**Objects in My Pussy!**

by Arcana Culler

Butterflies fluttered in my stomach as I stood at the side of the room waiting for my turn to compete in this game of the sexcapades at the local frat house. All weekend long the frat was holding different competitions that involve sex or some form thereof. The games ranged in degree from simple kissing, to wet T-shirt contest, to the extreme of who could fuck the most people over the weekend.

I usually didn’t go for this kind of thing but I had heard about one game in particular that got my attention. It was the one sexual thing I was obsessed with. More than even sex! I would rather do this then screw. And the sexcapade game was it to the tee, who could stick the craziest object in their pussy!

Growing up, I was the kid who got sent to the ER for swallowing strange objects. For some reason I loved sticking things in my mouth, but unfortunately sometimes I swallowed them. Over the years I had swallowed the usual things like paperclips and coins and even a few marbles, but the craziest thing I swallowed was the head of one of my younger brother’s transformer.

And then when I turned eleven I discovered my pussy and soon was obsessed with sticking things into it. It happened one day in the girls changing room after gym class. I hadn’t started touching myself yet and hadn’t even heard of masturbation yet. But I overheard a conversation of some eighth grade girls who were making fun of some girl who wasn’t even there. They were telling stories of how she liked to stick a cucumber up her pussy. For some reason this stuck in my head and I began to obsess over the idea.

When I got home that afternoon I ran straight to my room and pulled down my pants and panties and began to explore my pussy. I was amazed at how crazy good it felt playing with myself and from then on I would touch myself every day.

But that idea of sticking a cucumber in my pussy stuck in my head. So one day I tried it. Unfortunately it hurt too much to insert and I found myself disappointed that I couldn’t get it inside. I knew I could get a finger up into me but the cucumber was just too big. Still, I desperately wanted to put something up my pussy. So I went looking for something small and eventually found a Sharpe that was the perfect size. It felt so amazing when I inserted it that I was hooked and rarely day went by that I didn’t stick an object up my pussy. My mom, unknowing about what I was really obsessed with now, was happy that I wasn’t swallowing objects anymore.

Within a year I had accidently broken my hymen trying to put a carrot up my pussy and at first I was upset about it, but soon enough I was happy about it because it meant that I could stick larger object in me. And I finally was able to get that cucumber up my pussy.

One day when I was fourteen, one of my girlfriends and I were at the mall and we found that store that sold the funny sex objects like penis ice cube trays and other stuff. We couldn’t stop giggling over what we saw, especially over the vibrators. There were some weird stuff there too, one that stuck out for me were two metal balls. The older girl working there explained that they were Ben Wah balls and you put them in your pussy to make your muscles stronger. My friend thought it was weird and I agreed with her, only because I was embarrassed by my desire to get them and stick them in my pussy.

I hadn’t told anyone my desire to stuck things inside me. I hadn’t even told my best friend what I was doing, afraid that it might get out and people would make fun of me like that girl in the locker room years ago. Anyway, I went back the next day by myself and got a set of Ben Wah balls. At first they were quiet tricky, slippery little things and I had a lot of trouble keeping them in me. But as I played with them I found it got easier and easier day by day. Now they have become one of my favorite things to keep up my pussy and most days I have them stuck up my pussy for hours. I just love the feeling of them in there.

Over the years I have found crazier and crazier things to insert into me. Things like the small nerf footballs, Barbie dolls, a lightsaber, and anything cylindrical. I did feel bad about my little brother who often got in trouble for losing his toys. But I couldn’t tell my mom that it was me taking them and sticking them in my pussy.

In high school a dated a couple of boys and even had sex with a few of them. But even though I enjoyed the sex I still found that I would rather do it myself. If I had to choose between a guy sticking his dick in me and sticking an object inside myself, I would probable choose the object every time.

I had debated on whether or not to enter this crazy contest at the frat house. I knew this was my game to win, but I didn’t really want to be known as the girl who shoved that crazy object into her pussy. But then at a frat party a few weeks earlier and I saw the prize statue. I soon became obsessed with sticking the statue in my pussy and knew I had to win it. I knew by now that my obsession with sticking the trophy in my pussy wouldn’t let up until I actually did it. So here I am years later waiting my turn to announce to the world my crazy fetish of sticking things up my pussy.

