Fraternity Entertainment

by Amyscute2000©

For those of you who haven’t read any of my stories, I’m a 23 year old recent

college graduate. I went to college in upstate NY and have been struggling to

find a real job since graduating a year and a half ago. I was living up at

school, hanging around and living with friends. After much begging and pleading

(and threatening to stop giving me any more money) my parents finally convinced

me to move back home. I’ve been home for a few months but still haven’t been

able to find a good job, so I finally gave in and took a job as a

hostess/waitress at a local bar that caters primarily to the local college crowd

by my parent’s house.

After working there a few weeks, the manager asked me if I would be interested

in working for their catering company also. Because of the strict alcohol laws

in the county, all parties for the college fraternities, sororities, and other

groups have to be catered by a certified catering company that is registered

with the school. The bar that I worked at, like many in the area, also made a

side business out of catering these parties, which basically consisted of

checking id’s at the door and selling bracelets for those who could drink. I

remembered sneaking into a fraternity party or two with my friends when I was

back in HS and I remembered seeing the catering companies controlling the kegs

and stuff. Since the bar only let me work 3 or 4 nights a week, I figured it

would be good easy extra money.

I did it for 3 or 4 parties and found that it was really easy. All I had to do

was either help the bouncers (who were all really nice and cool) give out

bracelets, or pour beers from the keg tap. Well about 2 weeks ago, the manager

asked me if I wanted to work at the Sigma Nu new pledge party, which was a party

they were throwing to welcome their new pledge class. It sounded like it would

be like the parties I had already done so I told him I’d do it.

Well during the week before the party, while speaking to my younger brother who

is a junior in college in Colorado, I filled him in on where I had been working,

and that I was going to be working at the Sigma Nu party on Friday night. I had

thought that I remembered that a two of his friends from home were in Sigma Nu.

Their names were Mark and Steven and I really didn’t like them. They had been

little perverts and jerks since my brother and they were age 14. We didn’t get

along at all, and on remembering that they were in Sigma Nu, I wasn’t happy at

all that I might see them. When I told him I was working at the Sigma Nu party

he started to freak out. “You are going to work their new pledge party! Amy, no

way, you can’t!” “Why not?” I asked, a little surprised because his being

younger, he had never tried to boss me around or tell me what to do.

“Mark and Steve tell me about that party every year, there aren’t any girls

there, its just for the brothers and the new pledges, they hire strippers and

skanky girls and go totally nuts. Last years ago they said one of the strippers

had sex with one of the new pledges in the bar room before moving upstairs to

one of the rooms.”

“Well,” I replied, “I’m just going to be serving beers and mixing a few drinks

maybe.”

“Ok whatever, but be careful, and don’t’ say I didn’t warn you,” my brother

said.

When I hung up the phone and thought about it for a minute and tried to picture

the Sigma Nu house. I didn’t really know anything about it, and when I couldn’t

remember ever going there when I was in high school or home from my college on

break. I figured I’d just ask the manager about it if I spoke to him.

On Friday night I started getting ready to go to work. After showering and

shaving my legs and all the “necessary” areas, I started to think about what I

should wear. After a few moments, I decided to wear what I had worn to the other

parties. I wore a pair of my tight blue jeans, a pair of boots, and a normal but

tight fitting black spandex top. The catering guys picked me up as usual,

because I usually didn’t know where the parties were.

On the ride over from the bar to Sigma Nu, one of the bouncers Phillip said,

“This is supposed to be a fun wild one.”

“Really? Why do you say that?” I asked meekly.

“I worked this party last year,” he answered. “They hired their own shot girls

and a couple of strippers who gave a little show towards the end of the night.

The guys got smashed and had a lot of fun, but we had to break up a few rowdy

fights here and there.”

“Oh! I know two guys that are in the house that are friends with my brother,” I

said. “They told him that it was a crazy party every year or something like too.

They said something about a stripper last year having sex with a guy at the

party and then going upstairs.”

“Yeah” the Phillip said. “Like I said, they got pretty rowdy doing shots with

the shot girls and stuff, and we had to drag a few guys away from em and break

up a few fights over that, but we had it under control.”

“Oh ok,” I said. “Just keep an eye on me will ya?”

“No problem Amy, don’t worry.” Phillip said and smiled.

