**Joanie Takes Revenge**

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

*This is the fourth of my series on Joanie. It is better to have read the others first, but it can be read independently. Feedback is encouraged.*

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If you have been reading these recountings of my insane freshman year in college, you may recall that I am a computer science major. Since I was a geek almost since birth, I was mostly self-taught when I entered college.

I knew how to program, knew lots of languages (Java, Python, C, C++, etc.; even the old fashioned ones like Fortran and Algol) and had taken a course at a local two-year college on object programming, a subject not taught (not even close!) at my high school.

I read the book and studied hard and probably could have taught the class better than the professor. Or at least I thought so at the time.

The upshot is that upon entering college I was an advanced student, and my adviser placed me in upper level (junior/senior) computer science classes. I became fascinated with the idea of protecting computers against hackers.

One of my professors once said actually that perhaps the best way to protect against hacking is to have already been a hacker, so you know how to think like one and anticipate what a hacker might do. It was a casual comment, a side point suring his lecture. His remark resonated with me.

At first I was amused, because extending the logic one should first be a criminal before becoming a policeman, or better, a police detective. That sounds nuts. But that is because I was thinking of blue collar crime; it made sense, I thought, for white collar crime, such as financial fraud.

Anyway, all this is to explain when I had my epiphany in my dream about how to take revenge on the men (Frank, Adam, Josh, Stu, Zach, Jack and some others) who tried hard to destroy my reputation and sexually objectify and degrade me back in my hometown over vacation, I was already an accomplished hacker.

Maybe I was not ready to hack the defense department or the NSA, but modesty aside, I was damn good. And this skill/talent was integral to my revenge plan.

I worked out the plan in my head, but I needed a sounding board.

There were only two people I could trust with my idea: my best friend Mary and my boyfriend Mike. I had already told both of them most of what had happened to me. I told a little more to Mike because he kept getting me drunk to loosen my tongue.

I ran my plan by best friend Mary first. Her first reaction was horror, and as she calmed down from her shock at my idea, her horror slowly turned to massive disapproval and worry.

I should point out that Mary had a strict Catholic upbringing. She is enormously sweet, generous, and always is there for me. She is the best friend I could ask for. She is however very conservative about things sexual. I have reasons to believe she has a weakness in favor of exhibitionism just like me, but there are two differences between us in this regard.

The first is that my boyfriend is Mike, and hers is Tony. Tony is a bit of a jerk and one of those boys who likes sexual conquests, even if he truly cares for Mary, and is always there for her. He is also amazingly good looking in a classical Roman way. But his sexual tastes are tradition male tastes.

But when Mary gets drunk, just like me her conservatism tends to weaken and if Mike were her boyfriend I am sure she would be a full-fledged exhibitionist. But Tony is not Mike, alas.

Mike is a wonderful guy, but he is twisted sexually, and actually continuously pushes me towards exhibitionism. When I am drunk I am often willing to comply.

When Mary is drunk, if the stars are aligned just right, she too can be a little exhibitionist, and there was that one time (never repeated) when she fucked Tony and then let Mike take her as soon as Tony came and pulled out. I know, because Steve, John and I were there watching. I'll never forget that scene. So Mary is complicated.

All this is to explain her more calm reaction: "Are you nuts?" Mary had said. "Surely you see how dangerous your idea is, not to mention the possibilities of being degrading and humiliating. How and why did you ever think of such a crazy idea?" Mary went on like that for a good five minutes.

This was not the reaction I had hoped for. Finally, when she saw the disappointment in my face, she did manage to say she would think about it, and asked if she could discuss it with Tony, now her boyfriend.

I told her yes, since I may want Tony's help to pull it off, in any event. But mentally, I had given up on Mary. This was sad, because I needed her moral support, and also complicated things, because she was an integral part of my plan.

Then I discussed it with my boyfriend Mike in a quiet corner of a coffee house near campus. This particular coffee house did not have wifi, so it was never overly crowded. If Mike did not agree, I had to give up; I could not do it without him. I also wanted his approval.

His reaction was different from Mary's, to say the least. Mike said to me, "Joanie, your plan is a stroke of genius. And you are the unique person I know who could pull it off, and have a good time doing it. Wow."

To emphasize his enthusiasm, he pulled me forward and kissed me passionately, right there in the café where we were sitting, sipping coffee, and drinking. Fortunately he did not knock over my coffee cup.

When I broke the kiss he leaned back, beaming at me. I think what I saw in his eyes was pride, as if I were his student or something. In some sense maybe I was. Mike's reaction was more what I was looking for.

We sat there and discussed it for a long time, further fleshing out the details together, until Mike had to leave to go to class. I left too and went to the lab. I wanted to begin work on my project right away.

The idea was a construction of a very particular kind of computer virus, along with a defense against it. I went to the professor to tell him my idea, leaving out all the sexual details. Well, mostly I did.

"So these boys in your hometown are passing around compromising pictures of your friends, you say?"

"Yes," I replied to my professor, who was a thirty something man. He was not especially handsome, and dressed like a geek, but he clearly liked his students, and since I was one of the best of his students, and the only girl who was one of the best, he also liked me. No, it was not in that way. He liked me as a professor likes his top students. I continued, "and videos, too."

Professor van Morgan (we called him Prof VM) looked at me, and he saw me as a sexual young woman I think for the first time since he had met me. Before that moment I had been just another student; but apparently I actually had a real life with hopes, dreams and fears, and a sexual life, unrelated to my studies.

Prof VM said, "Well." I noticed as he paused he was checking out my body, even if he tried to be discrete. But a girl always knows. I no longer dressed like a geek, and I was wearing body-fitting clothes. They were not at all revealing, but they fit my curves like a glove.

And I have excellent curves. I have large breasts, but not too large, a tiny waist, proportional hips, and long, shapely legs. I am a walking hourglass. After he had checked me out while lost in thought, he continued, "This is most irregular, and may be illegal, you know."

A piece of advice my mother gave me when I became a teenager was that when I found myself in an awkward situation and did not know what to do or to say, I should just smile. She said, "You have a great smile, especially when you show your pretty teeth. Try to smile as much as possible." I never actually did, being a somewhat morose geek. But just then I heard her words in my head, and I gave Prof VM a big smile.

"Oh Prof VM, this is just an exercise. I have no plans to use it," I lied. "It is just a wish fulfillment fantasy. But I think I could really enjoy it, and you always say in class that if we enjoy what we are doing, we do a better job."

He was sold on the idea, my smile, on my figure, I could tell. I was beginning to think he was lusting to see those mysterious pictures; he had seen through my pathetic ruse that they were pictures and videos of my friends, and not of me.

But bottom line: He gave me his approval. I thought about what picture I could show him if it ever came to that, and it was fun to daydream as I found the idea erotic, but of course I knew that I never would show him anything. Once he saw such a picture, it could never be taken back.

Now I had official approval to go ahead with the virus and its antidote, and what's more I could use it as my class project, making my school work that much easier than if I had to both construct my own virus, and also do a separate project.

That had been worrying me, but it turned out to be easy to get permission. No doubt it would be less easy successfully to construct a virus, but I thought I could do it. What was more worrying was getting the cooperation of Connie and Susie. I decided to tackle that next.

My plan was to make an irresistible sex video of us girls, and arrange to have Adam, Frank or one of the assholes become aware of its existence and steal it. They would no doubt pass it around to the usual suspects, and embedded in the video would be one hell of a computer virus, designed by yours truly, just for them.

As I suspected, Connie was the easier one. She liked sex, that was clear, and she desperately wanted revenge. She had been completely humiliated by Adam's secret recording of her gangbang and his subsequent distribution of the resulting video. She was scared to date men at her own college.

