**NUDE Lesbian Wrestling: Coed Tricked**

by[silkstockingslover](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1191173&page=submissions)©

Summary: Shy nerd is blackmailed into the world of nude wrestling.  
  
Note 1: This is a NUDE 2013 CONTEST entry...although an unorthodox one at that.  
  
Note 2: I would like to thank MAB7991, Flowernibbler and Goamz86 for editing and plot suggestions.  
  
Note 3: This story is based on many underground female wrestling stories I have heard exist, as well as a few websites I researched.  
  
NUDE Lesbian Wrestling: Coed Tricked

**TRICKED**  
The accusation was a complete slap in the face. Professor Bells accused me of cheating on my test.  
  
I protested, "Professor Bells, I would never do such a thing."  
  
She placed my test and Shay's, the rich blonde bimbo that always sat beside me in class, in front of me. "You two have the exact same answers for the whole last page...word...for...word."  
  
I was speechless as I looked at our tests. Realizing Shay must have copied off me I rationalized, "Shay must have cheated off me."  
  
"Then it's a she said-she said thing," Professor Bells sighed. "I will just send this to the dean and he can deal with it.  
  
"Please no?" I said, hating confrontation. "I will take a new test to prove my innocence."  
  
"I don't have time to make up another test," she said, annoyed at the thought. "I'll just give you a zero until this whole issue is resolved."  
  
"A-a-a zero," I stammered.  
  
"Yes, there is a zero tolerance policy for plagiarism and cheating at this college, this isn't high school, Miss Appleton," she said, clearly convinced I had indeed cheated.  
  
A zero grade was unacceptable, I was a nineties student and a bit of a perfectionist. I begged, "Please, I will do anything Professor Bells."  
  
She stared at me for what felt like an eternity before saying, "Well there is one way I might overlook this."  
  
"What? I'll do anything," I replied, my desperation obvious.  
  
"I need someone to step in tonight at Le Chateau Club," she said.  
  
I had no idea what The La Chateau Club was, but I quickly agreed, "I'll do it."  
  
"You sure," she asked, "I would need you to sign a waiver for the privacy of the club."  
  
I was instantly curious, but agreed, not thinking there could be anything nefarious by her intentions, "Whatever you need Professor."  
  
To my surprise, Professor Bells opened her desk drawer and pulled out a contract. She explained, trivializing it, "It's just a standard waiver promising you won't cheat or steal."  
  
"Ok," I said, thinking this was a bit strange, but not overly concerned.  
  
Once I signed it, Professor Bells said, her tone dripping with condescension, "Shay will be there as well tonight since you two are so close."  
  
I wanted to point out that Shay and I are nothing alike, but she had already made up her mind and I felt the best way to get her to change her opinion of me was to just do as she asked. "Ok," I nodded, even though truth be told anger was bubbling underneath, not a feeling I was used to.  
  
"Great," she said, as she wrote something on a note pad. Once finished she handed me the paper and said, "Be at the address on the paper no later than seven o'clock and tell them that Caroline sent you."  
  
Again I nodded in agreement, even as something in the pit of my stomach felt queasy.  
  
"See you tonight," she said, returning to the papers on her desk, her words implying our conversation was done.  
  
I left and, as soon as I was out of her office, broke down; tears streaming down like a rainstorm. I never got into trouble and I would never cheat, but one accusation was all it took to tarnish years of a pristine reputation.  
  
I hadn't looked at the address until after I returned back to my dorm room and showered.  
  
Once dressed, I looked at the address, already forgetting the name she had mentioned earlier and decided to Google it. What came up next shocked me. It was a place called Le Chateau Club and it appeared to be a lesbian nightclub. I stared at the website as if somehow the information would change before my eyes...of course it didn't.  
  
What did Professor Bells expect of me at this club?  
  
Did she think I was a lesbian?  
  
Was Professor Bells a lesbian?  
  
These and a plethora of other questions popped into my head, all unanswerable.  
  
Reluctantly, I headed to this club, trepidation pulsing through every fibre of my being.

**SHOCKING EXPECTATIONS**  
I arrived at the club fifteen minutes earlier than instructed, I hated being late. I was greeted by a large doorman. Being only nineteen, I suddenly had hopes I had a loophole out of this uncomfortable situation.  
  
"ID Miss?" the large black man asked.  
  
"Caroline sent me, sir," I replied, praying he was going to turn me away.  
  
A smile crossed the stern man's face. "Aaah, she does recruit adorably innocent looking ones."  
  
"Recruit for what?" I asked, praying for some insight into what was expected of me.  
  
He chuckled, his laugh echoing around me, "You really are innocent, that makes it even better." He picked up the phone mounted on the wall at his station, pressed a couple numbers and then said, "Big Rosie, a new recruit is here sent personally by the professor."  
  
I stood still, shaking uncontrollably, for a moment until a large, pretty, black woman showed up.  
  
"Aren't you adorable?" Big Rosie smiled genuinely.  
  
"That was what I said," the doorman added approvingly.  
  
"Follow me sweetheart," Big Rosie said, her soft tone causing me to suddenly feel somewhat relaxed.  
  
We walked past an open door where I glanced inside and saw a girl in a vibrant pink dress on her knees between a another girl's legs. I gasped at the sight of them.  
  
Big Rosie chuckled, but didn't say anything.  
  
She led me to a small room and asked, "I assume the professor had you sign the contact?"  
  
"Yes, ma'am," I nodded, something about Big Rosie's demeanor drawing me in.  
  
"And I am guessing by the sheer terror and confusion on your face you have no idea why you are here?" Big Rosie continued, she assumed, correctly.  
  
"Yes, ma'am," I again agreed.  
  
"Today is our weekly wrestling charity fundraiser," Big Rosie began.  
  
A felt a big weight lifted off my shoulders at her explanation, even though I still didn't know my exact purpose for being here. "Ok," I replied, waiting for more.  
  
"You will need to change into one of the green bikinis on the shelf there," Big Rosie explained, pointing to very thin pieces of fabric.  
  
I instantly knew my role. I was going to be one of those card girls walking around holding up signs announcing which round it was. I again nodded, "Ok, ma'am."  
  
Big Rosie smiled sincerely, "I will be back in a few minutes so you can meet your teammate."  
  
"Teammate?" I asked, suddenly thrown for yet another loop.  
  
"Just get dressed dear," Big Rosie smiled, her hand giving a soft squeeze on my shoulder.  
  
"Yes. Ma'am," I nodded and watched her leave. I am not a lesbian, I had never even once had lesbian fantasies, and yet something was drawing me to the large, pretty, black woman. I shook my head at the odd thoughts in my head and looked at the many different sized, but identical, green bikinis.  
  
I searched a bit until I found the right cup size. Although I am skinny, I weigh just 115 pounds, and am only five foot two. I have large, at least for my tiny body, 36C breasts. I have always been rather self-conscious about how large my breasts are proportion to the rest of my body, and have always tried to hide my breasts to keep from getting unwanted attention. That said, wearing one of these bikinis, that was going to be impossible to do.  
  
I sighed and began getting undressed, still with no clue what was expected of me. Once in the bikini, my body shivered, as I realized this was ludicrous. I didn't cheat. I would go to the Dean if I had to, and prove my innocence.  
  
Deciding to change back into my usual conservative attire, I was just about to undo my bikini top when there was a knock at the door.  
  
"Are you dressed?" Professor Bells' voice came through the door.  
  
"Yes," I answered, crossing my arms across my breasts.  
  
Professor Bells entered and said with a smile, "Where have you been hiding those?"  
  
Ignoring her question, I said adamantly. "I am leaving."  
  
"I don't think so," she replied, dismissing my outburst completely.  
  
"I didn't cheat," I said firmly.  
  
"I know," she responded, surprising me.  
  
"You know?" I asked, perplexed.  
  
"I always knew," she said.  
  
"Then why accuse me?" I asked, frustrated.  
  
"I needed fresh blood and when I saw Shay cheating off your paper, mixed with your polite demeanour, I knew you would be perfect. I could get a buy one, get one free deal."  
  
"For what?" I asked, anger beginning to bubble inside me.  
  
"To be one of my new wrestlers," she explained.  
  
"What are you talking about?" I asked, tersely.  
  
"You signed an exclusive deal to wrestle tonight," she answered, pulling out the contract I had signed that afternoon.  
  
"You can't be serious?" I snapped. "That was signed under false pretenses."  
  
She ignored my protests as she explained, "You agreed to wrestle three rounds plus a bonus round tonight. In exchange you will be paid two thousand dollars."  
  
"Two...thousand...dollars," I repeated, the number almost as much as I earned all last summer.  
  
"That usually changes one's perspective," she smirked. "Plus, if they like you, and they will like you, you can earn even more in the tournament circuit."  
  
