Clubbing

by Quidproquo Â©

My story happened over last summer, when I was working at Goldman Sachs as

a summer analyst, just a glorified intern. I had just finished up my

Junior year at Princeton and just turned 21 in May, so I could finally

drink legally. I’m lucky; I’m intelligent, beautiful, and Asian â€“ it seems

like most men these days have something of an Asian fetish â€“ thanks to

Charlie’s Angels and Lucy Liu.

I’m not quite model pretty, but close enough. For those people who’ll be

using this story as a masturbation fantasy â€“ I’ll gratuitously oblige you

by telling you exactly what I look like â€“ so dream on. I’m 5’7” and a

half, always wear heels to look taller; to intimidate men who’re not

already intimidated by my looks. I have longish blue black hair, straight

and sleek down to my shoulder blades. It frames my oval face. I have large

eyes for an Asian, with long lashes â€“ of course they’re slanted.

And the usual hallmarks of Asian beauty - high cheekbones and full lips. I

have a fair skintone; something like ivory. I have an athletic build but

have enough body fat to have breasts and hips. I have a tidy hourglass

figure with long legs to complement the package. I work out a lot to

maintain my figure. Measurements? 36C, 26, 36. My breasts of course

haven’t started sagging yet, perfectly rounded and perky, resembling small

melons. My nipples are rosy light brown and they stick out all the time,

regardless of what I’m wearing. I got a lot of “is it cold in here” jokes

in the office. I can give you more details, but I’ll leave the rest to

your imagination.

So my friends and I went clubbing a lot â€“ something like 3 days out of a

week. We’d start clubbing on Thursday and end on Saturday and club hopped

all night. We were the pretty girls with the Louis Vuitton bags and

fashionably clad nice bodies that the bouncers adored and club owners

loved. One of us would always get invited to some VIP party and we never

paid for anything â€“ no cover, no drinks, either everything was on the

house or some guys would pay.

We were snobs and we deserved to be; we’re all Ivy League soon-to-be

graduates, gorgeous, and loaded, thanks to our parents. We all dress

similarly; some of our favorite designers include Chanel, Prada, and

Gucci. We seem to possess obnoxious demeanors â€“ blowing off most guys

unless it was a celebrity. Even then, my friend Jenny, the blonde in the

group â€“ got to blow off Mr. Dicaprio. The look on his face was so worth

it. We’d work hard during the week and play hard during the weekend.

I feel lucky; I had the best boyfriend out of all of my friends; the

cutest one, the one who cared the most, the richest one, the sensitive

one, the one who indulged me the most â€“ with frequent gifts of jewelry and

vacations. I don’t think I ever told my friends how boring he is in bed â€“

so repetitive, so caring, so straight-laced and normal. For a while, I was

sure I was bisexual and slept with one of my girlfriends...I just couldn’t

tell him, because he’d be so shocked, rather than pleased or excited. But

he’s perfect otherwise; he’d make a great steady husband. There’s a side

of me that I’m hiding from my idyllic life; my friends and my handsome

boyfriend. I like being slutty. I really love being humiliated and treated

like a sextoy, and being called “cunt” “fucktoy” “slut”. I think I’m

sex-obsessed. I masturbate at least once a day and own a lot of sex toys â€“

dildos, vibrators, clit rings, etc. â€“ you name it.

So I ventured out by myself, dressing up totally differently than I

usually do, putting on makeup thickly, styling my hair differently

(sometimes I wear wigs), so no one would recognize me. I love dressing

like a whore â€“ pushing up my breasts, wearing a top that shows more than

covers, showing leg, and a little pussy, if the skirt short enough â€“ since

I don’t wear knickers when I want to get some action while I’m out. Looking

cheap makes the other person treat you like you’re cheap; it lets the

other person relax and start using you â€“ and I love that feeling â€“ of

being used hard, like all I am is a cunt â€“ my intelligence or beauty

doesn’t matter anymore.

I wanted some good clean fucking that night, so I told my friends I wasn’t

feeling so good. My boyfriend was conveniently out of town visiting his

folks in Guam. I took a quick shower and then shaved my pussy cleanly, so

that only the small triangle patch remained above my clit. I put on a deep

V-neck gold mesh top that skimmed my nipples and showed most of my

midriff. Then I pulled on a black miniskirt with two inch slits on both

sides. Slipping on my ostrich leather heels I set out for Webster Hall, a

dive that none of my friends would frequent.

