**Joanie's Spring Vacation**

by[JBEdwards](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3145872&page=submissions)©

*This Joanie story is about Joanie's Spring Break her senior year in college. Remarkable, a few of her more wild sexual fantasies from high school actually come true, no matter how wild they are.*  
My senior year in college I was single. I had broken up with my true love Mike and with his misogynist cousin, Philip the banker, who had been using my body for his own gain, farming it out to other bankers to enjoy, always with the motive of promoting his career.   
  
Now I was enjoying the solitude. I missed all the sex, actually, but very much not the craziness that seemed to come with it. I had hoped to go somewhere more glamorous for spring break, but my parents were lonesome for me, and I was for them, too. Plus my sister would be home from her college, as well. So I was looking forward to the trip home and got excited about seeing everyone.  
  
I got big hugs from my parents, home cooked meals (my favorite foods), and of course my Mom instantly did my laundry. I should explain some things. I've already written about them, but perhaps you have not read those accounts, or forgotten them. I'll summarize: My sexual reputation in my hometown was in the toilet.   
  
Lots of the boys I went to high school with now knew I was an exhibitionist, and many had seen pictures of me naked and with three different boys in flagrante delicto. Some had even been to the party my friend Susie organized that became an orgy, and everyone there saw me rather spectacularly fuck an older friend of Susie's brother. They also saw me blow another guy, all in one evening. Pictures and videos of these events were still circulating. Not cool.  
  
So the first day back when I went to the local mall to window shop, I did not know who I would run into there, and was careful to dress conservatively. For me, that means I wore a bra, a fully buttoned blouse, and one of my longest skirts. Even my long skirts were not that long, however, around mid thigh.  
  
But I looked good. I did not try to hide that I have a good body; the clothes were proper but you could see all my curves. My skirt hugged my ass; all my skirts do. I also wore some perfume; I always do these days. I knew a lot of my high school friends would also be home for spring break from their colleges, but I figured the real jerks would be in Florida somewhere.   
  
When I was in high school, there was one boy I had a crush on. From a boy-girl standpoint, I was invisible back then. I was a geek and wore loose fitting clothes. I wasn't even kissed until my freshman year in college. The night I got kissed the first time was also the night four boys got me naked, kissed me, felt me up, and fingered me. It was quite some introduction to college men!   
  
The object of my adolescent fantasies was a boy named Matt. He was nice to me, and towards the end of high school we studied together. He often wanted to study at my house, but he never even tried to hold my hand, or anything.  
  
That didn't stop me from having wild sexual fantasies involving him, however. I used to write some of them down in my diary, and then a week later I would read what I had written and have to masturbate to relieve the sexual tension my story would provoke. My diary had a lock, and I put in a small lockbox I had where I kept the treasures of my childhood.  
  
Now, three and a half years after we both graduated high school, I hear him calling out my name at the mall. I turned around and there he was. My old crush and fantasies of him ripping off my clothes, throwing me onto the bed, and fucking me roughly, came flooding back. But they were fantasies, not what I actually wanted, then or now.   
  
Matt and I went for coffee, and we talked for a long time, and enjoyed each other's company. He said there was a movie playing in town he wanted to see, and would I go with him tonight? I agreed instantly, with a big smile.   
  
After the movie that night, he drove me home, and put the moves on me in his car, right outside my parent's house. We started kissing, and I enjoyed it. Then he began to fondle my boobs through my blouse and bra. I made an appreciative sound that encouraged him, and he unbuttoned my blouse.   
  
I made no move to stop him, and I did not say anything like "What do you think you're doing?" After all, this was long after high school. I said nothing and simply watched as he undid my blouse. He next removed it, so I was only in my bra.   
  
Again I was silent, and leaned over and resumed kissing him. While kissing me he unhooked my bra, and when we came up for air, he quickly removed it. He sat back and drank in the view. "Joanie," he said, "You have gorgeous breasts. God himself could not improve on them."  
  
I said nothing, but leaned over him and kissed him, and I let his hands roam all over my boobs and nipples. This continued for a good 5 to 10 minutes. I could see the bulge in his pants, and smiled to myself. He started fumbling for the zipper at the rear of my skirt.   
  
I said, "No, Matt. Not on the first date."  
  
Matt was surprised, that was clear. After all everyone knew a couple of years earlier I had fucked a guy I had just met at Susie's party, so clearly I was not that hard to get into bed, or so everyone thought. I could see he expected me to behave as a slut. But he recovered quickly. After all, "not on the first date," implied a future where he could remove my skirt.   
  
Matt said, "Remember when we were 16 and we each decided to go to the X-Men movie, and by accident we sat together?"   
  
Of course I remembered. My fantasies with Matt after sitting next to him in the movies had been over the top. "I think we should count that as our first date. That makes this the second date."  
  
I was flattered that he too remembered us sitting next to each other in the movies. I smiled at him and giggled a little, clearly amused. "Okay then Matt, this is our second date," I said. He started again on my skirt.   
  
"I'm sorry, Matt. Not on the second date, either. I'm a third date kind of gal," I said, blushing a little when I said it, and looking downward as if embarrassed by my own words. After all, I was in effect telling him I would put out on our next date.   
  
I was still sitting in the car with my naked boobs right in front of him. He kissed them and suckled a bit on the nipples, and then kissed me while his hands gave a lot of attention to my boobs.   
  
"There's a new restaurant in town. Could I have the pleasure of your company at it tomorrow night?" Matt asked.   
  
"You're an impatient guy, aren't you?" I said, and this time it was Matt who blushed. Then I added, "Yes. You can take me to dinner tomorrow. I'll wear something special for you tomorrow." Matt practically burst his pants open when I said this: his cock was so hard. We kissed a while longer. I put my blouse back on, not bothering with my bra, so he could walk me up the drive to the door.   
  
While walking up he told me, "You know, back in high school I had a crush on your mother."  
  
"What?" I exclaimed.   
  
Still calm, Matt said, "Yeah. We all did. Me and my friends, we compared the moms of all the girls, and made a MILF scale, and your mom won. It was unanimous." Then he added quickly, "But you Joanie have grown up to be even more beautiful than your Mom. You're not a MILF, I guess you're a GILF."  
  