My head was spinning with such a ludicrous amount of money for girl wrestling. I asked, "I just have to wrestle?"  
  
"Four rounds," she replied.  
  
"Only four?" I asked.  
  
"Actually, three eight minute rounds and then a bonus round," she clarified.  
  
I thought to myself that isn't that long to make two thousand dollars, although I was still very hesitant. "This is rather unorthodox."  
  
She shrugged, "Actually the rules are what are unorthodox."  
  
"How so?" I asked.  
  
She handed me a sheet of paper and said, "You are on in twenty minutes. I will send your tag team partner Jenny in right away, she is absolutely adorable, you'll love her."  
  
She left and I looked at the paper, curious to the rules and gasped as I read:  
  
Lesbian Sexual Wrestling  
  
The title alone had a rush of anxiety wash over me and it only got worse from there.  
  
General Rules  
  
The No-nos  
  
1. No unsportsmanlike conduct will be allowed. Wrestlers may be disqualified and automatically be sent to an EXTREME BONUS ROUND.  
  
2. The list of unsportsmanlike contact activities:  
  
-punching, slapping or kicking  
  
-biting or pinching  
  
-choking, hairpulling, eye gouging or head butting  
  
The format:  
  
1. Each match has three wrestling rounds and one BONUS round.  
  
2. Each round is eight minutes in length. (Bonus round can be a maximum of thirty)  
  
Scoring:  
  
Points Activity  
  
5.......................Bikini top off  
  
10.....................Bikini bottom off  
  
2 per sec.........Kissing lips  
  
1 per sec.........Kissing neck or body  
  
1 per sec.........Breast fondling  
  
2 per sec.........Ear nibbling  
  
2 per sec.........Breast nipple sucking  
  
1 per sec.........Pussy touching  
  
3 per sec.........Pussy finger insertion  
  
5 per sec.........Pussy licking  
  
10 per sec.......Pussy fisting  
  
3 per sec.........Ass finger insertion  
  
1 per sec.........Breast smothering  
  
4 per sec.........Face sitting (pussy must be making contact with opponent's mouth or nose)  
  
50....................Your opponent orgasms on the mat  
  
Tag Team Rules  
  
1. A tag made by the out of bound wrestler can be made on any part of her partner's body.  
  
2. The wrestler not in the ring can move around, but not go inside the ring to make a tag.  
  
3. Once a tag has been made the two have one minute together on the mat; a buzzer will alert the tagged wrestler when she must leave the ring.  
  
4. Once a double tag assault has ended, you are not allowed to tag your partner again for at least one minute.  
  
The bonus round:  
  
Whoever gets the most points after three rounds is declared the winner. The loser must obey every sexual command of the winner and be her submissive. This may include: pussy eating, strap-on sex in your mouth, pussy or ass, verbal humiliation. Playful spanking, hair pulling, double maybe even triple penetration and any other submissive act ordered by the winner.

**EXTREME BONUS ROUND:**  
If you are assessed an extreme bonus round you will be bound and used by any wrestlers at the end of the night who wish to do so.  
  
I stared at the bonus round in complete disbelief. If I lost, I would be sexually humiliated by the winner. If I won I would have to sexually dominate another woman. Both were absurd. Both were unfathomable. I couldn't even imagine being a part of either scenario.  
  
First, I was straight. Secondly, I was a good girl. I didn't fight, I didn't wrestle and I sure as heck didn't have sex in front of an audience. Don't get me wrong, I liked sex and I loved to be fucked hard, both my long term boyfriends who were pretty aggressive in the bedroom, something which somehow turned me on. Even though I was shy, I liked to please. I l researched my personality change during sex one day on the Internet and learned that exhibited many traits that were submissive...it was unexplainable, but when horny I shifted from shy, timid and reserved to outspoken, vulgar, and vivacious. I did LOVE sex and hadn't had it in over three months unless you count my fingers and vibrator.  
  
I felt a rush of shame wash over me when I realized there was a slight dampness in my vagina.  
  
Suddenly the door opened and a girl walked in who was a lot like me: young, nerdy, sweet looking and wearing a bikini identical to the one I was wearing.  
  
"Hi, I'm Jenny," she smiled sweetly offering her hand.  
  
"Hi, I'm Emma," I offered back, shaking her hand.  
  
"First time?" She correctly assessed.  
  
"How can you tell?" I asked, drawn in by her sweetness.  
  
"The tenseness in your shoulders and the utter fear in your eyes," she smiled, pulling me in for a hug.  
  
I was shocked by her motherly tenderness, considering she looked to be younger than me. Yet, somehow, her arms around me brought out a sudden calmness in me, her aura soothing mine by her touch alone.  
  
When she let go of me, I asked, "How old are you?"  
  
"Eighteen," she responded. "You?"  
  
"Nineteen," I replied.  
  
"Were the rules explained to you," Jenny asked.  
  
"Not really, but I read them. They seem rather extreme," I pointed out.  
  
"That they are," Jenny laughed softly.  
  
"Have you done this before?" I asked, praying she was a veteran who in spite of her petite figure was an expert wrestler.  
  
"This is my third tag team bout. I also have wrestled in two singles matches," Jenny answered.  
  
"Tell me you won them all," I said.  
  
"Well I am 0-2 in singles matches, but I did win my last tag team match," my partner answered, clearly excited by her one victory.  
  
"Well let's hope that we can get you back to back wins," I joked nervously.  
  
"I hear Mistress Caroline recruited you," Jenny said.  
  
Hearing my professor referred to as a Mistress was just another level of strangeness in my own version of Alice in Wonderland, and like Alice, I had no idea how to get back to my own world. I stammered, bewildered, "M-m-mistress?"  
  
"She isn't your Mistress?" Jenny asked surprised.  
  
"Is she yours?" I countered, the avalanche of surprises continuing to crash down on me.  
  
"No, my Mistress is Megan," Jenny answered.  
  
"Are you a lesbian?" I asked, never having met one in person that I knew of.  
  
"Of course," Jenny replied. "Aren't you?"  
  
Professor Bells came in and Jenny greeted her politely, "Hi, Miss Caroline."  
  
"Hi, Jenny. Emma you could learn a thing or two about obedience and respect from Jenny here," Professor Bells said.  
  
My face flushed at the shot, as I was loved by every teacher I ever had because I was polite, dedicated and determined. Yet, here I was having my character questioned by someone who was essentially blackmailing me into erotic wrestling. The irony was dripping, yet I was too intimidated to respond.  
  
"How is Megan?" Professor Bells asked Jenny.  
  
"Mistress Megan is doing very well. She has been training my mother as well," Jenny answered casually as if she was talking about the weather.  
  
"Megan really is irresistible," Professor Bells said as she walked towards Jenny and added, "and you my dear Jenny, just like Megan, you are also really irresistible."  
  
I watched in voyeuristic disbelief as my professor and my teenage teammate began kissing passionately before my eyes. I would like to say I was revolted by the lesbian kiss, but the wetness in my bikini bottom would say otherwise.  
  
Breaking the kiss, the professor sat down on a chair and said, "I think we have time for you to have a pre-game snack, my pet."  
  
Jenny didn't hesitate as she moved to the professor, fell to her knees and buried herself between the professor's legs as she giggled, "I would love to."  
  
As the professor had her vagina pleasured by Jenny, she explained, "Emma, you're a submissive."  
  
"Excuse me?" I questioned, even though I already knew I was....at least I was with men, but with women, I was still unsure.  
  
"You are just in denial," she continued.  
  
Frustrated by her attitude, but also distracted by Jenny between her legs, I asked, trying to sound strong, "In denial of what?"  
  
"That your cunt is wet right now at the sight of Jenny between my legs and even though your mind hasn't accepted it yet, your body is already giving in to the desire to submit," she said, her fingers going through Jenny's hair.  
  
My body did feel weak, my vagina did feel wet, but I had no desire to submit. I stood my ground as I countered, "Professor, I am not a lesbian."  
  
"I didn't say you were," she responded back. "I said you are submissive."  
  
"I am done with..." I began to reply, but was cut off.  
  
"On your knees, Emma!" Professor Bells demanded her tone sharp and powerful.  
  
I could feel my knees weaken, my body suddenly feeling heavy, as I struggled to stay in control of the situation.  
  
The professor, sensing my internal struggle, continued, "Emma my pet, you need a Mistress, you love to please, to make people happy. Let's be honest, it is the only time you are happy, isn't it?"  
  
The psychoanalysis of my personality was both stereotypical yet so very true, which only frustrated me more.  
  
"Emma, knees, now!" she ordered a few seconds later, my head spinning with a plethora of emotions I didn't understand.  
  
