Gangbang Girl

I want to tell you about how I became who I am today. I never

intended for things to turn out this way but it's too late to

change now. I am who I am! I still feel like the events of that

Saturday night happened to someone else. I was so drunk. It was

like I was an observer, rather than a participant. If it hadn't

been for the physical evidence and my very sore fanny the next

day, I would have almost thought it was just a dream.

    My name is Sara. Without an "H"! It always pisses me off when

people get that wrong! I was 16 at the time. I'm 5ft 4in tall. I

have long brown hair and small to average breasts. I wish they

were bigger! I do have a really tight body though. I did

gymnastics after school three days a week. I love sport, mainly

soccer, and I am very fit.

I went to a party that Saturday night. It was the usual teenage

party! Josh's parents were away. There were lots of alcohol and

mild drugs available. I was still living at home but my parents

weren't very strict. I was supposed to be staying at a

girlfriend's house that night, so I wasn't expected home until

Sunday afternoon. The party was huge! Just about every teenager

in town must have been there. A slight exaggeration! Over 50 of

us though. Mostly boys! Maybe 15 or so girls! I was having a

great time. I was horny as hell and out to get laid. Does that

shock you! Yes, girls like to just fuck sometimes as well. I

wasn't a virgin! Not even close! I lost my cherry when I was 12.

I had only had three boyfriends, but I have had a few one night

stands as well, mostly in the previous year. I love how they call

them one night stands. With teenage boys, they are mostly 5

minute stands! The point is I wasn't completely sweet and

innocent. I had fucked or blown seven or eight of the boys who

were at the party that night in the previous year or two. This

was mostly my regular social crowd with a few boys from nearby

schools that I didn't know. The party was really rocking. I was

putting away the drinks pretty quickly. I was trying to get drunk

and succeeding admirably. Most of the other girls that were there

were with their boyfriends, so I was getting lots of attention

from the boys who weren't attached.

It was a nice warm night and Josh suggested going for a swim in

the pool. There was already a few guys in there. Skinny dipping

of course! I really had the hots for Josh so I agreed but I kept

my panties on. Josh was all over me in the pool. Kissing and

touching. I was enjoying the attention. I was kissing him back

and letting his hands wander without too much resistance. I had

already decided he was the one I was going to fuck that night! At

one point he had me up against the wall of the pool, kissing me

and squeezing my tits, below the waterline. Then he put his hand

down my panties and slipped his finger inside me. I was getting

fingered right there, with about seven other boys in the pool

with us. I was pretty sure they knew what was going on.

A little while later, Josh got out of the pool to go and get us

both a drink. The other boys started gathering round but I had

made my decision so it was just a bit of harmless flirting. I was

waiting for Josh to come back! We were all laughing and water

fighting. Most of them were using that as an excuse to cop a

feel. One of them even tried to finger me but I wriggled away.

They all managed to fondle my tits though. I had hands going

everywhere and only two hands to stop them but It was still

just harmless playing around.

Eventually I realised Josh had been gone a long time. I got out

of the pool, despite the protests from the boys, and went looking

for him. I picked up a T shirt from the deck chair and went

inside. I couldn't see Josh anywhere! I thought maybe he was in

the bathroom but it had been a long time so I went to make sure

he was alright. He wasn't in the bathroom but I need to go, so I

locked the door. While I was sitting there on the toilet, I could

hear noises coming through the wall from the bedroom next door.

Someone was having fun! It was obvious they were having sex! Then

I heard Josh's voice!

I finished in the bathroom and went next door! Josh and some

other guys were tag teaming one of the girls. Josh had his cock

in her mouth and the other guy was fucking her. A third guy was

standing back waiting for his turn. I was mightily pissed off!

The guy I had set my sights on was being blown by another girl,

right in front of me. Josh looked up and saw me! He looked

stunned for a moment then started to say something. I just said

'fuck you' and walked out. I was really annoyed. I have always

managed to get any guy I set my sights on. Being thrown over for

a tall blonde bimbo, ten minutes after I let him finger me,

really hurt my pride.

I went back out to the pool area to get my clothes and go home. I

found my top but couldn't see my jeans, or bra anywhere. The guys

were calling for me to come back in the pool, but I just wanted

to leave. Then one of them called my name and I saw that he was

waving my bra in the air from the centre of the pool. One of the

other guys did the same thing with my jeans. I asked them to give

them to me but they just kept saying 'come and get them'. I

didn't really have much choice. I took off the T shirt I had

borrowed and jumped in. Naturally that didn't do any good. It

just turned into a game with the boys tossing my bra around and

me chasing them. I was pissed off at first but eventually my mood

changed and I started to laugh along with them. More of the same

sort of water fighting as before happened. Only this time my goal

was to get my bra back. Their goal was a bit different!

I was play fighting with them. We were in a tight group at the

time. I was trying to get my bra from Steve who was holding it

above his head. He was much taller than me so I couldn't reach

but he was enjoying my bare breasts rubbing up against him as I

tried to reach high enough. Whenever my arms were outstretched,

reaching for my bra, the other guys would grab my tits or stick

their hands between my legs. Then the bra would be passed to

someone else and the whole thing was repeated. Everybody got a

good feel. The other guys were touching me and squeezing my tits

when suddenly, someone pulled my panties down! I don't know who

it was! I squealed and tried to stop them but it happened so fast

and I was obstructed by hands all over me. Now the game continued

except I was totally naked and I had both my bra and panties to

get back. I was unsuccessful of course! There was about eight of

them and they were all bigger and stronger than me.

Eventually I gave up and things settled down a bit. I became more

relaxed about being naked in the pool with a group of boys. Two

of them, David and Ian were friends with Josh. They had me pinned

against the wall and were kissing and touching me all over. I

knew both of them from school and I was seriously thinking about

letting them take me to one of the bedrooms. I was still pissed

off with Josh and fucking two of his friends in his house, was

starting to seem like a good way to get revenge. I said 'I need a

drink' and David offered to get me one. A few minutes later he

came back and gave me a drink of something. After that things got

a little hazy. I still don't know if the drink was 'spiked' or if

I was just really drunk. Either way, things started to get out of

my control. The guys who had me pinned against the wall were

getting serious. One of them was always kissing me which made

protesting difficult. Their hands were all over me and one of

them started fingering me. Things just got more and more heated.

It wasn't a game anymore. They were being seriously passionate. I

was in the shallow end of the pool now so my tits were out of the

water for all to see. I was getting really hot with these two

feeling me up and taking turns fingering me. I kind of forgot

about all the other guys in the pool.

I broke away from David who was kissing me and turned around to

reach for my drink. They both didn't stop touching me the whole

time. Ian came up behind me and reached around with both hands,

cupping my tits. I was having a drink and was still leaning

forward on the edge of the pool when he slid his cock inside me

from behind. It surprised the hell out of me! I really wasn't

expecting it. It happened so quickly and my drink went down the

wrong way. I started to choke on my drink and put the glass

down. Ian didn't even pause. He kept fucking me while I was

choking! Before I could get my breath back, David jumped up and

sat on the side of the pool and slid in front of me. His cock was

hard and right in my face. As soon as I stopped choking on the

Vodka, he grabbed a handful of my hair and pulled my head down,

shoving his cock in my mouth. Before I even knew what was

happening, I was getting it from both ends!

Like I said, I was very drunk, maybe even drugged and it was like

this was all happening to someone else. David was holding my

hair in his fist and was pulling my head up and down on his cock

and I wasn't resisting. I may have even been cooperating! His

cock was getting really hard now and he was pushing it all the

way down my throat. I've always found it easy to swallow cock. I

know lots of girls that say they gag, but I have never had that

problem. I was deep throating him, and he was loving it. Ian gave

an almighty thrust and came inside me, pushing me forward and my

head came off David's cock for a moment. Then Ian pulled out. I

felt the sudden absence of his cock much more than I felt him

fucking me. Isn't that strange?

I thought that David would jump in and start to fuck me then, but

he just pulled my head back down and I continued sucking him. I

still felt Ian's hands on my body from behind, reaching around

and squeezing my tits. Then he entered me again. His cock was

still as hard as a rock! Then I realised, it wasn't Ian! I had

forgotten all about the other guys in the pool and one of them

had just started fucking me. I knew most of the boys in the pool

but I was being fucked by one of them and I didn't even know who

it was!  I tried to lift my head up to put a stop to this. A

threesome was ok, I had done it before, but I wasn't intending on

getting gangbanged! David was still holding my hair and wouldn't

let me go. He had a good hold on my head and he was a lot

stronger than me. He just kept moving my head up and down on his

cock. I couldn't stop it. Things had gone too far for that and

besides, I was kind of enjoying it. After a while I stopped

resisting and started really sucking David's cock. The boy behind

me, whoever he was, just kept on fucking me.

Soon I felt the stranger behind me spasm and I had another load

of cum dumped inside me. When he pulled out, I wasn't surprised

that someone else immediately took his place. This guy must have

been huge. Even after two guys had just fucked me, and even with

me being very drunk and relaxed, I could feel him stretching me.

I reached between my legs and felt his cock and balls. They were

enormous! He soon warmed up and started giving it to me deeper

and harder. He was very thick but obviously not too long or it

would have hurt more, because he was really pounding into me! I

finally had my first orgasm at about the same time that David

came in my mouth. As he pulled out of my mouth, I let go a deep

moan of pure pleasure. I was coming like never before! It was

like a scene from a porn movie, but I couldn't stop myself. I had

another orgasm about thirty seconds after the first one.

