**Cunt Hunt**

by[juicyjodi](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=201425&page=submissions)©

Hi. Let me introduce myself. My name is Jodi, and in most ways I think I'm a fairly average Australian college girl. For instance, I'm always broke, I don't study as hard as I should, and I love to party. In other ways though, I'm probably not average. I think I have above average looks - I'm blonde, 5'8", slender, but with fairly large breasts (C cup), nice legs, and a tight ass that I'm quite proud of. (I probably sound really conceited saying this, but I'm not really.) The other way I'm not quite average is my sex life. I've often wondered what the exact definition of a nymphomaniac is, and whether I meet the criteria. What can I say, I just love to fuck.

I don't fuck just anyone though, it has to be someone that turns me on. I just seem to get turned on very easily, that's all. I'm always checking out guys, and when I see something I like, my mind starts drifting. For instance, I see a nice muscular chest, and I start to think how it would feel to be running my hands over it while I ride his cock. I see a set of nice tight buns, and I wonder how they'd look, clenching and relaxing as he drives into me from behind. As soon as I start thinking these things, my pussy gets wet, and it doesn't take much of a pick up line before I'm spreading my legs and inviting him aboard.

I must sound like a total slut, but I do have my limits. I never fuck sleazy guys, or nerds, or anyone else that doesn't do it for me. Anyway, enough about that. As I was saying - fairly average college girl. My parents live in the same city as me, but I don't live with them anymore. I value my privacy a bit too much. I share a flat with another college girl, Chloe, who doesn't mind me screaming and moaning when I bring a guy home. In fact, she once told me she likes to listen in when I'm having sex, and plays with herself as she imagines me getting drilled. It actually gets me horny, knowing she's listening when I'm with a guy - I get even more vocal than usual. Don't get the wrong idea though, we're not lesbians. OK, there was one occasion where we got a little drunk, and things got a bit out of hand, but that's it. Chloe certainly brings home her share of the guys too.

That's where this story really starts. I came home from uni late one night and I heard the familiar sounds of Chloe's moans. She'd actually left her bedroom door open too, so as I walked into my room I caught a glimpse of them, both naked, her sitting on his face as he lay on the bed, erect cock in her hand. I sat in my room, listening in for a while. By the time Chloe screamed out her orgasm, my pussy was sopping. I was tempted to run in there and jump on his cock, but I knew Chloe would probably want that for herself. I decided to go out and find my own. I dressed in a skimpy black dress, with some lacy black lingerie, then took a cab in to my favourite spot in the city.

I spotted Brian when I first scanned the club. I'd never seen him before, but he was a hunk. Tall, well built, and his ass looked great in jeans. When he offered to buy me a drink I was so hot that I would have bent over for him in the middle of the club. Ten minutes later we were in a cab, headed to his place. The cab ride was one of the more interesting I've had. Just after we'd got in, Brian told me to take off my bra and panties. I did so, trying to be as subtle as possible to avoid the prying eyes of the cabdriver, but then, when I handed them to Brian, he simply threw them in the front passenger seat. I covered my embarrassment by giving the driver a sexy look as he adjusted his mirror to check me out. Brian's hand proceeded to rub my thigh, pushing the hem of my short dress higher and higher as he got bolder. I saw the driver adjust the mirror again, lower this time, but then I forgot all about him as Brian's fingers found my cunt. I tried not to moan, but I couldn't help squirming as he fingerfucked me all the way back to his place. When we got out, I heard the cab driver offer to forget the fare in exchange for a blowjob, but fortunately Brian told him, "Sorry, she's all mine tonight." He was about to hand over the money when he paused, seeming to change his mind. "Tell you what, forget the fare and you can keep the bra and panties." The cab driver nodded and I saw him pick up my panties, and wrap them around the erect cock that I only just realized was jutting out of his pants. I grinned and walked away as he started to wank himself.

Our first fuck was hard, fast and urgent. We didn't even make it to the bedroom. With my dress bunched up around my waist, he bent me over the kitchen table as I turned my head and growled, "Fuck me hard!" He needed no further encouragement. I came so hard as he plowed me, smashing his hips into mine as he stretched my cunt. My body bucked up and down in orgasm, tits slapping against the polished wood of the table until he too exploded, filling me with his sticky jizz.