I looked at her; I looked at Jenny between her legs and felt a magnetic pull to be on my knees, to replace Jenny, even though I had never once considered another woman sexually before today. My mind was still spinning when I felt my body slowly fall like a leaf to the ground...slow but inevitable, as if nature was speaking.  
  
"Good girl," I heard the professor purr and I felt an undeniable tingle at her approval, even though I should have felt shame. "Crawl to me, my pet," she softly ordered, with my head in a haze, her voice seemed soothing, and her words suddenly seemed so logical. I crawled to her as if hypnotized and not in control of my very being anymore.

At her feet, I suddenly realized what I was doing. Part of me wanted to stand up and walk out like I knew I should do. Conversely, another part of me wanted to be where Jenny was, absurd but true. I wasn't a lesbian? Yet, the thought of pleasing my professor somehow was all I could think about. In many ways it was like oral sex with my boyfriends. Did I like the taste of cum? Not really. Did I swallow it anyway? Yes, because it made them happy. The professor's accusation of my submissiveness brought back my sexual past and my hunger to please, which I was feeling at that moment.  
  
"Earth to Emma," I distantly heard and looked up to my professor. "Already thinking about replacing Jenny are you?"  
  
My face flushed, my bikini bottom dampened and my head dizzy at the question. I finally spoke. "Why are you doing this to me?" I asked, using every ounce of strength I had to potentially stand up to her, even though my eyes couldn't help but be drawn to the forbidden abyss where Jenny was currently lodged.  
  
She laughed, not harshly, but amused, by my question. "Have I not already made that crystal clear? You are submissive. Your writing, your eagerness in class, practically begged for me to draw you into the world of submission. Go ahead my pet, crawl between my legs where you belong."  
  
I watched as Jenny backed up and looked at me, her face covered with a slight glean that somehow made her look sexy to me.  
  
I was just about to crawl between my professor's legs and cross the line into submission when there was a knock on the door. "Three minutes," a voice announced.  
  
"I guess your submission will have to wait my pet," Professor Bells shrugged. "I was hoping to be your first."  
  
My eyes went wide as I suddenly recalled what I was expected to do: wrestle. "Please don't make me go out there," I pleaded, still on my knees.  
  
"You signed the contract," she shrugged with a smile as she closed her legs and stood up. Looking down at me, she added, "Don't worry my pet, my legs will reopen for your training very, very soon."  
  
Jenny asked me as she helped me off my knees and the professor left the room, "Are you ready?"  
  
"God no," I said, anxiety filling every pore of my being.  
  
"It is a lot of fun," Jenny said, "although, it can also be quite exhausting."  
  
"I can't do this," I said.  
  
Jenny took my hands in hers; I was surprised how soft they were. "It is ok Emma. I was pretty scared at first too, and I had at least seen a few matches before my Mistress entered me."  
  
"You really have a Mistress?" I asked, the concept so new and foreign to me.  
  
"Oh yes, I actually have two, but Megan is my first and most powerful Mistress," Jenny explained with an undeniable twinkle in her eye.  
  
"Wow," was all I could muster.  
  
"Wow, indeed," Jenny said, before leaning in and kissing me.  
  
I was stiff at first, frozen in shock at being kissed by another girl, yet her lips were so soft, the kiss so tender, my body slowly melted and I began returning the kiss. At first tentatively, but as I heated up, the kiss became more animalistic as I hungered for more.  
  
The brief moment of intimacy was broke when Big Rosie entered the room. "I see you two are getting to know each other."  
  
I broke the kiss, embarrassed at getting caught in the act.  
  
Big Rosie continued, "It's time."

**ROUND ONE**  
  
Jenny took my hand and led me wordlessly out of the room and into an underworld I didn't know even existed less than an hour ago. My head was spinning again with a new set of questions.  
  
Was I a lesbian?  
  
How submissive am I?  
  
Was I about to crawl between Professor Bell's legs and lick her vagina?  
  
Why was the kiss with Jenny so erotic?  
  
Was I really going to wrestle another women sexually?  
  
As we walked onto the ring, a chill went up my spine as I realized there were about a hundred women around the ring sitting at tables; obviously they were there to watch the entertainment. Many where dressed elegantly while others were dressed in a variety of outfits (cheerleader, maid and cowgirl just to name a few); the ages seemed to range from early twenties to late sixties; while most were seated in chairs, a few were on the floor on all fours, on their knees or even laying down. I couldn't take my eyes off the audience, especially when I saw a pair of heels poking out from underneath a table. I looked up to see a pretty-middle-aged woman wink at me. I blushed yet again before lowering my head until we reached our destination.  
  
The referee dressed logically in a slutty referee costume, her large breasts barely concealed and her shorts so tight you could see every curve of her ass. Called us over to the middle of the ring.  
  
I followed and was soon face to face with Shay, the bitch that had made this all happen. I glared at her and she glared back at me, my anger instantly flared up. I wondered if this was her first time too, I prayed it was. I wanted to beat her, to get revenge on her for getting me in this predicament.  
  
The referee explained the rules as I glanced at Shay's partner. She was, like Jenny, young but looked a little more athletic. She was staring at Jenny with a predator's hunger. Her look sent a chill went up my spine at the thought of what would happen if we lost.  
  
"Do you understand the rules?" The referee asked.  
  
I hadn't heard a word she said; instead, I had been contemplating my predicament, but nodded as if I had heard. I hoped there were not any additional rules added to the rules I had read earlier.  
  
Back on our side of the ring, Jenny said, "So if I look in trouble, or if I call your name, do your best to tag me. We are going to have to work as a team if we are going to have any chance at all of beating these two. Jamie is a fierce competitor, very aggressive, but she also has an orgasm trigger if you can suck on her clit."  
  
I heard the words, but they seemed miles away. I nodded again and Jenny squeezed my hands. "Focus, Emma. Also, keep your legs closed as best you can. Jamie has very strong arms and once she gets between your legs breaking free is virtually impossible...plus she loves to fist-fuck her opponent."  
  
"Fist -fuck," I repeated, the words sounding so strange out of such an innocent looking girl's lips.  
  
"Yes, she will get you wet, finger-fuck you to get you wetter and then get her whole fist in you. Trust me it feels fucking amazing, but if you come on the map they get a ton of points and you get weaker," Jenny explained.  
  
The absurdity of it was so obvious, I finally played along. "So suck Jamie's clit when the possibility presents itself, keep your legs closed at all costs and don't come on the mat."  
  
"Yes," Jenny smiled, seeing through my defence mechanism of joking to avoid the harsh reality I was about to face. "Also, that other girl is a rookie too, so I don't know her weakness."  
  
I looked across the mat and glared at Shay who was glaring back at me. "Don't worry, I will crush her," I said, a new side of me beginning to come to the forefront.  
  
"Awesome," Jenny said, giving me one quick hand squeeze just as the whistle blew to signal the start of the first round.  
  
I watched Jenny go to the centre of the ring and get on her knees as did Jamie. A moment later the whistle was blown and the two girls moved at each other on their knees. For a few seconds they slowly circled each other, two predators sizing up their prey, before Jamie reached for Jenny. In a flash, Jenny was on her back and Jamie was on top attempting to hold Jenny down. Jenny fought valiantly; the next minute was a blur. I heard five points blue as Jenny's bikini top came off and a few seconds later Jenny returned the favour as Jamie's bikini top was torn off. The two girls continued grunting as they fought for position, with Jenny finally rolling over and getting on top of Jamie. Jenny buried her face in Jamie's breasts and I heard binging sounds and looked up to see we had a seven to five lead.  
  
The next minute or two, I watched like a spectator, in awe of what I was watching, the scene so surreal, I briefly forgot I wasn't a spectator but a participant. Both girls were completely naked now and when I glanced at the score blue -- 31 green - 27 we were now losing.  
  
Suddenly Jamie tagged Shay and I continued to watch as my teammate was double-teamed. Shay, not surprisingly was very aggressive, as she pulled Jenny's legs apart, while Jamie straddled Jenny's face lowering her vagina right onto Jenny's face.  
  
"Lick it slut, you will be soon anyway," Jamie demanded with a smirk as she looked at me and winked, which instantly enraged me. My instinct to protect my teammate suddenly kicking in.  
  
The referee called out, "Face sitting started blue," and I watched as the score began escalating as Jenny helplessly fought to break free. A few seconds later, the referee called out, "Pussy finger insertion started blue," and the points really began to explode.  
  
I wanted to go save her, I moved around the ring so I was a foot away from the aggressive sexual abuse of Jenny, my anger over her abuse bubbling over. I reached to tag her, but the referee moved towards me and said, "Not until the one minute is up, you eager thing."  
  