When we got there nobody was around yet. It seemed like most of the guys were

upstairs getting ready, and we could hear sounds of rap music and tv’s here and

there in the floors upstairs. The 1st floor of Sigma Nu was fairly big, it had a

large foyer that had a hallway lead away off of the right side of it. Me,

Phillip and the other bouncers followed that hallway down about 15 feet to a

large room, maybe about 50 feet by 20 feet. In the back corner there was a

wooden bar about 10 feet long with a wide table behind it. The guys started to

set up the keg stations there, and a dj came and started to set up on the

opposite wall. I hung out for a while and just looked around at the fraternity

composites on the walls. There were also a lot of sports trophies and it seemed

as if a lot of guys in the house were wrestlers, lacrosse, and baseball players.

I smiled to myself thinking this could be kinda fun if I didn’t have to see Mark

and Steve, and there were some cute boys around.

The guys finished setting up and told me that I didn’t have to help sell

bracelets in foyer. After about 20 minutes, some guys started to trickle down

and into the room, and the dj started playing some music. By about 10:00 it

seemed as if half the house, about 30 guys, were there, and luckily there was no

sign of Mark or Steve. I was hoping that they were away for the weekend or

something, and I loathed the thought of having to make small talk with them

while they gave me perverted looks or tried to hit on me.

We were pouring a lot of beers, and the guys seemed to be having a good time,

and were starting to get drunk, when a two guys came up to me and Phillip. They

looked sort of frantic, one of them was tall and cute, with nice blue eyes. I

thought I had noticed him in one of the pictures.

“Listen, we’re the social chairs,” the tall handsome one said, “and we’re in

kind of a jam.”

“What’s going on? Everything looks like its going fine” Phillip said to him.

“Well we are having two strippers show up at 11:00 to dance for the guys, but we

just got a call that both girls who were supposed to give out shots can’t make

it.”

“Well what do you want us to do about that?” Phillip replied with a shrug.

Both of the guys looked me up and down for a second.

“Hmmmm, well we wanted to know if maybe she would be willing to do it for us?

Its just serving shots and a few trays of beers” the tall cute one said as he

turned to me.

“Please please please!” the other social chair added in, as he put his hands

together in a begging motion. “We’ll give you an extra $200.”

I thought about it for a second and looked around the room, “Sure” I said. “This

doesn’t doesn’t seem too bad anyway. Is it ok Phillip? You guys could handle the

beers right?”

Phillip shot me a nervous look and turned to the guys and said “Can you please

excuse us for a second.” The guys walked a few feet.

“Listen to me! I know you don’t think this is so bad, but think about if you

really want to do this. These guys are going to get a lot drunker and when the

strippers are dancing they are going to be really rowdy, and even rowdier when

they leave and there’s no women here for them to hit on.”

“How bad can it be though? I’ll just be serving shots, I’m used to guys hitting

on me or trying to pinch my ass and stuff like that.” I said.

“Well its up to you really, I’m not gonna lie, I think the shot girls made a ton

of money last year in tips, which you can keep of course, but they were letting

the guys grope them and give them pecks here and there, and all sorts of wild

stuff.” Phillip answered.

“Well I’m not gonna do that stuff Phillip!” I said.

“Well they are gonna try!.” He responded. “Plus, they are not gonna let you wear

that!” He added, pointing at my clothes.

“Well we’ll see, and I’ll try to control myself” I said with a girlish and

devilish grin. I signaled the social chair guys back over and told them I would

do it.

“Great! Thanks!” the taller guy said.

“Well when do you want me to start?” I asked.

“Ummmm, well could you change first and then keep serving beers and hang out and just start serving shots when the strippers get here?” he asked

“Change into what?” I said a little apprehensively but half expecting it.

“We have the outfits for the two girls who cancelled upstairs, hopefully one of

them will fit you, come on follow me,” he said.

I looked at Phillip and game him a nod that it was ok, and I followed the tall

guy out of the party room and down the hallway to the foyer, and up two flights

of stairs to what I assumed was his room. On the way he introduced himself as

Jimmy and I smiled and told him my name was Amy.

When we got to his room, he went over to a bed and pulled a bunch of stuff out

of a bag that looked like a bag from our local mall. He turned around and held

up in front of him what looked like a black bikini top and some strings. “Do you

think this will fit you?” he said. “It’s a string one so the woman in the store

said it was adjustable anway.”

He handed it to me. It was a black bikini top that was too big for me, since I’m

only a 34b. “This won’t fit, do you have another one?” I asked.

He looked back in the back and pulled out the other one that he had and handed

it to me. It was a 34 b. “This top will fit” I said. “Now what is about this?

You want me to wear this?” I said holding up what supposed to be the bikini

bottoms. It was just a small patch of fabric to cover me in the front, and out

of that ran three black strings, which formed just a “T” in the back.