But since I didn’t want to be known as the just the crazy object girl I entered a few other of the competition over the weekend. Hopefully that would alleviate some of the crazy talk that I knew would come up. Friday night I entered the ring toss. Each girl had to get her partner hard using whatever means she wanted to and then toss rings onto his hard dick. The winner was the ones who had the most rings on her partner’s dick. I’m not very athletic so I didn’t do so well at that one. But I was happy that I got at least one ring on the guys dick. Though I knew the random guy I picked to be my partner sure did enjoy himself.

The next contest I entered was on Saturday and it was a BJ Russian roulette type game. Each girl had fifteen second to get the guy to cumm by sucking on him. After fifteen seconds it was the next girls turn to try. The winner was the girl who got him to cumm in her mouth. It was a fun game and I only got to try twice and was surprisingly super mad when the girl behind me won. I guess I was more competitive then I knew.

So now it was Sunday afternoon, time for the contest I was really here for. My stomach was in knots over what people would think of me, but I was so obsessed with winning at this point that I didn’t care. That would probably be a big mistake. Something that would forever change my life and label me as some crazy girl. Though I tried my best not to let myself worry about that until tomorrow. All I could think about was the contest and winning it. I had this crazy plan to make sure I would win the contest and I was going to go through with it no matter what.

The first girl to go stepped up to the table the frat guys had setup in their living room area for the show. She was this tiny little blonde thing that couldn’t have weighed more the ninety-five pounds soaking wet. She quickly stripped off her sorority sweatshirt and yoga pants before hopping up on the table. The group of guys went wild seeing her naked up on the table. The MC had asked her name as she laid there. Mary she said and then spread her legs wide open for the room full of guys. The crowd went wild.

Oh fuck!

The reality of what I was about to do sunk in. I knew the contest was about sticking things in your pussy but I had not really thought about how the contest worked. It hadn’t really registered that I would have to strip and spread my legs wide open, exposing my pussy for a room full of drunken frat guys.

Mary slid a finger through her slit a few time to the cheer of the crowd before pulling from her purse the object that she was going to insert into her pussy. I had to chuckle to myself when, wouldn’t you know it, she pulled out a cucumber. She played with it for a moment, running it up and down her slit, getting it wet with her juices before slowly sliding it inside her until just the end of it poked out through her folds. Even though I had had a cucumber up my pussy numerous times before and I knew she wouldn’t win with it; I was still impressed that that tiny girl fit just about the whole thing inside her.

The crowd went wild as she lay there for a moment before slowly sliding it out. As the crowd cheered her on she began to slide it in and out, fucking herself with the cucumber.

“What a slut,” I heard one of the other contestants mumble.

“Yea, I’ve heard she gone through half of Kappa Pie already,” mumbled a second contestant.

Wow some catty bitches. Feels just like high school.

The MC let the girl go on a few minutes before stopping her to the disappointment of the crowd. She hopped off the table ran over to a frat guy, probably a boyfriend, not even bothering to get dressed.

Not surprisingly the next few girls, all obviously sorority girls, also all had vegetables for their object. One girl had a banana, another had a squash, and one girl even had some eggs. I really hoped they were hard boiled eggs. I had tried some eggs a few times before, until one broke in my pussy. It felt like I had eggs in me for a week. And plus I didn’t enjoy the goo.

The first girl to do something other the veggies pulled out a TV remote and inserted it into her pussy. I had to give her points for not going a vegetable, but I knew it wouldn’t win either. I was getting excited thinking I had this in the bag. No one so far had anything like what I did. But I was going crazy with fear of getting naked in front of everyone.

The next girl pulled out a hair brush with a pretty large handle on it as her object. Even though it looked to me like it got a lot of use, I knew it was a bit cliché. The girl right before me surprised everyone by pulling out a tennis ball and shoving it into her pussy and then shooting out of her half way across the room. The guys all loved that and a few even tried to catch the ball. That was pretty cool; I’ve never been able to shoot anything out of my pussy as far as she had. I had managed a ball a foot or so, but never got close to the ten or twelve feet she had.

“OK, who’s next?” The MC asked.

“I am,” I stammered. I took a deep breath and stepped forward.

“Here goes nothing,” I told myself.