The second time was much more controlled, but no less satisfying as he dazzled me with his knowledge of the Kama Sutra. We took a shower together afterwards, so I could wash the cum off my belly and tits, then I fell asleep naked in his bed, a deep post-coital slumber. I woke early the next morning on the verge of yet another orgasm, thanks to Brian's tongue on my clit. I clamped my thighs down on his head as I screamed in pleasure, and after getting my breath back I happily returned the favour, being quickly rewarded with a sticky breakfast. (Yes, I do swallow. Not that I like the taste, but it makes the guys happy, and I prefer it to getting a facial.)

Later that morning, Brian made me the offer that changed my life. "How would you like to make a lot of money for one day's work?" Basically, the deal was as follows. I, along with three other girls, would be the object of a game. In the simplest terms, it was a game of hide-and-seek. Each of us girls, wearing only a bikini, would be sent out to hide in the forest, for three hours. During that time, four teams, each consisting of four guys, would be trying to find us. If we got found, we had to give up a piece of our bikini to them. They then let us go to try and hide again. If we were found a second time, we gave them the second piece of our bikini. If we were found a third time, then we had to be prepared to be fucked by four strangers in the forest.

The appeal of the offer was that if we made it through the three hours without getting fucked, then we went home with our money. It was a lot of money too, especially for me - I'm not going to tell you exactly how much. Everyone has their price, I just don't want everyone knowing what mine is. There was another catch too though. If we did get caught and fucked, then we had to spend the night as the reward for whichever team collected the most items of clothing. No prizes for guessing what that entailed.

To cut it short, I spent a lot of time thinking about it, and while I didn't say yes straight away, I did eventually. It was just too much money to turn down, and I managed to convince myself I'd have no trouble hiding for three hours. In retrospect, not such a wise decision.

On the day, we changed into the bikini's we were given, and then got into the back of a truck. I was given a thong, and the rough wooden seat in the back of the truck nearly gave me splinters in my ass. None of the girls spoke much, I guess we were all feeling pretty nervous. They were all very pretty, nice bodies. I wondered if they'd been selected in the same way I had. The forest we went to was private property, fully fenced off, so we were assured that if we saw any guys out there, they were after us. We were let out of the truck at different points, and told we had ten minutes before the guys would be after us.

I ran as soon as I was out of the truck. I wanted to put as much distance as possible between me and the last place I was seen. The forest wasn't too thick, but good enough that I thought I'd be able to hide reasonably well. I found myself a small gully and decided to hide in there. It wasn't a comfortable place to wait, but I put up with it. Although I didn't have a watch on, I figure I must have been there nearly an hour before I heard them. They slid down into the gully not far from where I waited, and I heard them heading my way. There wasn't enough cover to stay where I was, so I clambered out of the gully, trying to make as little noise as possible. All that effort was for nothing though, when I crawled out right at the feet of the other two team members that hadn't gone down the gully. They had triumphant smiles on their faces when one called, "Up here, guys."

"OK, blondie, show us your tits." I undid the bow behind my neck as they watched, letting the top fall away from my breasts, secretly pleased by their murmurs of approval. As I undid the other bow, one of them stepped forward, reaching up to feel me. I did nothing to stop him, merely taking off my top and handing it to the other guy as my tits were rubbed and squeezed. Emboldened by the lack of protests, he leant forward and ran his tongue over my nipple. I could hear the other two guys climbing out of the gully now, but I was distracted by my nipple being sucked. I love having my tits played with, and I could feel my cunt getting wet. It took all my willpower to stop myself from reaching for his cock. Eventually I pushed him back, knowing that if I didn't I'd be helpless to stop them from going further. After giving the two other guys a good perv at my tits, I left them.