“It’s a g-string” Jimmy said. “The girls wore them last year, oh! and we have

this too,” he said as he pulled out what looked like a blue magic marker.

“What is that for?” I asked.

“Well its for the fraternity, so its just a bodypaint marker. You know, so you

can write stuff.”

I started to get a little nervous and have second thoughts and asked, “Well what

do you intend to write and where?” I said thinking I knew where this was going.

“Well you can write whatever you want on your stomach, or arms, but, well, we

were thinking we would write a Sigma symbol and a Nu symbol on you, you know, in the spirit of the fraternity.

“HMMM, WHERE?” I asked again.

“Well if it is ok, on your butt?” he said in a soft embarrassed way.

I had to laugh. This was just too crazy, silly and humiliating. “You mean you

want me to wear a g-string, and walk around your fraternity party room serving

shots, with the Sigma Nu letters painted on my ass?!”

“Well….yeah” He answered, sensing that I was going to back out.

“Ok” he added, “I’ll give you $250, and listen, you’ll make another $100 or two

in tips also.”

I began to reconsider the whole proposal when I realized that it could also be

fun and a little bit of a turn on to do it, plus Phillip and the other bouncers

would be there, and nothing bad could really happen.

“Ok fine” I said at last. “Where can I change?”

He led me to the bathroom right next door to his room. I went in and locked the

door. After taking off my clothes and cleaning myself up a little I tried the

suit on. The top fit fine, but I was worried about the bottoms. I slid them on.

Boy did they seem small! The patch of fabric just barely covered me in the

front, and that was it. There was nothing else to them. The strings ran around

my hips and in the middle of my back, a string ran down and disappeared into my

ass. I felt like I was bottomless. Thank god I was still going kinda regularly

to a tanning salon wearing nothing, or I would have had some awful tan lines

showing. As it was, I was tan enough to look good in it. I realized that I

couldn’t walk around barefoot, and that I would have to put my boots back on. I

guess Jimmy hadn’t exactly thought about footwear. I felt a little silly in my

boots, but at least they were black, and came up to just under my knee. After

checking myself out in the mirror one last time, I gathered up my clothes and

unlocked the door, opened it, and stepped back into the hallway.

I heard voiced down the hall and being embarrassed and now knowing anyone, I

jumped back into Jimmy’s room. He was there, along with the other social chair

guy. When they saw me come in, they both had ear-to-ear-shit-eating grins.

“Nice Amy!” Jimmy said an whistled. “That looks perfect! Lemme see the back”

I turned around for them and stood there for a minute. When I didn’t hear them

say anything after a few seconds I turned back around quickly. Jimmy’s mouth was

slightly open, and the other guy was just smiling.

“Amy” he finally said, “You look awesome! Thanks again for doing this, I think

you are better than both of those other girls that can’t show up as a matter of

fact.”

“Thanks!” I said. “Ok, should we go downstairs?”

“No you forgot the paint” Jimmy said holding up the blue paint marker.

“Oh yeah, I forgot,” I lied.

“Come over here and let me fix you up” Jimmy said.

I walked over, and he kinda grabbed me by the shoulders and spun me around. He

knelt down and took the cap off of the marker. “Don’t worry” he said, “This

stuff washes off”

I felt his left hand grab my left hip and then I felt the marker and his hand

slide across my left ass check, very slowly. “How is that?” he asked his friend.

“It looks ok” he replied, then added “Here, use the red one for the other

letter.” He handed Jimmy another marker and I felt him then do the letter on my

right cheek.

“All done” he said and he stood up. “Take a look!”

I walked over to a full length mirror and turned around and looked at my ass. As

I looked I realized how humiliating this really was. My left cheek had a huge

Greek letter for Sigma, and my right and huge “N” for the Greek letter “Nu.”

“Alright, Let’s go” I said at last. I handed Jimmy my clothes and he put them in

a bag for me in the corner of his room.

We walked out into the hall and down the stairs. When we entered the foyer, the

first few guys saw me and erupted in catcalls and whistles. I turned three

shades of red and felt my skin heat up. “This is going to be interesting” I

thought to myself. When we walked through the foyer and the guys who were

hanging out saw my ass, and their fraternity letters, they erupted in clapping

and laughter and whistles again. At this, I quickly walked ahead of Jimmy and

went down the hall to the party room. When I got there, I quickly made a bee

line to the bar where I saw Phillip serving a bunch of guys beers. I jumped

behind the bar and looked at Phillip.