David was quickly replaced by one of the other guys from the pool

but I didn't see which one. Once again I found my head being

pulled up and down on a cock. I had two cocks inside me and I

didn't know the owner of either of them! The monster cock behind

me finally unloaded and boy did I feel it! He thrust forward so

hard I thought he was going to split me in two! I felt surge

after surge of his cum, splashing inside me. Finally he pulled

out and I felt empty as the cool pool water rushed in. Not for

long though! Another cock slid inside me, more easily this time

but he didn't seem to mind.

A few minutes later the guy in my mouth pulled my head up and

sprayed all over my face. I recognised him then. It was a boy

called Anthony who was in one of my classes. He let go of my

head and jumped back into the pool. For the first time I could

see more than just the belly of the boy in front of me. Everyone

from inside the house had come out to watch the show! About 20

people in front of me on the patio were all looking at my cum

covered face and watching me get fucked by multiple guys. I could

only see one girl. She was Julie, one of the girls I know from

school and she was there with her boyfriend. As I caught her eye,

she shook her head in disgust, grabbed her boyfriend's arm and

left. That left me as the only girl with seven or eight guys in

the pool and about another 18 guys in front of me.

I scooped up a handful of pool water and rinsed the cum off my

face. Soon after that, the guy fucking me came inside me. I was

still bent over the side of the pool and moaning with pleasure.

It was clear to everyone that I was enjoying myself. A couple of

the guys from the patio grabbed my arms and lifted me out of the

pool. They carried me inside and laid me on the kitchen table.

There were a few more guys inside. Not very many though. Most of

them had been outside watching me get fucked. One of the

guys slid me to the end of the table, lifted my legs over his

shoulders, and entered me. Another one at the side of the table

turned my head, pulled me towards his cock, and I started sucking

again.

Four or five more guys fucked me in the same way and another two

came on my face, then someone started taking pictures. I saw the

camera flash a few times but I was too far gone to care. I wasn't

really sucking cock anymore. I was in too much of a drunken daze

for that. The guys were just holding my head and fucking my face.

They seemed to enjoy pulling out and spraying my face rather than

coming in my mouth. Soon I was a real mess. I couldn't even open

my eyes and I started to drift off into a drunken stupor.

After a few more guys had cum in my cunt and on my face, they

carried me outside and threw me in the pool! That woke me up! I

guess they were just trying to clean me up without getting their

hands messy! I could hardly move but a couple of the guys in the

pool held me up. I was carried out of the pool again. I felt

hands drying me with a couple of towels, and then I was taken to

the main bedroom and thrown on the bed. I had barely hit the bed

when someone was on top of me and once again I was getting

fucked.

Someone else pulled my head towards their cock. I found I could

open my eyes again and I saw that it was Josh. I could taste cunt

juice on his cock and remembered the blonde he had been with

earlier. He had obviously fucked her and now he was making

me suck her juices off his cock! A few minutes later the guy

fucking me came and Josh took his place in my cunt. Now I was

finally getting what I wanted earlier, Josh was fucking me! It

wasn't quite the romantic evening I had planned on though. I have

no idea how many guys fucked me that night. Most of them! All of

them! Who knows? I just know it went on for a long

time. Eventually I totally passed out!

I was incredibly stiff and sore the next day. My tits were

bruised! My jaw ached! My cunt hurt! So did my ass! At least one

person had fucked me up the ass. I don't even remember that

happening! It must have been while I was unconscious.

When I woke up there were still a few guys awake and a lot more

crashed out all over the house. Two of them were in the bed with

me! It was nearly lunch time. My hair felt like it had a bottle

of glue squeezed into it with all the dried cum and I couldn't

open one eye, so I had a quick shower and washed my hair. When I

got out, I couldn't find any of my clothes. Josh gave me

something of his mothers. An old lady dress! Yuck! I live in a

small town so it was only a couple of miles home. I walked the

whole way, aching from head to toe. Nobody offered to drive me

home! I got home and got inside without being seen by mum or dad.

I had another couple of hours sleep and another shower before

showing myself downstairs. I felt sure that somehow, what I had

done would be written all over my face but everything was normal,

at home at least.

Back at school on Monday was different. The stories ran wild.

Everyone knew about it. The photos were being sent from phone to

phone. Apparently there was even a movie file, taken with

someone's camera phone, which was being shared around. Everyone

treated me like I was the town slut from then on. I lost all my

girlfriends. The boys showed me lots of attention but all they

were after was a quick fuck. I shut myself away for a few weeks

but teenagers are not solitary creatures. I started going out on

dates again. I was very lonely and looking for affection. With my

reputation, every boy that asked me out expected to get lucky and

I didn't disappoint them. Since I had lost all my real friends,

spreading my legs was the only way I could maintain a social

life.

The girls at school called me a slut and a whore but the boys

kept asking me out. It got so a hand on my leg was all it took

for my legs to open wide. If a boy put his hand on my head or

shoulder and gave the slightest downwards pressure, I would drop

to my knees, open my mouth, and reach for his cock. I became

known as an easy lay. I was getting fucked four or five times a

week. Sometimes with more than one guy! Not another gangbang.

Just the occasional threesome!

One night I was in the park with two boys when one of the guys

said something like, "This slut is so loose. I can't touch the

sides". I was devastated because he was right. I had stopped

going to gymnastics and all the fucking was stretching my cunt

wide. I knew I had to do something. I started working out again.

I bought some heavy metal balls from a sex shop on line. You have

to hold them in your cunt, to force you to keep the muscles

tight. At first I couldn't hold even one without a great deal of

effort. It kept on slipping out when I lost concentration.

Gradually it got easier and I started going through the whole day

with one of them inside me. Occasionally it would slip out and

roll around in my panties until I popped it back in. Eventually I

could keep it in without even thinking about it. Then I inserted

two of them. The extra weight made it difficult again but I soon

got used to it. Then it was three. Then it was four. This took

several weeks and I was still getting fucked almost nightly

during the process. Nevertheless, I soon got my body and my cunt

back in shape.

I was getting nailed by a couple of guys one night when I decided

to show the one on top of me what muscle control is all about. On

every thrust I relaxed my cunt so he could enter me easily. On

every withdrawal I gripped him tightly, forcing the blood

into the head of his cock as he withdrew. He got so hard I

thought he was going to burst! He said to his friend "Fuck this

bitch is tight", which made my day. All my work had paid off. He

soon came inside me and then I did the same to his friend. It was

tiring, contracting my cunt muscles every second or so, but it

was very satisfying watching their faces as I worked my magic on

their cocks.

We lived in a small town so I guess it was inevitable that my

parents heard rumours about my exploits. Mum gave me a talk about

safe sex but she didn't say anything about my activities. We

moved town quite suddenly a few months later! To give me a fresh

start as a decent girl I suspect. That didn't really work out as

they planned. I did try to be 'good' but I found myself in a big

city with no friends.

I still had my final year of school to go and I knew one sure

fire way for a girl to make friends. I wasn't the town

slut anymore but it was only a few months before most of the boys

knew that if we went on a date, they would get laid. I could live

with that. The girls didn't hate me and I didn't fuck or flirt

with any of their boyfriends. I had friends again, both male and

female. I set up a Facebook homepage and had lots of friends from

school add me as a 'friend'. I kept my account private. Only my

school friends could see me but I had dozens of them. I was

popular again and not for the wrong reasons.

About six months later I got invited to go swimming up at the

lake by a guy named Jimmy. He was a boy from school and one of my

Facebook friends as well. He said a bunch of people were

going. Jimmy was a nice guy and I wanted a steady boyfriend

instead of screwing a different guy or two every week, so I said

yes. I was hoping he could be the boyfriend I was looking for. He

was gorgeous! I

t was about an hour and a half drive to the lake down a bumpy

country road. Jimmy and I held hands and flirted a bit on the

way. I was getting wet just holding his hand! When we got there

it was beautiful. There was a small but nice cabin and the lake

was magnificent. I couldn't wait to go for a swim. There were

three of Jimmy's friends there already, all boys. I assumed there

would be other girls coming as well.

We went inside the cabin and I asked Jimmy where I could get

changed into my bathing suit. He showed me the bedroom and then

he left. I started getting changed and was topless when

Jimmy walked back in. I covered my breasts with my arms and was

about to tell him to leave but he walked up to me and

started touching me. I wanted him, I just didn't expect it to be

this quick. He had me fully undressed and on the bed in nothing

flat. Within seconds he had his pants down and I could see that

his cock was already hard. He entered me in one quick thrust with

nothing much in the way of foreplay, but I was wet enough that it

didn't hurt much. It was the change in his manner that bothered

me. He wasn't flirting or kissing me anymore. He was just fucking

me for his own pleasure, as if I was a blow up doll. About ten

minutes later one of the other guys came into the room and said

"Hurry up Jimmy, I want a turn".

I was shocked! I hadn't given them any reason to believe that I

did that sort of thing. I started to say something about not

fucking his friends. Jimmy just said in a really aggressive

voice, "Shut the fuck up slut". Then he rolled me over on my

hands and knees. I was scared! I didn't really know Jimmy all

that well and he now seemed like a different person altogether. I

didn't know the other guys at all. Before Jimmy had even

finished, the other guys came in. One of them tried to stick his

cock in my mouth but I turned my head away and Jimmy slapped my

ass, hard! He didn't even say anything. He just wrenched my head

around and the other guy shoved his cock in my mouth and started

face fucking me. I didn't want to suck him so I wasn't doing

anything to cooperate or help him cum. I would have bit him but I

was too frightened.

Jimmy started fucking me harder and I knew he was close to

cumming. A few minutes later he slammed into me so hard it hurt.