"A GILF?" I asked.   
  
"Yeah. The M is for Mother, and the G is for girl. GILF is my own invention. Like it?" Matt asked.   
  
I was beginning to think there was something wrong with Matt. Even if he thought these things, and I'm sure he did, why was he telling me them? You don't raise the topic of sex with a girl's Mom when you are trying to get into the pants of the girl herself! Plus it was gross.   
  
After some silence I said, "Matt, that's gross. And offensive."  
  
He apologized and tried to kiss me again, but I pushed him away. Then he got nervous. "We still on for tomorrow night?" he had fear in his eyes. He did not want to blow this chance with me.   
  
He would indeed have blown it, no doubt, had I not had a crush on him in high school and now desperately wanted him to fuck me, actually. For old times sake, I told myself. So I said, "Yes," but turned my back from him and almost ran to the house.   
  
Matt called after me, "7 o'clock!" and I nodded while I ran, my boobs bouncing all other the place.   
  
My Mom was right there when I entered. She had seen me running and she had seen my boobs bouncing around. "Want to catch me up, Joanie dear? Come sit with me and have a glass of wine."  
  
I began to tell her, and it turned into a confessional of my entire sordid life the first two years of college. I told her about Mike, being an exhibitionist, Susie's orgy, the incest with our cousins, and then about Philip.   
  
I told her how I been tied down spread eagle in Paris and then gangbanged by five men, and then told her the story of Joanie of Zurich. She listened to everything in rapt attention. I did not tell her how I had inadvertently turned two tricks, one in New York, and the second in Zurich.   
  
I'm sure my mother was in a state of shock. After a period of silence, she said, speaking slowly, "Well Joanie, I knew already of course about Susie's orgy; all the parents know. I also know you and Sarah had incest with your cousins. Both my sister and I could tell when we saw you sitting at the table when we came home."   
  
She saw my surprised and incredulous look, and she said, "Boys have this special smile right after they've been laid. I've seen it enough times myself."  
  
I should explain about my Mom. She has an identical twin sister. Even now grown adults, and mothers, they are still both identical. They were also both outrageously wild when young. I don't know that much about my aunt, but I do know they both sold their bodies for money, and they starred together in at least one porno movie. They even traded boyfriends to see if the boys could tell them apart when fucking them!   
  
They were both still gorgeous with perfect bodies. My mother used to be perfectly proportioned with an hourglass figure, as Sarah and I are now. But after nursing Sarah and me, her breasts got a little bigger. She still has a great figure, and even more gorgeous boobs, however.   
  
My mother continued, "I knew Matt desired me back then. I could see it in his eyes when he looked at me. But I did not know I was the best MILF in town. I'm flattered."  
  
"Mom!" I said in exasperation.   
  
"Oh, Joanie. There is so much you do not know about me. You know, your times with Mike and Philip remind me of my times at your age. My Mike and Philip were your father and your uncle," my Mom said, with a bit of a wistful tone of voice.   
  
Then my Mom told me the story of her wanton youth. I needed several glasses of wine while she was telling it. After the third glass, I switched to my Dad's Scotch whiskey. I had wild dreams that night.  
  
The next day was surprisingly hot, so I wore a halter-top with no bra, and a mini skirt with no panties, with very high heels. I wanted to be true to my promise. The halter-top covered only one of the sides of my boobs, and barely extended to cover my nipples. Practically all of my boobs could be seen, except the sides near my arms, and some of the bottoms. There was a string tying the two sides together.  
  
The string let me adjust the top, so that I could make it tight and pull my boobs together, or I could make it loose to the point where my boobs were in constant danger of spilling out. In between, only my nipples were in danger of being exposed. Of course I put my most seductive perfume on under my boobs.   
  
When Matt came to pick me up and saw me in my outfit, I could tell he wanted to throw me on a bed and fuck me senseless right then and there. He was stunned and just stood there. Finally he got it together and managed to stammer, "Joanie, you look...you look..."  
  
"Hot," I helped him. He nodded vigorously. I said, "Shall we go?"  
  
He kissed me and while kissing he quickly inserted a hand under my halter-top to fondle my boobs. My boobs spilled out. I removed his hand after he got a good fondle and eyeful, and then put my boobs back in. I said, "Not here, not now, eager lover boy. After dinner."  
  
I had a nice time at dinner with him. We talked and talked, reminiscing about high school, and discussing our respective colleges, and our plans for the future. We discussed our favorite movies and TV shows, and our favorite novels. I enjoyed all this a lot.   
  
He could not stop staring at my boobs during dinner. Other people did, too. I realized my boobs looked as if they were in constant danger of bursting out. Once or twice the nipples actually were revealed, but I could tell and quickly restored the halter-top. Only once did it go a few minutes before I realized my nipples were not covered. When I realized it I pretended I did not, enjoying being on display, not just to Matt but also to anyone who looked at our table. Most of the men in the restaurant did look, in fact.   
  
Matt then finally nodded his head towards my boobs, and I managed to blush and quickly restore the halter-top. I knew he had been enjoying the show while they were exposed, but nevertheless I thanked him profusely. I leaned over the table to kiss him and my boobs fell completely out. I blushed again, and put them back in. Then we kissed. My exhibitionist display had rendered me thoroughly wet down there.  
  
When the meal ended, I let him pay. We left and he drove me to the edge of the parking lot at the mall. "Are you planning to get a little exercise by giving us a long walk to the mall?" I asked. However I knew what he was in fact planning on doing, of course.   
  
He leaned over and kissed me. After five minutes of kissing my halter-top was off, and his hand was under my skirt. He realized I was commando. He smiled, and unzipped my skirt. I lifted my hips and he slid it off. I was now naked, and he was fully dressed.  
  
He told me to get out of the car. I looked at him questioningly. He said it again. I said, "You want me to leave the car naked in a parking lot at the mall?"  
  
"Yes," he said as he got out himself, walked around the car and opened the door, so that the dome light was lighting me up. At least my door was on the far side of the car from the mall.  
  