She strongly suspected, but basically she knew, that the WTC Club (standing for "We Tapped Connie") at her school was angling to gangbang her themselves, in some sort of reenactment of the video. They were inspired by Adam's video, and indeed, that is why they had dated her in the first place.

This had hurt her a lot, since initially she liked all of them, which is why she slept with them, one after the other. Two of them she had liked more than the others. When she learned that they had all seen the video before they even asked her out,. she had the anger of the cruelly deceived.

Connie was so enthusiastic she was immediately ready to go and did not pay attention to the risks. Nevertheless I felt morally compelled to remind Connie of the huge risk she would be taking. Connie was an English and French literature major and knew next to nothing about computers, other than how to use her phone, Facebook, and the like .

When I explained to Connie that it might not work and there would be another degrading and humiliating video of her circulating, she replied,

"So what? How much worse can it get? Joanie, if we can get these sons of bitches, I am all for it! And with your scheme, we will even have some fun doing it. Besides, I know how smart you are with computers and I have confidence in you."

So Connie was in. Indeed, she was all in, enthusiastically so. Now came the part I was dreading: I had to contact Susie and convince her to participate. Without her, the scheme's success was much more in doubt. She was the key to getting back at her evil brother Adam.

I waited a few days to summon up the courage and called Susie with some trepidation. I need not have worried. She had called Connie just to chat, and Connie had gushed to her about my plan.

Susie is not as promiscuous as Connie (few people are), and the idea kind of shocked her at first and it certainly scared her half to death. But they talked a long time, and by the end of their call Susie was in! So Connie had done all of my work for me.

I realized this was going to happen. I spoke to Mike that we needed a place. Mike works at local gym to make some extra money. The gym is open 24 hours except Saturday nights, when few people want to use it, and they use the time to clean and fix any machines that need fixing and stuff like that.

Mike was sure he could get permission to rent it one Saturday night for our private party. The rent was steep, $500 with Mike's employee discount, but we had the money thanks to my prize money from the wet tee shirt context.

We were short one girl. I could change the plan but did not want to. Mike said not to worry, he had already asked Tony to work on Mary. I was not sure I liked that idea, I felt that Mary was more fragile than was I.

But Mike was so relaxed I decided not to worry. The next day Mary told me she was in, but that she had to remain in control when the event happened. I replied "Of course!" We were now set.

A few more phone calls and we had set a date for the party. Susie and Connie were each to invite two guys who had carnal knowledge of them, and with whom they would not mind repeating the experience. Mary and I were to do the same.

Susie's college was in another small town, only 30 minutes drive away. Connie's college was about 90 minutes away by car, and I arranged places for them and their guests to spend the night after the party with friends Mike and I had at our school.

We stressed to everyone that this party was by invitation only, and to keep it secret. Indeed, we had to keep it top secret!

For Susie, the choice was easy; she had slept with only two boys in college so far, and still liked them both. The only other man she had sex with was at her party and as it turns out he was one of Adam's creepy friends, and she never wanted to see him again.

Connie too did not have a problem choosing, since two members of the WTC club she liked a bit more than the others. For me, I chose Mike and Steve, the only two men at my college I had slept with. Only Mary had an issue: she only wanted to invite Tony. I was so happy she had agreed, I said fine, that should not be a problem.

The obvious video man was John, but I knew it was too much to ask him to do all that and to remain chaste. I also knew he lusted after me big time.

So after talking it over with Mike, we decided to bribe him by promising he too could have his way with me, either when the filming was over, or at a separate time, but after the party. This idea floored him and he was so eager he resembled a puppy dog with his tongue hanging out.

All the boys the girls invited agreed right away to participate. They did not know what the party was about, but Susie's boys still lusted for her, and so did Connie's.

This was easy to understand since both girls had four traits: they were pretty, had great bodies, were sweet, and were sexy. What's not to like?

There was an adult bookstore in the seedy part of our college town, and Mike and I went there to look for props for the party. We found almost everything we needed, although they did not have enough handcuffs, but Mike said he thought he could order the extras on line. The clerk overheard this, and said he could order more that same day, and he would have them two days later. We happily agreed.

I could tell the clerk was very curious, and he was checking me out, even though I was dressed in a non-revealing way. But I was wearing body-hugging clothes. He volunteered a tour of the bookstore, and we ended up at the back where the peep show rooms are.

To be honest, I was a bit grossed out by the store, the smell, and the whole idea. I knew however men had needs, and often this sort of thing was an easy solution, and it was harmless. The clerk said I could use the peep show rooms for free, if I entered topless. It was clear he was making this up in the hope he could get a free leer at my boobs.

I told him I was not interested. He looked a bit crestfallen, but understood. However Mike popped up with saying that he was sure I would show him my boobs if he sold us all the stuff at the employee discount price. He said he could get fired doing that, but he agreed. In any event, he was going to make a big sale. I glared at Mike, but did not protest.

So we went up to the front of the store where the register is, and I took off my blouse and my bra for him and stood there. He asked to touch them, and I nodded assent. He caressed them lovingly and I could feel some arousal in spite of my disapproval of the store and everything around me. Mike was looking up and I followed his eyes and saw a security camera and thought, "Oh Shit."

I pulled away and noticed my bra was missing and Mike was smiling. Mike is incurable. So I went braless and arranged myself, just in time as it turns out. Seconds later a customer entered. Mike paid the bill and we saved $65 with the employee discount. Mike was disappointed that I had found the time to button up before the new customer had entered. Mike is sick.

I had my computer virus ready, and had tested it out. It was going to wait two weeks, and then destroy all the pictures and videos on any computer that played it.

The virus would enter the computer when anyone played the video. This would give the assholes time to view the video and to sell or give it to the others who did not have it yet.

We hoped the exact same network as originally used to distribute Frank's picture and the videos of the party would apply.

The virus had one more devious feature. I arranged it also to be spyware, so that I would know on whose computer it was installed. That way we would know on whom we were taking revenge.

Finally, yes, I had tested it! And yes, it worked. Indeed, it worked perfectly. Before I tested it I had backed up all the files it was going to destroy, so I did not do any harm to my own stuff.

We were ready, and just had to wait for the agreed upon date. I was very nervous something would go wrong, but excited about the possibilities. Connie was nervous too, and she kept calling me, almost daily, wanting to talk about it. She said she was getting amazingly horny.

The first thing to go wrong was when Mike showed me the gym he worked at. This is the one we rented for the party for this coming Saturday night. The gym had huge picture windows, and we could see all the people (mostly women) riding stationary bicycles furiously in the windows.

At night it would be as if they wanted to be seen on the bicycles. This meant the party would have no privacy at all unless we covered up the windows, and that would be a major undertaking.

Mike, who anyway was always happy to show me off to the world, was not worried. I was so angry. He said to look at the girls on the elliptical trainers. I could not see any elliptical trainers. But all gyms had them; I knew they must be there.

"Where are the ellipticals?" I asked.

"Exactly, Joanie dear. You can't see them. They're in the back, and some are in the back room," Mike replied, smiling.

"You could have said that more directly," I replied with a combination of annoyance and relief.

"Yes, but you look so cute when you are angry, I could not resist." Then Mike pulled me close, kissed me, and mauled away at my breasts through my clothes as we kissed, right there on the busy street outside the gym.

Mike did not tell me that from the second story window of the building across the street one could see everything. He even knew some guys who lived in one of the apartments that had "a room with a view."

The day of the party finally arrived. Susie and friends arrived early, and while the boys got settled I enjoyed some girl time with Susie, talking about clothes and school. She was pre med and we did not have much school stuff in common, except we were both able to complain about too much work and incomprehensible professors.