“So? What do you think?” I asked him, spinning around.

“Oh my god!” He answered. “For one, I didn’t know you were going to wear that!

And for two, ummm, well I didn’t know you were going to wear that!”

I giggled and looked back at the room and realized it was filled now with about

50 guys I didn’t even know. Getting embarrassed, I made sure I was facing the

room so that none of the guys who hadn’t already seen me realized I was wearing

a g-string in the back. It was about 10:30 and I helped Phillip serve beers from

the kegs. Luckily, the taps were in front of us so I didn’t have to turn around.

Everything was going fine until I saw them. Coming across the room, were Mark

and Steve, my brothers lame friends. They had obviously spotted me and were

coming straight for the bar.

“Hi Amy,” Mark said as he sauntered up to the bar. “I didn’t know you worked for

these guys” he said indicating Phillip and the other catering guys. I noticed

his and Steve’s eyes begin to wander all over my body.

“Yeah, for a little while now.” Trying to avoid further conversation, and eager

to get his wandering eyes off of my tits, I said bluntly, “What do you want? A

beer?”

They both answered yes. I looked down and froze. I was out of cups and the

sleeves of cups were back behind me on the back of a table that was behind the

bar. Phillip had walked away for a minute to chat with the DJ.

I realized I was going to have to turn around and Mark and Steve, who were

looking at right at me still, were going to see my ass. As quick as I could, I

spun around and reached back across the table and grabbed two sleeves of cups. I

had to bend over slightly to reach them on the back of the table, and as I did,

I heard Steve say “Holy shit! Mark check out Amy!” I spun back around as fast as

I could and tried to pretend it was no big deal.

Mark, giggling like a kid on Christmas, but trying to look dead serious said

“Amy, who wrote our fraternity letters one your ass?” Then, unable to keep his

straight face, he burst out laughing.

“Amy, I’d never thought in a million years I’d be able to see you like that, let

alone at our party!”

“Calm down boys” I said coldly, “I’m just working here tonight for a little

extra cash, and your other shot girls weren’t showing up, so gimme a break”

“Wait,” Steve said, “You’re our shot girl tonight? No way!” and he started

giggling uncontrollable too.

“Why? It’s not big deal” I said.

“Oh yes it is!” Answered Steve. “Your gonna have to walk all around the room

wearing that.”

Other guys were behind them and wanted beers too so Mark and Steve had to move

along which was fine with me. For the next half hour or so, guy after guy would

come up to the bar and flirt with me or try to hit on me. Phillip shot them a

nasty look for me once in a while, but some were very cute and looked muscular,

so I didn’t mind the attention actually.

The strippers were late but eventually showed up. They looked a little older

than me, and they were tall and very good looking. They had a very scary looking

bodyguard with them, who wore a black leather jacked. He looked like a convict,

but I guess that’s the point, and I figured no one would mess with the girls

with him around. A few brothers started arranging folding chairs around the

outside of the room. After a few minutes it looked as if they were almost ready

to start.

Jimmy came over to me and asked me if I was ready start walking around with

shots and beers. He brought out a tray, a ton of paper shot cups, and a few

bottles. I helped him fill them with cold Yeigermister and Southern Comfort.

When a tray was filled with about 15 shots, Jimmy looked at me and said, “Well

Amy, you’re on!”

I looked around the room and saw that the DJ had put on some hip hop dance

music, picked up the mic, and introduced d the strippers who were just starting

to dance. The room erupted in applause. Almost all of the brothers were now

sitting around the room. Jimmy signaled to the DJ. He grabbed the mic again and

announced “Ok, guys, in addition to our lovely dancers, welcome our lovely shot

girl and bartender, Amy!” The guys cheered again and looked in my direction.

“Ok, here goes” I said. I took the tray in both hands cause it was kinda heavy,

and walked into the rectangular ring of chairs. As I walked around the room, I

could feel eyes staring at me, but they were also pre-occupied looking at the

two strippers. The guys each game me a big smile as I handed out the shots. I

had walked about half way around the room when I got to Mark and Steve. They

each took a shot, and as I kept walking I heard Mark say, “Damn look at that

ass!” I thought he was talking about one of the strippers for a second and then

I felt it. SMACK!

Mark had given me a smack across my ass as I walked away. A few of the guys

sitting around them started laughing and I turned around and gave Mark a nasty

look and said “Quit it!”

“Ooooohhhh!” one of the guys said, when they saw I looked pissed. “Not gonna get

any tips that way” Steven said. I kept walking around the room and finally got

back to the bar and Phillip, who seemed mesmerized looking at the strippers. He

looked at me and smiled, “That wasn’t so bad, now was it?” he said.