I got in free; the bouncer got an eyeful of my body and considered that

payment enough. Once inside, I hit the floor, really dancing it up,

shaking my tits and ass. It didn’t take long for a guy to come up to me.

Instead of muttering a hello, his hands firmly grasped my waist and pulled

me close to his body. “Hi~” I said, licking my lips. “How are you?” “Good.

Aren’t you gorgeous! What’s your name?” he asked. “Ellen. And you?” I

whispered in his ear as I pushed up closer to him, putting my legs in

between his and grinding my pussy against his upper thigh. “Paul.” He

replied. I took his hands and put them on my tits. He started to maul them

roughly.

I moaned as his fingers found my nipple and started to lightly pinch it.

“You like this, don’t you?” “Mmm...yes...” His other hand reached and

started to grope my ass. I got very horny as he continued to massage my

ass and pinched my nipples. He started to kiss my neck when I felt a pair

of hands on my waist. I was startled. Then I felt Paul’s hand massaging my

pussy lips which were already moist. I saw him almost straighten up and

look into my eyes, in a kind of amazement â€“ that a girl would not be

wearing knickers...and be soaking on his hands. He grinned and massaged my

pussy. The guy behind me grasped my breasts from behind me, putting his

hands inside my top. “Hey Paul...she’s gorgeous.” The guy behind me

started to kiss the back of my neck while grinding into my ass. I felt his

erection, rubbing against me. “ah!” I gasped, as Paul’s finger went into

my pussy. “Mmmmm...” I tried to relax against it but he started to move it

in and out. I bucked against it, pushing my ass against Paul’s friend.

I got a little afraid though...in the middle of a very crowded dance

floor...so I knew that people were paying very little attention to

us...but I was still afraid of being so slutty with two guys. I started

thinking of a way to get out of this situation.

“Paul...” “Yeah, baby?” “I need to go...to the bathroom.” “Oh yeah? I’ll

go with you then.” He grabbed my wrist and started off the dance floor. I

quickly looked behind me, hoping to see who was groping my tits, but I

couldn’t tell in the dark. Paul led me to a dark hallway. “It’s in there.”

He said.

“What do you mean, it’s in there? These aren’t the bathrooms...the

bathrooms are on the first floor.” I said. I relaxed and smiled once he

explained that these were bathrooms reserved for “private” activities of

special guests and club managers. “Paul? You wanna come in with me?” He

grabbed my waist and pushed me in one of the doors. “Of course I’d love

to, babe.”

He sat down on the toilet and I quickly kneeled in front of him. He undid

his pants and took his erect penis out. “Are you gonna suck me off, Ellen,

like a good little slut you are?” “Mmmm...yes...of course, I love sucking

cock!” I replied and eagerly took his cock inside of my mouth. I loved the

taste of pre-cum and the feel of a long, hard penis stretching out my lips

and filling my mouth. He grabbed my hair and started to jerk it back and

forth. “Yeah, little slut...mmm...yeah, you’re doing good. Mmm..yeah,

little fuck slut. Mmm...use your tongue...” he instructed me as he started

to fuck my face. I thought that he would come in 20 minutes or so, but he

didn’t so I continued trying to blow him off.

Blowing him made me feel so cheap, being on my hands and knees in a

bathroom, getting face fucked by a guy I just met...it turned me on so

much that my cunt juices were running down my leg. I closed my eyes and

let his hand lead the face fucking/blow job. Suddenly, I felt a pair of

hands on my waist, then my legs being separated and a large cock spreading

out my lips and entering my cunt. “mMMPPHPP!!!” I struggled, trying to

look behind me, but Paul was holding my head firmly. The guy behind me was

fucking my cunt hard. He didn’t even bother taking my skirt off and was

pinching my nipples really hard through the top. “MMMMPHPHPPH!!” I

struggled and tears ran down my face. “You’re asking for it, dressed like

that, not even wearing knickers...besides, you like it, don’t you? You

chinky little whore!” The guy behind me started pulling my hair, fucking

me furiously. Then he and Paul both pulled out.

“You want us to stop? Hmmm?” Paul said. I was silent for a moment. I was

loving it, having two guys fuck me so roughly, using me like this. But I

felt so ashamed that I was loving the way they were treating me. “If you

want us to stop, we will. We don’t want to do anything against your will.”

Paul released his grip on my head. I smiled, and felt that I could trust

him. He offered his hand, so I took it. He grabbed my wrists very tightly.