We also discussed how the male professors (and most were male) did not have a clue how to dress in a way that flattered them. Connie came in; she had also sent her boys to get settled. All the boys were curious about this private party and excited, too.

As agreed, Susie had brought the music, and I knew it would be great. Mike told me he once had a job as a bartender until he was fired for being underage.

He knew how to make dynamite cocktails, and there was a wet bar at the gym, and he and Steve had already stocked it with supplies. It would be easy for everyone to get a buzz. For me, this was essential, since without booze I had quite conservative tendencies and could not ease up.

Mary dropped in, and introductions were made. Mary was glad to meet Susie and Connie; I had told her so much about them she felt as if she already knew them.

They knew about her because of me. They became fast friends. Mary had come by to show me her hostess outfit for the party. She and Mike would be the hosts, but Mary would begin since Mike would be behind the bar.

Mary modeled her outfit for us. It was amazing and hyper sexy. She wore a one-piece pants suit, where the top consisted of two wide straps of fabric. The straps wrapped around her neck, so there was no back. They covered the fronts of her breasts but not the sides.

Indeed, each strap barely covered one boob, leaving a lot of boob flesh exposed. The straps were fastened to the bottoms by strings, and they would fall off with one pull of the strings, much like a string bikini. Only a few buttons held the bottom together and it too would fall off if someone unbuttoned the buttons. She was hot to trot.

I said, "Wow, Mary. I did not realize you had it in you to choose such an outfit."

"It was Tony. He went window shopping without me and then brought me back to try it on. He practically took me right there in the dressing room, and he might have succeeded had I been a little drunk."

"I can relate. Tell me about it," I replied and we all laughed. These three girls knew me better than anyone, and they had all seen me sober, and seen me drunk.

Mary added that her dress was a bit above budget, "but I think it's worth it." Everyone agreed wholeheartedly. Mary in her spectacular outfit would be a great way to welcome the male guests to the party.

Susie asked, "What's the plan for the party?"

I told them we would start slow, with Mike making cocktails and everyone drinking and loosening up. Then Susie's music will start, and we will start to dance. The girls should keep leading the boys to the bar for drinks, and help themselves, too.

When everyone has a buzz, Mike will close the bar but leave plenty of cold beer readily available should someone feel the need to quench a thirst. He will then join the party himself.

After a short while, when I feel we are all ready, I will signal Mary. She will stand on a small stage, and John will turn off the music. Mary will announce that the games are to begin, and she will introduce Mike and he will direct the games.

"What are the games?" Connie asked .

"Frankly, I don't know, Mike has been secretive. But Mike has a twisted mind (Mary nodded in vigorous agreement) and I am sure the games are sexy, suggestive, and strange. All I actually know is he is bringing over some temporary tattoos for us to put on. He told me we should put them on our body where our clothes will cover them. He told me to be creative."

"Sounds interesting," Connie replied.

"It sure does," added Susie. Mary and I both nodded agreement.

We girls got to the gym just as it closed for the day at 5pm. Mike, Steve, and John were already there, ready to set up. I made the introductions. Connie and Susie were happy to meet Mike. I could tell Mike was impressed by Connie's beauty, and I felt a pang of jealousy.

I saw that the picture windows had blinds one could lower to keep out the sun. The gym faced south, so one would want to do this in the summer. I set about lowering them. Anyone who wanted to could still see inside, but to the casual observer it would offer us some privacy.

Mike was putting exercise pads all about. If there were to be sex, we might as well be comfortable. Susie and John set up the sound system, and Steve spent some time setting up the bar. Then the three boys put together the little stage, and Mike plugged in the microphone. We were all set.

We still had a half hour until the four remaining invited boys and Tony were to arrive. Susie put on some music and Mike made each of us all a drink. I chose a margarita, as did Connie. Susie had a Brandy Alexander, and Mary just had a glass of white wine. The cocktails were wonderful. It seems that Mike is good at whatever he tries to do. The man has talent.

The time went quickly, and at 7pm sharp the boys arrived, on time to the minute. The four girls all had a nice buzz. There were four girls and seven boys, plus John, so really eight boys, or so I thought. At least, that's the number we had invited.

The buzzer rang again, and we looked through the security cam and saw four more boys. Connie's face turned red and she said, "It's the rest of the WTC club."

I was freaked out. I thought it would be hard for four girls to keep seven boys in line, especially if there were to be sex with some of them, something I was not so sure about. But four more members of the WTC Club would bring the total to 11, an average of almost 3 boys per girl. We could not possibly deal with that.

Connie had surprised me when she willingly succumbed to a gangbang by four men at Susie's now infamous party, and then she had sex with the six men of the WTC Club, albeit one at a time over the course of the first semester. That's 10 men with carnal knowledge of Connie, and she is only 18 years old.

So it did not come as a complete surprise when, after assuring us she did not invite the extra four members of the WTC Club, she could assure us they were nice guys.

We caucused for a minute, and then all agreed the appearance of the WTC Club was a WTF moment, and buzzed them in. Connie assured us they were all nice guys and would honor any boundaries we set.

I did not point out I was not so sure because they were beginning by crashing a private party, and I for one did not consider the existence of the WTC Club a nice thing (WTC = We Tapped Connie).

I was half expecting Frank and Adam to show up, and was kind of shocked when Adam did in fact show up. He rang the buzzer 5 minutes later.

"How the hell did Adam find out about this party?" I screamed.

Neither Susie nor I were pleased. We quickly explained to the others that Adam was Susie's older brother. I did not mention that he raped me at Susie's party. He penetrated me for around a minute before Susie rescued me after she heard my screams.

Typically one does not welcome one's rapist to a party! In addition he was one of the boys who gangbanged Connie, but she did not object at the time. Of course she was hopelessly drunk at the time. The WTC Club recognized him from the infamous video Adam circulated.

Suddenly I realized this was an opportunity for direct revenge and quickly and quietly explained it to Susie. She saw my logic easily enough, but it was asking too much of her, I knew. It was asking her way too much, and I emphasized it was up to her - no pressure.

It was also asking too much of me, for that matter! Mike gave Susie and me each a screwdriver that was mostly vodka and Susie drank hers quickly, and it seemed to give her the courage to nod her assent.

I only sipped mine and put it down. I already had a buzz and did not want to get wasted; at least not yet.

I told Mike I was counting on him to get Adam so drunk he could barely stand. Mike told me that was called falling down drunk.

"Will you - can you - do it?" I asked.

"You can count on it, my love," Mike replied, using the L word for the second time. Mike always exuded both confidence and competence. I found it an attractive feature. Susie and Connie also noticed Mike used the L word with me. Mary was out of earshot, fending off the much too eager Tony.

So we buzzed in Adam, the older brother of Susie who secretly recorded her at her most intimate moments when she was in high school, and then circulated the videos. And of course I just reminded you of his attempt to rape me at Susie's party, something I will never forget. Sorry to repeat, I am a bit hung up on that.

Susie and I were flummoxed about how Mike learned of the party. He was not smart enough nor tech enough to have hacked my computer but then I realized he could have easily and quietly inserted spyware into his sister's computer when she was home for vacation, especially if her computer were not password protected, so he would have easy access to it.

I went over to Susie, pulled her aside and told her my theory.

She said, "OMG that fits. I'll explain later. But I bet that's what happened."

Fortunately my plan was not digital, I had only explained things on the phone. No emails, no Facebook, no anything. Somehow Adam knew about the planned orgy, even that it would be at the gym, but he could not know the darker side of my plan.