I looked at the clock, there was still fifteen seconds showing before I could be tagged in. Suddenly Jenny twisted, getting herself onto her stomach, knocking Jamie off her as well as getting Shay's hand out of her vagina.  
  
"Both free," the referee announced as Jamie sat on Jenny's back, while Shay attempted to pull apart Jenny's crossed legs.  
  
Jenny was strong as she held her legs together a while before she screamed as Jamie put a finger in her ass.  
  
"Anal insertion, blue," the referee declared as Jenny whimpered as her ass was fingered. I knew instantly I would avoid at all costs being on my belly and opening up my ass for such an assault. I glanced at the score and gasped as they now had 156 points.  
  
I leaned forward, waiting for the second their minute was up so I could help save Jenny.  
  
The referee moved away as the buzzer sounded indicating the double team was over. Jamie pulled her finger out of Jenny's ass and moved off the mat. The score now read blue -165 green - 50, I slapped Jenny's foot.  
  
Quickly I entered the ring, startling Shay, I flipped her over and onto her back.  
  
"You fucking bitch," Shay snapped, clearly startled by the blind side attack.  
  
I ripped off her bikini top just as Jenny joined me and sat on Shay's face, replicating the face sitting Jamie had just done to her.  
  
"Five points green...top off." the referee announced.  
  
Shay tried to shake her head, wiggling back and forth like a fish out of water.  
  
"Face sitting engaged, green," the referee announced.  
  
I slid down and leaned forward and took her breast in my mouth and smiled as the referee announced, "Nipple sucking started, green."  
  
The thought that I was winning points for our team excited me. I wasn't sucking her nipples for sexual enjoyment, but rather to win. That strange rationale helped in making me become more aggressive. While still sucking on Shay's nipples, even as she tried to move me off, I used my knee to drill down between her legs and spread them apart. I yanked off her bikini bottom scoring us more points and aggressively put my whole body between her legs, as she attempted to squirm away.  
  
Jenny leaned forward, holding Shay's arms down, she said, "Lick her cunt."  
  
Before even having time to think about the act, definitely a lesbian act, I slid down further and began licking my first vagina.  
  
"Pussy licking commenced, green," the referee announced and a chill of pride went down my spine as I licked her vagina. Her taste was surprisingly fruity and I licked hungrily trying to get as many points as I possibly could. Shay's legs wrapped around me as she tried to yank me off her, but I clamped my mouth onto her swollen clit trying to hold on as long as possible.  
  
I heard the referee say "clit sucking green." Suddenly, I felt hands on my head and I was pushed away. As I came up for air, I saw that Jenny was walking toward the sidelines. I was so focused on sucking Shay's clit, I hadn't heard the buzzer ending the double team.  
  
Shay pounced on top of me, pulling my bikini top off, allowing my breasts to be seen by all, she asked, "Did you like eating my cunt, slut? Because you will soon be eating it again and again, once I make you my bitch."  
  
Her name-calling pissed me off and I pushed hard, tossing her off me. The words out of my mouth were not mine, they came out of the mouth of my doppelgänger that I didn't know existed before this very moment, "When I am through with you, you will be begging me to let you come you cheating slut."  
  
"Wow, the Virgin Mary has some backbone," Shay laughed. She moved towards me. I prepared for the contact, then lunged at her and fell on my face as she moved out of the way. "For a smart girl you are pretty fucking stupid," she laughed as she rolled past me and tagged her partner.  
  
My eyes went big as I realized I was about to be double-teamed. I rolled onto my back and prepared to defend myself. Jamie and Shay grabbed me simultaneously pulling my legs apart. I desperately tried to keep them closed and did so for a few precious seconds, but they were way too strong for me to hold them off for long,  
  
My bikini bottom was ripped off and Shay said, "Holy shit, you hairy cunt. Don't you ever shave that thing?"  
  
I tried desperately to close my legs but was helpless against the two girls.  
  
"Eat her cunt," Jamie ordered, as Shay fell between my legs burying her face in my vagina, and simultaneously sliding two fingers inside me.  
  
"Pussy licking and finger insertion commenced, blue" the referee declared as I struggled to break free.  
  
I sat up and tried to push Shay away knowing she was making major points with the double action, even as my vagina began to get excessively wet. Jamie pushed me roughly back onto my back and cupped my breasts in her hands. "Breast fondling started, blue," the referee called out.  
  
Her hands on my breasts and the assault on my pussy had my body betraying me as the pleasure began overwhelming me. My resistance weakened as Jamie grabbed my arms and leaned forward taking my left nipple in her mouth. Again, the referee called out the action, "breast nipple sucking started, blue."  
  
I continued to try to fight, but the building orgasm inside me had me giving into the pleasure I was experiencing, more intense than any pleasure I had ever experienced before.  
  
I began moaning, and heard Jenny scream, "Don't come, Emma, don't come."  
  
Hearing my name, brought me back to the reality of my predicament. I bucked my ass up, and groaned, as I pushed my vagina unintentionally into Shay's face.  
  
Shay chuckled, as she pumped her fingers in and out of my vagina even faster, "Just come, slut, you know you want to."  
  
Thankfully, my orgasm on the rise, the buzzer sounded and Shay gave one last deep penetration before leaving me, with my vagina burning for sexual release. It was a struggle, but I finally pushed Jamie off of me, as I rolled to my side and tried to catch my breath, and quell the orgasm that was so close to exploding.  
  
Jamie was relentless as she flipped me over like a rag doll and continued to sexually assault me. Grabbing my hands, she held me in place and kissed my neck, nibbled my ear, and I was completely helpless against her. "You are close to coming aren't you?" She hissed in my ear.  
  
I vaguely heard the referee announce something blue as I let out a moan as her knee went to my vagina. The pressure on my vagina brought another wave of pleasure to me and I focused on ignoring it as best I could. Using all the strength I could muster, I pushed her off me and crawled quickly to Jenny. I was almost within reach when I was yanked back and flipped on my back. I struggled to break free as Jamie held me in an embrace and said, "Just relax and give in you little dyke."  
  
My vagina begged for release, but the name-calling seemed to give me an adrenaline rush and I pushed her off me and fell on top of her, my breasts in her face. "Breast smothering begun, green," I heard, a rush of pride at getting some points back.  
  
I lay on top of her for a few seconds, before she pushed me off and we began a stand-off that lasted until the whistle blew announcing the end of round one.  
  
Exhausted, I crawled to the side and Jenny handed me a bottle of water. I downed almost all the bottle before looking up at the score blue -245 green -104. I sighed; we were down by a lot. I sighed again when I realized there were two more rounds to go.  
  
Jenny said, "You did good out there."  
  
"Thanks, but I was a complete mess out there," I countered.  
  
"The first round is usually pretty intense," Jenny said.  
  
"Agreed," I replied.  
  
"Unfortunately, you have to start round two," Jenny informed me, explaining, "the second round starts with the wrestlers who didn't start the first round."  
  
"Oh," I sighed, my body still drained from just the first round.  
  
"Just tag me as soon as you can," Jenny said.  
  
"I was trying," I pointed out. I finished the bottle of water and looked at the clock, thirty seconds left.  
  
"Be strong," Jenny said.  
  
"I tried," I laughed back, realizing for the first time that I was naked in front of all these women.

**ROUND 2**  
  
I returned to the ring and was staring at Shay who was again facing me. Seeing her smug face, rejuvenated me and doubled my determination to be strong. I glared at her trying to harden my resolve to be victorious.  
  
Shay smiled, "Two more rounds until you're mine, brainiac."  
  
I shot back, the words out of my mouth very unlike me, "Two more rounds till I make you my slut."  
  
She laughed just as the whistle blew signaling us to begin.  
  
Both of us were tentative at first, not wanting to lose our position. For over a minute we didn't touch each other, until she reached in and pushed me back, I pushed her right back and she stumbled onto her back. I pounced and tried to hold her down. We tumbled and fought over another minute before I got her head between my legs to hold her off. As I kept her neutralized, I leaned forward between her legs and slid my finger inside her vagina.  
  
"Pussy insertion green," the referee declared.  
  
"You fucker," Shay cursed, struggling to get out if my leg grasp.  
  
"You're dying for me to fuck you aren't you slut?" I quipped back, getting into the banter.  
  
I only had a few seconds of insertion before she bucked away. As she laid there recovering from my leg grasp, I crawled over and tagged Jenny. Together we held Shay in place. This time, Jenny moved between Shay's legs while I put my legs on her arms and began playing with her breasts.  
  
"Pussy licking and breast foundling are under way, green," the referee announced.  
  
"Like that, slut?" I asked.  
  
"Fuck you," Shay said through gritted teeth.  
  
"Jenny, she wants to be fucked," I said and watched as Jenny moved her hand to Shay's completely shaved vagina.  
  