“No, but that guy Mark smacked my butt! Did you see that?” I said.

“Yeah,” he answered, “But I expect you might get more of that as the guys keep

drinking.”

“I could use a drink myself I think,” I said, and slammed back one of the shots

still left on my tray. I looked out at the strippers, and a new song came on.

They now had their tops off and were wearing just bikini tops and their mini

skirts. I grabbed a tray of beers that Phillip and Jimmy had set up and walked

around the room again with it. Guys took them here and there. After giving out a

few, one of the guys grabbed one from the tray, and stuck out his hand. He had a

dollar bill in it and rubbed his hand and the bill all over my ass. Before I

could protest or move away, he took the bill and stuck it in the back of my

g-string and said, “Thanks Amy”

Phillip saw what happened and looked at me and mouthed, “Are you ok?” I nodded

yes, and just kept walking on. Every few guys or so started doing the same

thing. The strippers were now topless, the guys were getting horny, and so their

hands were all over my ass. When I got back to Mark and Steve again, Steve

looked at all the bills in my g-string and said, “Look’s like Amy’s gotten into

the spirit of it now” and then he leaned forward, slipped a bill into my

g-string, and gave me a kiss on my right butt cheek. Startled, I jumped forward

and almost dropped the tray. I couldn’t believe it! My brothers disgusting

sleazy friend had just kissed my bare ass! I was so angry, but as I looked back

at him as saw the look on his face, and Mark’s face, I saw nothing but lust.

There were two topless gorgeous strippers dancing just a few feet from them, but

they were just as turned on, maybe more, by me. I have to admit, although I

hated them, it made me feel really good.

I kept walking around the room, and ran out of beers before I got back to the

bar. Phillip had laid out another tray of shots, but he said, “Give the guys a

brake for a few minutes.” I took all the money out of my g-string and counted

it, $23. Not bad. I gave it to Phillip to hold for me.

I looked down at the tray and then at Phillip and said, “Wanna do a shot with

me?”

“Sure” he replied and we each picked one up and shot it back.

We waited for a few minutes and brothers occasionally came up to the bar for

more beers. Jimmy walked up and asked me to do a shot with him too, so I did.

While waiting, I started drinking a beer too, and by the time I was done with

that, I was definitely starting to get buzzed. A new song came on, Salt &

Pepper’s “Lets Talk About Sex” I think, and the strippers, now wearing only

g-strings, started dancing around the room and interacting with the guys a

little bit.

The bouncer they came with moved forward out of the darkness, so that he could

be seen clearly by all the guys. He announced in a loud voice above the music,

“Do not touch the girls unless you ask them or they say you can, or else we’re

gonna have a problem.” It was so the guys, who were starting to get rowdier,

wouldn’t get outta hand with the dancers, and it seemed to work.

Phillip said I should walk around again with some shots so I grabbed the tray

and walked around again. This time around, the guys were definitely getting more

comfortable grabbing my ass and legs, saying crude remarks, but they were also

getting more generous with the tips. They would hand me a few bucks, and lean

forward as I walked by and give me a kiss on the ass, like Steve had done. They

were tipping the strippers $5’s and $10’s here and there if the strippers sat on

their lap and grinded against them a bit. Guys were talking shots from like

there was no tomorrow, and I didnt’ even make it halfway around the room.

When my tray was empty, I must have had $50 in my g-string in tips. Feeling good

and very buzzed, I figured I’d walk back to the bar right across the middle of

the room. The strippers were no longer dancing in the middle anyway and were off

flirting and dancing for the brothers individually. When I got to around the

middle of the room, Jimmy and a few other brothers who were watching me and not the strippers started whistling and chanting for me to dance. I looked back over

my shoulder seductively at them, and then I looked down over my own shoulder at

my own ass and then back at them and gave it a little wiggle back and forth to

the music. This caused a huge eruption of whistles and catcalls from them.

Feeling the blood rush to my face and my heart flutter, I suddenly felt very

turned on. But it was more than that, I also felt very erotic and empowered. I

dropped the empty tray with made a loud sound and got everyone’s attention, and

started dancing like the strippers had done. The guys went nuts, knowing that I

wasn’t a stripper, and whistled and cheered even more. Even the strippers

stopped for a second and looked at me and smiled and nodded with approval.