Now we had 12 boys and 4 girls, plus John, our cameraman. This was quite a ratio. This party was going to be something to remember. Well if sex did occur, at least we'd all have an audience.

Susie had welcomed each boy with cocktails in each hand. Mike kept the drinks coming. We were now milling about, the girls were meeting the boys they did not know (which was most of them), and the boys were checking out their bodies with lust in their eyes, and drool in their mouths. After around 15 minutes of this, Mary took to the stage with the microphone.

Mary said, speaking over the music (which was great; Susie really knew her music), that it was time to dance. The gym had a hard wood floor, perfect for dancing.

After the dancing, we would take a break and play some party games Mike has invented.

Susie finished. Mike jumped onto the stage and announced, "The bar is open and will remain so during the dancing. The redoubtable John will fill in for me as bartender." Mike had been giving John lessons on bartending; he began his instruction when the planning for the party began.

Fortunately John is a fast learner, and no doubt Mike is a good teacher, because John too made great drinks. I quickly had another margarita. At this point I really needed a stronger buzz, to handle what I knew was to come.

The 12 guys wanted the girls drunk in any event, for the obvious reason. All four of us become easy when we're drunk, especially Connie and me. This is not true of all girls, of course, but it is sure true for the four of us. And the boys all wanted sex. All of them. So a lot of drinking was going on during the dancing.

Mike and Tony are all good dancers, but the rest of the boys, not so much. One of Connie's invites, and one of Susie's were OK as dancing; at least they had rhythm. Susie had planned the music, so we had a lot of fast songs, and then after 20 minutes or so came a progression of slow songs.

The boys were visibly relieved when the slow songs came on, and by then everyone either had a buzz or were in the early stages of being seriously drunk.

Connie looked quite drunk already, actually. So the boys had no trouble pulling the girls into their bodies and holding them tightly. Mike had his hands on my ass, and so did the boy who was dancing with Connie.

Minutes later Tony had his hands on Mary's ass, and Susie's ass had hands on them, too. But then 4 boys of the WTC Club simultaneously asked to cut in on the boys we girls were dancing with.

Now I was held tight against a guy I did not know, who had slept with Connie, but who Connie had not invited. It felt weird, but I realized lots would be weird before the party ended, so I just went with the flow.

A couple of dances later Adam cut in to dance with me. I thought this might happen. I gave him a message by not letting myself be held tightly up against him with my arms around his neck, the way I had danced with the others. Instead I took an Arthur Murray position, keeping him several inches away from my body at all times.

Adam got the message, and tried to find more promising terrain. He next danced with Connie, someone he had already fucked during the infamous gangbang, and she let him dance with her as he pleased. She was feeling no pain.

When Mike won me back as a dance partner I told him Adam was not nearly drunk enough yet, and he nodded, and I knew he was on task.

The dancing ended with me having been groped a bit by three guys, Susie and Mary by four guys, and Connie by five. Being groped through your clothes is harmless enough, I thought.

It was time for the games. Mike had drawn with chalk on the floor the symbols from a deck of cards: hearts, spades, clubs, and diamonds. He explained the first game: the boys would split into 3 teams of 4 boys each.

Two of the three teams would compete in a pantomime game. The winning team would get a reward, and then play the remaining team, and then the winner of that competition would get a reward. The rewards would get more interesting as the evening progressed.

Then Mike spoke to the girls. When the winning teams won, the girls would each stand on the symbols. It was alphabetical and following the order of the cards in bridge: Connie would stand on clubs, Joanie (me) on diamonds, Mary on hearts, and Susie on spades. We all nodded.

The first team to win was the four WTC boys who had not been invited. Connie was the only girl who knew them, and of course she knew them intimately. Mike produced a deck of cards, and asked each boy of the winning team to draw a card.

After they had done this, he explained that each of them was to kiss the girl corresponding to the suit of the card. He gave each girl a slice of lime, and said the boy was to return with the slice of lime. The boys were to keep their hands behind their back, and the girls were to keep the lime inside their mouths.

I did not really feel like kissing one of these party crashers, but clearly there was no choice. The boys had drawn 2 clubs, one diamond, and a heart. That meant two boys would be kissing Connie and none kissing Susie. Both girls seemed fine with that, and Susie gave her lime to Connie.

I was lucky, because my guy was gentle, slow, and gave me a wonderful kiss. He began with his mouth closed, and even though his hands were behind his back, his kissing was so nice that I began to run my hands through his hair.

This made him excited and more passionate and he leaned into me as we kissed. We kissed for a long time, and when it was over he walked back with an erection and a piece of lime in his mouth.

Mary also enjoyed her kiss, I could tell. Connie though was getting turned on during her second kiss, and her breathing was even getting uneven. She gets aroused too easily, which is her undoing sometimes I thought.

The losing team had Mike, Steve, Tony, and Adam. While all the kissing was going on Mike had brought Adam two more heavily spiked cocktails. I love Mike.

For the second round, the winning team was the remaining WTC two boys, and Susie's two boys. Mike announced the game was the same, and had the boys draw cards, but he added a twist: Once the boy had his girl's lime, he could use his hands to remove one piece of clothing from the girl.

The boys let out a collective whoop when they heard this. This raised the stakes a lot, and I nervously looked at the other three girls. They were cool, not even surprised. I guess they knew something like this would happen.

Mike gave each of the girls a margarita to keep our courage up. The boys looked at their cards. Three of the boys had diamonds, and the fourth had a heart. That meant three boys would kiss me, and three pieces of my clothing would be removed.

I began to panic. But I forgot my panic during the first boy's kiss and began to realize I was now drunk. After he got the lime from my mouth, he stepped back and removed my blouse. Then he took a liberty and felt up my breasts through my sexy bra before Mike pulled him away. I actually had enjoyed the groping. This worried me.

Susie was still kissing when Mike pulled the boy off me. She was enjoying the kiss from one of the boys she had invited. The next boy with a diamond was the last remaining WTC guy and happily I enjoyed my time kissing him.

He was clearly excited by my having just lost my blouse, and as I ran my hands through his hair he pressed an erection against me. Once he got the lime he stepped back, looked me over head to toe as if he were deciding whether or not to purchase me or something, and then he turned me around and unzipped my skirt and pushed it down to the ground.

I was in a bra and panties at this point, and it was still fairly early in the party. Mike had been diabolical. Worse, I still had one boy to go! I looked over at Susie and now she had finished her kiss and the boy had removed her blouse. She looked good, and sexy, in her bra.

The third boy holding diamonds approached me slowly, with a grin on his face. I did not like that. So I was not too cooperative with the kiss until I realized all eyes were on me.

Well, I like an audience. My mood changed and so did my kiss, and the boy was much appreciative and he kissed me with passion but not force in a lovely way.

He got the lime from my mouth, and pulled away, then turned me around and unhooked my bra. He kept my back to him and everyone else, but there was no chance of modesty since I was now facing a mirrored wall. As he removed my bra and let it fall to the ground he felt up my naked breasts, massaged them, and tweaked the nipples.

I was looking in the mirror and could see Mike watching this by also looking into the mirror, but from behind me. Mike was turned on. And so was I.

The boy turned me back around and began to kiss me again, crushing my breasts into his shirt, but Mike came over and stopped him. "Not part of the game, my friend," Mike calmly said.

I had been quickly reduced to only my panties. Susie had her blouse off, and everyone else was fully clothed. I was on display and my cunt was getting wet rapidly. The boys' eyes were filled with lust for me.

Mike announced the next game. He said, "You can see the tattoos on Joanie's body." Addressing the boys he continued, "I am giving each of you a list of all of the tattoos. Tony, choose a tattoo."