"Fuuuuck," Shay groaned, as Jenny's finger filled her.  
  
"Finger insertion too, green," the referee declared.  
  
After a few seconds, I got greedy for more points and in a quick move; I slid my legs back, and my vagina in her face, as I tried to get vagina smothering points. Unfortunately, this gave Shay some leverage and she pushed Jenny back. I grabbed her arms, but lost my balance and in a blink if an eye I was tossed onto my side.  
  
Jenny quickly held Shay down and I began to as well when the buzzer sounded ending the double-team and I reluctantly moved to the side, exhausted, and downed more water. I looked up at the scoreboard blue -- 245 green -- 231; we were only down by fourteen points. I now understood that the points really came about in the two on one time. I cursed myself. If I wouldn't have been greedy we would probably be in the lead now.  
  
In the ring, Jenny and Shay were battling for position, neither one of them able to get into a dominant position. They eventually lunged at each other and began rolling around. Again neither was able to get on top and take control. Eventually, they both rolled towards Jamie and me, both reaching for us and just as Jenny was about to touch my hand, Jamie pushed me away and tagged Shay.

I went to tag as well but the referee said, "Only one tag at a time."  
  
Jamie smirked at me as she joined Shay. Shay held Jenny in a sitting position, binding Jenny's arms behind her back, as Jamie fought to pry Jenny's legs open. Jenny valiantly struggled to resist the double-teaming, but eventually her legs were opened, and Jamie began frantically rubbing Jenny's vagina.  
  
Jenny whimpered even as she tried to break free the referee declared, "Pussy touching commenced, blue."  
  
"Lean her back," Jamie demanded.  
  
Jenny was pulled back and the referee declared, "Pussy insertion, blue."  
  
Shay began kissing Jenny's neck.  
  
"Neck kissing started, blue," the referee called out.  
  
A few seconds later, there was twenty seconds still left before I could tag Jenny again, when Jenny screamed out loud and the referee declared, "Pussy fisting began, blue."  
  
Jenny's face was distorted in a mixture of pleasure and pain, her moans escalating as Jamie pumped her hand in and out of Jenny's vagina.  
  
"Come slut," Shay ordered, as she continued plastering Jenny with kisses.  
  
"Noooooo," Jenny responded, her body clearly betraying her.  
  
Jamie leaned forward and began sucking Jenny's clit while fisting her.  
  
"Fisting, pussy licking and neck kissing, blue," the referee announced, the score climbing at a ridiculously accelerated pace.  
  
A few seconds later, Jenny was moaning loudly, so close to orgasm, when thankfully, the buzzer sounded and Shay reluctantly let go of her, but it was too late.  
  
Jenny bucked her hips desperately trying to free herself from the powerful hold Jamie had on her, but in the end it was futile.  
  
"Aaaaaaaaaah," Jenny let out, even as she tried to keep her mouth closed to hide her orgasm.  
  
"Orgasm reached, points blue," the referee announced, as Jenny lay trembling on the mat.  
  
"Nooooooo," Jenny weakly protested, but it was obvious she was orgasming there live in front of all these women.  
  
I wanted to help her, but she was out of reach. Jenny looked over at me with apologetic eyes as she continued trying to break free from Jamie's hand.  
  
"Break," the referee said.  
  
Jamie pulled her hand out from Jenny's vagina and offered it to the referee who surprised me by sucking one of Jamie's fingers. "Mmmmmm, as sweet as always."  
  
"Reset," the referee declared as Jamie got on all fours and Jenny weakly moved behind her getting into the "on top" position. I glanced at the clock and gasped. They had scored over 500 points in the brief minute and the scoreboard now read blue-811 green-231, their lead seeming almost insurmountable.  
  
Jenny looked at me, implying she was going to try and get over to me as soon as she could.  
  
The whistle blew and she held on to Jamie, not allowing Jamie to break from her submissive position. Jenny seemed determined to hold control as she glanced at the clock. Two minutes left. Suddenly she flipped over Jamie rolled twice and tagged me.  
  
Jamie rolled the other way trying to escape us as much as possible during the precious few seconds left we had to double-team her. Jenny was still clearly weak as it took us a dozen seconds to both begin holding Jamie down. I wanted to return the favour, fisting being the quickest way to earn points.  
  
I said words I never thought would come out of my mouth, "Let's fist her."  
  
Jenny nodded, as Jamie clamped her legs together and fought to hold us off. It was a struggle, but we got her legs apart. Jenny went between her legs I moved my legs and body onto her chest to hold her down. The struggle continued as she fought hard and I had to really fight to keep her hands down as Jenny began fingering her.  
  
"Pussy insertion, green," the referee declared.  
  
I continued trying to restrain our writhing opponent so Jenny could get her fist in.  
  
"Do it," I said, knowing we had a limited amount of time.  
  
I watched in awe as her small hand slowly disappeared into Jamie's cunt.  
  
"Fist insertion, green," the referee declared and we began getting more points.  
  
I was surprised when suddenly Jamie just quit fighting. I looked back to see why and let my guard down just a second and she got her hands free and instead of pushing Jenny away, pulled my vagina to her face and began licking.  
  
"Pussy licking both teams," the referee declared.  
  
I tried to break free, but she was holding onto me firmly even as she was fisted by Jenny and her clit was sucked on.  
  
After a few seconds, I finally broke free and dropped my vagina on her face smothering her.  
  
"Face sitting, green," the referee declared, "pussy licking blue over."  
  
I grabbed her breasts to gain more points and mostly just holding on to them for stability.  
  
"Breast fondling, green."  
  
A second later, I sensed Jamie was close to coming, the buzzer sounded again signaling Jenny had to leave. I leaned forward and buried my face in Jamie's cunt, taking her clit in my mouth.  
  
"Cunt licking, green," the referee announced.  
  
She wrapped her legs around me and tried to turn me over, but I held on as long as possible desperate to gain more points.  
  
When she did get me off her, I was turned over, we were in the strangest sixty-nine ever. My head was buried in her cunt, unable to move and she had positioned herself at mine. We both licked each other trying to get each other off before the whistle blew signalling the round was over.  
  
"Cunt licking, blue and green," the referee announced with a chuckle.  
  
Unfortunately, the whistle blew before I could get her off. She opened her legs to free me and rolled onto her back clearly exhausted and trying to hold back from coming.  
  
I crawled to the sidelines and Jenny said, "Great job. We still have a chance."  
  
I looked at the score. We were still down, but had gained a lot of ground during those final two minutes. It was blue -- 891 green - 776. We still had a ways to go, but we still had a chance to be victorious.  
  
Jenny suddenly yelled, "That's not fair."  
  
I looked onto the mat and Shay was between Jamie's legs licking away.  
  
The referee shrugged, "There are no rules for what happens between rounds. Actually, it is pretty brilliant truth be told."  
  
"Fuck," Jenny cursed.  
  
Just then Jamie yelled, "Shove a finger in my ass."  
  
Shay eagerly obliged and a few seconds later Jamie screamed, "Yeeeeeeees."  
  
"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Jenny cursed, our slight advantage of an exhausted, near orgasmic Jamie now gone.  
  
"Now what?" I asked.  
  
"We must get one more two on one than they do," she said.  
  
"Ok," I nodded. "Who starts round three?"  
  
"You and Jamie," Jenny said.  
  
"Oh," I sighed, realizing the key to us winning was for me getting to tag Jenny before Jamie tagged Shay.  
  
"Stay focused. You have been great out there. I was the one who came on the fucking mat?" Jenny said, clearly frustrated by her weakness.  
  
"We need to get Shay off," I said.  
  
"Good plan. Get the early tag so we can get points on Jamie. Then I will take one for the team allowing them to double-team me and then I will tag you and we finish by sexually crushing Shay," Jenny said.  
  
"I love it," I agreed. The thought of making Shay come on the mat was all I could think of.  
  
The whistle blew and Jamie and I were back on the mat.

**ROUND 3**  
  
Jamie taunted, "Thanks for the orgasm."  
  
"Ready for another one?" I quipped back, trying to sound firm and confident.  
  
"Sure," she smiled as the whistle blew again to start the action.  
  
Unlike the previous two rounds, there was no slow beginning, Jamie grabbed me and flipped me onto my back. Startled, I hesitated a bit, and she rolled me over and five seconds into the match she tagged Shay.  
  
I cursed under my breath as I prepared for a minute of sexual defense.  
  
Reaching me at the same time, Jamie got me on my back and again sat on my face.  
  
"Pussy smothering, blue," was announced.  
  
I focused instead on keeping my legs closed and was surprised when I felt my legs instead of being pried apart, being lifted up. Startled, I lost my focus and my legs were spread open. I watched as Jamie dove into my vagina while Shay held my legs apart in this contorted position. Thankfully, I was a gymnast back in middle school and that had made me very flexible. Not so thankfully, I was completely at the whim of these two women.  
  