Even though the dome light was lighting me up somewhat so that anyone could see me sitting there in all my naked glory, I said, "There seems to be an asymmetry in the state of dress, here."  
  
He said, "I'll fix that. I'll be on the bottom," and he gestured to the tall weeds that were growing at the edge of the mall parking lot. So that was his plan! This was exactly the beginning of one of my high school fantasies!   
  
I got a thrill from the risk to the point where it felt like electric shocks traveled into my cunt. And I like outdoor sex. But most of all I was so excited that Matt had stumbled upon one of my fantasies. It seemed remarkable that he had.  
  
I left the car, and he shut the door, and the dome light went out. Good. He took my hand and led me far into the weeds; there was a little hollow, so down there nobody could see us from the parking lot. He had planned this out. He then lay down and told me to sit on his face. I obliged and he ate me out for quite a while. It was, again, just like my old high school fantasy.  
  
He could not get me to cum, but he did get me very wet. I was turned on. Also since I was sitting on him, my head and boobs could be seen from the parking lot. When he was done, I helped him undress.   
  
I think he was hoping I would give him a blowjob, but he was disappointed. Giving Matt a blowjob was not one of my high school fantasies. When I was that age, the thought of sucking a dick was gross. A lot has changed since then, to say the least!  
  
We put his clothes underneath him, and I slowly lowered myself onto his raging cock. Boy, did it feel nice! I started bouncing around on him, my boobs bouncing above his face, knowing that my head and boobs could be seen from the parking lot. The motion would give away what was going on, that was for sure! This was highly erotic for the exhibitionist side of me, and also it was how I fucked him in my fantasy.  
  
I was keeping an eye on the parking lot, at least when my eyes were not closed, enjoying my high school fantasy come true. So I did not see Matt's two friends watching us, because they had come from deeper in the weeds, the other side.   
  
I heard something, looked in the direction of the sound, and saw them. They were hard to miss, standing up, their pants pushed down and both with erect cocks. I was very surprised. Indeed I was shocked, but not knowing what to do, I just kept right on fucking Matt.   
  
This was exactly the second part of my fantasy: That two of Matt's friends would come to watch. This was getting weird. It was too close to my fantasy.   
  
Matt followed my eyes and saw them both there. He said, casually, "Hi, Sam. Hi Jake. Glad you could make it." They both smiled. I thought, WTF? Matt had invited them?  
  
Sam said, "And a big hello to both of you. Sorry we were a little late getting here. But it looks like we're here for the main event."  
  
Matt grunted as he plunged deep into me.   
  
"No need to speak Matt. By the way, hi Joanie," Sam said. "This here's a good look for you," and the two boys laughed. Sam continued, "Sorry we doubted you, Matt. Nice work. Joanie you are one gorgeous fuck."  
  
I knew them both from high school of course. Not knowing what to say and realizing there was no way out of this, I just smiled. "Hello boys," I said. "Enjoy the show while you can. Matt should finish soon."  
  
Sam and Jake both laughed and stroked their cocks. I did my trick with my vagina and squeezed Matt's cock while he was deep inside me. He groaned. Then I said to the two boys, "Why not put on a show for us boys? Stroke each other's cocks. Would you, would you please?"  
  
"Whoa, Joanie," Sam said, "You have a dirty mind."  
  
I said "I'm not the one who comes sneaking up on..." and then I had to stop. My breathing was getting uneven and the sensations were overwhelming. I could not help myself and began to moan. Being fucked outside at the mall, with other men standing over us with their cocks hanging out, was just too much.  
  
I moaned louder and louder and Matt began to fuck me harder and harder. I began to say, "Oh my God, oh my God," over and over. I was wearing my solid gold Maltese cross between my boobs and it was bouncing around and hitting them. I grabbed it and rubbed it as if I were rubbing Christ himself on the cross.   
  
"Yes, Matt. Don't stop, don't stop, harder, deeper, oh yes!" came streaming out of my mouth. Matt gave me a final hard and deep push. For the first time in my life I came at the same time as did the man fucking me. He exploded inside me while I screamed loudly, much too loud as it turns out.  
  
I was oblivious, having after shock orgasmic contractions. I was now whimpering. I collapsed onto Matt, my boobs flattening against his chest. Sam and Jake however were nervous we all four would be discovered and they crouched down. I laughed.   
  
It is not easy for a girl to move after having such a draining orgasm. I suppose evolution wants her to lie still to give the sperm a fighting chance to swim up to her eggs. So it was with some difficulty that I joined Matt to walk back to his car, leaving our two voyeurs in the tall grass. I remained naked. I could not ruin this wonderful feeling by pulling on my clothes; besides, my clothes were still in the car!  
  
Matt drove me home; he took the back roads, I suspect because I was naked. I put on my skirt, halter-top, and high heels during the ride home. He kissed me at the front door and I invited him in. There sat my mother drinking a glass of wine, wearing a semi transparent negligee. Across from her were Sam and Jake. They had beaten us here, and told my Mom when she answered the door they were supposed to meet Matt and me here.

This too was a fantasy except that my Mom was never in my fantasies. But in my fantasy the three men gangbanged me, and I assume that is what the two men had in mind when they came over to my home to join Matt and me. I did not want a gangbang, so I was glad about this deviation from my fantasy.   
  
Still, I was getting mighty suspicious about the goings on. It was as if Matt had a script taken from my adolescent diary. I made a mental note to check up on my diary, once everyone was gone!  
  
Sam had already almost finished a Scotch whiskey, and Jake had already finished a glass of wine, from the looks of things. Jake's right hand was under the table, and I was fairly sure it was on my Mom's bare leg. Her negligee goes down to mid thigh, I know the one, and it had ridden up her legs so the only area covered below her waist was her crotch.   
  
Usually my Mom wears panties under it, given its transparent nature. I was hoping she was wearing them at that moment. I looked at the floor, however, and I saw her panties on the floor, close to her feet.  
  