Its hard to run when you've got big tits and no bra. They bounce all over the place, and its quite uncomfortable. I managed to find myself a fallen log to hide behind, and decided to stay there, hoping I could wait out another hour or two. To pass the time, I thought about how I'd just let a stranger suck my tits, and how good it had felt. I wondered what he'd be like in bed, how big his cock was, what he'd want to do with it. I imagined him squeezing my tits as he fucked me from behind. (Doggy style is my favourite position.) I soon found myself incredibly hot and horny, and I had to slip a hand down my thong to touch myself. Eyes closed, I masturbated, rubbing myself to the verge of climax as I imagined being fucked like a dog. I stopped abruptly when a deep voice growled, "You dirty little slut!"

Before I could even open my eyes, a hand had grabbed me by the hair and pulled me to my knees. I snatched my hand out of my pants as I opened my eyes, looking up to see my captor. My heart sank, and I almost cried when I recognized him.

Jason took several of the same classes as I did. Only a few weeks earlier he'd come on to me, showing himself to be a true sleaze when he said, "That's a nice shirt. It would look great on my bedroom floor." He had nothing going for him in my eyes, so I told him to beat it. The problem is, he didn't take no for an answer. His comments just got sleazier, and he hassled me all the more. He somehow got my phone number, and started leaving dirty messages on my machine, for instance, "Hi, message for Jodi. I'm just ringing to talk about your hot little cunt and my thick hard cock. Call me so we can arrange a time to cover your face in my cum."

Now here he was, his hand gripping my hair as he leered down at my half naked body, an evil look on his face as he said, "Still think you're too good for me slut?" His other team members gathered around behind him as he pulled me to my feet. Reaching out with his spare hand, he pinched my nipple, twisting it hard so I was forced to bite my lip to stop from crying out. "So glad to see you here, Jodi. I'm gonna give you the fucking of your life today, bitch. My dick is gonna make you scream when I ram it up your stuck-up little ass. But first you're gonna show me your cunt."

It was pointless trying to resist, so I pushed my thong down my hips, and wriggled out of it, revealing my shaved cunt to four strangers. Jason still gripped me by the hair, and he held me still as his other hand probed between my legs. I gasped as he slipped one finger inside me. "Mmm, nice and wet for me. OK, the sooner we let you go, the sooner we get to catch and fuck you. You've got five minutes slut. After that my dick will be coming for your ass."

I ran like my life depended on it, ignoring my bouncing tits as I dodged through trees, jumped over logs and weaved between bushes. The last thing I wanted was to be fucked by that creep. I knew he'd make it the most humiliating experience of my life, and I didn't think he was kidding when he said he'd be coming for my ass. I ran hard for what I figured was five minutes, then I slowed down. I didn't want to make too much noise and guide them to me. I tried desperately to think of a plan. Hiding wasn't working too well, but what else could I do? The idea came when I saw Rachel.

She was crouched on the other side of a clearing, tits bare, but she still had her bikini bottoms. It was an awful thing to do, but I was desperate to avoid being fucked by Jason. Nobody had said there was any rule about not taking another girls clothing. I crept up on her, pushing her onto her back as I caught her by surprise. "I'm sorry," I said, as sincerely as could, at the same time straddling her chest. She wore a string type bikini, with the bows that do up on either hip. (Similar to the one I'm wearing in my profile pic.) I managed to get one bow undone before her struggling threw me off. I grabbed her as she tried to get to her feet, wrestling her to the ground again, her bikini bottoms hanging off one hip.

As I said earlier, I'm not a lesbian, but I have to admit, wrestling with Rachel really turned me on. We were both virtually naked, bare breasts rubbing together, sometimes her face in my tits, sometimes vice versa. At times, her legs were between mine, my bare cunt rubbing against her thigh, and I was getting so wet. We were both gasping for breath, from a mixture of exertion and arousal, when I managed to get on top of her and pin her down. I don't know exactly how it happened, but I was straddling her again, facing her feet, but when I sat back this time, I lowered my cunt right onto her face. I swear it was an accident, but Rachel didn't think so, and Freud probably wouldn't either. I managed to undo the other bow and yank the bikini bottoms out from under her, ignoring the muffled protests from between my legs. I was so turned on by the fight, and now having Rachel's face against my cunt, that I didn't want to move. I realised suddenly that my hips were slowly gyrating, grinding my cunt into her face. I was so shocked by what I was doing that I stopped, and stood up.