Tony chose the Eiffel Tower. Mike announced that he wanted all the boys who think the Eiffel Tower is hidden on Connie's body to stand here. On Mary's, stand here. On Susie's body, stand here. The boys did as asked, as did Mike.

Mike then said, "OK girls: which of you lovely ladies has the Eiffel Tower hidden on her body?"

There was a long pause. Then Mary, who had escaped so far from all the activity, said weakly, "I do." Mary looked apprehensive.

Mike cut her off before she could say anything else. There were three boys in the Mary group: Steve, Tony, and one of the WTC guys. "OK, boys. Each of you lucky men gets to remove one piece of Mary's clothing until you find the tattoo. The game stops when the lucky guy finds it."

Mary turned white and I knew why. She was only wearing three things: her top, her bottom, and panties. Worse, she had asked me to hide the Eiffel Tower under her panties.

She was about to have a panic attack but then John appeared with yet another margarita; God bless him! He whispered something to Mary and she relaxed and took a large sip from her drink.

The WTC guy went first, and he removed her top. We all knew she was braless because her top did not really allow for a bra. It was also obvious she was braless, as her top left exposed the sides of her boobs.

So now she was naked from the waist up. He used the occasion to start to fondle her breasts, but Mike stopped him after a few minutes. No Eiffel Tower.

Steve went next, and removed her bottoms. Now she was reduced to her panties, and there were now two of us in that state. But no Eiffel Tower. Mary's color had turned from pure white to deep red. Steve felt her breasts a bit, but they were friends so he did not abuse the situation. That was nice. Mary was quivering.

I went over to Mary and told her she did not have to continue; she should only do things she felt comfortable with. She said thanks, she did not want to continue at all.

But also she did not want to spoil the mood, and would take whatever came. So she stayed in the game. She was clearly drunk, and her exhibitionist side was emerging.

Tony, Mary's boyfriend, was next. He slowly and sexily removed her panties. Since it was Tony doing it, Mary was visibly more relaxed, and she enjoyed the familiar and loving touch of his hands.

She looked very vulnerable right then, and looking at the boys I could tell her being naked and clearly feeling exposed and vulnerable was a super turn on for some of them, especially the misogynist Adam, who was almost drooling.

Mike called out new tattoos and soon Susie was in a bra and panties, and Connie had been reduced to panties. So in very little time, Mike's games had reduced us four girls to one girl in a bra and panties, two in just panties, and Mary completely naked.

I saw John had up the video recorder out of a corner of my eye. He had recorded all the games. I had already noticed the gym had discretely placed security cameras all over the place, and doubtless all of this was being recorded into some video system the gym used. I made a mental note to check up on that later.

I thought now the games would be over, but Mike had one more trick up his sleeve. He told us girls to stay where we were, and he produced the four sets of handcuffs. He said each boy would ask one of us a question, and the first girls not to be able to answer a question would be selected.

"Selected for what?" Susie asked. Mike just smiled.

Mike added, "The questions have to be reasonable, guys. Questions you would expect the girls to be able to answer. They can also be personal. If the girls refuse to answer, then we will consider that not able to answer the question. Tony, we'll start with you. The rest of you guys, form a line behind Tony."

Tony began with a question for Susie. He asked, "How old were you when you first had sex?" That sort of set the tone.

Susie replied, "I was 18; it was a few months ago, at a party at my parents' home." Of course, everyone knew about the infamous party. Susie was safe.

One of the boys Connie had invited got the next question and he asked it of Mary. "How many guys have you slept with?"

Mary did not want to answer that question, it was clear. She was quiet for a long time, and then almost whispered, "Three." I realized I knew two of them: Tony and Mike. Mary was much less promiscuous than I thought!

The second Connie invite asked Connie the next question. "Who about you, Connie? How many guys have you slept with?"

Connie blushed a bit and then had to think. She was clearly considering not answering. She said, "Counting you, it's 13 guys." Then the boy blushed a little.

I was flabbergasted. I could count 10: the four at the gangbang and the six of the WTC Club. Apparently there were three more! Thirteen men and she was only 18 years old.

The next guy in line was one of Susie's invites; his name was Miguel. He posed the question to me: "What is the most sexually outrageous thing you have ever done?"

I truly did not want to answer that, even if I could even figure out the most outrageous thing. It was between fucking Jack in front of everyone at Susie's party, and the movie theater episode. Or maybe it was letting Frank tie me up and then finger me in front of an audience of people in rooms across the courtyard at the hotel. I couldn't decide, and anyway I was not going to answer. "I pass," I said.

"We have a winner!" Mike cried out. He walked over to me brandishing four handcuffs and he told me to follow him, which I obediently did. He asked for a volunteer to remove my panties, and six guys rushed up. He chose Steve (I inwardly thanked him), and Steve gently removed them but could not resist and stuck a finger in me as he pulled them down below my cunt. I reached down and gently tugged his finger out of me, giving him an evil glare.

Mike had set up some kind of contraption on wheels he had made from various things he found at the gym. It had a large circular frame, with indentations in the frame all around it. He took one my arms and handcuffed me to the frame, then handcuffed my other arm, and it was if I were Christ on the cross. Then he did the same with my legs, which spread my legs apart. I looked like Da Vinci's man, although I was very clearly a woman. A naked woman with all the womanly body parts on vivid display.

Then Mike added, in a stern voice, "Joanie, you are forbidden to speak."

Everyone was admiring my body. Steve came up and began fondling my breasts, and the floodgates opened. All 12 of the men, except Mike, surrounded me and started putting their hands all over my body. And yes, there were fingers inside me, too. I was overwhelmed. There were fingers in my cunt, and another was probing my ass.

Then Mike whistled for a halt. He could whistle quite loudly when he wanted to. And he, Tony, and Steve carried the wheel with me on it into the other room, the one where anyone on the street could look in. It was dark outside, and the lights of course were on in the gym, so even though the blinds were down, it was if my naked Da Vinci woman was inside a goldfish bowl. Men walking by stopped in their tracks and stared at me, seeing me through the large gaps in the blinds.

Mike said, "Miguel, you asked the question that Joanie would not answer, or could not answer. You get to enjoy her. No holes barred."

I laughed at Mike's pun until I realized the implications. I guess the picture with me tied up had inspired the bondage and discipline Mike was showing. I was not at all into it. But I did like the aspect of being on display like this, since it was out of my control in a sense, as I could not move. I was also a bit dizzy from the rolling of me over here.

Miguel approached me slowly. I was terrified; there was no escape. I felt completely helpless. Immobilized and forbidden to speak, I could do nothing, and just had to await my fate. Everyone was watching me. My mind wandered, and I marveled at Mike's creative brilliance. Now I knew why he wanted four sets of handcuffs.

Miguel's eyes flashed. I knew he was thinking about what he would do with me. He took off all his clothes. It did not seem to bother him that everyone was watching, not just our group, but also people ogling me from the street. He walked up to me, put his hand behind my head, and kissed me gently. He gradually opened his mouth, and I opened mine, and our tongues intertwined. So far, so good I thought.

I could not see much of him while he kissed me, but I guess he got hard, because he pressed his cock into my stomach as he kissed me. Then he broke the kiss and called for Steve and together they turned the wheel so that I was almost upside down. But not all the way upside down: I was at an angle that put my mouth where his cock was. He placed his cock against my closed mouth. I knew where this was going. Everyone knew. I kept my mouth closed.

Someone had slipped behind me and found a Ping-Pong paddle I guess, because I got a vicious slap with it on my ass. I gasped and therefore reflexively opened my mouth, and into went Miguel's cock. He began pumping it in and out, in and out, as he fucked my mouth. I could not believe this. I saw that John was recording all of this.