"Pussy licking, blue," the referee declared.  
  
"Fist that goody-two-shoe's cunt," Shay said.  
  
"As you wish," Jamie said, as I felt fingers easily slide into my wet vagina.  
  
"Aaaaah," I moaned into Jamie's vagina, as the pleasure began to build.  
  
""Finger fucking started, blue," I distantly heard.  
  
I tried to wiggle free, but it was futile, I was completely trapped, so I just tried to concentrate on not coming.  
  
A few seconds of deep hard finger thrusts and I felt my vagina widen to unnatural widths. It burned a bit, but I also had never felt so full in my life. "Fuuuuuuuuck," I screamed, thankfully muffled by Jamie's cunt.  
  
"Fist fucking started, blue," the referee announced, confirming my assumption that she had somehow fit her whole hand in my tiny vagina.  
  
She somehow sucked on my clit while fisting me and all I could do was pray for the buzzer as my orgasm continued to build.  
  
My moaning increased, my body began to tremble just when the buzzer occurred.  
  
Jamie cursed, "Fuck, five more seconds was all I needed," as she pulled her hand out.  
  
My legs were let go and I lay on my back, squeezing my legs together, just as Shay got on top of me. "It's only a matter of time before you come," she smiled as she leaned in and kissed me.  
  
Trying to get energy back, I didn't resist, instead kissing her back.  
  
"Kissing lips, blue," the referee declared.  
  
Jenny called out, "Don't kiss her Emma, they are getting points."  
  
I knew they were, but knew it was the only way to quell the burning down below and get the strength back I needed to get to the side of the ring and tag Jenny.  
  
A few seconds later, Shay broke the kiss and asked, "Do you want to come, my little lesbian slave?"  
  
"God yes," I moaned, allowing her to think I was sexually defeated.  
  
"Open your legs for me," she ordered, as she cupped my breasts.  
  
"Breast fondling, blue."  
  
I obliged and waited for the perfect moment as she slithered down to my vagina.  
  
Jamie suddenly realizing I was smiling yelled out, "Shay, it's a trap," but she was a second too late.  
  
I quickly moved both my knees up, moved my feet to her shoulders and pushed hard.  
  
Shay unbalanced and surprised fell backwards and I quickly crawled and tagged a smiling Jenny.  
  
"Good plan," Jenny nodded, as she got onto the mat. "Let's repay the favor."  
  
"Agreed," I said, although I was still feeling rather weak.  
  
Jenny attacked Shay aggressively and I joined a couple of seconds later. The break seemed to have given Shay some strength as she fought us off pretty well as we tried to get her in a similar position to the one I had just been in.  
  
Jenny held Shay's arms down and after another brief struggle, got her vagina over Shay's face.  
  
"Face smothering, green," the referee announced.  
  
I wanted to look at the score, but stayed focus as I grabbed her wildly flailing legs and struggled with all my might to pull them open as she had mine.  
  
Unfortunately, I was still weak and her one leg slipped out of my hand and I fell on top of her.  
  
"Just go for points," Jenny said, realizing I was too weak, as she began fondling Shay's breasts.  
  
"Breast fondling commenced, green," the referee said.  
  
I moved lower, pushed my hand between her legs with all my might and somehow pushed inside her vagina.  
  
"Um, I think pussy fingering, green," the referee announced.  
  
A few seconds of point getting and the buzzer sounded. I returned to the sideline.  
  
Exhausted, I asked the referee, "Can I come on the sidelines?"  
  
"Not during the round," she answered, winking at me.  
  
"Dammit," I cursed as I glanced at the clock. I felt literally crushed as I saw that the score, even after our double attack, had us down even more, 1162 to 939. I grabbed another bottle of water and after a long drink, poured some on my vagina. The coldness seemed to extinguish some of the burning urge to come as I returned my gaze to the action in the ring.  
  
Jenny had Shay in a bear hug of sorts but other than cupping her breasts was not scoring a lot of points.  
  
The round clock had three minutes left. If Jenny could tag me next, there was a slim chance we could win as Shay had been on the mat for quite some time. Jenny thinking the same thing gave me a slight nod implying move left before she flipped Shay over and suddenly I was almost in reach. Jamie realizing what was happening began moving towards me but she was too late as Jenny tagged me.  
  
"Suck it, bitch," I said to Jamie, happy to have gotten tagged first.  
  
"Fuck," Jamie cursed, slapping my ass as I entered the ring.  
  
Refreshed, I was a girl on a mission. Jenny had Shay on her stomach, and without even a second of hesitation I joined Jenny and shoved a finger in Shay's ass.  
  
"You fuuuuuucker," Shay screamed.  
  
"Ass insertion, green," the referee announced.  
  
"Let's flip her onto her back," Jenny said, knowing we needed big points.  
  
Shay's resistance was weaker as we easily flipped her onto her back and I reinserted my finger in her ass, as Jenny sat on her face and began fondling her breasts.  
  
"Face smothering and breast fondling, green," the referee announced.  
  
"Eat her pussy, fist fuck her cunt, make the slut cum," Jenny said.  
  
I obeyed, as I buried my face in Shay's pussy and began licking her, as I removed my finger from her ass and slid three fingers inside her very wet cunt.  
  
"Cunt fingering and pussy licking commenced, green," the referee announced.  
  
"Shove your whole fist in, Emma," Jenny screamed, her urgency obvious.  
  
"Kkkkk," I said, as I shoved the rest of my hand into Shay's vagina. Suddenly feeling strong and wanting to make her come, I pumped my hand in and out of her cunt and sucked on her clit simultaneously.  
  
She tried to buck me away, but I had a firm hold on her and was determined to get her off. Her taste was addicting and I wanted to taste more of her cum.  
  
Again, the buzzer sounded and Jenny reluctantly got off the near orgasmic Shay who began writhing back and forth, trying to get my hand out of her cunt.  
  
I said, "Just come slut and it will be over."  
  
"Neeeeever," she moaned back, moving her legs up to my shoulders.  
  
I continued licking and fisting as long as I could as she slowly pushed me back.  
  
My hand slowly slid out of her and I fell backwards. I glanced at the clock. Two minutes left and we were up by thirty-two. The fisting had really racked up the points.  
  
Shay rolled to her side, trying to recover, while I realized I couldn't tag Jenny for another forty seconds. So I pushed Shay onto her stomach and decided to keep her weak. I moved to her ass and was about to insert my finger in when she bucked hard tossing me to the side. She began crawling to Jamie and I grabbed both her legs trying to keep her from making a tag that easily could cost us the match.  
  
It was like slow motion as she pulled me slowly, I tried to get a better grip but my hand slipped and I watched as she tagged Jamie.  
  
"Get in a ball," Jenny screamed.  
  
I quickly curled into a ball as I prepared for the onslaught that was to come. Four hands reached me at the same time and I held on for dear life as they tried to pry me apart. I held on for as long as possible, but soon I was on my back, Jenny screamed, "Only forty more seconds."  
  
I had lasted one-third of the time without giving up any points. Unfortunately that didn't last long as my legs were pulled open, as they worked together, and even as I bucked and fought to fend them off. I felt Shay's tongue on my vagina as my hands were held by Jamie. They didn't go for extra points, knowing that they only needed to take the lead and hold on.  
  
"Pussy licking started, blue," I heard and knew that I was unable to break free even as I desperately tried to do so.  
  
Shay's tongue on my vagina felt amazing, and I could feel my resistance weakening, as my body began to give in to the pleasure I had somehow against all odds resisted until now.  
  
Jamie held my wrists firmly as she purred, "Just let it happen, Emma, it is over. You are ours."  
  
Such smug confidence, ticked me off, and I again focused on just surviving the last few seconds and hoping I could reach Jenny in time for one last grasp.  
  
The buzzer sounded and Jenny yelled, "Tag me."  
  
Unfortunately, Jamie was still on top of me and I couldn't break free. I bucked, I wiggled until finally, I was able to push her off, but she still had a solid grip on me.  
  
"Thirty seconds," I heard declared.  
  
I continued fighting to break free and with one hard yank, I was free and rolled quickly to Jenny who tagged me and rushed at Jamie.  
  
I quickly joined Jenny, but Jamie on her knees managed to keep pushing us away.  
  
Simultaneously, we got Jamie on her back; I quickly straddled her face and lowered my wet vagina onto her face.  
  
"Pussy smothering commenced, green," I heard and glanced at the scoreboard, blue -1240 green - 1200 we were down forty points with only 5 seconds left.  
  
"Eat her cunt," I screamed, using the c-word for the first time ever, a word I hated.  
  