I don’t even know what song was on, but was some hip hop song. I gyrated my hips and shook my ass and smiled and blew kisses flirtatiously at the guys. I caught

Phillip’s eye, and he smiled back at me too. I think he was started to get as

turned on as I was. I saw Mark, who had a stripper on this lap. He was looking

at me, and seemed to be in heaven. After about a minute or two, I figured I’d

better stop and go back to the bar. I turned my back on the row where Mark and

Steve were and slowly bent over to pick up my tray, making sure to keep my legs

straight. Wow! What a reaction that got!

When I got back to Phillip, I noticed he had a bulge in his jeans, and he seemed

to be sweating a little bit.

“You look like you were having fun out there” he said.

“I was,” I said as I did another shot, and slid past him behind the bar, making

sure to rub my ass against him.

After a few more songs, the strippers took their bottoms off, and were now fully

nude except for their high heels. They were now giving lap dances for $20. It

was about midnight I think, when one of the strippers came up to me and said I

was really good, and asked me if I wanted to dance some more. By now I was drunk and very turned on still from my last dance so I agreed. Big mistake!

She took my hand and led me into the middle of the room and started dancing with

me. I felt her breasts and legs touch up against my back and legs, as she rubbed

up against me. The guys, seeing the stripper doing this with me, went bonkers!

We danced faster and occoastionally I would drop to the floor and wiggle around

a bit. After a few minutes I really started getting into it. This was a lot more

fun than when I danced for my old boyfriend and his friend for some reason.

We were hamming it up. We stood side by side, and bent over at the same time,

gyrated on the floor and had a blast. Every once in a while I would look over at

Steve and Mark who were sitting in utter awe with their jaws hanging open.

During the second song, I felt the stripper I was dancing with put her hands on

my back and grab the strings of my top. Before I could say anything or stop her,

she gave it a quick tug and yanked it away. Cheers erupted and there I was,

topless in front of the entire Sigma Nu fraternity, and my brother’s friends,

dancing in a g-string. After seeing my tits, Mark and Steve each jumped out of

their seats and onto the floor joking around and making a bowing motion. Even

though I despised them, it made me laugh.

The stripper threw my top to Mark, who immediately stuffed it in his pocket. I

danced around topless, rubbing my chest and butt for the guys from time to time.

I was really starting to enjoy this. When the song ended and the next song came

on, the stripper I was dancing with walked over to the guys and resumed giving

lap dances. I looked over and saw that Phillip had brought another round of

beers on a tray around the room for me. Being alone in the middle of the room,

and not knowing really what to do, I walked to the side of the room and started

talking to Jimmy, who was now sitting on the perimeter also.

“Hi!” I said. “This is actually a lot of fun!”

“Amy,” he said, “You’re amazing, you’re as good and as hot as those other girls”

motioning to the strippers who were each busy sitting on some brothers. “How

bout giving me a dance?” He blurted out with a grin.

Blushing, I said “Well what do I get for that?”

“Ummm, well I’ll give you $20, just like those other girls.

Not knowing that I was totally hot for him and would have done it for free, I

said ok.

I spread his legs and turned around and sat on his crotch. I felt him get hard

within seconds after I started gyrating and grinding to the music. He put his

hands on my hips and pulled me harder into him. I got up and turned around and

faced him and started dancing right in front of him between his legs. By now I

was oblivious to everyone else in the room, including Mark and Steve who were

sitting right behind me across the room, but watching my every move. After a

little bit, I put my right leg over his leg, and my left too, and straddled him.

He looked up at me with his baby blue eyes, he looked so hot! I started gyrating

again and leaned forward into him.

His open mouth was on my chest in a flash, warm and sensual. I pulled quickly

away trying to tease him. The song ended and I slid back on Jimmy’s legs a

little and then moved back forward and ground my crotch against his really hard

one last time. I started to “dismount” from Jimmy, but as I did, the worst thing

happened. The front of my bikini must have gotten caught on his belt buckle and

as I stood up, SNAP! The flimsy string broke off right from the patch of fabic

in the front. I guess I had tied the side knot so tightly out of paranoia, that

instead of becoming undone, it broke.

Still oblivious to everyone else in the room except Jimmy, I grabbed my bottoms,

turned around and held them up to look at them.

I heard Mark and Steve yell first. “Holy shit!” Mark shouted. “Yeah boy!” Steve

added.

I looked down, then around the room, then at them. They had a direct front on

view of me, now bottomless too. I got into the habit of trimming my hair down

there very short, so the bottom of my lips were slightly visible too. Not

knowing what to do, I turned back around and handed my bottoms to Jimmy.