A constant stream of abuse flowed from Rachel's mouth. "You filthy lesbian slut, how dare you use me like that." At least she wasn't trying to get her bikini bottoms back. I quickly did them up on my hips, feeling much more secure as I did. Rachel's face glistened in the sunlight, my pussy juice smeared over her mouth and cheeks. At that moment, Jason and his gang burst into the clearing. He glowered at me when he noticed I was wearing half a bikini again, but I saw a lascivious glint in his eye when he looked at Rachel, now naked and on her knees.

"It's your choice now Jason. You can either take these off me," I said, gesturing to my bikini bottoms, "or you can have her." I could see him weigh up the options. He wanted me, but if he took the bikini bottoms he had no guarantee of catching me again, whereas he had another hot looking girl that he could fuck right now. "OK Jodi, you can go for now. Just remember when you hear this cunt screaming, that you're responsible."

I backed away to the edge of the clearing, watching as Jason dropped his pants and walked over to Rachel. He roughly pushed her forward onto her hands and knees, ignoring her sobbing, and knelt behind her. His cock was big and hard and I saw him line it up, not with her cunt, but with her ass. Rachel's reaction was immediate. "No, please, not there, you can't!" She cried and begged but it fell on deaf ears. Jason very deliberately looked across at me and I realised I was holding my breath as I waited. I still felt horny from my encounter with Rachel, and as I watched, I knew that I wanted to see her get fucked, I wanted to see him ram that cock up her ass, to hear her cries for mercy. I was certainly discovering a new side to myself today.

Jason didn't keep me waiting. He thrust forward hard, slamming his cock into her. Rachel's scream sent a thrill of pleasure radiating through my pussy. I've let a few guys do me up the ass, and although its not a favourite, I don't hate it. Judging by her reaction, this was Rachel's first time, and she wasn't enjoying it. Admittedly, the guys that assfucked me were gentle, probably wanting to be allowed to do it again at some later stage. Jason wasn't being at all gentle. He pumped his hips hard, slamming in and out of her tight hole, pulling her back onto his cock as he thrust forward. Her tits swung and jiggled beautifully beneath her as her body was pummeled. I stood beside a tree, leaning against it for support as I enjoyed the sight of Rachel getting her ass reamed. I pulled the crotch of my bikini to one side, allowing my fingers access to my cunt. I rubbed myself blatantly, ignoring the fact that I was in full view of Jason and his cronies. I just couldn't help myself, watching Rachel getting raped and hearing her screams had me so hot. One of Jason's mates knelt at Rachel's head. Grabbing her by the hair he pulled her head back, roughly shoving his dick into her open mouth, muffling her cries.

I was virtually on the edge of an orgasm, rubbing myself frantically when I felt a hard cock press against my ass. "Get those pants off, baby, and we can get to work on you, too." I turned around to face the new group, my mind full of outrageous thoughts. They were all not bad looking, and I was so horny at that moment that I could have taken them all, then and there. The one in front raised his hands and started pawing at my tits. I heard another one say, "C'mon, hurry up, we've only got twenty minutes left."

Twenty minutes! If I could put them off another twenty minutes I'd be walking away with the money today, instead of being used as a fucktoy for the night. I slowly undid the bows that held my bikini bottoms on, letting them fall to the ground, leaving myself once again naked before a group of strangers. One of them snatched up the bikini from the ground and held it to his nose, sniffing deeply. "Five minutes," he said, "Then we'll give you the fucking of your life."

I took off again, glancing over my shoulder to see two of them leering at my bouncing breasts, while the other two held a conversation I couldn't catch. When I looked back again, I could only see three of them, and then they were lost to sight as I moved deeper into the forest. Once again I ran hard, but this time I swore I heard someone else running nearby. I never saw him or her, but when I stopped, they did too, and when I ran again, I could hear them running nearby. It was only after five minutes were up that I saw him, one of the guys that had just confronted me. They'd cheated, sending him to track me so they wouldn't risk going without their fuck. I tried to outpace him and I was doing all right, until I ran head first into a six foot high wire mesh fence.