I thought about biting his cock. That would stop this dead in its tracks. But it would also ruin the mood of the party. I felt I had no choice but to cooperate.

I did not have enough flexibility in my constrained state to give Miguel a decent blowjob, even if I had wanted to do so. So he rotated me again until I was upright. Then he fingered me until I was good and wet, stepped back to admire me in my naked and bound state, and then he approached me and stuck his cock into me.

Again I gasped. And then he went to town, fucking me slowly, fast, hard, gentle, and he even screwed me for a while. It was so strange to be fucked like this when I could not move at all. But when I'm drunk and being fucked, my body responds. That plus being watched by everyone, with now around 10 men on the street watching too, put me over the edge and I had a violent orgasm. Miguel pulled out and squirted all over my stomach.

Adam approached me. I guess he wanted to be next. But Mike stepped in and said, OK, this game is over. He announced, "All the games are over and the bar is open. Susie, could you please put on the music again? The rest of the party is not choreographed," Mike said. "Just have a good time. Enjoy yourselves."

Mike left me like that, bound up in the wheel, for the duration of three songs. Everyone danced to the music, but still looked at me. After the second song, several members of the WTC Club came up to me and respectively played with my breasts, stuck fingers in my cunt, and fondled my ass. Finally Mike returned with the keys to the cuffs and released me from my bondage, but I was still naked, like Mary.

When Adam had crashed the party, I asked Mike to let it slip to Adam that Susie had always had a secret incestuous crush on her older brother. She had confided it to me, and I had told Mike. None of this was true, but Susie had agreed to this when I whispered to her and explained my demonic plan for Adam.

Susie was still in a bra and panties. We girls huddled together and ganged up on Susie, and she let out a giggle and then stepped onto the stage and dramatically removed her bra, so that now all four of us were topless, with Mary and me also bottomless. Susie removed her bra in a very sexy way.

I was surprised Susie was so calm about being nearly naked, since she was always a bit on the conservative side, and more modest than Connie, Mary and I. As I recalled the party at her house during vacation however, maybe it was not so surprising. But now she was being sexy and topless in front of her own brother. I know it was part of my plan, but it still made me feel a bit ill at ease.

As Susie stepped down, Adam asked her to dance. He had removed his clothes and was down to his briefs. She took him by the hand to the bar, and Mike gave them both stiff drinks. Susie needed it for courage, and Mike and I needed to get Adam drunker. That son of a bitch could hold his liquor!

While Susie and Adam were drinking, Mary pulled Connie onto the stage, and quickly pushed down her panties. "You'll be more comfortable naked," she whispered. Connie did not seem to mind at all. Connie was quickly surrounded by the full WTC club, and she was kissing each of them sequentially, while their hands went everywhere on her body.

Now only Susie was wearing panties, and she was dancing with Adam. They were dancing a slow dance, and Adams' hands were on her ass, then under her panties, and then shortly thereafter she was naked too. I guess she knew this was inevitable, and since all of us other girls were naked now, so she did not complain.

John's video was solely focused on Adam and Susie, just as we had asked, even though Connie was the person to watch. Connie was kissing one guy while being fingered by a second, and a third had a finger in her asshole. Mike came over and discreetly handed him a tube of lube. (Another purchase from the adult bookstore.) The guy looked at Mike in surprise, and then smiled, and mouthed the word "thanks."

Adam was monopolizing Susie, Connie already had six boys surrounding her and ravishing her with their hands and mouths, Mary was dancing sexily with Tony who was down to his briefs containing a large erection, and Mike was busy supervising. That left me alone with the two boys Susie had invited.

One of the boys asked me to dance. His name was Jeremiah. He had also disrobed down to his briefs, and told me had never danced in public with a naked woman before. "No wonder," I said. "You don't know how."

This surprised him, and he said, "What do you mean?"

"I mean you are seriously overdressed," and I reached over and pulled down his briefs, revealing a nice hard, erect cock. "Now you are properly dressed to dance with me," I giggled. I placed my hands around his neck and pushed my boobs into his nice, bare, muscular chest.

Jeremiah was flummoxed. He had never seen such behavior before, but he liked it. He smiled and we danced together. It was not much different than if we had been clothed, except that his hands were all over me, especially on my bare ass, and boy did they feel good.

I made some encouraging sounds and that seemed to give Jeremiah courage, and he gently and cautiously stuck a finger in me. I was already wet so it slid right in. It felt good, and I moaned sweetly. He breathed in my perfume and then began fingering me in earnest as I looked around.

What I saw shocked me. Susie and Adam had already moved to one of the exercise mats, and Susie was lying down with her eyes closed while Adam was kissing her and his right hand seemed to be everywhere, all over her body, while his left hand was fingering her. Susie was wasting no time. John was faithfully recording everything.

I pulled away from Jeremiah to his surprise and dismay, but pointed to Susie and Adam. "He's her older brother!" I whispered to him. Jeremiah looked shocked and forgot about me for the moment and just stared at them.

Tony and Mary were staring at them too, indeed everyone was except for most of the WTC Club who were pleasuring Connie in every way possible short of fucking her. Connie was willing, and in no pain.

And then without warning, it happened. Adam pushed Susie's legs far apart and inserted as many fingers in her as he could get, trying to fist her. Susie now moaned loudly, and that gave Adam the courage (if the bastard even needed courage) to raise himself up. He was ready to mount her, and held the position to see if Susie would stop him. She opened her eyes when he stopped fingering her and saw his cock hard and long and ready to enter her.

Susie's eyes got wide, and there was a moment when I did not know what would happen, and then she closed them, effectively giving consent. Adam wasted no time and shoved his cock all the way in. It was a heavy thrust. Susie let out a large gasp, so loud that even the WTC club stopped to turn and look and then everyone stopped whatever mischief they were up to, and were watching Susie's older brother fuck her with tremendous force.

It was as if Adam was in an incestuous rage, as if he wanted to hurt her, to punish her with his cock. Susie gasped each time he thrust into her; I could not tell if the gasp was one of pleasure or what exactly. Nothing was escaping John's camera as he moved in for close-ups of Adam's face, Susie's face, her boobs heaving, the beads of sweat on them, and Adam's cock penetrating her, rapidly in and out, in and out, accompanied by her loud gasps each time.

The entire party froze and watched in horror mixed with arousal. This was violent sex, filled with hate. It was incestuous sex: brother and sister. Susie did not know why Adam hated her so, but now she hated him as well. It had been clear to me from the beginning that Adam had a bad case of misogyny and hated women in general, which explained his desire to take me by force, but his venom with his sister was over the top.

It was truly strange to watch two people fuck each other in mutual hate. I had never seen anything like it.

This was the first time I had watched incest, real incest, and frankly I was fine, absolutely fine, with it being my last. But nevertheless, and I am not proud of this, it was sexy as hell.

Finally Adam exploded into her and dumped a large amount of cum in her. Susie pushed him off of her with great force and then sat up. She was clearly in a daze, and there were tears rolling down her face. Suddenly she yelled, "Somebody else fuck me, quick!"

I wondered if anyone could deal with sloppy seconds after such a sexy but gross experience. I need not have worried. Teenage boys will fuck anyone, any time, under any circumstances.

I guess she thought someone else doing her might cleanse her. Truth be told, I don't know what she thought. We never talked about that detail. One of the six WTC Cub guys who had had the most trouble competing for access to the collective abuse of Connie, rode to the rescue.

