these guys.

It was the middle of the week and no one else was in the campground so the guys carried me over to a wooden table that was just a few metres away. One of the guys, very considerately, placed a sleeping bag on the rough wood before they laid me on it right near the end. It appeared that they had already worked out who was going first because there was no arguing as Brett got between my legs and started undoing his pants. He said "I've been dying for another go at that cunt of yours" as he pulled out his already hard cock and worked it into me. I was on the edge of tears as his cock started pressing into me and I looked away and tried not to cry as he started thrusting. My beasts were bouncing up and down with the force of his cock slamming into me. He wasn't gentle but he knew he could do whatever he wanted to me as I lay there and got savagely fucked.

David came to the side of the table and shoved his cock towards my mouth. I tried to turn my head away but he forcefully turned my head back and told me to open my mouth. He grabbed a handful of my hair and wouldn't let me turn away but I kept my lips closed as he rubbed the head of his cock all over my lips. He was laughing as he said his cock was either going in my mouth or up my arse, my choice. I have never had anal sex, with anyone, not even Jason. Even through his laughing I could see he was serious though. It was either suck his cock or get anally raped. Reluctantly I opened my mouth and David stuck his cock inside and started to fuck my face. I wasn't cooperating but he didn't seem to care. He just held onto my head and pushed his cock into my mouth as if he were fucking a cunt. I felt tears coming to my eyes as his cock repeatedly hit the back of my throat. I knew how to give head, I just didn't want to. I deep throated Jason some times and he loved it! I knew if I didn't start swallowing, David would keep bashing his hard cock into the back of my throat and it was really starting to hurt.

I finally surrendered and said "OK OK" around the cock in my mouth and David stopped being quite so brutal. The next time he pushed forward, I swallowed and took him all the way down my throat. My head was turned to the side and I could feel his hairy balls on my cheek for a second before he pulled out. Brett was still pounding away at my cunt and I tried to get into a rhythm with the cock going down my throat and the one in my cunt. Brett's pace was picking up and I knew he wouldn't be much longer. I was actively sucking on David's cock now and swallowing him every few thrusts. A minute or so later, Brett came inside me and was quickly replaced by someone else. I have no idea who it was, my face was otherwise occupied but I felt another cock push inside me only seconds after Brett pulled out. It took almost ten minutes to bring David off. I think he was deliberately holding back so I would have to suck him longer. Eventually he grabbed my head firmly and pulled his cock almost all the way out of my mouth but not quite, as he shot several loads of cum over my lips and tongue. He told me in a serious tone to swallow his load and I didn't try to argue. I swirled up all the cum from my mouth with my tongue and swallowed it all in one go.

I was still being fucked by whoever had taken Brett's place and a few seconds later another cock was shoved into my mouth. Four of the men fucked me and three came in my mouth before they changed my position. I was rolled onto my stomach and bent over the end of the table. My feet just barely reached the ground and once my legs were spread I was forced to stand on the tips of my toes as someone's hands grabbed my hips and stuck there cock inside me. At least I couldn't be forced to suck cock in this position and I lay bent over the table as I was mercilessly pounded into. I was surprised that it didn't hurt more after the gangbang only a couple of days ago but it seems that the cunt recovers quickly. I rested my head on my arms and let them take turns at me until I felt the one with the giant cock pushing at my cunt.

He was easier to take this time but that is a very relative term. It wasn't easy! I looked over my shoulder and saw that Andrew was the owner of the monster cock. He smiled at me as he eased his thick prick inside my slick opening. I forced myself to relax and allowed my cunt to open up instead of resisting. He had his cock inside me much more quickly this time and within a minute he was giving me his full length. I could feel how hard he was and my cunt was being stretched to the maximum, especially when he was deep inside me and the base of his cock opened me right up. I couldn't help grunting with every thrust of that monster inside what used to be my tight little hole. I found myself wondering if Jason would notice the difference now that I had been repeatedly stretched. Would I be loose and unsatisfying to him?