I saw Jake's arm move suddenly, and then my Mom involuntarily said, "Oh!" I guessed Jake's hand had found its goal. Jake began to finger fuck my Mom, and this was obvious to all. Sam went behind my Mom and stuck his hands inside her negligee and began to fondle her boobs. All this right in front of me!  
  
My Mom began to moan, and I noticed her moans sounded like mine. I was in a state of shock, staring at the three of them in disbelief, and I did not even notice Matt had quietly removed my halter-top. He had also quietly unzipped my skirt and pushed it onto the floor. I was now naked in front of three men and my Mom.  
  
Not to be undone, my Mom stood up and dropped her negligee to the floor. She grabbed my hand and led me to the sectional sofa in the living room. She said, "Sit down, Joanie." She sat, too. We both held our legs together. This was automatic, ironically for modesty.   
  
The three men stood over us, studying our bodies. They were pretty similar! My Mom said, "How was dinner?" and I lost it. I could not stop laughing for at least five minutes. I stopped when Sam spread my legs and began to eat me.   
  
I said, "No, stop. I don't want this." But my words lacked the emotion and tone of conviction, since I was aroused. Matt had already started eating my mother. My knee touched my mother's knee, as we were both pleasured.   
  
Jake was taking pictures with his cell phone. I made a mental note to force him to delete them later. I told Sam again to stop, but as I said this I realized an orgasm was overtaking me. I came surprisingly quickly, and I screamed loudly again. This time nobody got nervous.   
  
Apparently my scream woke up my younger sister Sarah who had arrived home from her own college while I was getting fucked on my date, and she came downstairs on the run, worried.   
  
Sarah had panties on, and nothing else, but she had been asleep in her parents' house, and she was not expecting anything remotely like what was going on. It was a hot night, she was not expecting any men, and so it was not surprising to me how she was dressed. It was to the men, however, who licked their licks at the prospect of fresh meat.  
  
I saw her and pushed Sam off me, jumped up as best I could right after an orgasm, and yelled, "Sarah!" We hugged, me naked, and Sarah only in panties, our boobs each crushing the boobs of the other.   
  
I introduced her to Sam and Jake, and they shook hands. Sarah is not shy, and she is also an exhibitionist, so she was okay shaking their hands clad only in panties. It did seem however a bit surreal.   
  
I said, "And that's Matt, indicating over to the back of Matt's head. He's the one fucking our Mom. He fucked me earlier in the Mall parking lot. Apparently, our Mom is a MILF. The best MILF in our town, or so I'm told."  
  
Sarah sat down. She slowly said, "Oh...kay."  
  
Sam said to Sarah, "Want a drink? Wine, Scotch?"  
  
"Anything, and fast," Sarah said.  
  
"Better fetch her a Scotch," I said. "She's had a bit of a surprise tonight." Then I giggled, and Sarah giggled too. Sarah left for a minute, to go upstairs and throw on a tee shirt. She brought one down for me, and I threw one on, too.  
  
Sarah, Sam, Jake, and I left the room where Matt and our Mom were still going at it, and we went downstairs to the basement rec room. We heard our Mom moaning loudly all the way down to the basement. Sarah turned on the TV to drown out the noise.   
  
The four of us made small talk for a while. Jake sat next to Sarah and put his hand on her bare leg, not far from her cunt, and began to stroke her leg. Sarah pushed his hand away. "Our Mom is getting fucked upstairs, Jake," she said. "This freaks me out, and I am not in the mood. Besides, I've known you for only an hour or less. I'm sorry I'm dressed so provocatively, but this was all a big surprise for me."  
  
Jake took the rejection well. "Not a problem, pretty lady. I understand." Then the bastard put his hand on my leg!  
  
"Sorry too, Jake, but I think you boys have struck out tonight. Better luck next time."  
  
The boys were clearly disappointed. We made small talk for a while and then I muted the TV to hear what was going on upstairs. I heard my Mom's after sex whimpering. We all did.  
  
Sam excused himself, asking for the toilet, and he went upstairs. This left us alone with Jake, and Sarah and I ganged up on him. I began by leaning over and kissing him, which took him by surprise, but he kissed back. Then Sarah kissed him.   
  
I took off his shirt, and Sarah unbuckled and unzipped his pants. Then we both took turns kissing him again. He was now naked and I pushed him down on the couch so that he was horizontal, on his back.  
  
Sarah counted, "One, two, three," and at three we both removed our tops, revealing once again our admittedly luscious boobs to Jake, lying below us. We revealed our cunts too, for that matter. We were now naked.   
  
Jake whistled his appreciation. In the silence while we were removing our tops, we heard my Mom start to moan again. Was Matt taking her a second time? And where was Sam? Beating off in the bathroom?  
  
I looked Jake up and down. He looked good, quite muscular, and not too hairy, but hairy enough, just the way I like it. He had a nice erect cock, too. I made myself comfortable, kneeling down, and took his cock in my mouth. He groaned in pleasure. I licked it all around, and began to suck on his balls.  
  
Sarah, now naked, slowly lowered her cunt onto Jake's face. He took the hint and began to eat her out. I'm sure he had never imagined being pleasured by two girls at once, let alone two sexy sisters like Sarah and me. Well, maybe: I idly wondered if this was one of his own adolescent fantasies?  
  
Our mother's cries upstairs got louder and louder, and Sarah began to moan, too. I began to finger myself as my mouth went up and down furiously on Jake's cock. Then I heard our Mom scream out; she was having orgasm number two. Sam had still not returned, and I began to put two and two together.   
  
Jake groaned loudly and shot his loud in my mouth. I saved some of it, wanting to kiss Jake and transfer his cum into his mouth, but Sarah's cunt still covered his mouth as she ground away on his face. So I went over to her, opened my mouth to show her Jake's cum, and kissed her. She eagerly accepted a share of Jake's cum and swallowed it. I swallowed the rest.   
  
I put the tee shirt back on and left the two of them, knowing Jake would probably try to fuck her, and she would probably let him, once she came. If she took long enough to cum, he would be hard again. I saw Jake's flaccid cock was already stirring, beginning to grow.   
  