He quickly stripped and climbed on top of Susie who welcomed him with open arms and started kissing him frantically. She was frantic to get fucked. "Stick it in me! Now!" she yelled to him. He complied, and he was gentle, giving her a loving fuck, perhaps the perfect antidote to Adam's fuck of hate. Susie wrapped her legs around him and stroked his back lovingly as they fucked.

Meanwhile everyone was shunning Adam, grossed out by what they had just witnessed, and Adam was sitting in the corner naked, and in a daze, his limp cock in front of him. John was recording Susie's new fuck. I was so grateful to John. He had done everything perfectly. Mike brought a screwdriver over to Adam and he received it gratefully. He was grateful for any gesture at this point, since he was a pariah.

After a bit, Jeremiah began to resume kissing me. I kissed back and he fondled my breasts. Then he began to finger me again. I got up and led him to an exercise pad, and I lay down, legs spread. He fingered me some more briefly, and when I got good and wet he prepared to mount me. He looked at me questioningly, and I nodded, and his cock slid into me easily and smoothly. We fucked happily, as if it too was a cleansing experience from what we had just witnessed.

I looked over and saw that Mary and Tony had just started fucking, too. I looked around for Connie and the WTC boys but did not see them. One of the WTC boys was named Jon, and I heard cheers: "Thattaboy, Jon. Give it to her good! I'm next!" I realized that Connie was giving the WTC boys exactly what they had long wanted: to gangbang Connie. This was turning into quite a party!

After my fuck with Jeremiah, I lay there a while enjoying the glow. Jeremiah had come on my stomach, so I had the wicked thought that if someone wanted seconds, at least they would not be sloppy. I left his cum on my stomach. It was my white badge of courage. It glistened when in the light.

I needed some more psychic stimulation, to help to cleanse my mind of the sights of Adam hate fucking Susie. I grabbed another margarita, and wandered off to the next room, the one that could be seen from the street. I was naked of course, with glistening cum on my stomach, so this was not a responsible thing to do. But I wanted the thrill of possibly being seen. One of the boys that Susie had invited came over to me. He was visibly shaken by what had happened with Adam and Susie. He really liked Susie and could not believe she had just had incest with her brother. Plus anyone who had watched, and we all watched, would have been grossed out by it.

His name was Martin, and he seemed nice. He was still fully dressed. He wanted to talk to someone, and since I had wandered off, he followed me. As he babbled away, my drunken mind thought about how sexy it was for me to be naked with cum on my stomach, conversing with a fully dressed man (who was also fairly drunk). I could not explain it to him, plus I felt horrible and guilty, since after all I had put Susie up to doing it with her brother, as part of the plot for revenge. So I wanted a distraction.

I put my hands on his face and said, "You're sweet." I stroked his cheeks with my fingers, ever so gently. I ran my hands through his hair and leaned into him, my breasts touching his Brooks Brothers cotton knit shirt (I hate those shirts, by the way).

"You know Martin, I feel a little uncomfortable talking with you when I'm naked and you're fully dressed," I said in a coy voice. I don't think before I said that, he had realized I was naked, he was so upset, and it was if he saw me in my nudity for the first time.

Martin ripped off his clothes and then grabbed me and kissed me much too hard. He picked me up (he was strong with lots of muscles) and he carried me effortlessly over to an exercise mat, lay me down and spread my legs. Mike had wickedly placed some exercise mats in the exposed part of the gym.

Martin climbed on top, and without any foreplay he entered me. Fortunately I was still wet. We fucked liked that for a while, and then he flipped me over and pushed me into a doggy style position.

Nothing happened for a minute, and then I saw that he was putting on a lubricated condom. This puzzled me since he began fucking me without one, but hey, we're all drunk, and maybe he had just remembered. Very thoughtful, I thought; he doesn't know I'm on the pill.

But then his intentions became clear, as I felt his cock at the entrance to my anus. I had never done that before, nor had I ever wanted to do it, then or now. I began to say no, please stop, when he entered me. His cock was small so it did not hurt that much. He waited for my ass to adjust, with his cock only slightly inside me although honestly it felt like much more of him was inside me.

Then he pushed into me gently, continuing this process until he had all of it in me, and his balls were against my ass. My ass felt very full. I had given up trying to stop him. Part of the reason is that I saw out on the street that the two of us had an audience, which was growing, and I was getting turned on. I don't think Martin had even thought about this, and I sure as hell was not going to tell him!

As he was getting started, unbeknown to me, Mike and John had wandered over and John was video recording my first anal fuck. Quickly Mike lost his clothes, and slid underneath me. Martin understood, and he let Mike enter my cunt. I almost came right then at the moment I had two cocks in me at the same time.

John put the camera down, positioning it so that it had a nice view of our activities. It was still recording. John stripped quickly and presented his erect, throbbing cock to my mouth. This was going to be some video! After a moment admiring his cock and enjoying the double penetration, I took John's cock all the way up to his balls in one big gulp.

While I was marveling that I could do this without gagging, Mike and Martin began both to move and to fuck me simultaneously. I gave John the second blowjob of his young life. His first blowjob I had also given him, but that was under duress some time earlier. I remembered that I was fucking Steve when I gave John that first blowjob! This one was much better, as I was now an experienced cocksucker. But it was not easy to do. It is not at all easy to give someone a blowjob while being fucked by two men. For one thing it was hard to focus!

All three men blew their loads into me. I swallowed at least half of John's, and Mike came deep inside me. Jeremiah came inside my ass and that was a strange feeling. Anal sex was another first for me and I discovered I liked it. Having two men fucking me at once was something I never imagined happening, but it was nice, although I am not anxious to repeat it soon!

When they were all three finished with me, and fell away, I heard applause. It was coming from most of the other boys, the ones not fucking Susie that is. Susie could not seem to be fucked enough and was taking on anyone who would have her (which basically was a lot of the boys there; we later calculated seven of them fucked her in succession, counting Adam as the first. Two of them had her in the ass). The other applause, more faint, was coming from people out on the street. I was seriously turned on by all this, too drunk to feel embarrassment or shame.

And then Tony, who had wanted to have his way with me for the longest time, pushed me back down and got on top of me. I frantically looked around for Mary. She was making out with Steve, but glanced my way as Mike was preparing to fuck me, and our eyes met. She nodded, giving me the OK. Well what the hell, I figured. I actually liked Tony. In contrast I had just fucked Jeremiah, then Martin, both of whom I did not even know!

All I knew about Jeremiah and Martin was that they went to college with Connie, and had both asked her out, and had both ended up sleeping with her.

Tony fucked me and I fucked him back. His was a hard fuck, releasing the lust for me he had kept bottled up for far too long. I did not really enjoy it that much, but then I remembered we were in the window area still, and that thought turned me on, and I got into it. I wrapped my legs around him and pulled him into me as far as he would go, and I clawed at his back. All this had its effect on Tony, and he began to be gentler and to enjoy himself while enjoying my body.

Connie had relived her gangbang by four men, these four being the core of the WTC group. While they gangbanged her, the other two WTC members were enjoying the bodies of Susie and me. Mike, Steve, one of Susie's boyfriends and Tony took turns with Mary. The whole thing was so over the top it was hard for me to grasp the magnitude of it all.

Once Tony came inside me, I was a sloppy mess. So of course were all of Susie, Connie, and Mary. We headed for the gym's showers to clean up. We also talked some girl talk about what had happened. Susie was still traumatized by the sex with her brother, and who could blame her? Fucking six other men in rapid succession had helped, but now that it was over, she just felt sick. And sore.