He was on me in seconds then, yelling out to his mates as his body pinned me against the fence. I could feel his cock pressing between my buttocks, thick and hard as my tits were squashed up against the wire mesh. He bent his knees, kicking my feet apart as he did so. I didn't even try to resist, I don't know if I could have if I wanted to. I'd been so horny for hours now, I wanted that cock in me. I felt it between my legs, probing between my cunt lips, then he groaned as I moaned, his thick meat sliding beautifully up my sopping wet hole. He fucked me against the fence there for several minutes as I squirmed and moaned, then his team mates showed up. They were cheering and whooping as they saw me taking their mates cock, then one of them said, "We don't have much time! Get her down here so I can start using her mouth."

With his dick deep inside me, he grabbed my arms and started pulling me backwards, taking small shuffling steps so his dick stayed in my cunt. When we were off the fence he pulled my arms backwards, forcing me to bend forward until my face was at cock level. He started fucking me again like that, holding my arms and using them to keep me bent over and also to pull me back onto his cock as he thrust forward. One of the others grabbed me by the hair and, rubbing his cock over my face said, "Start sucking."

I opened obediently, letting his dick slide into my mouth as I ran my tongue over it. I sucked his cock like a good little slut, I was so turned on by all of this. I could feel the guy in my cunt getting more and more frantic, pounding me harder and faster, then suddenly he pulled out of me and I felt a hot sticky fluid raining down on my lower back and ass. It took only a few seconds for another hard cock to be thrust back up me, once again pounding urgently away at my pussy. I don't know how other girls feel when they're fucked in this position (spitroasted, as one of my male friends refers to it), but for me it was getting quite uncomfortable. I started getting cramps in the back of my thigh from trying to support myself. I mean, I love to be bent over for a fuck, but I like to have something to lean on too. None of the guys seemed to notice my discomfort though, and I don't think it would have made much difference if they had.

The guy in my mouth was breathing hard and I sucked him extra deep, trying to drain the cum from his balls. It worked, he gasped and I tasted the first of his seed before he pulled out and sprayed the rest over my face, still holding my hair so I couldn't avoid it. He looked pleased with himself as he admired my cum splattered visage, then his friend pushed him roughly out of the way, jabbing the final hard cock between my waiting lips. I heard a siren go off, signaling the end of the three hours, but they didn't even pause. The guy in my cunt was going extra hard now, and it didn't take long before he unloaded in my pussy. When he pulled out, I sank gratefully to my knees and began working in earnest on the mouthful that I had. He too decided that he wanted to spray my face, so when I got to my feet, I was dripping with a double load, and yet, I still felt good.

It turned out that all the girls had been caught and fucked, so we were all staying the night as a prize for the winning team. In the evening they had us wait on the tables (still naked), enduring the rough groping and pinching while we served dinner. I was just grateful that I'd been allowed to shower first and wash off the sweat and cum. After dinner they announced the winner of the day's competition, capturing three articles of clothing and a well fucked slut (as the announcer so charmingly phrased it). My heart sank once again as Jason's team got to their feet. I knew I was in for a long night.

They took us up to a large room. There were a couple of beds in the corners, mattresses covered the floor, and around the wall were handcuffs, chains, dildos and whips. All the girls were silent as we were led in here, (Rachel wouldn't look at me) and then we sat and waited for the victorious team to come and claim their prize. We didn't have to wait long. Jason and his cronies walked in cheering and whooping. Jason walked straight up to me and said, "I'm gonna fuck your brains out tonight, you stuck-up little slut! And its gonna be all night long too, cause we've all had two viagra's each. You're gonna be sore in the morning!"