I went upstairs and was greeted with the sight of Sam and my Mom fucking doggy style, while my Mom had Matt's cock in her mouth. I could not handle all of this: it was too much. So I put on sneakers and left the house for a walk.   
  
I quickly found our neighbors, the Phillips brothers, our local peeping Toms, who used to watch Sarah sunbathing topless and more, took pictures, and then blackmailed her into fucking both of them in exchange for deleting the pictures. I had a low opinion of them both, to say the least.  
  
There were the Phillips boys, and they had been watching Matt and Sam ravish our Mom. They were still watching the action when I snuck up behind them and told them to get the hell out of our yard. I started hitting the older one. Their names are George (the older one) and Jason. George is my age, and we went to high school together, and I knew him from computer science class. Jason is the age of my sister Sarah.  
  
As I was hitting George, Jason snuck up behind me and grabbed me, immobilizing my arms. As he did so, he realized I was not wearing a bra. George now got an evil smile and lifted my tee shirt, exposing my cunt to them. Then George snuck up behind me, and Jason let go of me, but now George got the same grip on me. He was strong; too, there was no hope of escape.  
  
Jason had his camera bag with him and reached in and took out a huge knife, with a glistening blade. I became terrified. "Stay quiet," he said, brandishing the knife. I nodded compliance. They led me, at knifepoint, through the woods behind our house. They took me up to the rocks where Sarah used to sunbathe topless, and sometimes nude. It was out of earshot of the house.   
  
George then reached into Jason's camera bag and found some rope and tied me up. They lay me down, and tied each arm to a tree, so I could not escape. Jason then took his knife, and sliced off my tee shirt. The knife cut through the cotton as if it were butter. I knew their plan. Anyone would have known their plan at this point.   
  
I was now laying naked on the flat rock at the top of the hill in the woods. I was lit up by the full moon. Jason took the knife and put it between my legs, pushing them gently apart. I complied, desperately wanting not to get cut. That knife was so big, and so sharp, it would have been easy for Jason to cut my leg to the bone.   
  
George mounted me first. My cunt was as dry as a dessert. It hurt a lot when he entered me, but I had to admit I liked it. I knew this was rape, but I was into it. I was horribly ashamed to be into it. My cunt quickly became wet as he pumped in and out of me.  
  
I did not want to, but I could not help myself, I began to moan. Suddenly George pulled out unexpectedly, and Jason began snapping pictures of my naked, writhing body. George got back on top of me and resumed fucking me, and Jason lay down close to us snapping away, getting shots of his cock partially inside me. He took short videos, too.  
  
George pushed himself up on his hands, and as he fucked me, my breasts were heaving and sweating and he captured that, too. I wondered if anyone at our home would stop fucking long enough to wonder where I had gone and see the flashes from the rocks? Fat chance, I thought. There was not going to be any cavalry riding to my rescue.   
  
George pulled out and squirted on my boobs and my face. Quick as a bunny Jason took his place and went to town. I was getting close to an orgasm when he too pulled out and squirted on me. Then he got up and took pictures of my cum-covered body, lying there. I did not smile for the camera.   
  
In some sense, being surprised by two men, led away, tied up, and repeatedly fucked by the men was also one of my fantasies from adolescence! But the men had been faceless in my imaginings, and most certainly not our peeping Tom neighbor boys!  
  
It was freaky how many of my fantasies were coming to life. I really had to check with my diary. However right then I was still flat on the rock, having been fucked back to back. I heard Jason say, "Who gets her next?" He was still brandishing the knife.   
  
George said, "I'll take her like I did her sister. You use your knife to make sure she cooperates."  
  
Jason came over and cut the ropes tying me down and told me to get on my hands and knees. The knife was at my stomach. I nodded, and he took the knife away from touching me, and I assumed the position.   
  
George stuck his cock into me, doggy style. He fucked me until I started to get wet, and then he pulled out and positioned his cock at my ass. I had not seen this coming, and began to say, "No not there..." but stopped when Jason put his knife under my nose. I said, "Okay."  
  
George was anything but gentle and considerate and plunged his cock into my asshole. The only lubrication was the juices from my cunt still clinging to his cock. It was not nearly enough. God, did it hurt. He ripped me open, and I began to cry. Tears streamed down my face. George kept pounding away. Jason was grinning an evil smile of sadism. I could not see George's face, of course.   
  
George's weight on top of me forced my body flat down on the rock. I was whimpering, saying in a soft voice between quiet sobs, "No. Please..please stop...no." George was oblivious and kept right at it, until he shot gobs of his cum into my bloody and ruined asshole.   
  
"Your turn," George said to his brother.   
  
"Well, you've made quite a mess of her, bro. Flip her over and I'll take her the old fashioned way." Then he added, "Again," and chuckled an evil, sinister chuckle.   
  
There I was, flat on my back again, and with Jason pumping in and out of my cunt, using his hands to cruelly maul my breasts while he went at it. "Photos, bro!" he called out to George. And George digitally captured more of my humiliation for posterity.   
  
After what seemed like an eternity, Jason shot his load in my cunt. He stood up and looked at me lying there, his cum oozing out of me, his previous load and that of his brother covering my boobs and face, and beneath me his brother's cum puddling up out of my ass on the rocks, mixed with my blood.   
  
Jason brandished his knife one more time, and George took a pee right in front of me. I could see the light bulb go off in his head when he suddenly had the idea to finish his pee onto my stomach. He did just that. What an ass.   
  
My degradation and their pleasure completed, the two boys left me there, naked and crying on the rocks. After some minutes of rest, I got up and staggered back to the house, my cunt hurting like hell, and my ass on fire from its brutal treatment.   
  
I entered the house and the debauchery was completed. Sarah and my mother were both sitting, clothed in tee shirts, and the three boys, now sexually content beyond their dreams, were sitting there with them, drinking my Dad's Scotch. Jake had indeed fucked my sister, and all three of them had fucked my Mom, some having fucked her twice.   
  
They all had a start when they saw me drag myself in, in my ragged state, naked and bleeding from my ass, and my breasts and face covered with cum. My Mom just stared at me, in shock. My sister said, "Joanie, what happened?"  
  