Just then Susie's favorite of her two boyfriends entered the shower. He was still naked like us, and he walked to Susie and quietly put his arms around her and held her while she cried. He let her have a good cry, said nothing, and just held her. He had already sucker punched Adam, who had slunk away and left the party.

That Adam has been shamed, sucker punched, and left the party with his limp cock, cheered Susie a bit, and after a long, long cry under the showers, she looked up at her college boyfriend and giggled. Then she reached down and began to play with his cock. It soon got hard and there under the shower she got on her knees and gave him the first blowjob he had ever had. It was also Susie's first time giving a blowjob.

He had already fucked so much (he had already fucked Susie, Mary and Connie) he was having trouble blowing his load. So after a long time blowing him, they got up and walked to the mat where I had taken on 3 boys at once, in the window where people on the street could watch, and he gave her a long, slow fuck. This began phase two of the party, and if you can imagine, things got even wilder. Young men have an insatiable appetite for sex, and we four drunk girls were mostly happy to oblige.

The next day all of us girls were sore and could barely walk. We were also all hung over, badly so. The girls came to my place and we all giggled for hours. We exchanged intimate thoughts about our times under, or on top of the men: How it felt, what we were thinking about, how easy or hard it was for us to come, and many other things. They were curious about my Da Vinci woman. When they learned I did not know about it in advance, I got lots of praise for having kept my cool.

Unexpectedly, John arrived; he had been editing all the video footage both from his camera and from the security cams at the gym, which he had figured out how to obtain. He now had a first pass at our video of the event. He had cut a lot, but it was still 3 hours long.

He also wanted to collect his debt.

"Your debt?" I blurted out, not understanding.

John replied "Remember you said we could have sex after the party?" I remembered. Apparently the blowjob during my taking on the gang of three did not count in his particular debt ledger. He wanted to fuck me, to possess me, to own me.

I got up and took my clothes off. He was surprised. He said, "Right here? In front of the others?" There was a tone of incredulity in his voice.

Then Connie stripped too. "Does this help, John?" she said, wiggling her ass and jiggling her magnificent boobs.

Mary and Susie both rose and stripped as well. John was flabbergasted. We then attacked him. I kissed him while Connie and Susie undressed him. Connie and Susie were quick. While I continued to kiss him Connie began to fondle his cock as Susie slobbered over his balls. Mary slipped off and called Tony.

Minutes later Tony, Mike and Steve showed up. Tony took Mary, Steve took Connie, and Mike took Susie, leaving me with John. Mary and Tony started fucking first, and Steve and Connie followed minutes later. Susie was reluctant at first, but Mike has a way about him . They soon were going at it hot and heavy.

John was in a state of shock, but his cock was hard. He looked around and saw the three couples fucking. Tony and Mary were doing it missionary style, Steve and Connie were doing it doggy style, and Susie was taking Mike anally and groaning loudly.

I began to lick John's cock as if it were a popsicle. Then I stroked it with my hand while I ran my tongue around the head. John sank to the ground, bringing my hand wrapped around his cock, and me, with him. I lay myself down and spread my legs, and blew him some air kisses. I fondled my own boobs, and wiggled my cunt as the air kisses wafted towards him, and I giggled.

This was all John needed, and he rapidly entered me and pounded away without any skill, just with power. Nevertheless it was nice. Girls that fuck together stay together I thought to myself as the eight of us were all fucking happily together, as it were. Then Mike pulled his cock out of Susie's ass and yelled switch!

Steve and Tony also pulled out and the three of them exchanged girls, inserting their cocks into the girl next to them. The girls, even though they were no longer drunk, seemed OK with this! I was shocked. I guess this was one game Mike had thought of but had not used at the orgy the previous night. John wanted only me, so he did not pull out and kept right on pounding me. I had no complaints.

The second time Mike yelled switch, however, apparently John could not resist the thrill of fucking two women with the same single erection, and he pulled out too. Susie was closest to him and he entered her willing cunt, already well lubricated by Steve, who took her after the first switch, preferring traditional sex to Mike's anal penetration of her previously.

I was as wet as Lake Michigan, and Tony came over to me. He gently rolled me over and raised me onto all fours, and he took me doggy style. He gave me a long and gentle fuck, but hard and fast towards the end, just what I needed. On all fours I also had a nice view of John fucking Susie, and Mike fucking Connie. I was in heaven.

Steve and Mary were behind me and I could not see them. But I could sure hear Mary, who was cheering Steve on loudly with calls such as, "Oh baby, give it me! All the way, yes, harder! Faster! Deeper! Do it to me, baby. Do it to me! Ohhh." She had told me privately she had wanted to try noisy sex to see if it would change how men fucked her. Mary was always the science student, I guess, always doing experiments, always curious. I could not wait to hear about her results.

The next day I went through the video John had given me. It was four hours long. He had done a nice job editing, mixing in footage from the security system of the gym (which he had accesses and appropriated) with the videotaping from his own camera. This way we got the overview of what was happening, together with close up views of the action. The video was of high quality, and erotic.

I broke it down into smaller videos, some of 20 minutes, some of 30 minutes. Occasionally the videos would overlap. There was one that focused on Adam's hate fuck of his younger sister Susie, and included her gangbang immediately following. That altogether lasted a good 35 minutes. 40 minutes when I included footage leading up to it, along with security footage showing everyone watching in horror, mixed with arousal.

Another video featured Connie's gangbang, now the second one of her short life. In this one she was neither restrained, nor blindfolded, but clearly aware, present, and enjoying it.

A third was all about me: I was bound in the wheel, and then I was taking on three men at one time, as they filled all of my holes. It was erotic for me to see myself that way.

We did not really need it, but there was a fourth one featuring Mary, and her escapades with several different men that night.

Finally, there was a fifth one, of the preliminary games, which was less hard core, but nevertheless I thought it was highly erotic, especially seeing the reluctance mixed with fear and vulnerability on the faces of all of us four girls, especially Mary, as we were each gradually rendered naked at the party.

I secretly tagged all five of them. Included in my virus was a program that would let me know which computer was viewing any given one of them, and the IP address and other details would help me to identify which person had opened the file. I set the virus to destroy the video and all other videos and images on the computer watching it with a variable delay. I had discussed this with the girls.

The delays for the Susie and Connie videos were two weeks. This would give them time to circulate among all the boys who had seen the previous sex videos of them. The one for Mary was only one week, and the one for me was three weeks, because I wanted everyone to see it before taking my revenge. As I have said before, I'm weird, and it gets me aroused to imagine men beating off to these videos of me. With Mary's video, she wanted a delay of only three days, and of course I obliged.

In all of the videos, if someone tried to upload to the internet, the virus would activate and erase the video and ruin the computer.

I left one set without the virus. This set was for Mike and me to enjoy at our pleasure. However I put a secret tag inside it, as well, and also put a sleeper version of my virus in it, which would be activated if I did not personally renew its sleeper command every month. This was in case I was betrayed, or it was stolen.

Mike said he could arrange for the videos to be stolen by the appropriate audiences. I never learned how he arranged that, but he did. Because of the features in my virus, I could track how many times they were watched, and how many different computers actually saw them. I also knew when they activated and how many computers were attacked.

As it turned out, to my shock, they videos were viewed on over 300 computers, and they were viewed 1,100 times before they did their thing and destroyed all of the videos and pictures on the computers on which they were watched. I now knew that from 300 to 1,100 people had watched our videos, and maybe more if there had been group viewings, as seemed likely.

I was proud of my handiwork, but also a bit fearful, embarrassed, and ashamed of being on digital display to so many people. I wondered how many people at my own college might have seen us in such casual sexual abandon and promiscuity. I found out later it was quite a few, to say the least. But that is another story, altogether.