I screamed around the cock in my mouth but the guy wouldn't let

go of my head. He used that opportunity to shove his cock deep

down my throat and he held it there. Jimmy unloaded deep inside

me while my head was held down on the other guys cock. I couldn't

breathe! I can deep throat but I can't keep it there for a long

time. I was starting to suffocate when I felt the next cock enter

my cunt. Then the guy I was giving head to pulled his cock out

far enough for me to take a breath. He warned me to start sucking

properly or he would leave it in my throat for longer next time.

I took his threat seriously and I started sucking like a wild

woman! I used every skill I could think of. I swirled my tongue

around the head. I played with his balls. I stroked the base of

his cock. Anything to make him cum! He let go a load of cum into

my mouth and told me to lick his cock clean. I did! Some of it

had run down to his balls. I kept licking and sucking until there

wasn't a trace of cum on him anywhere. When he was finally

satisfied he got up and someone else took his place.

I was getting gangbanged again! Even though there were only four

of them, this time was much worse. I was stone cold sober this

time and they were being quite rough. I tried to show as much

enthusiasm as possible because I was scared they would hurt me if

I didn't. After they had all fucked me, I went to the bathroom

and cleaned myself up and then went out to the lounge room. I

still couldn't understand how this had happened. I did nothing to

lead these guys on, yet they were treating me like a cheap

whore. I put on a smile, as if I was having a great time, because

I didn't want to be roughed up anymore.  Besides, I wanted to go

home and they had the only cars. We were miles from anywhere!

In the lounge room, the guys were watching a porno on a lap top

computer and laughing. They called me over and showed me what

they were watching. It was titled "Sara Marshall - The Gang Bang

Girl". It was me! I was spread on the kitchen table at Josh's

place getting gangbanged. I watched while three guys went through

me, plus two who came on my face. The guy fucking me pulled out

and the camera did a close up of my cunt. Cum was dripping out of

me. One of the guys pushed down on my stomach and cum flooded out

of my cunt. I don't even remember that happening.

I was stunned but I couldn't tear myself away. Jimmy said he

found it on the Internet after doing a search for me. I didn't

even know it was there. "That's how I knew you were into this

sort of thing", he said. I didn't know what to say. There was no

way I could convince them that I wasn't really into gangbangs.

Especially since I had just finished fucking all four of them!

Apparently very enthusiastically!

The guys kept watching my movie and I couldn't help but watch it

as well. The guys broke out some beers and made lots of crude

comments throughout the whole thing. It only went for 25

minutes, so it was only a small part of what I had endured that

night. The boys all got so horny from watching the movie that

they took turns at me again, right there in the lounge room. They

weren't so rough this time, so I kept on cooperating. I wanted to

keep things friendly! I must have got a bit aroused watching my

movie because this time I had an orgasm. When they were done for

the second time, I went to the bathroom to clean up again.

When I came back out, one of the guys was gone. I asked where he

was. Jimmy said he had gone to get supplies for the night. I told

him "I thought this was just a day trip". He said "Not anymore.

We decided to stay the night". He looked at me and smiled. I knew

I was in for a night of more sex but it was worse than I thought.

When Steve came back from the supply run, he brought two more

cars with him. Another seven guys got out. That's when I realised

I was going to need lots of alcohol! This was going to be a very

long night!

The guys took turns at me all night long. In every hole! For the

first time, I was fucked up the ass while I was conscious. It

hurt at first but wasn't too bad. I persuaded them to use

lubricant but the first two or three guys to fuck my ass still

hurt. Eventually I loosened up a bit and started to enjoy

it. Then they all wanted my ass, even the ones who had already

fucked me. At one point they had me straddling a guy on the

floor, sucking the cock of a guy kneeling in front of me, as well

as getting fucked up the ass by a third guy. I actually had lots

of orgasms that night. I lost count after about ten.

In the morning a couple of the guys took me home. The ride home

was uncomfortable. I was very sore. Bouncing up and down on the

bumpy road was quite painful on my bruised cunt and asshole. Mum

and Dad weren't home when we got there so the two boys who

brought me home fucked me once more each on the lounge room floor

of my home and then left. Just a few minutes later Mum and Dad

got home.

Later that evening I checked my Facebook account and found that

Jimmy had posted a link on my homepage. The link took me to the

site where Jimmy found the movie file of `Sara Marshall - The

Gang Bang Girl'. It also had over a hundred pictures from the

first gangbang at Josh's house. Jimmy had added a few more

pictures he had taken last night as well.  My face was clearly

recognisable in most of them and many of them were 'tagged' with

my full name, just like the movie. They must have posted the link

last night because it had been on my homepage for nearly 24

hours! All my friends must have seen it by now. My life was

ruined! It was going to be just like before.

The next day at school I got lots of cold stares from the girls

and rude comments and come ons from the boys. I got called a slut

so many times I lost count. I had lost all my friends again and

it wasn't my fault! I wasn't the gangbang slut everyone thought I

was. The first time I was drunk or drugged. The second time I was

just too scared to say no.

I only had six months of school left but that felt like an

eternity. I was asked out on a date nearly every night. The

guys 'knew' I was a sure thing and wanted sex. They would get

really angry if I tried to say no. They thought that I was a slut

who loved to fuck, so why not them? It's kind of understandable

from their point of view. In the end I stopped even trying to say

no. I was getting screwed on every date and I was going out four

or five times a week.

Some days I was being fucked at lunch time in school as well. I

had totally lost the will to say no. If a boy grabbed my hand and

dragged me into a closet or an empty classroom, I just went

without resistance. I would drop to my knees at the slightest

hint they wanted their cocks sucked. And believe me, teenage boys

always want their cocks sucked. Three boys even fucked me, very

quietly, in the school library in the middle of the day. They

took turns keeping a lookout for the librarian or anyone else who

might happen along.

I was frequently dripping with cum but If I went to the bathroom

to clean myself up, I got nasty comments from the girls like

'Here to wipe the cum from your cunt are you slut". It didn't

help that most of the time they were right. I couldn't face them,

so I stopped using the bathroom at school altogether. I spent

most of the afternoons with wet, cum soaked panties after being

screwed at lunch time, because I wouldn't go clean myself up.

Sometimes the boys took my panties as souvenirs and I would spend

the afternoon with cum running down my legs under my long tartan

skirt.

My favorite time of day was at the gym after school. It was a

private gym a long way from my school. It was the only place

other than my home, where I could still be me. I even had a few

friends that were regulars there and for the next few months this

was the highlight of my day.

Then one day, there was a group of men working out and they kept

looking at me. They were quite a bit older than me. They looked

in their mid to late twenties so they definitely weren't from my

school. One of them was particularly big and muscular but I

didn't recognise any of them. I didn't really think too much

about it, as it's not unusual to have a few guys in there working

out even during the women's gymnastics sessions, and I'm used to

attracting stares from men.

When I finished my training, I was returning some equipment to

one of the equipment rooms. The guys walked in to put away their

weights. I looked up as I heard the door open and I saw the

five men come in, including the huge guy I had seen earlier. I

smiled and nodded hello as I went back to what I was doing. I

wasn't worried. It was a public gym and there were dozens of

people outside the door including lots of women. Anyone

could walk in at anytime so I felt quite safe.

I put my things away and started to leave the equipment room. As

I was walking past them, one of them grabbed me. He spun me

around and bent me over the pommel horse. The other two grabbed

my arms and held me there. I saw the other man go and lock the

door! I don't know how he came to have a key! One of them shoved

a rag into my mouth as the other guy was locking the door. In one

swift move the guy behind me had my skirt up, my panties down,

and he was pulling down his shorts. Fortunately I always take the

metal balls out when I'm training!

The guys took turns at me right there! I don't know if the

rag was to stop me calling for help or to stop me from moaning

with pleasure. They kept changing positions, so every few minutes

I was looking into the face of a different man who was holding my

arms pinned down in front of me. The big guy was the last one to

fuck me! He placed one hand in the middle of my back and pushed

me further forward. The guys holding my arms over the pommel

horse pulled harder. I was raised on to the tips of my toes as

the big guy grabbed my hips and lifted me up for easier access

because he was so tall. I felt the big guys cock pushing at my

cunt. I felt my cunt stretching wider as he pushed at me and I

tried to relax my muscles or I knew this was going to hurt. I

concentrated on relaxing and my cunt opened even wider. He still

wasn't inside me yet! How big was this guy? Suddenly my cunt gave

way and he was inside me. I could hardly breathe. It was like

losing my virginity all over again! He fucked me fast and hard.

It didn't last long but within a couple of minutes, I came with

the strongest orgasm I have ever had. I nearly passed out it was

so strong. A few moments later he flooded my cunt with his cum.

He pulled out of me, pulled up his shorts and they all walked

out. I was left bent over the pommel horse with my skirt up

around my waist, my panties around my knees, and I was still

quivering in the aftershock of the most powerful orgasm ever. As

I stood there, dripping cum down my legs, I realised that I had

just been fucked by five total strangers.  They never even spoke

to me. Not a word! Anyone else would have screamed for help or at

least struggled. What did I do? I stood there and let them all

fuck me and I had the best orgasm of my life! I had become the

total cum slut that everyone thought I was!

I no longer had anywhere I could go without being the Gangbang

girl. I returned to the gym a few more times. Very cautiously at

first because I didn't want a repeat, but I never saw those guys

again.  That didn't matter though because everyone looked at me

differently now. It was clear that my reputation had spread even

here. Most of the men I had become friendly with at the gym,

asked me out over the next few weeks and one by one they

all fucked me. Usually in the back seat of their cars in the

parking lot, before they went home to their wives or girlfriends.