I said, "The Phillips boys raped me repeatedly and took me in the ass. No lubrication. Brutal. Knifepoint." I was beyond speaking in complete sentences, and then I collapsed on the floor, sobbing.   
  
Matt got angry. The boys were now dressed, and the three of them grabbed some kitchen knives and headed out the door looking for the Phillips brothers. They found them quickly, disarmed Jason, crushed his prized Nikon camera and all his lenses, and beat both of them to a pulp. I think they broke Jason's arm, and kicked George in the balls not once, but three times.   
  
They returned to our house and told us what they had done. The boys were full of remorse for their violence, but I was not. I managed to regain some dignity, and now clothed in a tee shirt and given some Scotch by my Mom and an ice pack for my privates, I said to the three boys, "My heroes." Then one by one, I kissed them each.  
  
We all said goodnight, and the three boys left. It was so late, there was not much night left anyway. Then I told the details of what the Phillips boys had done to me, and confessed that I actually enjoyed it up until the ass fucking. But I would never have agreed to fuck ether one of them, had I been given a choice. They are both creeps.  
  
Sarah agreed, and told our Mom of her time with them, when they had taken pictures of our sex with our cousins Ramon and Carlos, and then blackmailed her into having sex with them in exchange for not posting the pictures on the web.  
  
I told her of how I caught them peeping when she was earlier fucking the three boys. My Mom had watched the two boys grow up and was horrified at what they had become. She kept saying how cute they were when they were little. She began to cry, not for me, not for herself, but for humanity. Such cute little boys could mature into adult monsters.   
  
We all decided to get a good night's sleep. My Mom said, "Tomorrow, girls, we will get out of Dodge. Let's go to the city, hit some hotspots, and forget all this. Shall we?"  
  
Sarah and I nodded agreement. I took another glass of Scotch and my Mom locked up the house tight, and we all three went upstairs to sleep off this horror of a memory.   
  
The next day I woke and to my surprise my body had largely recovered from its brutal treatment by the Phillips boys. My Mom and sister were thrilled to hear this, and we had a relaxing day, driving the hour or so to the closest big city.   
  
My Mom had reserved us a suite at one of the large hotels downtown. It was not New York by any stretch of the imagination, but it still gave us anonymity, something we all craved at this point.   
  
Mom took us girls out to a nice restaurant, and we consumed two bottles of great Italian red wine while we ate a delicious dinner. Then we went to a jazz club she knew, complete with a scary looking bouncer who of course let three tipsy hot women in with no argument.   
  
We each got a cocktail, and stood near the bar listening to the music. Our Mom looked young enough to be our sisters, so we looked like three pretty and sexy sisters. Within five minutes we were all dancing with three men.   
  
We were lucky: we all three liked the men. We ended up passing the evening dancing with them, as the three men took turns dancing with each of us. They continuously bought us new cocktails, so at the end of the evening when we bid them goodnight, we were all drunk. I in particular was very drunk.  
  
My Mom invited them back for a drink at our hotel bar. We all knew what this meant. We never made it to the hotel bar but instead all six of us staggered up to our suite. I plugged my iPhone into the room's sound system and played my dancing music list, and we all began to pair up and dance.  
  
When a slow dance came on, the men started kissing us, and soon they were feeling us up through our clothes. Sarah was the first of us to let her man remove her top. Then our mom stopped the music and proposed we play a party game.  
  
One of the men, Bruce, proposed we play poker, and I called the front desk and asked for a deck of cards. They actually had them for sale at the little shop, so even though it was late, the bellhop brought up a deck of cards for us. Everyone knew this was coming, and the poker became strip poker, and before long all three of us women were wearing only bras and panties.   
  
I was the first to lose after we were down to our underwear, and what I did next would determine the course of the rest of the evening. I was reluctant to continue. I did not really know these men. To my surprise, they did not insist, and were gentlemen, saying they wanted us to be comfortable. I was so surprised, and charmed, that I said, "How about a kiss instead of removing my clothes?"  
  
They quickly agreed, and I got to choose. I kissed Bruce, who kissed back gently and lovingly. Now I was even more impressed. So were Mom and Sarah, and when they lost they also received kisses.   
  
When I lost again, I was more relaxed, and I removed my bra. The men whistled in appreciation, and I blushed. Soon all three women were topless, clad only in our panties. The men stripped to their briefs. We took a break for some more drinks, and put the music back on.

We all began to dance. Our boobs were bouncing around as we danced, and there was a real sexual energy in the room. Room service arrived with more drinks, and I answered the door clad only in panties, to the great surprise of the waiter. I tipped him $5 and also gave him a sloppy kiss. He left happy.  
  
Then Bruce said, "I wish you had done that naked. That would have been something!"  
  
Sarah quickly ordered another round. And when the room bell rang, she stripped off her panties and greeted the same bellhop naked. Now he was truly shocked, and she tipped him with a kiss and a stroke of his cock through his pants. He left happy again.  
  
Barry, the man Sarah had paired up with, took a drink and presented it to Sarah, saying, "I wish I were a bellhop, too. I love the tips you give." Sarah then kissed him and stroked his cock through his briefs. Then she reached inside and pulled off his briefs, and brazenly stroked his cock in from of the rest of us.   
  
She got on her knees, and took it into her mouth. As I watched, I felt my panties slowly being pushed down, and saw my mother going down on her guy, too. I was not sure I was ready to be sexual, but realized there was really no graceful way not to be at this point.   
  
Bruce picked up my now naked body and carried me to the king sized bed. He put me down gently on my back, spread my legs, and began to eat me out. I discovered that despite my misgivings, I was very ready for this! It took me only seconds to get into it, and soon I was moaning. Luckily, he was good at it.  
  
As he ate me out, with me responding enthusiastically and enjoying it maximally, I was surprised nobody else was starting in. I expected my Mom and my sister Sarah to begin to get pleasured right alongside me, but instead everyone was just watching me. But I did not dwell on these thoughts, because Bruce stuck two fingers in me while massaging my clit with his tongue.   
  