Jenny desperately tried to prey Jamie's legs apart just as the whistle sounded.  
  
I glanced at the score blue -- 1240 green -- 1220. "FUCK!" I cursed we had lost. I rolled off Jamie as polite applause echoed around the ring, as I flopped on my back totally exhausted.  
  
Jenny stood up, bent down, took my hand and pulled me up, drawing me into a big hug. "You were awesome."  
  
I was too exhausted to talk.  
  
I heard Shay say, "Told you brainiac, you're mine."

**THE BONUS ROUND**  
  
The referee called us over and I watched as another pretty young girl, dressed in a plaid skirt, handed Shay and Jamie strap-on cocks.  
  
Once they were on, the referee said, "In the closest score in history, Shay and Jamie are today's winners, which makes Jenny and Emma today's...."  
  
"Losers," the crowd yelled out.  
  
"Let the bonus round begin," the referee announced and the ladies clapped.  
  
In seconds, Shay was in front of me and she roughly pushed me onto my knees. "I am so going to enjoy this."  
  
"Fuck you," I shot back, still mad we had lost and even more furious to have lost to her.  
  
"Close," she laughed, as she ordered, "Get sucking slave."  
  
Having no choice, I quipped "Whatever turns you on dyke," and took the blue plastic cock in my mouth. It had been a while since I had a cock in my mouth, but like most things in life you don't lose the skill.  
  
"By the end of the night you will never want real cock again, brainiac," Shay taunted.  
  
Nearby, I heard Jamie order, "Faster slut."  
  
"You aren't making love to this plastic cock, although I imagine that is about the only thing that regularly fucks you, isn't it?" Shay criticized.  
  
Taking the cock out of my mouth, I responded, "Just because you fuck everyone with a cock and I am selective doesn't make me a prude."  
  
"You bitch," she snapped, as she shoved the cock back into my mouth, held my head and began fucking my face. I briefly flashed back to Matthew my last boyfriend, who loved fucking my face, although his cock was smaller than this long plastic one that kept making me gag.  
  
She did this for a couple of minutes, before she pulled out and said, "For such a prude, you clearly have sucked cock before."  
  
"Sure, just not every guy in our psychology class like you," I shot back defiantly.  
  
People in the audience clapped, which only made me more determined to continue to stand up to the bitch.  
  
"On all fours," she demanded, yanking my arms so I fell forward.  
  
"Isn't this the position you are in every night?" I quipped, smiling. In front of me, Jamie was fucking Jenny doggie style.  
  
Shay rubbed the cock on my pussy lips and I said, again trying to show I wasn't remotely intimidated by her, "Are you going to fuck me or are you just so used to being the one on all fours?"

Shay was clearly pissed and ordered, "Jamie back up. Let this slut lick your asshole."  
  
"Hmmmm," Jamie purred, backing up until her ass was in my face.  
  
"Lick her rosebud," Shay ordered, grabbing my head and shoving my face between Jamie's ass cheeks.  
  
Realizing my defiant behaviour had backfired, I reluctantly licked between Jamie's ass cheeks, tasting her salty sweat.  
  
"Who is the slut now?" Shay asked, as she filled my cunt with her cock.  
  
I moaned, no witty comeback popping into my head, as her body slammed into mine making my face go deeper between Jamie's ass cheeks.  
  
"Lick my rosebud, slut," Jamie demanded, reaching behind grapping my hair and holding my face between her cheeks.  
  
I tried to obey, but it was difficult as Shay slammed into me with her plastic cock. I licked the best I could as shame built inside me because my naturally obedient nature and because of the dark secret reality that I was enjoying being used by these two girls.  
  
After a couple minutes of ass licking and hard deep fucking, my long held in orgasm was on the rise, this time the tidal wave uncontrollable. My moans increased and I begged, "Fuck me harder."  
  
"Fuck what harder?" Shay asked.  
  
"My cunt, fuck my cunt harder," I whimpered, even as I continued to lick Jamie's ass.  
  
"I thought you weren't a slut?" Shay asked, as she stopped fucking me, the plastic toy still deep in my pussy.  
  
"I'm not," I whimpered, although I was trying to fuck myself on the cock.  
  
"Tell me what you are," Shay demanded, adding, "if you want me to get you off."  
  
I cursed under my breath, before answering, "A slut."  
  
"You can do better than that," Shay smirked.  
  
"Fine, I'm a slutty lesbian who wants you to fuck her wet cunt," I said, trying to sound dirty, before adding, "now please pound your slut with your big cock."  
  
Instead she pulled out and I whimpered, "Noooooo."  
  
Shay instead rubbed my pussy frantically and then slid a finger in my ass. "Ever had your ass fucked, brainiac?"  
  
I flash backed to Matthew who had convinced me when drunk it was a good idea. Wanting to please him, I allowed him to sodomize me, and much to my surprise after the blunt pain simmered, I enjoyed the utter submission of being ass fucked.  
  
When I didn't answer, Shay laughed, "You have, haven't you? There is a lot more than meets the eye with you."  
  
Jamie moved away and I watched as Jenny sucked her own pussy juice off the strap-on cock, a sight that only enhanced my own desire to come.  
  
"Fuuuuck," I screamed, as Shay slammed the plastic cock in my ass.  
  
"Beg me to fuck your ass, Emma," Shay ordered, once her thin, long plastic cock penetrated me.  
  
I didn't want to give in to her again, but my desperate desire to come overwhelmed any defiant scathing comebacks, I instead begged like a cheap slut, "Please Shay, fuck my ass."  
  
"In front of all these people?" Shay asked.  
  
"Yes, dammit, just make your slut come," I snapped, not even hearing the words I was saying.  
  
"Ass fuck yourself like the slut you are," Shay demanded.  
  
I didn't hesitate, as I began bouncing back on the plastic cock, fucking my ass in front of a room of women, my only reprieve being they were assumedly all lesbians and many had been in my exact position, or Shay's position.  
  
"You like my cock in your ass, slut?" Shay asked, clearly amused.  
  
"Yeeeees," I moaned, at the pleasure of submission overwhelming every pore of my being.  
  
After a couple of minutes of riding a cock in my ass, I saw a pair of heels in front of me. I looked up and saw another plastic cock in my face. Continuing my gaze up, I was soon looking into the eyes of Professor Bells. "Time to begin your training, my pet. Shay come lie down."  
  
I watched as Shay laid on the ground beside me, her plastic cock standing at attention.  
  
"Straddle her cock, Emma," Professor Bells ordered.  
  
So close to coming, yet again, I moved, the cock no longer in my ass leaving me feeling surprisingly barren and empty, and crawled on top of Shay. I looked at Professor Bells and asked, "In my cunt or ass?"  
  
"Such an obedient little pet," Professor purred. "Your cunt my dear."  
  
"Yes, Mistress," I replied, before I even realized what I had said.  
  
"Mistress, I like that," Professor Bells said. "You will refer to me as Mistress Caroline for now, is that understood?"  
  
"Yes, Mistress Caroline," I agreed, accepting my new submissive expectations, as I straddled Shay's plastic cock and lowered my fevered cunt onto it. Suddenly, having a Mistress just seemed like a natural next step, my natural hunger to please taking over any sense of logic.  
  
"Ever been DP'd my pet?" My new Mistress asked.  
  
"No, Mistress Caroline," I answered, the thought having never occurred to me before this very moment.  
  
"Are you ready for your first, my pet?" Mistress Caroline asked.  
  
Again my only focus now was submission and I answered, "Yes, Mistress Caroline, my body is yours."  
  
"Good girl," Mistress Caroline purred, putting her fingers in my hair as she slid her plastic cock in my mouth. I heard a snapping of fingers and soon felt what was obviously Jamie's plastic cock from behind and slowly my first double penetration occurred.  
  
I whimpered onto Mistress Caroline's plastic cock as the double sensation brought a new sensation that I had never even imagined before. All my dignity long gone, I babbled like the slut I accused Shay of being, "Oh holy mother fucking God, shiiiit."  
  
Shay laughed, "How profound, brainiac."  
  
"I've become you," I snapped back, still fighting any reality that had me giving into Shay.  
  
"Bounce back on both cocks, my pet," Mistress Caroline instructed, her tone soft but authoritative.  
  
Although awkward at first, I slowly began riding both cocks inside me, as well as bobbing back and forth on the cock in my mouth. After a couple of minutes, I began to get into a steady rhythm as I rode on both cocks. Again, my long denied orgasm began boiling and unlike the stops and starts of the past hour, my first of multiple orgasms shuttered through me like a lightning bolt. My whole body coursed with pleasure unlike any I had ever experienced at any other time.  
  
The cock in my mouth slipped out as I screamed, "Oooooooooh fucking God."  
  