“Here!” I said. “You can keep these now I guess”

He handed me $20 and not having anywhere to put it, I stuck it in my boot.

Now, buck naked, like the strippers, I went back to the bar and slammed back

another shot.

I stood next to Phillip looking around the room. Not knowing it he was crossing

the line or it was cool, Phillip took his hand and reached behind me and put it

on my ass and kept it there. I looked at him and smiled and said “Oh ok, Mr.

‘Look I don’t think you should do this’ now wants to join in the fun!” He looked

at me sheepishly and said, “Well the other guys were, so I thought maybe……I’m

sorry, is it cool?”

“Yeah, it’s fine” I giggled.

He slid his middle finger deep into the crack of my ass and just kept it there.

After a few more songs, the bouncer that came with the strippers announced that

they were done in 10 minutes. The guys seemed upset and were all completely

smashed by now. I saw Mark motioning me over to him. There was not a stitch of

clothes in sight that I could even put on, but I knew that If I ignored him he

would just come over to me anyway, so I walked across the room. As I did, the DJ

picked up the mic and yelled “Ok fellas, Amy’s on the prowl now for the last 10

minutes!” With both hands I waved him off and shook my head in a “no no” type

fashion. Drawing boos from the guys.

“What do you want” I said as rudely as I could when I got to Mark, standing

facing him, wearing just my birthday suit and a pair of boots.

“Hey, you gave Jimmy a dance, how bout me?” he asked with a boyish grin.

Thinking fast I lied, “I only danced for Jimmy because he gave me $100.” Big

mistake for like the 15th time! He reached into his pants and fished out a stack

of bills. “

“OK, here, here’s $200” he said. “Give me and Steve a dance.”

Now I had danced for Jimmy cause he was cute, and I had my bottoms on also, but

Mark had caught me. I didn’t know what do to.

“No” I said. I danced for Jimmy because he was hot, I’m only dance for you for

$200 each.” I thought I had him. Being drunk, I had forgotten that Mark’s family

was very very wealthy.

“Fine!” he said, and he peeled off another $200.

Damn! I thought. Oh well, fuck it, what the heck, after all it was $400.

“Fine!” I said through clenched teeth. He handed me the money and I stuffed it

in my boot as the next song came on.

I turned my back on Mark and tried to sit down on his lap, but he had spread his

legs, and I found myself siting in his crotch. He was wearing a pair of kaiki’s

and I could feel him moving through them. He was rock hard. He grabbed my hips

with both hands and I started to grind into him to the music. After a few

seconds, I felt him reach down with one hand into his pants and position his

dick so that it was better positioned in between my ass cheeks. I continued to

grind him, not daring to get up and turn around. I knew if I did that he would

start sucking my tits. After about a minute, I felt him reach up with both hands

and put them on my tits. I looked up and saw that the stripper’s bouncer was

busy watching them. Phillip, enjoying this a little too much was just looking at

me and smiling.

Mark’s hands were all over me after that, grabbing and squeezing my tits,

rubbing my belly, and my ass. I was dying for the song to end so I could stop.

He leaned forward and whispered in my ear, “Amy, I want you to blow me and Steve right now or else I’m going to tell your brother and your parents next time I

come over that you did this in front of my whole fraternity. My veins went ice

cold. I felt sick.

“You would not!” I yelled back at him. I turned around and looked into his eyes,

then at Steve.

“Yup, I will, now do it!”

I thought about it for a second and said “Listen, if I do it how do I know you

wont tell them anyway?”

“Cause then it will be embarrassing for me too! Listen, you’ll just have to take

my word for it.”

I knew him, he was such an asshole, he would definitely tell them. I didn’t know

what do to. I had been turned on all evening, but I hated these guys and

couldn’t believe what he wanted me to do in front of everybody.

The song was over and a new one came on. I figured from what the stripper’s

bouncer said, this was probably going to be the last song anyway.

I stood up and turned around. “Ok, here goes Mark” I said, “If you are lying and

tell my family anyway, I’m seriously going to kill you!”

I dropped to my knees and grabbed the zipper to his pants and undid them. As I

did it, I heard Steven open his zipper too. I reached into his fly and grabbed

for Mark’s dick. It was sweaty, wet on the tip, and small. At least I wouldn’t

gag I thought. I pulled his dick through his fly and looked at it. By this time

everyone in the room had realized what was going on. Trying not to think about

it, I opened my mouth and leaned forward.