I got a bit afraid and backed away - suddenly something was placed around

my eye and I was blindfolded. “What the fuck??” I struggled and kicked but

the guy behind me grabbed my ankles and pushed them down onto the floor.

“So what do you want, Ellen? You want us to stop?” Blind, I had no sense

of direction. Somebody pushed me down and spread open my legs, and started

to lick my pussy. He sucked on my clit and I began to moan. I felt so

close to cumming...the humiliation and then the stimulation...mmm...and

then he stopped. “AHHH! Please!” I yelped.

“Please what?” “Please...” “Yes?” “Please...do that again.” “That’s not

good enough. You can do better...you were very persuasive out on the dance

floor.” Another lick on my clit. “Mmmmmm!” I moaned loudly. “Please.

Please fuck me. I want it.” Someone picked me up and placed me across

their lap. He gave my ass stinging slaps.

“AHHHH!!! UGH!” I cried out. My pussy was slick and juice was flowing down

my thighs. Every time he raised his hands, I was afraid, anticipating the

pain and sting. “AHH!!”

“So...” said Paul, “Try begging again.” I quickly got on to my hands and

knees.

“I need your cocks inside of me. Please. I’m begging you. I’m such a

fucking slut, I’m your fuck toy, I’m a big cunt. Please fuck me. My cunt

needs you to stretch it out. Please. Please. I’ll do anything! Please!!!”

“Oh yeah...” Paul’s voice sounded sly and methodical. “I’m glad to hear

that, Ellen.” I heard a knock.

“Come in, guys.”

I don’t know how many guys it was, but I heard many voices and the sounds

of many feet as they stepped nearer to me.

“Shit! Look at this bitch!” “Nice tits!” “She’s sopping wet!” “How many

times did you guys fuck her already?” “Good score, Paul.”

I got so scared that I started to shake and cry. The fear was intensified

because I couldn’t see what was going on in front of me. Someone’s cock

entered my pussy and another one was shoved into my mouth. I imagined the

worst, dirty guys with knives and guns, ready to rape me and hurt me

afterwards.

“Oh, poor baby. Are you afraid?” said one of the men. I nodded as much as

I could with a cock down my throat. “Don’t worry, I swear no one will hurt

you, as long as you do what we want.” That voice scared me the most. I

lost it, and started to kick and writhe and flail my arms. Someone slapped

the side of my face. Then my arms were tied and my legs held down, spread

eagled.

My Gucci gold mesh top was ripped off of my body. I felt two pairs of

hands on my breasts and lips on my nipples. One guy bit gently around the

aureoles. I almost felt like he was kind.

“Gucci?” someone said tauntingly. “Rich bitch likes cock, huh? Fucking

whore!” with that, I felt a stinging slap on my breasts. I cried out

around the cock in my mouth, which only made the guy shove it in more

deeply. He fucked my face mercilessly. I felt my lipstick smearing on my

jaw.

The guy in my mouth pulled out and splattered my face. The warm, sticky

liquid coated my face and dripped down my nose and chin. A few minutes

later, the cock in my cunt exploded and I felt a surge of warmth inside of

me. It dripped down my pussy lips and down my thighs. Immediately, another

cock was inside of me, banging me so hard that my body was moving forward

and my knees begin to feel raw. Another guy pushed his hairy balls into my

mouth and made me suck on them.

I was raised up and made to sit on a cock, and pump myself up and down on

him. If I stopped moment, someone would pinch and twist my nipple, or a

stinging slap would be registered to my ass cheeks. I got so horny, I kept

pumping until I came on top of him. Someone must’ve been jacking off,

because I felt cum hit my breasts, squirting on my arms and back.

I was beginning to enjoy this, this wonderful humiliation and gangbang. I

was so enthusiastic, I was begging for more cocks, shouting “harder!

Harder! Please, fuck me, I’m your fuckslut!” The guys cheered and called

me “cunt, whore, fucker, slave.” I felt so dirty, so skanky, with all of

these guys wanting me, wanting to fuck me and use me. I felt like a

fucking slut, like a nymphomaniac. It felt so good to be desired, not for

my money or for my intelligence...but as a piece of meat to fuck. I was

holding my own legs open, spreading my pussy lips for better access. I

played with my own nipples while guys fucked me. The guys cum lubricated

me, and I could take guys on immediately without discomfort.