It wasn't just school 'friends' that were screwing me anymore .

Some of these guys were in their thirties and I was still

sixteen!

Three of them dragged me into the men's locker room one day and

took turns at me. I had screwed all three of them in the last few

weeks but not at the same time. There was a broken weight bench

being stored in there and they put it to good use. They stripped

me naked, laid me on the bench, lifted my legs high into the air

and tied my ankles to the upright posts using skipping ropes. One

on the left and one on the right. One of the guys stuffed my

panties into my mouth while another tied my hands above my head

to the far end of the bench. It wasn't to stop me screaming for

help. They knew I would let them fuck me. I think they just

enjoyed gagging me with my own wet panties.

Then they adjusted the bench to a comfortable height and started

to fuck me. Their cocks were much bigger than the average

teenager's cocks and they lasted much longer. They took turns

fucking me and then just walked out, taking my gym clothes with

them and laughing about the Gangbang girl. They took all my

clothes except for my panties, which were still stuffed in my

mouth.

I was exhausted when they had done with me and was still tied

naked on the bench with my legs spread high to either side. I

remained like that for nearly an hour before another group of men

came in and were surprised to see me there. There were six of

them and some of them recognised me. I had fucked a couple of

them already.

One of the guys who didn't know me, thought I had been raped and

rushed forward to help me and told one of the others to call the

police. The other men laughed and told him about me. I distinctly

heard him say 'gangbang girl' in disgust and then he left. Almost

as soon as he left, the remaining five men looked at each other

and moved toward me, unzipping their pants. One of them started

to fuck me while another took my panties out of my mouth and put

them in his pocket. He immediately replaced my panties with his

cock, and I started to suck him off while his friend fucked me.

They all changed positions a few times and I sucked and fucked

the lot of them. My mouth was very dry from having my panties

shoved in them for so long and I was actually quite relieved when

the first man moistened my mouth with his hot jism. At least they

untied me when they had finished with me, which is more than the

first group had done. They did walk off with my panties though! I

had a change of clothes in the girls locker room but that was at

the other end of the gym and I was totally naked.

I looked around the change room for some kind of clothing or a

towel but there was nothing. Too many thefts had taught people to

lock everything in their lockers. I snuck out of the men's locker

room and made my way cautiously to the other end of the gym. I

had to duck around a few corners. I hid for a few minutes in an

empty squash court as some people came by, then I made a 20

yard sprint down the main corridor.

Surprisingly, I made it to the ladies locker room without anyone

seeing me. I raced through the door and quickly shut it behind

me, only to find three ladies in there looking at me. I was a

mess! I was naked! My hair and face had cum all over them. That

last sprint had released loads of cum from my pussy and It was

running down my legs in huge quantities, readily visible at a

glance. These were some of the ladies I had been doing gymnastics

with over the last few months. We were friendly a few months ago.

That friendliness cooled when they heard the rumours about me.

Now, with proof right in front of them, they turned totally cold.

They called me every name under the sun. Slut and whore were the

nicest ones. I  realised I couldn't come back here anymore. I had

just lost my last refuge!

I had finally become the total cum slut that everyone always

thought I was! I would fuck or suck any cock, anywhere,

anytime. Any man or group of men that wanted me could just take

me, with or without asking. The harder I was fucked, the more men

that were involved, and the more forcefully I was restrained,

just added to my pleasure!

My life as the 'Gangbang Girl' had really started!

As I lay exhausted on the grass of the local park, with my

clothes scattered all around me, I couldn't help but wonder. What

is about me that makes men treat me this way? Do I have

"Please Rape Me", tattooed on my forehead or something?

But I'm starting at the end. Let me give you some background. My

name is Alison. I'm 17 years old and in my last year of high

school. It's a private school, my parents are loaded! We live in

a fairly large city on the east coast of Australia. I have long

and straight blonde hair. It's my best feature! You could use my

hair in a commercial for shampoo. It's that good! The rest of me

isn't bad either. I'm slender without being too bony. I'm not

very tall at only 5 foot 1 inch. My beasts are too big for me

really. They wouldn't look out of place on a cheerleader. With my

tiny build and very slender waist and neck, they looked huge! I

keep pretty fit with regular exercise! Jogging and gym work

mostly, but I also play a few sports.

I lost my virginity at twelve, which is not as unusual as you

might think. There were a few other girls in my class that lost

their cherries that year and I wasn't the first. Stephen had been

my boyfriend since I was ten. Not that anything happened back

then, other than a bit of kissing. He started getting more

physical a couple of years later and managed to talk me out of my

knickers one afternoon at his place, just a week before my

thirteenth birthday. I thought it was true love of course, as

young girls do. I was devastated when a couple of months later,

after fucking me two or three times a week, he suddenly dumped me

for Amanda! Another girl from our school.

Stephen told all his mates that he had screwed me. Even Amanda

helped spread stories about what a 'slut' I was. That really

didn't have much effect on my friends except I was suddenly very

popular. Thirteen and fourteen year old boys were asking me out

almost daily for a while but I didn't accept, so eventually

things returned to normal.

About six months later I met Alan. He was new to the school that

year and he was gorgeous! I liked him right from the start! He

asked me to go to the mid year school dance with him and I said

"Yes", before he even finished asking. I had a wonderful night. I

thought I was in love again! The dance was being strictly

monitored but there was only a handful of teachers and lots of

kids, so slipping away wasn't hard.

There was a bit of a commotion, a fight of some kind between a

couple of the boys. While the teachers were distracted, Alan

grabbed my hand and we snuck out of the hall and went to an empty

classroom in the school. Alan was all over me as soon as we were

alone. I'll be honest, we were all over each other. God, he was

hot! It started with kisses and squeezing my breasts through my

shirt, but it was only a minute or two before he had his hand up

my skirt. He was rubbing my wet slit through my knickers and

sticking his tongue down my throat at the same time. I hadn't

been laid for over six months and I was horny! I started rubbing

his cock through his pants and could tell he was hard even before

I touched him. I told him I wanted him to fuck me. He looked

really surprised at how forward I was being.

I took my knickers off and let him finger me for a minute, then I

lifted my skirt and bent over the desk, beckoning him with my

eyes. He undid his pants and had his cock out in record time. He

had a hard time finding the right spot and was just trying to ram

it in. I had to slow him down a bit and reached between my legs

to grab his cock, which made him jump! I guided him into my cunt

and then rested my head on my arms as he pumped away. He hammered

into me furiously for less than a minute before he came. He

thought it was the best thing ever. I can't say it did much for

me.

We kissed and touched some more for a while. I could feel him

starting to get hard again. My hand rubbing his cock might have

had something to do with it. I bent back over the desk again and

looked over my shoulder at him. "A bit slower this time" I said,

with a friendly smile. He still fumbled with getting his cock

inside me and it was just like the first time. If anything he

came even faster! I was incredibly frustrated! I told him it was

alright, which it wasn't.

We kissed some more as he stood there with his pants around his

ankles and I decided to give him another go. I knelt down and

sucked him hard again. That took no time at all. I lay back on

the desk this time with my legs spread and Alan stood at the end

of the desk and put his cock inside me. He actually had no

problems finding the hole this time. Maybe because he could see

it! Maybe because I was dripping wet with his cum. I put my legs

over his shoulders and rubbed my clit as he inexpertly fucked me.

I managed to bring myself to an orgasm, just in time as it turned

out, as Alan came inside me again in a couple of minutes.

We made our way back to the dance and snuck back in separately.

The rest of the evening was uneventful and I gave Alan a kiss

goodnight. A few minutes later my Dad turned up to pick me up. He

asked me how the dance was and I told him it was alright. I

didn't say much but that wasn't unusual. Teenagers don't tell

their parents anything! I was just hoping Dad couldn't smell the

cum that was soaking my knickers!

On Monday at school, Alan was really cold to me. He spoke when I

asked him a question but there was no warmth to it. He wouldn't

hold my hand or look me in the eye. It was like he was

embarrassed by the whole thing and didn't want to have anything

more to do with me. He never really dumped me because we were

never really a couple. It was just one date, but I felt dumped

all the same. A few days later one of my girlfriends told me that

her boyfriend had told her that Alan was telling all the guys

that he had fucked me. Do boys always do that? He also said that

there was graffiti in the boys toilets. There was a whole bunch

of them which said things like, "Alison Ames sucks cock!", or

"Alison Ames loves to fuck!". Another one said, "Alison Ames

fucks on the first date!". The worst one I heard about was "Tick

here if you have fucked Alison Ames!", with about twenty ticks

after it, which was total bullshit. It had to have been Alan or

his friends. I was getting a reputation as the school slut and I

had only ever had sex with two boys. I knew lots of girls who had

had more boyfriends than that! It wasn't fair!

It was a long time before I went on another date. Eventually

things settled down. I heard the the graffiti had been removed

from the boys toilets and life was going on as normal. Most of my

girlfriends had boyfriends but I really didn't like my brief fame

as the school slut so I kept to myself for a long time.

I was nearly fifteen when I really started to bloom. I suddenly

had breasts and I started getting a lot of attention from the

boys! Even from some of the older boys. I got asked out to a

movie by one of the seniors. He had to be at least 16, maybe even

17. That almost never happened to girls my age. Being asked out

by a senior was considered an honor. He was pretty cute even

though he towered over me. He was about six foot tall and well

built. He was heavily into sports and it showed. What a bum he

had! I accepted and told my Mum I was going to the mall on

Saturday night with some girlfriends. I was determined not to

fuck Mark on the first date. I didn't want to get a bad

reputation again. I was still called a slut every now and again

by friends of Alan and Stephen.