My breathing became uneven, a tell tale sign for me that orgasm is imminent. Bruce was relentless, and then my hips rose to crush his mouth as my back arched, all involuntarily, and boom! I screamed my scream of orgasm, a cross between a screech and a deep groan. Then I collapsed on the bed. I closed my legs but Bruce's head got in the way, and my legs held his head in a vice like grip.   
  
Bruce pushed my legs apart (not easy, it took some effort on his part), and rescued his head. His face was drenched with my juices. He then moved up and prepared to mount me. His rock hard cock probed at my entrance. I moaned, "Mmmm," and whispered, "Yes, please."  
  
He did not enter me. I said, "Bruce, please fuck me. Take me now. I need you inside me!" Still he teased me.   
  
"Will you fuck my friends if I fuck you now?" he said.   
  
I did not even register what he had said, I just moaned out the words, "Yes! Anything. Anything you want, just fuck me now, please!"  
  
Satisfied, he plunged his cock into me. I gasped at the abruptness of his penetration. It did not hurt of course, I was more than ready for it, but it surprised me as I had expected to get a slow entry and a gentle fuck. I had read his personality that way, and that is what I wanted. Instead, he was being very rough with me.  
  
He flipped me over and entered me doggy style. I like doggy style, so that was good. But after a few minutes of it, he began to slap my bottom. He timed it: every hard and fierce thrust with his cock came with a spank of my ass. As he fucked me, the spanks got harder. Then he began to spank me with both hands, on both ass cheeks, fucking me even harder, something I thought not possible. This too had been in my fantasy.  
  
Then he began spanking me with all three of his hands. His fourth and fifth hands began to maul my breasts, which had been bouncing around underneath me as he brutally fucked me. In my drunken state I gradually realized that he only had two hands, not five, unless he was in reality the Hindu goddess Durga, but then she's a woman and probably does not have a cock. Maybe it was Ganesha? Or maybe, just maybe, it was all three of the men...  
  
The spanking and the breast mauling both hurt. The fucking was brutal but extremely pleasurable. The pain emphasized the pleasure, increasing it. My breathing changed once again, becoming uneven. I had a huge orgasm, not just with screaming but my whole body quivered and shook, and I collapsed on my stomach onto the bed.   
  
I rolled onto my back, and I was left there, whimpering and shaking still a little bit, as everyone stood around looking at me. During all this I had not even noticed Bruce squirting his cum onto my stomach and boobs.   
  
Barry got on the bed and lifted me onto my hands and knees and before I could say or do anything, his cock was inside me. I said, "Wait! No, I'm not..."  
  
Bruce stopped me and said, "Anything I want, remember Joanie? This is what I want."  
  
Barry fucked me relentlessly, in and out, in and out, in and out. Then he flipped me onto my back and Bruce slipped a pillow under my ass. Barry had no imagination to his fucking. He was like the piston of a car engine. Still, even though I was hyper sensitive from my previous fuck, or perhaps because I was, I got into it, and after some more of this, looking into his face filled with lust for me, I began to relax and to moan.  
  
I was wondering why everyone was fucking me, and leaving my sister alone. What was going on?  
  
Once I began to moan Barry got more into the fuck, and he began to screw me. I love when a man does that, and my moans got louder. Plus I got to watch his face; at least I could when I opened my eyes. Then he truly surprised me by putting his hand on my throat.  
  
I had heard of this. Suffocation is supposed to increase the heights of sexual ecstasy. But it is also terrifying. My eyes got wide with alarm. I tried to protest, and I heard Bruce saying again, "Anything, Joanie."  
  
Bruce leaned over and held me down, immobilizing my arms. I saw my Mom but she just smiled at me. I was wild with panic, but then it hit: An amazing, spectacular, over-the-top release. I could not scream while being choked, but when Bruce saw me (and felt me) cum, he released my throat, and I gasped for air while heaving myself up into the air off the bed, crying from the intensity of the release.   
  
Regaining my breath, I said, "Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God," over and over. I was still crying as I fell back down on the bed, legs splayed, with Barry's cock still deep inside me. He had not yet finished.   
  
He resumed pumping his cock into me, and I had little orgasms almost continuously, as a sort of sequence of after shocks. I was still gasping, breathing in as much air as possible. I was moaning, whimpering, and sprinkling it with oh my Gods. Finally, he pulled out and squirted onto my stomach, him cum mingling with Bruce's cum.   
  
This was following my wildest fantasy that I had ever entered in my diary. I know what you're thinking: I had one hell of a fantasy life in high school. Well, you're right. But it was just that: fantasy. Now it was being acted out with a vengeance.   
  
Consequently I figured I knew what was coming next. Someone had planned all this. I looked at my Mom and at Susan. Both were smiling. The third man was Troy. He was the most handsome, and that is not even counting his erect dick, which was long and gorgeous. 'Long' does not do his dick justice. It was very long. Really, truly long.  
  
Troy led me, both of us naked, out onto the balcony of the room. It was not a big balcony, and it overlooked the parking lot. We were only on the second floor, so anyone in the parking lot could easily see us, were they to look up.  
  
It was night, but all the lights were on in the room, and they backlit the balcony nicely. Any noise we made would draw the attention of anyone in the parking lot. I heard scuffling behind me, and saw my sister Sarah had been thrown down onto the bed, and Barry was spreading her legs while Bruce held her down. Sarah looked scared, but happy. Barry climbed on top of her. His cock was raging; he was ready to go again!  
  
I had to stop looking, however, because Troy was manhandling me into bending over the railing, my boobs hanging down over the parking lot. I resolved to be as quiet as possible. I was as wet as the Ohio River, however, by the idea of being fucked while hanging over the balcony, stark naked. There were plenty of parked cars, but nobody was about. Good.  
  
I was not disappointed. Troy entered me tenderly, slowly pushing his long cock farther and farther into me. I was gasping as it inched in further. I turned my head to look at him, and he smiled. "You're tight, my little angel," he said. I felt like anything but an angel as I welcomed my third fuck, from a third man, of the evening. I felt like a slut.  
  