The music was blaring, drunk guys were all around, the lights were dim and then

it just happened. My brother’s friend Mark, who I had hated for years, had his

dick in my mouth. His dick twitched the second it was in my mouth, and he

immediately groaned and started moving his hips. I heard the room erupt like it

hadn’t all night. Trying to get it over with as quickly as possible, I started

bobbing my head up and down as fast as I could. Although Mark seemed turned on,

he was obviously drunk and I started to worry that it could take a while.

By now everyone had gotten up and were standing around us. I heard brothers

fighting trying to get a better view. I had my eyes open and I saw a few flashes

start to go off. Not knowing what it was, I kept at it. All of the sudden, Mark

stood up unexpectedly and so did Steve, who had his dick out now also. I looked

up at both of them, and Mark pointed down and indicated that I should keep

going. As I resumed blowing Mark, Steve moved in also, and started rubbing his

dick on my face. I saw more flashes come from behind me.

Angry, I looked up at Mark and said, “You have a small dick Mark” as I turned

and started to blow Steven instead. The brothers gave a collective “OOOOOHHHH

SHIT!” Steve was bigger than Mark, and actually had a very nice penis. After a

few seconds, and I guess feeling humiliated, Mark thrust his dick forward

towards my mouth again. I stopped blowing Steve, and not really knowing what I

was doing, I grabbed their dicks in each hand and started to jerk them off

instead. They were both very hard. I looked back over my shoulder at the

brothers who were gawking and cheering in disbelief. Even Phillip and the

Strippers and their bouncer were standing and watching.

All of the sudden a chant broke out, “Take em both, take em both, take em both!”

Losing control I pulled their dicks together so that they were touching at the

heads and opened my mouth as wide as I could and took them in. My lips

stretched, my head bobbed, the chanting continued.

So here I was. What started out as a simple catering job had somehow turned into

me buck naked, blowing my brothers two friends at the same time in front of

their whole fraternity! I was humiliated, excited, and turned on all at the same

time!

It was too hard to keep blowing them both at the same time, so I stopped and

moved back and forth, alternating between each one. I jerked off the one I

wasn’t blowing.

Finally, after about three minutes I heard Mark say, “I’m gonna cum” He pulled

himself out of my mouth and started to shoot all over me, while I continued to

jerk off Steven. His cum hit my face, my hair, my tits, it was like a gallon!

Before I could recoil in disgust, Steve started cumming right after Mark

stopped. He hit my face with two shots and I quickly took him back in my mouth

and started to gulp and swallow it. The brothers went nuts again!

When Steve was spent too I stopped and looked around, completely out of breath

and sweating, and completely disgustingly messy. I stood up, and the DJ yelled

on the mic “Lets give a big hand for Amy!” I looked at Phillip who was just

shaking his head smiling. I looked down at my chest, and saw cum running my left

breast and onto my nipple. Steve looked at me and gave me a wink.

Jimmy grabbed my hand and pulled me out of the room and down the hallway and

into the foyer, followed closely by Phillip. He now seemed really worried, I

guess figuring that although things had already gotten way out of hand, it could

get worse if he didn’t get me out of there. We went upstairs and Jimmy let me to

the bathroom next to his room. He looked at the cum that was still all over my

face and chest, and gave me a towel to clean up. I quickly jumped into the

shower, cleaned and cleaned off. Still with no clothes, I went back into Jimmy’s

room.

I waited there while Phillip and the other guys broke down the kegs and loaded

the stuff back into the truck. Phillip came back in and said he would take me

home. Jimmy paid me and I tried to give him a kiss goodbye, but remembering what my face and slips had looked like a few minutes earlier, he turned aside and

gave me a kiss on the cheek.

I followed Phillip down and out of the house, getting whistles and “yeah baby!”

from every guy we passed. Phillip took me home and I went to bed and immediately passed out. I woke up the next morning with an awful hangover.

A few days later my brother called me. I was petrified, hoping and praying he

hadn’t spoken to Mark or Steve, and if so, hoping they hadn’t told him anything.

After a few minutes, he said, “So, Mark said you had fun Friday night at Sigma

Nu”

I froze. “Yeah it was fun, I saw them there. Why, what did he say about me?”

“Oh, they said they didn’t really hang out with you, because you were working

the bar the whole time, but they said they thought you had fun.”

“Yeah, that’s right” I said nervously.

“Did you happen to see what else happened at the end of the night?” my brother

asked.

“No why?” I said, starting to shake.

“Oh good. I’m glad you weren’t there for that. Mark said that one of the skanky

strippers gave him and Steve an amazing blow job right in front of everybody!”

“Yuck, gross!” I said. “I’m glad I wasn’t there for that!”