I fell forward unable to hold myself up as the sexual spasms continued to pulse through me.  
  
As I quit fucking myself, both Jamie and Shay took over as Shay began bucking her cock up in me, while Jamie moved her right leg over top of me and been plunging deep into my ass. The double fucking, allowed my orgasm to continue through me even as a second orgasm began to build.  
  
"Oh yes, oh, oh, God, fuck meeeee, shiiiiit, yes, oh," I mumbled and a lot of other incoherent babble as my two wrestling adversaries fucked me hard and deep.  
  
Suddenly Jenny was in front of me and I watched her facial expressions change as Mistress Caroline began fucking her from behind , Jenny leaned in and kissed me. I tried kissing her back, but it began getting dangerous as we both got fucked from behind.  
  
Meanwhile, my second orgasm was continuing to build. I wanted it deeper, I wanted it harder, I wanted to be fucked into complete sexual submission. I demanded, "Harder sluts, fuck me harder."  
  
The girls obliged as they began to simultaneously thrust into me, reaching new depths inside me and in only a few well-timed strokes I screamed, "Yeeeees, I'm cooooooomimg."  
  
They continued their piston like thrusts in and out of me throughout my second straight orgasm, before Jamie finally pulled out. My knees sore, I rolled onto my back, Jamie's cock slipping out of my cunt, just in time to see Jamie straddle my face with the cock that had just been in my ass.  
  
"Open up, cocksucker," Jamie demanded.  
  
As I obeyed, she began fucking my face in a way it was never meant to be fucked. As I gagged, she pulled my head up and continued to roughly fuck my face.  
  
Tears rolled down my face as I tried not to gag. Thankfully, she pulled out, quickly got out of her strap-on harness, and lowered her cunt onto my face. Her scent enveloped me completely, a scent that was strong and yet appealing. No instructions were necessary as I extended my tongue and began licking.  
  
After a few licks, I felt my numb legs pulled apart and fingers soon were exploring my still very wet cunt. Two fingers, then three and soon I felt a whole fist slide between my cunt lips and into my fiery volcano.  
  
I screamed into Jamie's cunt, as I felt Shay, I assumed it was Shay, open her clenched hand once inside me creating a new sensation of pleasure as my cunt felt fuller than it ever had before.  
  
I lifted my head up and began tugging on Jamie's clit with my lips. My new focus to get her to come from my lips around her clit sucking hard.  
  
I heard vague moans from her, moans that were echoed by me as my cunt began to be fist-fucked hard causing both painful and pleasurable sensations that contradicted each other into yet another new erotic feeling of utter submission.  
  
I don't know how long I licked, or how long I was fist-fucked, time stood still as I became just a sexual vessel of pleasure: both giving and receiving. I couldn't believe just twelve hours ago I had been just a regular, sex-deprived co-ed focusing on getting straight A's and now I was a submissive, sex-depraved, lesbian focused on eating and pleasing pussy. The concept was surreal and unbelievable, except it was real and sensational.  
  
My third orgasm crashed into me seconds before I made Jamie come. My face was covered with pussy juice as if I was lying under a dam that had finally burst. I hungrily licked up her cum instantly realizing I had a new addiction. I couldn't get enough of her cum and continued licking and licking until her cunt moved away.  
  
Shay pulled her fist out of me and my own cum gushed. Lifting my head weakly up to see what else was happening, I saw Jenny crawl between my legs and clean me up as the crowd erupted in applause.  
  
Suddenly, I was pulled up off the floor onto my hands and knees, Shay ordering me, "Follow me on all fours."  
  
I obeyed, refusing to look at the many women I passed as we returned to the dressing rooms.  
  
Once in the room, to my surprise, there were two massage tables. I was instructed to get on one and was greatly surprised when a pretty woman in her forties came in and silently began massaging me.  
  
Jenny too had a masseuse and explained, "Just relax, Tamara here will make you feel brand new."  
  
"Ok," I weakly agreed, my body and mind fading into slumber.  
  
When I woke up, I was still on the massage table, but Jenny was dressed in an adorable school girl outfit, although her beige thigh highs tops were completely visible.  
  
"Good, I was about to wake you up," Jenny said, all smiles.  
  
"How long was I asleep?" I asked, feeling like I had slept for hours.  
  
"About an hour and a half," Jenny answered, "but it is time for the charity auction as soon as the last match is over."  
  
"The what?" I asked.  
  
"The charity auction. Each one of us is auctioned off with all money going to charity," Jenny explained as if the answer was obvious.  
  
"Oh," I said, unable to believe my night wasn't over.  
  
"Trust me, it is a lot of fun," Jenny said.  
  
"What does the winner of the auction get?" I asked, even though I had already guessed.  
  
"Well you are her submissive for the night," Jenny answered, just as I expected.  
  
Professor Caroline entered and said, "You're not dressed yet?"  
  
I sat up and said, "Sorry, I fell asleep it seems."  
  
She laughed, "Those masseuses do have the magic touch."  
  
Jenny handed me an identical school girl costume as hers. I asked the Professor, "Do I really have to wear this?"  
  
"You do, my pet," she smiled, her use of the word 'pet' somehow instantly triggering wetness down below.  
  
My resistance to my crazy night was long gone, I took the outfit and began to get dressed, not remotely surprised to see I had no underwear to go with it. Just a plaid skirt, a white blouse, and beige thigh high stockings.  
  
Once dressed, Mistress said, "You look good enough to eat, my pet."  
  
"Thank you, Mistress," I replied, somehow flattered by her compliment.  
  
"Follow me girls" she ordered.  
  
Jenny and I followed, returning to the ring where a redhead and the referee were double teaming a skinny tattooed blonde. I watched in voyeuristic awe, my pussy again getting undeniably wet. My mind flashed images of me with a cock in my pussy and mouth.  
  
'What had become of me?' I thought to myself.  
  
A few minutes later, the sexual submission in the ring was done and the referee now naked except for her strap-on cock, called Shay up on stage.  
  
Shay walked past me, "I bet I get double what you do."  
  
"I'll take that bet," I quipped before I even had time to think.  
  
Shay smugly asked, "What is the wager?"  
  
Mistress Bells said, "The loser is the complete submissive servant for an entire weekend to the other."  
  
"I'm in," I responded instantly.  
  
"It will be good to have you for a full weekend," Shay smirked. "I'm in too."  
  
Once she walked away, Jenny said, "Holy shit, that was intense."  
  
"What did I just do?" I said out loud.  
  
"Got yourself a slave for an entire weekend," Mistress Bells said giving me a playful wink.  
  
I watched as Shay was introduced and the bidding started. In seconds, the price was over a thousand dollars and my hopes crashed quickly. The price continued to rise before a woman in her sixties, dressed to the nines, won Shay for 1700 dollars.  
  
Jenny kissed my cheek and said, "Be adorable, you can go for two."  
  
"What is the most you went for?" I asked.  
  
"3300 my first time," Jenny answered.  
  
"I imagine you were worth it," I flirted.  
  
"I like to think so," Jenny smiled back as I was called onto the mat.  
  
When I reached the referee she asked me, "So how was your first fight?"  
  
"Orgasmic," I quipped, which got a chuckle from the audience.  
  
"Anything you would like to say before bidding begins?" she asked.  
  
"Just this," I said, falling to my knees and taking her strap-on cock in my mouth.  
  
"Oh my," she laughed, "That's a new one."  
  
I only bobbed up and down a few times, before taking it out of my mouth and staying on my knees as I turned to the audience, showing my submissive nature.  
  
"Well, we will start the bidding at...." the referee began but was interrupted.  
  
"10,000 dollars," a young girl, looking no older than eighteen, called out.  
  
"Oh my," the referee said yet again as my mouth dropped open.  
  
My head spun as I vaguely heard the referee say, "Going once, going twice, sold."  
  
The referee helped me stand up and the young girl took my hand and led me through the crowd, up the stairs I hadn't noticed when I was wrestling and to a private room.  
  
The door opened, the young girl said, "Mom, your pet is here."  
  
"Come in darling," a familiar voice said.  
  
The young girl ordered, "On your knees."  
  
I obeyed.  
  
"Emma, you were very impressive down there tonight, very, very impressive," the woman said, although I couldn't see her yet.  
  
"Thank you, ma'am," I answered.  
  
"Crawl to me," the sultry voice ordered.  
  
I obeyed and as I crawled to her, rounding a couch I first saw a pair of black heels, followed by black nylons, and as I continued looking up my bizarre night got twilight zone strange as I recognized instantly who I was about to serve.  
  
She looked down at me as she said, a glass of wine in her hand, "Nice to meet you Emma."  
  
"Y-y-you too, Governor Greene," I stammered in complete shock, my night of lesbian submission apparently just getting started.  
  
THE END