Mark picked me up from the mall and took me to the movies on our

date. he had a beat up old Holden but it was the first time I had

ever dated a boy old enough to have a license, let alone one who

had their own car. Mark took me to the drive in movie theatre

which made me slightly uncomfortable. I assumed we were going to

the cinema. He parked in the very back row. We were there early

and had plenty of time to go to the shop and get a few things

before returning to his car. It wasn't very busy that night. Most

of the other cars were a long way forward of us, although two

other cars had pulled up nearby, only a couple of spaces away!

They had their car windows open as it was a very warm night and I

could see that both cars were full of young boys, about eight or

nine of them in total. Our windows were still closed.

Mark suggested we sit in the back seat where there was more room

and once we were there, he didn't waste anytime getting

passionate. We were kissing before the movie even started.

Eventually his hands started to roam. I let him fondle my tits as

long as he stayed outside of my top. He could even put his hand

on my leg but whenever he tried to go between my thighs, I

stopped him. I might fuck him eventually but it was not going to

be tonight! Mark snuggled up to me with one arm around my

shoulders. One of my arms was around his waist and kind of pinned

behind his back. He only had one hand free as well though so I

was fending off his advances ok. He was giving me a very

passionate tongue kiss when suddenly I realised he was undoing

the buttons of my shirt with his free hand. I stopped him but I

couldn't do them back up. Ever noticed that! It's easy to undo

buttons with one hand but very difficult to do them up. We went

back to kissing and touching. Mark kept squeezing my breasts, a

bit too firmly for comfort. Every now and then he would manage to

undo another button on my shirt before I could stop him. The game

was in his favour. I had to stop him every time. He only had to

succeed occasionally. Eventually of course he had my shirt

completely undone. I could hear voices nearby but Mark said

"Don't worry. They can't see in".

I had a bra on so my breasts were still covered. Mark turned his

attention to another goal for a while. His hand was rubbing up

and down my leg, always getting closer to my knickers. We were

kissing the whole time and I stopped him when he got too close.

As I was shifting position on the seat, my legs parted ever so

slightly. That was enough! Mark suddenly moved his hand all the

way up between my legs. I slammed my legs closed and tried to

pull his hand away. I broke away from our kiss and said "No",

quite clearly. He rubbed his hand firmly against my vagina,

through my knickers for a few seconds. I was struggling to move

his hand and he relented. He said "ok ok" as he moved his hand

slightly further away. I had shifted position a bit and he was

now rubbing his second hand up and down my back under my loose

and open shirt. As he went back to kissing me, he very smoothly

undid my bra with his right hand. My left arm was still trapped

behind his back and under his arm. My right hand came up for a

moment as my breasts dropped free, still loosely covered by my

now unfastened bra. Mark's left hand shot up between my legs

again and once again I was pushing his hand away. He kept rubbing

me through my knickers for a bit longer this time. I couldn't

budge his arm and I broke our kiss to say, "Mark, please don't".

He looked at me for a second in obvious frustration. He moved his

hand away and as I was pulling my skirt back down, his hand

went under my bra and he cupped my bare right breast. This was

like an unending battle! A battle I was losing!

At least with his hand on my tit he couldn't get between my legs.

We carried on kissing while he played with my breasts. When I

didn't offer any resistance he lifted my bra up completely and

set both of my tits free. Now he was shifting his hand back and

forth between the two and gently twisting and pinching my

nipples. After a while Mark kind of pushed his body weight

forward. I was pushed to a lying down position with Mark on top

of me. My legs were still tightly closed though. Mark was

continuing to kiss me and play with my bare breasts when he

suddenly moved his head down and started sucking my tits. I said

"No" again and lifted my hands to his head to pull it away. It

was like trying to move a mountain. Mark moved his head back up

to mine, purely of his own accord. I was having little effect! As

he was moving his body up higher again, he wedged one of his legs

between mine. I could feel his leg pushing against my cunt as he

started kissing me again and his hand went back to squeezing my

tits.

Mark continued kissing me for quite a while, and I was kissing

him back. His hand was still playing with my breasts and his leg

was still rubbing between mine. Mark suddenly moved his head down

to my tits again. I tried to pull him away but just like before I

couldn't budge him. I had my hands on his head trying to move him

as he sucked my tits. I was saying "No" kind of playfully but I

meant it. Then he lifted himself up and used his right hand to

push my legs further apart as he got both of his legs between

mine. As he threw himself down on me again, my legs were spread

wide around his hips. He started sucking my tits again and was

rubbing his cock, through his jeans against my cunt. I was

struggling to move and pulled at his hair to get his head away as

I was saying "No" more force fully. Mark grabbed both of my arms

and pinned them above my head and started kissing my lips again.

I felt very uncomfortable being restrained like this but at least

he couldn't do anything else while he was holding my arms with

his. He was kissing me ferociously now and rubbing his cock

against me even more furiously. I thought he was going to come in

his pants at any moment! Mark suddenly made an adjustment to my

arms and now he was holding both of my wrists in his right hand,

still pinned above my head. His hands were huge and he was so

strong I couldn't break away. His free hand now went down between

our bodies and I thought he was going to try and finger me again.

I was struggling to get loose and making feeble protests as I

heard Mark undo his zipper and free his cock. He carried on

rubbing up against me and I realised that now he would be cumming

all over me instead of inside his own pants. I realised that he

was too far gone to stop and resigned my self to letting him

bring himself off by rubbing up against me. At least that would

satisy him! I was wrong!

Mark suddenly grabbed my panties and ripped them off! I started

to protest more loudly. I yelled "No" and "Let me go" and

"Don't". I was very clear! Mark grabbed my chin with his free

hand and turned my head back to where he could kiss me again. He

crushed his lips against mine, muffling my protests, when I felt

him shift his hips. Now his cock was pressing towards my cunt. I

felt his head pressing against me and struggled and screamed to

no avail. Mark's pushed forward hard and his cock drove deep into

me in one thrust. I was being raped! I screamed inside as Mark

kept my mouth covered with his and thrust repeatedly into me. I

couldn't believe this was happening to me. Mark's thrusts got

harder and faster very quickly. Suddenly he gave a massive shove

which spread my legs even further and allowed his cock deeper

than ever before. He stayed buried to the hilt inside me as I

felt surge after surge of his hot cum splashing inside me. Mark

gave a great groan as he came and stopped kissing me. He looked

very pleased with himself.

I was sobbing quietly as he kept his cock inside me and opened

the window above my head. He called out to the guys in the nearby

cars. "Hey Johnno!", he called. "You owe me ten bucks!". With

that Mark grabbed my torn knickers from the floor of the car and

threw them out the window, towards the nearest car. The boys in

the other cars started cheering and clapping. I realised as Mark

climbed off me and zipped up his jeans that I had just been raped

for a ten dollar bet.

Mark smiled at me as he said "I'll be right back". Then he got

out of the car and went to talk to his mates. As I lay there,

violated, I could tell that Mark didn't think of what he had just

done as rape. As far as he was concerned, he had just shown me a

good time and all my struggling and protesting was just part of

the game. I had seen the advertisements about rape with the

slogan, "NO means NO", and always thought they were kind of

stupid. Now I knew why they were needed! When it comes to sex,

boys just don't understand what no means. I pulled my legs

together and kind of curled up in foetal position as I sobbed

uncontrollably. I don't know why I didn't run. I could have

opened the far door and made a run for it. Mark wouldn't have

even known why I was running away! But I stayed! Mark stayed over

with his mates for quite a while. He had got his rocks off and

won his bet that he could fuck me on the first date. Now I was

just a nuisance. He would rather spend time with his mates.

When he finally came back, I was still curled up in the back

seat. I wasn't crying anymore, I was numb! Mark brought me a

drink and as he passed it to me I said "Thank you!". I actually

said "Thank you!" to the boy who had raped me. Later I couldn't

believe I had said it! I sat there drinking my drink, not knowing

what to say or do. Mark shuffled up next to me and started

touching me again. This was the man who had just raped me. Now he

was treating me as if we were the friendliest of lovers out on a

date. I didn't even protest this time as Mark laid me down again.

I was aware but distant as he spread my legs and took out his

cock. It may as well have been someone else there instead of me.

I felt nothing as Mark penetrated my bruised vagina once again. I

felt nothing as he rammed his cock forcefully into me repeatedly

for about ten minutes.

The window was still open and some of Mark's mates came over to

the car and watched as Mark fucked me for the second time. They

made a few crude comments and one of them reached through the

window and started touching my breasts while Mark was fucking me.

I felt nothing as he came, unloading more of his semen into my

already dripping cunt. I was in shock! I just lay there and took

it all without a word of protest! As Mark pulled his cock out of

me and climbed off me, the door behind my head opened and the guy

who had been feeling me up got better access. I just lay there

with my tits exposed and my legs still spread. I couldn't even be

bothered pushing my skirt back down so my cunt was clearly

visible. The guy reached in with both hands and roughly squeezed

both of my tits. I could hear other voices nearby as he said

"Check these out" to the other guys.

Mark's mates from the other cars had all gathered round. I could

see faces peering in at me through the open door and the opposite

window. Suddenly hands grabbed my arms and pulled me out of the

car through the open door. I still felt numb and distant as they

stood me up and hands were grabbing at my breasts. They took my

shirt and bra completely off and I stood there topless while they

mauled me. One of them said "Bring her around the back", and they

half dragged, half walked me to the back of the car. They pushed

me forward over the boot of the car and I felt someone's hands

between my legs as he roughly pushed my legs apart with his feet.