Most of that night I remember just as a blur of orgiastic fucking, sucking, screaming, moaning and groaning. I know that all the guys had me more than once, and I know all my holes were fucked more than once. There are a few incidents that stand out clearly though. The first fuck of the night, Jason made sure I was the centre of attention. The other three girls were made to lie in a triangle, their faces in the next girls pussy, while all the guys were with me. I was made to lie on my back on the mattress covered floor. One guy held my hands down over my head, another two held a leg each, forcing me to bend my knees up near my chest and then spreading them out wide, splaying me open, my shaved cunt on display for all to see. Jason, of course, knelt between my wide open thighs, his erect cock jutting out above my pussy. He took his time about things, heightening his anticipation I suppose, teasing me, humiliating me. He slapped his dick against me pussy lips a few times which made me jump the first time and gave him a good laugh. He gave my tits a good hard squeeze, and then bent forward, taking a nipple in his mouth which he proceeded to chew hard between his teeth. I managed to resist the impulse to cry out, denying him that satisfaction at least. He merely smiled as I glared at him, then positioned himself with his cock pointing straight at my cunt, ready to ram it in. He leaned over me, saying, "I want to see the look on your face when my cock splits your cunt open."

I tried not to, but I couldn't help but groan as he rammed it into me, my pussy forcibly stretched to accommodate his thick meat. I could see the look of triumph on his face as his hips slammed against mine, impaling me to the hilt. The intensity of that fuck never let up until he filled me with his cum. I think he was trying to take out all his frustrations on me by pounding my pussy. I lay there, held down by three men as Jason slamfucked me into the ground, his cock drilling deep inside me. I couldn't help but get turned on, pretty soon I was groaning with every thrust which just seemed to spur him on, harder, faster. Finally, he slammed into me and just held there for a second, his pelvic bone pressing against my clit, my cunt filled with cock. I fell over the edge and screamed as an orgasm washed over me, my body bucking, my pelvis grinding against his. He held there until I'd recovered, grinning down at me as I gasped. "I always knew you were a dirty slut", he growled as an embarrassed flush came to my cheeks. I just lay there, feeling humiliated as he proceeded to use my cunt, cumming inside me not long after.

Later on, I remember, Jason came back for my ass. He took me on my hands and knees, like a dog, his hand pulling my hair back as he lined himself up with my tightest hole. I saw Rachel watching us, delight in her eyes as she saw that I was about to get what she endured that afternoon. I'm sure she would have had a big grin on her face too if it wasn't for the cock that filled her mouth. I tried my best to relax as Jason shoved roughly into me, but I still cried out, to the delight of both Jason and Rachel. He wasn't gentle with me, but I think I managed to relax more than Rachel had because after the first uncomfortable minute, it wasn't that bad. I looked across at Rachel and I could see she was disappointed that I wasn't screaming the house down. She still stared at us, watching me take an assfucking. She should have concentrated more on the cock in her mouth because as I looked at her, he started to cum, catching her by surprise. I saw her eyes widen and then she gagged and started to cough. I actually laughed when he pulled out and came all over her surprised face. Jason much have enjoyed the sight too because soon after he came all over my ass.

He must have been disappointed that I took the assfucking so well too, because later, he taught me the meaning of a mouthfuck. I'd always thought it was just another name for a blowjob, but I was wrong. He literally fucked my mouth like it was my cunt. His hands gripped my hair and his hips pumped his cock in and out of my mouth. As much as I tried to relax, he just fucked harder and faster, his dick gagging and choking me as it rammed down my throat. He had no mercy, and I had almost passed out by the time he pulled out and sprayed my face. It took me half an hour before I'd really recovered from that.

Anyway, I eventually made it home in one piece, richer in both money and wisdom. I thought at that stage, I'd never let myself get into that situation again. I didn't realize that the situation hadn't yet ended.

The next week, in one of my lectures, Jason (who I'd tried to just ignore) threw an envelope in my lap. I was surprised to see my parents names and address on the front. He gestured for me to open it, and I did so. It held about a dozen photos, all of me. Me sucking a cock, me being fucked up the ass, me riding a dick while I sucked another between my lips. Jason was blunt, "You do as I say or these get sent to your folks. I want you to meet me before tomorrows lecture. Wear a skirt."

There was no way I could let those pictures get to my parents. I did exactly what he said, but what happened then will have to wait for another story.