I knew it: I heard Sarah softly moaning behind me. I sent a thought message to Sarah: Keep it soft! I knew we could not communicate telepathically, but I was drunk, and hopelessly turned on, and thrilled to be living out my most spectacular erotic fantasy of my adolescent years.   
  
Troy got his cock all the way in, finally. I could feel his balls slap my ass. He let it sit there a moment, and then began slowly to pump in and out of me. I moaned softly, giving my approval to his motion. He picked up speed. Now my body was banging against the railing, my boobs were bouncing around, and I was gasping to keep up.  
  
A car entered the parking lot, its headlights lighting us up. The car parked a distance out so that its headlights were centered on me, leaning naked over the railing and being fucked silly. Finally the couple in the car got out, leaving the engine on and the lights on, and blatantly looked at me as Troy pummeled me.  
  
They had parked underneath one of the safety lights, lighting up the parking area. I could just make out that the man had his hand up the woman's skirt. I wondered idly if I were the inspiration that had let the woman allow herself to be fingered so publicly?  
  
Sarah then began to moan louder. She kept getting louder and louder, and I could tell the couple in the parking lot could hear her. They seemed puzzled, because the moans did not come from me. So I figured what the fuck, and stopped stifling myself, and I too began to moan. My moans got louder as Troy fucked me harder.   
  
Another couple, clearly drunk, was walking out of the hotel towards their car. They saw the woman being fingered and stopped to look at her. She did not seem to mind. Then they saw she was looking up and turned to see what she was looking at, and of course saw me getting nailed, and now moaning loudly.   
  
The woman pointed at me, and the man tore his eyes away from the woman being fingered and looked up at the naked woman hanging over the balcony, getting fucked senseless, and moaning loudly. Yes, that would be me.  
  
Her man started to try to finger her, too, but she slapped him. He tried again, and she tried to slap him again, but she was so focused on my naked body taking such a long cock, that she missed him. He raised her skirt to her waist, pushed down her panties, and blatantly and openly fingered her. She stepped out of her panties and spread her legs to give his fingers better access, but she never stopped looking at me.   
  
Sarah had stopped her moaning because Barry had pulled out. He led her too to the balcony, and he resumed fucking her, having put her in the same position as I was, and right next to me. This was now one hell of a sight: Two pretty girls, naked, boobs hanging over the balcony railing, and two handsome men behind us girls fucking us silly.  
  
By the time we had all four cum, Sarah and I at maximal volume, we had five couples, or ten people, as voyeurs. Sarah and I both crumpled to the floor of the balcony, trying to recover, whimpering and quivering. Our ten voyeurs applauded us and yelled, "Bravo! Encore!"  
  
Sarah and I stood back up, and bowed over the railing, shaking our boobs. Then we went back into our room to greet Bruce fucking our Mom doggy style. Sarah ordered more cocktails from room service, and greeted the bellhop nude, with cum dripping out of her cunt. She tipped him and he left, as Bruce continued to pound away at my mother.  
  
We drank our drinks and quietly watched our Mom get nailed, enjoying the afterglow of a night of debauchery. Finally Bruce finished with my Mom. By this time Barry and Troy were getting randy again, but Sarah and I got dressed, signaling we were done for the evening. And we were. Boy, were we.   
  
When the men had all left, and it was just us, the three women, we sat quietly for a time. Finally I said, "Which one of you read my diary and orchestrated all these events?"  
  
Mom and Sarah giggled. Mom said, "We both did it together."  
  
Sarah added, "And Joanie, it was not easy. A lot of the men, indeed almost all of them, wanted sex up front, and we had to put out."  
  
"Even Troy?" I said with a mischievous grin.   
  
"Especially him. I've done him five times already," my Mom replied. "Very demanding guy, that one."  
  
"I'll bet," I laughed.   
  
"I only got to do him twice. And I had to put out for Sam and Jake," Sarah piped up. "Mom did Matt, of course."  
  
"Of course. And what about those assholes the Phillips boys?" I asked.  
  
"Sorry Joanie. That was me, too, and it now appears it was a big mistake," Sarah said.  
  
"And you put out to convince them to do it?" I asked.   
  
"Oh no, no need with those creeps. They were up for it. But I was ready to make the sacrifice, should it be needed." She paused for a moment, thoughtful. Then continued, "Oh what the hell: I confess. Yes, I did them, too, out on the rocks. I'm not proud of it. I wanted to train them a bit," Sarah replied.   
  
"Damn lousy job you did, too," I said.   
  
"I'm sorry, Sis. But it was for you. I meant well."  
  
"Well, this has been an amazing few days," I said. "Even with the one mishap with the Phillips boys, it was highly exciting and highly erotic. And it was thrilling to live out my adolescent fantasies! Thanks tons, to both of you."  
  
Mom and Sarah smiled, we all three got into our pajamas, and quickly fell asleep. I had wild dreams. The next morning we had a copious breakfast at the hotel, drove back home, and the following day I was off, back to college.   
  
A few weeks later Matt found an excuse to visit my college, looked me up, and ended up fucking me in the library stacks, around 3 in the morning. I think one guy saw us doing the nasty, but he left us alone, content to watch at a distance.  
  
I took Matt home after the library fuck, and he nailed me two more times before we were both sexually spent. He spent the rest of the night with me.  
  
The next day I cut my classes and spent the day in bed with him. He left with me naked, lying on the bed, my legs spread and my breasts spilling off the sides of my torso, and with my cunt filled to overflow with his cum.   
  
He took a long look at me, and promised to remember that sight all during the three-hour drive back to his college. I have no doubt he did, too. In solidarity, I fingered myself to orgasm twice thinking about him, while he drove away from me.   
  
I did tease him that he would forget me once he got back to his own college and started laying all the girls in sight. He laughed. I did not know what his laugh meant, but I decided not to dwell on it.   
  
I slowly got dressed, and dragged my aching body and sore vagina to the library, wearing a highly reveling top, just in case I wanted to entertain some bookworms. Maybe I would run into my voyeur in the stacks? You never know. It seems I never change.