It was only now that It dawned on me what was about to happen.

Still in shock, I tried to stand up but a hand in the middle of

my back slammed me back into the car. I tried to push myself off

of the car boot and boys on either side of me, grabbed my arms

and held them out to the side. I had no more leverage and the boy

behind me now held me down easily with one hand between my

shoulder blades. I found my voice and tried to protest but they

just laughed. I was pleading "Please please please", as I felt

the boy behind me guide his cock into me. I was getting raped

again and I didn't even know who it was. I screamed as he thrust

violently into me and he clapped his hand over my mouth from

behind. "Shut the fuck up bitch", he said as he continued fucking

me. My head was bent back by the force of his hand over my mouth

and my back was arched, lifting my bare breasts off the cold

metal of the car boot. The boys on either side who were holding

my arms, took the opportunity to grab a breast each and squeezed

and pulled at them like animals.

I could feel his thrusts getting faster and harder as he slammed

into me more forcefully. A few seconds later he gave a long drawn

out groan and pushed into me even harder. He held his cock inside

me as he came. I could feel the cum spurting inside me as his

body convulsed. Suddenly he let me go and I collapsed back onto

the car boot as he pulled his cock out of me. I was crying and

tried to plead with them to stop! One of the boys shoved

something into my mouth and I realised it was my own knickers

that had been torn off me when Mark raped me earlier. I felt

hands grip me around the waist as another boy took position

behind me and a few seconds later another cock was violating me.

I went all distant again and stopped my useless struggling as all

of the boys took turns fucking me. I was being held down and gang

raped by nine boys, ten if you count Mark as well. I could feel

the pain as each of them took their turns raping me but it was a

blur, as if it was a distant memory of something that had

happened long ago. They weren't even holding my arms any more and

the last couple of boys fucked my bruised cunt, which was

overflowing with the cum from the other guys. I could feel cum

running down my legs and I could hear the sloppy wet sound of

each thrust of the final guy's cock into my cunt.

When they had finished, Mark gave me back my bra and shirt and

told me to get in the car. I took my knickers out of my mouth and

put my clothes back on. My knickers were torn so I used them to

wipe away the cum that was on my legs and still flooding out of

me. I left my cum soaked knickers on the ground and slowly and

painfully made my way to the front seat. The movie was just

coming to an end. Perfect timing!

Mark drove me home and said "You were terrific! I had a great

time!", then he drove away. I was still in shock. It still

appeared that he didn't even realise that he had raped me. Is

this the way older boys always treat girls? I had never been out

with a 16 or 17 year old before so I really didn't know. Was this

kind of treatment normal? Do boys just use us for sex, whenever

and wherever they want?

Still slightly dazed and confused I went inside the house. Dad

commented that I had been a long time at the mall. I wanted to

throw myself into his arms and let him hold me tight, but I just

said, "We went to see a movie" and I went to my room!

For the next year or so, school was a nightmare. Everybody seemed

to know that I had been gang banged by a group of seniors on the

weekend. I was being called a slut and worse by most of the

girls. Only Angela stayed friends with me. We had been friends

for years but i didn't even tell Angela what had really happened

that night. I did start getting a lot of attention from the

boys. Most of the boys in my classes were around 15 and 16 and

most of them were still trying to lose their cherries. For a

while I was being asked out nearly every day but I stayed away

from the seniors from then on.

I started casually dating which is something i had never really

done before. Up until then I had always had one steady boyfriend

or nothing at all. I only went out on dates on either Friday or

Saturday nights. Very occassionally it was both but not often. I

knew why the boys were asking me out. They wanted sex! I had a

reputation now and the boys saw me as a certain fuck! Most of the

boys I went on dates with tried to fuck me and I let them. I

never initiated anything but the memory of what happened the last

time I said "No", was still with me and I didn't want to be raped

again so I never put up much resistance. It was a rare weekend

that I didn't get fucked by some young horny teenager. I must

have screwed about twenty different boys that year leading up to

my 16th birthday. At least half of them were virgins before they

went out with me but it was a very rare thing for a boy I dated

to be a virgin afterwards.

My 16th birthday was a major event. Mum organised a family and

close friends birthday party for me at home but it was the night

before that I really had my birthday party. I planned to stay

over at Angela's house that night but Angela had arranged a party

for me. I went over to Angela's place late afternoon and got

settled in. Angela told me she had organised a party at David's

house. His parents were away so it was the perfect place. It was

a long way but Angela's dad drove us there and told us he would

pick us up at 12:15. That would give us just enough time to see

my birthday in. I dressed up very sexy for the party. It was a

warm night so I had a strapless top on, the kind with elastic

holding it up and no bra. I had to keep pulling it up throughout

the night as it kept slipping down. I had a very short black

skirt with hot pink knickers underneath and black high heeled

shoes. I was a knockout! Angela dressed much more conservatively

but was still very pretty.

I couldn't believe how many people turned up! It was an absolute

riot. Word had got around that there was a party and people just

kept turning up. There was over a hundred people there. All

teenagers but I didn't even know most of them They must have been

from other schools. I hadn't had this much fun in ages. I was

dancing and drinking and just generally having a great time.

Angela was being a bit boring. She didn't want her dad picking

her up drunk so she took it pretty easy. I on the other hand was

swilling Gin straight from the bottle and was smashed an hour

after we got there. Angela tried to get me to slow down. I think

she was concerned about her dad picking me up drunk and telling

my parents but I wasn't bothered.

I had a few of the boys trying to pick me up and I was flirting

outrageously. I spent most of the night dancing with the bottle

of gin in one hand. My top would keep slipping down as my breasts

bounced around while I was dancing but just before my breasts

popped out I would pull it back up. I could see some of the boys

just waiting for it to happen but I kept on noticing and fixing

it before they got an eyeful. I was rubbing up against whichever

boy I was dancing with. Half the boys in that party had my legs

straddling one of theirs that night as I rubbed my crotch against

their leg in a sexy dance routine. On top of that, my skirt which

just barely came down to the bottom of my arse, covered very

little, so whenever I sat down or bent over, the boys got a good

look up my skirt at my pretty pink knickers. I knew I was driving

them crazy with my teasing but what the hell, this was my party!

A few of the bolder boys copped a bit of a feel while we were

dancing but nothing serious.

Most of the people there were about the same age as me so the

party started to thin out early as people left or were picked up

by their parents. Especially the girls! I guess parents are more

protective of their daughters so well before midnight the party

had got down to only thirty or so, with only half a dozen girls

remaining. The closer we got to midnight, the more Angela became

concerned about how drunk I was. She kept trying to get me to

stop. She was starting to sound like my mother. I was half way

through my second bottle and feeling very happy so I continued

teasing the boys. My dancing became even more erotic than before.

I was even very deliberately rubbbing their cocks through their

pants as we were dancing but moving on to the next dance partner

before anything got too serious.

I was doing a sexy dance with two of the boys, Steve was rubbing

up against my front and the other boy, whose name I can't

remember, was doing the same at my back. I was sandwiched between

them and Steve had his leg between mine and I was rubbing my

crotch up against him. The boy behind me kept reaching around for

a feel of my tits but I kept pushing his hands away with my free

hand. I was still hanging on to the bottle of gin with the other.

Steven reached down between my legs and it was a few seconds

before I realised I was rubbing up against his hand and not his

leg. The boy behind me had his hands around my waist. When I

realised that Steven was trying to finger me through my panties I

gave a little squeal, backed off slightly and reached down to

pull his hand away. As I straightened up the boy behind me, quite

deliberately I'm sure, held the material of my top so it slipped

over my tits as I stood up and my breasts came bouncing free. I

gave another little squeal as I used my free hand to pull my top

back up but I was laughing as I did it. The other boys sitting

around the room started cheering and clapping and calling out,

"Show us your tits".

It was getting quite late now. I remember Angela telling me it

was 11pm not long before and reminding me that her dad would be

here in less than an hour and asking me to stop drinking. I was

having way too much fun though. I looked her right in the eye as

I raised the bottle and had a good long drink. Angela looked very

pissed off! I was so drunk I could barely stand. It was only the

boys pressed against me front and back that stopped me falling

over. Something I had proved a few times during the evening by

falling over. Steven heard Angela say that her dad would be

picking us up soon and while she was standing there, he asked me

to go to one of the bedrooms for a fuck. Angela looked at me as

if to say "Don't", which is probably why I said, "Sure! Lets go."

The boy behind me said "Hey! Don't forget about me". I just said

"You can come too".

As I was being walked to one of the bedrooms, I heard Angela say

that she would leave without me but I really didn't care. Once we

got to the bedroom, Steve and his friend wasted no time in

getting my clothes off. The second guy was kind of holding me up

from behind as he pulled down my top and started squeezing my

tits. Steve got down in front of me and reached up under my skirt

and pulled my knickers down. They lay me down on the bed and

Steve was urgently undoing his belt and dropping his jeans as he

climbed on top of me. There was no foreplay and I didn't really

need it. I had spent the last few hours rubbing myself against

the legs of twenty or thirty guys and i was wet. Steve had

his cock inside me in not time and I lay there getting fucked

while the other boy continued playing with my tits.

I had never had a threesome before and it was probably just me

being rebellious against Angela's mothering that had me saying

yes. That and the nearly two bottles of gin I had drunk. let me

be clear about this though. I knew what I was getting into with

these two. I was very very drunk but I can still remember making

the decision to go to the bedroom with both of them for sex. I

was lying on my back getting fucked by Steve and in a delirious,

drunken kind of way, I was enjoying it. Steve didn't last very

long. At least it didn't feel like it. I was so drunk I can't be

sure. I remember him suddenly pushing into me very hard and I

could feel him pumping his cum into me. he lay there for a few

seconds, grunting out the last few spurts of cum. Then he climbed

off me and his friend immediately took his place.