The guys used me for about two and a half hours before someone said that Jason could be back soon. I gathered up my clothes and walked naked to the shower. There was no point in being modest anymore. I stood naked under the shower and rinsed the cum from my cunt and washed myself clean with soap. One of the guys refilled the canvas bag so I could have a longer shower and I even washed my hair to get the cum out of it. When I was finished I dried myself and got dressed in clean clothes. The weather had turned warm so I wore a light cotton dress and felt clean for the first time in days. That didn't last very long because the guys had been watching me the whole time and David said he was ready to go again. Brett said it was too risky because Michael and Jason could be back any minute. David said he didn't care and took me into his tent. I didn't get fully undressed. David just pulled my knickers off and got on top of me. He fucked me hard for a few minutes and filled my cunt with his cum again. I was just pulling my knickers back on as David left the tent and I heard him say 'anyone else?' a moment later one of the others was in the tent and undoing his pants. I lay back down again and removed my knickers, which I hadn't even fully got back on as the next guy took his turn screwing me.

Two more guys came in the tent next and they had me doggy style, one in my mouth and one up my cunt when someone called out that they could see Michael's truck coming. As the guy in my mouth pulled out and stuck his cock back in his pants the voice said "Too late. Stay where you are". I tried to pull away from Johnno, who was fucking me but he held firmly to my hips and kept going. I could hear the truck pull up and I heard Jason's voice outside. I turned and whispered to Johnno to let me go but he just shook his head and kept quietly fucking me. The guys outside were all talking and I heard Jason ask where Johnno and I were. David said Johnno was sleeping and I had gone for a bit of a walk about half hour ago and should be back soon. Johnno was still fucking me with my boyfriend right outside and I was trying very hard not to make any noise as he slammed into me. My heart nearly stopped when someone slapped the side of the tent and I heard Jason no more than three feet away say "Johnno you lazy prick. Come and give us a hand". Johnno stopped fucking me for only a second when Jason spoke from so close and replied. "Yeah righto. I'll be there in a minute". He immediately went back to fucking me furiously and less than a minute later emptied his balls inside me.

As Johnno went to give the other guys a hand, I snuck out the back door of Johnno's tent and made my way out of the campsite. As soon as I was out of sight I stopped and cried. I couldn't believe what was happening. I was being blackmailed into fucking all my boyfriends 'friends' repeatedly, and we were getting dangerously close to being caught. After I finished crying, I wiped the tears from my eyes and tried to get rid of that 'just been fucked' look. I straightened my dress and that's when I realised that in my panic I had left my knickers behind in Johnno's tent. I had cum leaking out of me and there was nothing I could do about it. I made my way back tot he campsite and acted as if I had been away on a pleasant walk. Jason didn't seem to suspect a thing. At the first opportunity I went to my tent and got another pair of knickers to put on.

The guys had brought back lots of ice and plenty more alcohol from their shopping trip, including several bottles of Vodka. That night after dinner the main drink was Vodka and orange and I noticed that the guys were trying to get Jason to drink more. They weren't being too obvious about it though; it was only when I saw David mixing up a couple of drinks that I saw he was putting three or four times as much vodka into Jason's drink. It's kind of obvious how things were going to go from there. Jason was comatose by 9pm and I was being gangbanged at 9:05. Michael got to go first because he had missed out during the day but they all had me again and most of them came in my mouth as well.

For the next couple of days I stopped trying to resist their advances. There were no more gangbangs but they took turns finding excuses to take Jason away for a while and I was being fucked regularly. Someone took Jason out to gather some more firewood and three guys fucked me while they were gone. Mostly it was just quick blowjobs though. That way I didn't need to get undressed. If Jason went to the toilet block for example, I would be behind one of the cars sucking someone off until the lookout said he was coming back.

That camping trip was over six months ago and Jason still doesn't suspect anything as far as I know. Most of his friends fuck me whenever they can. Even a few of his friends who weren't on that camping trip have been told about me and it's a rare week that I don't get two or three guys fucking me. Most of Jason's friends work with him and I get visits from them at lunch time a couple of times a week, when they know Jason is busy at work. Never more than two or three at a time though. They seem to be taking turns to keep Jason busy at work while the others fuck me. I have become their slut now and I do whatever they tell me to. Jason mentioned that work wants him to go away on a business trip for a few days in a couple of week's time. I know when he goes I will have most of his 'friends' over and I will get seriously gangbanged again. I'm not even thinking of trying to avoid it. Part of me is even looking forward to it!

Hi! If you like my stories, or even if you don't, please give me some feedback. I would love to hear from you.

alisonames@live.com