“Dirty skank...I love sloppy seconds...” Said one guy as he entered my

well worn pussy. “I knew she’d be a good one!” I heard Paul somewhere.

This went on for what seemed like hours. I stopped counting after the 10th

time I felt a new cock inside of my cunt...I don’t even remember how many

cocks I took in my mouth. It was one after another, on and on. Once, my

blindfold was taken off and a bright light flashed in front of my face. I

was so surprised that I couldn’t even react. The blindfold was immediately

replaced and the cocks kept on fucking me. I later realized that it must

have been a camera flash, but at that point, it just didn’t seem to

matter. I was just so thankful that no one tried my asshole. I’m an ass

virgin, so I was frightened that they would try it â€“ I knew it would hurt

so badly.

I must’ve orgasmed at least ten times. Cum was coating my body. My hair

was matted with cum since the guys were wiping their cocks clean on it.

Finally, I had only one guy on my body, just taking his time inside of my

pussy, just going in and out, rhythmically and smoothly. His penis was

very large and spread me entirely apart. Even his head was rock hard. He

would pull out almost all the way, then plunge back in, making me sigh and

scream continuously. The intensity of that pleasure is difficult to

describe in words. My cunt walls were gripping his penis, and being spread

apart simultaneously. I felt like I was going to explode any moment.

After keeping me on the verge of orgasm for a long while, he started to

fuck me furiously, grabbing my waist and jamming me up and down as he

moved in and out. I yelled and screamed, struggling against my bonds. I

started cumming, just screaming. He kept on fucking me and my clit was

getting very sore. A sudden warmth filled my cunt. He spurted and spurted

and spurted. My cunt couldn’t take that much cum and the spunk dribbled

down my anus and collected in a pool below my ass. Then he collapsed on

top of me â€“ his comfortably heavy weight pinned me down. I felt his lips

on mine â€“ kissing me, and exploring my mouth with his tongue. The

tenderness shocked me. That was my only kiss that night. Then he turned to

my ear and whispered, “You’re everyone's fuck slut tonight, aren't you,

Dana?” I went rigid with shock underneath him.

“Well, this slut is spent ~ I don’t want any more of her skanky cunt.” He

said, as he got off of me. Other guys muttered things in agreement.

I heard the guys generally getting ready to go, zipping up and stuff.

Somebody untied my wrists.

“Get a cab ride home, thanks for the entertainment.” I felt something like

pieces of paper drop on my belly.

“Keep the change.”

The bathroom door creaked and I heard them all exit. When footsteps died

away, I undid the blindfold. I slowly opened my eyes, trying to adjust to

the intense florescent light. I lay on the cold tile floor for several

minutes just looking at the ceiling, thinking about the what just

happened. I was called some unimaginably demeaning cuss words. My legs

were sore from being spread open so long, my pussy as sore and swollen, so

were my lips. When I looked down on my stomach, there were five hundred

dollar bills scattered on and around me. I smiled, then started crying.

Someone must’ve felt sorry for me, because he left his jacket behind. I

washed up the best I could using the sink â€“ the paper towels were rough

against my delicate skin. I wet my hair, slicked it all back, then tied it

up in a bun. My makeup was all smudged, so I prettied myself up â€“ or

tried. I put on the jacket and tied the sash that was used as the

blindfold, around my waist. I stuffed the remainder of my Gucci shirt into

the pocket along with the money. Hazily weaving through the crowded club,

I felt like I was on ecstasy. I hailed a cab.

“72nd and Madison.” As the taxi moved on, I looked out the window,

completely out of it. With my left hand, I gently touched my abused pussy

lips, remembering how it felt when it was stretched out with so many

cocks. I lifted my fingers up to my nose and smelled the musty odor of

cum. I was immediately aroused again. I absent-mindedly went through the

pockets of the jacket. I fiddled with a piece of paper â€“ thick,

cardboard-like, rectangular. It felt like a business card. I pulled it

out. The taxi passed Central Park. Under the occasional sodium street

lamp, I tried to look at the card â€“ just my business card from Goldman

Sachs. I turned it around.

A scratchy blue ink. “Dana, looked like you had fun. Call me.” And a phone

number.

The taxi stopped. I handed the driver a Franklin and got out of the cab.

I almost threw the card down the sewer grates...but decided against it at

the last moment.

“Late night, Miss Dana?” said the doorman.

I perfunctorily nodded and put the card back in the pocket. Maybe. Just

maybe...