I can remember looking hazily into his face as he slid his cock

into my and thinking that I didn't even know his name. I was sure

he had told me at some point but I just couldn't remember. I

wasn't really thinking about him screwing me. He was happily

pounding away and I just lay there, staring at him and trying to

remember his name. Half way through, he pulled out of me and

rolled me over onto my stomach. He grabbed hold of both my hips

and pulled me up into doggy position. He stuck his cock back

inside me and continued fucking me. I had to grab hold of the

blankets and push back to try and stop falling forwards as he was

slamming into me quite hard. His hands were also holding onto my

hips and pulling me back which was probably a good thing because

I don't think I could have kept myself up on my own.

Steve came up in front of me and stuck his cock in my mouth. It

was soft and sticky with cum and my own cunt juices. I don't

usually like giving head much but I've done it a few times. Steve

had hold of my head and as I sucked him, I could feel him getting

hard in my mouth. The other boy came inside me a few minutes

later and Steve, who was quite hard again by this time, changed

places with him. Once again I was sucking on a sloppy, cum soaked

cock while I was being fucked.

Steve lasted much longer this time. He was still fucking me when

his friend came in my mouth. I was surprised by the amount and

choked a little bit as he filled my mouth with cum. When he

pulled out of my mouth, Steve rolled me over on to my back again

and continued. I started to fade off a bit as I just lay there

with my eyes closed as Steve kept pounding his cock inside me. I

barely noticed as he finished and shot his second load into my

cunt. As he climbed off I started to pull my aching legs together

but I was stopped by hands on my knees, pulling them back open.

Once again Steve's friend got on top of me and started fucking

me. I must admit the boy has stamina. He had already cum twice.

I was lying there only half conscious and could hear

myself grunting "Ungh ungh ungh", with every thrust of the cock

into my sloppy cunt. I could tell Steve still was in the room. I

could hear him talking but I couldn't make out what he was

saying. It never occurred to me to wonder who he was talking to.

In hindsight it couldn't have been the boy on top of me. His

mouth was right near my face and I would have noticed if it was

him. Besides, he was doing a fair bit of grunting as well as he

picked up his pace and let go another load inside me. There was

another quick change which I barely noticed and my fucking

continued. I still had my eyes closed and was just barely

conscious. I could still hear Steve's voice but it was mingled

with others. Several others! I had my head tilted to the side and

as I forced my eyes open, I could see Steve talking with a couple

of other boys. The bedroom door was open and people were looking

in and laughing. Even in my drunken state I felt self conscious

about Steve and his friend fucking me in front of other people. I

looked up at the boy fucking me, whose name still I couldn't

remember, but it wasn't him. I was being fucked by someone else

and hadn't even noticed.

The realisation that I was being gangbanged, came very slowly. I

was like it was happening to someone else I was so distant. As

the boy on top of me climbed off of me, I could see someone else

moving in. I tried to close my legs and say something to stop

them, but even I couldn't make out the words I was saying. In my

head I was saying "Stop" or "No" but the words that came out were

just unintelligible noise. The boys were all drunk and fucking me

very hard.  I was having the breath knocked out of me with every

thrust and could hear myself going "Ungh ungh" again as he

screwed me.

There were lots of people in the room now. Through sleepy eyes I

could see them standing around drinking beer and laughing and

talking to each other but it was all a dream. I barely noticed

being fucked. It was the change overs that I noticed. The sudden

absence as a cock was pulled completely out of me. The pressure

which came off my legs which were being forced wide open by the

weight on my inner thighs. I really noticed that as it was

removed, even in my drunken state. Each time the relief was short

lived, as it was quickly replaced by the weight of another boy on

top of me and another cock slipping easily inside me.

I have no idea how many boys fucked me that night. All I noticed

was the changes and even they became a blur and eventually I must

have totally passed out. When I woke up there was a boy on top of

me. I wasn't being fucked! He was asleep! I was in exactly the

same position and he was lying between my legs with his body

weight on top of me and his head on one of my shoulders. It

appeared that he had fallen asleep while screwing me. I rolled

him off me, which wasn't easy, and felt pain suddenly shoot

through my legs as I pulled them together and rolled onto my

side.

I lay there for a few minutes, unable to move. It wasn't my cunt

that was sore. It was the muscles in my legs. My inner thighs had

been repeatedly slammed by the legs and hips of, who knows how

many boys, and they were seriously bruised. I managed to get off

the bed and stand up. I had to hold on to the wall as I stood

there naked, with my legs shaking uncontrollably. Eventually I

could move around a bit and started looking for my clothes. They

were scattered around the bedroom floor and bending down to pick

them up was difficult but i got them. I made my way to the

bathroom and sat on the toilet to wee. I could feel cum seeping

out of me as I peed. Cum was encrusted all over me. My hair was

tangled and knotted as if it had glue in it. My face was crusted

with dried cum and it was all over my tits and stomach. It was

obvious that some of the boys had cum in my face and hair but I

don't remember it. My clothes wee a mess! My black skirt had

white streaks all over it. I think they used them to wipe me

clean as they were soaked! My knickers were soggy! My shirt was

and skirt were crusted with dried cum. I had to crack them open!

I finished on the toilet and moved to the shower and took my

clothes with me. I stayed in the shower for a long time. The

water went cold but i didn't care. I washed my hair a couple of

times and very gently cleaned between my legs. Then I gave my

clothes a good rinse. I got out of the shower and wrapped a towel

around me. I found the laundry and put my clothes in the dryer

then went through the lounge room to the kitchen. I really needed

some water! There were boys passed out all over the lounge room.

On the couches and on the floor. I tried to stay quiet as I got

myself a drink and waited for my clothes to dry.

A few minutes later one of the boys woke up and came out to the

kitchen. I have no idea who he was and I was terribly embarassed,

standing there in a towel, in a house full of unconscious boys

who had as far as i knew, all fucked me the night before. He was

friendly enough and he made me a coffee and started talking. he

mostly wanted to talk about the night before. I didn't but he

told me he had arrived late after going to another party. he had

come down to the bedroom and watched me getting fucked for a

while but said he didn't join in because i was a mess. He said he

didn't want to go sloppy 30th! I couldn't believe what he had

just said. I said "Thirty!". he said "That's what they told me".

He added that there was still a few guys who hadn't fucked me who

were waiting for their turn as well but he wasn't interested and

crashed out in one of the spare rooms.

He said I looked much better now that I had cleaned up. He

reached out and touched my hair as he said it. I didn't like

where this was heading so I tried to move past him to go and

check my clothes. he said "What's the rush" and blocked my way.

He put his hand on my left tit and told me I looked beautiful. I

pushed his hand away and tried to get past him again. He suddenly

pushed me back against the kitchen counter and pressed himself up

against me. "You fucked over thirty guys last night, you little

slut. I'm not going to be the only one to miss out!" he said.

"Please! I'm too sore" I said, and tried to get away. He roughly

turned me around and pulled away my towel as he said, "You'll

manage". "No! Don't! I'll scream!" I said. He just laughed and

said "Go ahead". He said if I screamed I would wake some more of

the guys and maybe the party could start again. I knew he was

right, I couldn't risk that but I tried appealing to him once

more. "I don't want to. This is rape!" I said. He just laughed

again and said "You can't rape a slut!" as he bent me over the

kitchen counter and undid his jeans.

He used his feet to push my legs apart and used his right hand to

guide his cock into me. As I felt his cock pushing inside me I

was surprised that it didn't hurt more. I guess because he was

fucking in a bent over position, he was hitting my bum instead of

my inner thighs. He was very rough. He slammed into me very hard

over and over again. I didn't dare to scream. I was looking over

the kitchen counter at a dozen or more boys asleep in the lounge

area as I was getting raped and I didn't want to wake them and

risk more of the same. It didn't take him very long. He was being

fairly quiet then suddenly he gave out a loud grunt and thrust

into me very hard. He held on to my hips as he buried his cock

deep inside me and shot his load. He pulled out and said "Nobody

will believe you if you tell anyone". I knew he was right. All

the guys that fucked me last night would swear that I was willing

and my credibility was shot. He smiled at me as he pulled up his

pants and said "Happy Birthday!", then he walked out of the

kitchen. I went and got my clothes from the dryer. They were

still damp but I got dressed and went home.

I had screwed two boys willingly. Apparently, over thirty more

had taken advantage of me while I was drunk or passed out. That

was technically rape but I'm sure they didn't see it that way.

One more had knowingly raped me the next morning. Some birthday

present! How could this have happened to me again?

At school on Monday, Angela was a bit annoyed at first. She said

she had told her dad that I wasn't feeling well and had gone home

early. She couldn't very well tell him that I was in the bedroom

fucking two boys. I understood that and managed to smooth things

over with Angela. We were still friends! As the day progressed,

stories about me were circulating. Everywhere I went I could see

groups of people whispering and looking at me. It was obvious

that everyone knew I had screwed a whole bunch of boys at my

birthday party. Not only had I been gang raped again, now I was

getting a reputation as the school slut because of it.

Angela caught up with me again later in the day. She had

obviously heard what had happened. I told her that I had passed

out with the first two boys and the rest had taken advantage of

me. She apologised for leaving me alone. I could tell she was

very upset. She felt guilty and kept saying that it was all her

fault, which it wasn't. She tried to get me to stop drinking and

slow down a bit. She tried to get me to leave when her dad picked

her up. I reassured her that none of it was her fault. We hugged

and cried. She's the only person I have ever told what really

happened that night.

The following year was uneventful. I stopped dating altogether. I

spent most of my time with Angela at either her house or mine. We

were the seniors now and quite a few of the boys had cars. I

still got asked out a lot but always refused. Angela's parents

got her a car for her 17th birthday. My birthday was still a

couple of months away. Mum and Dad promised me a car for my

birthday as well. I had already had driving lessons and gotten my

license and could hardly wait to get my own car. In the meantime,

we had Angela's car which she let me drive sometimes. At least we

didn't have to catch the bus to school anymore. I was glad about

that because it seemed like the bus was full of boys who had

fucked me, either in the preceding year or during the rape at my

16th birthday. I was constantly getting comments or even felt up

by the boys on the bus. I hated it. Now we had a car life was

better and there was only three months of school left.

Angela got herself a boyfriend soon after and I didn't see quite

so much of her after that. We still got together during the week

but weekends she was always out with Michael. She was in love and

I was happy for her but for the next couple of months, my

weekends were very boring. I missed her! She came over my house

one Sunday and was really angry with me. I had no idea why. She

told me that Michael had let it slip that we had gone on a date

the year before and he had screwed me. Michael thought she

already knew he had lost his cherry to me. She was furious with

me for not telling her but I really didn't remember. I had gone

out with a lot of boys that year and while Michael looked

familiar to me, I thought that was just because he was from our

school. I really don't recall having sex with him but it could be

true. Angela was so angry that I had screwed the boy she loved.

The first fuck he ever had was with me! She said she couldn't

have sex with him now without thinking about me sucking his cock

or fucking him. She called me a slut and worse and told me she

didn't want to see me anymore. Angela had stuck by my side

through everything that had happened to me and now I lost my only

friend over something that happened over a year ago, before they

even got together. It didn't seem fair.

My 17th birthday came and went without much happening. I didn't

have a party, just family. Mum and Dad got me the car they

promised me, which was nice but now I didn't have anywhere to go

or anyone to go with, so I mostly just used it to go to school

and back. I saw Angela and Michael around the school nearly every

day. They were still together but she wouldn't even talk to me

anymore. I tried to make up with her but she called me a slut,

loudly, in front of a bunch of other girls and I never tried

again.

Despite not having dated for over a year, I was still getting

asked out fairly often. I was lonely since my break up with

Angela and not long before school finished that year I met a boy

called Paul. He was very nice. he didn't ask me out straight away

like most of the other boys who were just after a quick fuck. He

talked to me like a friend. I started looking forward to meeting

him after school and I really enjoyed his company. He finally got

around to asking me out a few weeks later and I accepted. We had

a very nice time. I went out with Paul several times and he never

tried anything more than holding my hand or a good night kiss. I

was relieved at first not to have someone who was just trying to

get into my knickers, but it went on that for a while and

I started to wonder if he was gay. He wasn't as it turned out but

I found that out the hard way.

I had been going out with Paul for a few weeks now and still

nothing had happened. I liked him a lot and would have been

willing to sleep with him but he never made a move. It had been

over a year since I had had sex and I wanted to make love to

Paul. I was starting to think how I could initiate things when

Paul invited me to a football game at a local park. It wasn't a

professional game or anything like that. It was a game with a

bunch of his friends but he said his brother and a few other

friends would be turning up later. I hadn't met many of Paul's

friends so I was looking forward to it. Besides I was hoping this

would be the night that Paul would work up the nerve to make a

move. Some of the boys had girlfriends so I wasn't the only girl

there. We had a barbecue going and a few beers. All in all it was

a very pleasant afternoon.

After the game was over, we were all gathered around the pagola

area where the barbecue and a couple of picnic tables were and we

were having a good time. Paul had introduced me to all his

friends and we were getting along very well. I hadn't had this

much fun in a long time. The sun was just starting to set and

people were packing their cars to leave when a couple more cars

pulled up. Paul said "Here's David". That was Paul's brother and

his friends finally arriving. Paul went over to meet his brother

and brought him over to meet me. It was starting to get dark and

I couldn't see more than shadows until they came back into the

pagola area where the lights were. As they got closer Paul said,

"This is her. I want you to meet Alison!". It was then that I

realised David was the boy who had raped me the morning after I

was gang banged at my 16th birthday party.

I was in shock for a moment and I heard David laugh and say "This

is your Alison! She's a total slut!". Paul was starting to get

angry at his brother and I sat there as David told Paul and all

his friends about the gangbang on my 16th birthday the year

before. He left out the part about raping me over the kitchen

counter! I tried to explain that it wasn't like that. I could see

Paul was in more shock than I was and I was in tears as I tried

to tell Paul that it had all been a big mistake. Several of

David's friends who had arrived with him had also been present at

my 16th and had also fucked me. They backed up David's story

completely! They made me out to be a total slut who had fucked or

sucked half the boys in the city. I could see Paul was reluctant

to believe them but this was his brother telling him and I could

tell I was losing him. We were making quite a scene with raised

voices and David constantly calling me a slut and a whore. Most

of the original crowd of Paul's friends got in their cars and

left.

I was hanging on to Paul's arm and crying and trying to convince

him I wasn't like David was saying. Suddenly Paul pulled away

from me and said "I have to think". He started walking away from

me and I moved to follow him but David blocked my way. "Leave him

alone you fucking slut!" he said and pushed me back in to my

seat. "I don't want a cheap whore like you going out with my

little brother!". I tried to get back up but David and a couple

of the other guys had hold of me and wouldn't let me go. I called

out to Paul but he ignored me and kept walking away. David moved

up close to me as two other guys were holding my arms. He grabbed

hold of my chin and looked me right in the eye. He said, "You're

not good enough for my brother! There's only one thing you are

good for and that's fucking!". With that he shoved one hand up my

dress and started rubbing my pussy. As he let go of my chin I

looked around and realised that all the other girls had left. It

was just me and David and his friends plus a few of Paul's

friends who had remained. About twelve of them in total and none

of them seemed to object to David molesting me while his friends

held me tight.

David said "Get her on the table", and I was dragged backwards on

to the picnic table and pulled on to my back. I tried to scream

out for Paul but someone put their hand over my mouth. While I

was held down David reached under my dress again and tore off my

knickers. As David was undoing his pants and spreading my knees

he said, "I was the last one to fuck you last year so it's only

fair that I go first this year". I struggled and tried to scream

but it was no use. I felt David's cock pressing at my cunt then

as he found the right spot despite all my wriggling, then he

suddenly drove it home with one violent shove. I screamed and

cried but he just kept on fucking me, fast and furious. I was

kicking him as best I could from this position and he said,

"Someone get this bitch's legs will you!". I felt hands grab my

ankles and knees and my legs were lifted high with my knees bent

and held tight. I was immobilised. With my knees bent and held

high David could fuck me even deeper, and he did. He drove into

me over and over again, slamming his cock into me as hard as he

could with every thrust. He got faster and faster until he leaned

forward, held me tightly around my waist and looked me right in

the eye as he came inside me.

As David pulled his cock out of me, one of his friends stepped

forward and took his place. He wasn't as rough and angry as David

had been but it wasn't fun. I was getting gang banged again! I

wasn't crying or trying to call out anymore, I knew it was

hopeless, and the hand over my mouth was removed. Someone tried

to stick their cock in my mouth but I turned away. He grabbed my

head and turned me back. As he forced his cock into my mouth he

said, "If you bite me, you will regret it", and proceeded to fuck

my mouth. I was getting it from both ends now. I wasn't

struggling anymore but I certainly wasn't cooperating. The hands

holding me down had let go  but I knew there was no getting away.

Another boy came inside me and another boy took his place.

The guy fucking my mouth warned me to suck properly and I was

scared enough to do as he told me. A few minutes later he came in

my mouth and before I could even swallow his load another cock

was shoved in my mouth. This boy was rougher and kept shoving his

cock deep down my throat. I was gagging on his cock and fighting

back the urge to vomit every time he slid into my throat. Ifelt

the guy fucking me cum and another took his place. This boy was

fucking me even harder than David had done. He raised my legs

over his shoulders and had a frim grip on my thighs as he slammed

in to me over and over again. He was really hurting me and as the

boy in my mouth pulled out and came on my face, I saw that the

boy fucking me was Paul. He drove his cock into me very hard a

few more times before he unloaded his cum into my sore cunt. As

he was putting his cock away he looked at me and said, "David was

right! You are a slut!".

The rest of the guys carried me out on to the grass and laid me

down. There was still about eight boys waiting for their turn and

one by one they all fucked me. The rest of my clothes were

stripped off of me and hands were squeezing my tits and pulling

at my nipples as I had cock continuously shoved into my mouth and

up my snatch for the next few hours. I lost count of the number

of boys who fucked me or came in my mouth. When they all

finished, they just walked away and left me there. I was a mess

and I could hardly move.

As I lay exhausted on the grass of the local park, with my

clothes scattered all around me, I couldn't help but wonder. What

is about me that makes men treat me this way? Do I have

"Please Rape Me", tattooed on my forehead or something?

Campsite Gangbang

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 often 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 every night after

that! Every year from then on, I fucked at least two or three

other guys at various conferences etc, 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, or near, the Grampians, 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 half 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 there 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, even on a porn star. 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 cock in one hand and gently

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

slow long 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 screwed me even as I was Cumming and that

generated another wave as I was hit by 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 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

glue of the 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.

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