I stepped out of my flip-flops and quickly pulled my dress off. I knew if I stopped to think about, even hesitated for a single moment, I wouldn’t be able to continue. As I got up on the table, I tried to pretend the room was empty, tried to ignore the cheering of the guys over my naked body. I really tried to ignore the snickers of a few others of the contestants. I wasn’t skinny as a stick like they were. Not that I was fat or even overweight. I just had more meat on my bones. I took solace in the fact that my large c-cups were like twice the size of the other girls. Who wants to be a skinny boy anyway? I liked my curvy body.

“What’s your name?” The MC asked. He was standing less than a foot from me. As he gave me the once over, I could tell by his smile that he enjoyed what he saw and that gave me a bit of confidence in what I was doing.

“Alison, Ali, actually,” I said.

“So what you got for us today?”

“Oh you’ll see,” I said mischievously.

I took a deal breath and leaned back on my elbow and spread my legs. I took a moment to really take in what was happening. Through my parted legs I could see a room packed full of horny guys and a few girls as they cheer for my naked body. Here I was presenting my most private part of me to a room full of strangers, all who were very excited to see me. I was surprised at their reaction and even more surprised at my reaction to them. I began to feel excited and very naughty. I had never thought I would be so turned on my showing myself off. Maybe I was a closet exhibitionist, in so deep I didn’t even know it.

I started rubbing my slit, getting wetter by the second. Oh god, I was masturbating for the room.

“Hey, she doesn’t even have an object,” I heard one of the girls complain breaking me out of my introspection.

Ops, must have got on too long. Well that was ok, I could use it to my advantage.

“Well do you?” The MC asked.

“Yes, I do!” I declared.

“Well where is it then?” He asked.

“It’s ... umm ... kind of inside me already. And I need some ... umm ... help getting it out,” I said meekly. I reached up and grabbed the MC’s hand and placed it on my pussy.

The MC was a bit shocked at first, but the crowd went wild as they realized what was happening. I felt the MC’s finger hesitantly brush my lips as he tried to figure out what I wanted.

“Go ahead,” I urged him on.

With a huge grin he slid a finger into my wet pussy. I tried not to enjoy this stranger probing me too much. But it felt surprisingly amazing.

“More,” I said.

He then slid a second and with a nod of my head he then slid third finger inside me. I tried not to moan out loud as he played with my pussy.

“Go ahead add one more,” I said.

With a surprised look on his face I felt his fourth finger slide inside me. His fingers were probing all around my pussy looking for the object inside me, but I could feel he wasn’t in far enough and that he was never going to find it.

“Come on, you’re going to need to get all the way up there.” I said trying to act braver then I felt at that moment. I had just asked this guy to shove his whole fist into my pussy. And while I had gotten my own fist inside me before, I had never had someone else fist me. I was really hoping this was going to work and that I had not gone completely crazy.

The crowd was going wild as they watched this frat guy finger fuck me in front of them. And then I felt his thumb part my lips and the pressure stretching the walls of my pussy increased as his hand split me in half. With a loud plop he forced his hand inside me. It was all I could do not to cumm as his hand.

I tried desperately to control my breathing as I felt his whole hand explore the inside of my pussy. God it felt amazing. I knew he was milking this for all he was worth. I felt his hand brush up against the object a few times without grabbing it. I really didn’t mind as I was too overwhelmed with the pleasure of it all, and plus I couldn’t blame him. I had asked him to do this to me and who knows when he might have the chance to fist a girl again. I couldn’t imagine too many girls found this pleasurable. So I didn’t really blame him for enjoying it as much as he could.

“Hey, I don’t think the judges hand counts as an object.” I heard the girl who had shot the tennis ball out of her pussy yell out disrupting my moment of pleasure.

I’m not sure if she had anything to do with or not, but just after she said that I felt the MC grab hold of the object I had placed in me hours earlier.

“Oh I found it,” he cried out. I felt him slowly withdraw his hand. I was almost disappointed as I felt my pussy stretch over his wrist as his hand slid out of me. But then I felt that wonderfully feeling I knew so well, my pussy lips expand and contract over the ridges of the object inside me. I saw the MC’s face widen in surprise as the object began to emerge from in me and he finally realized what I had in my pussy.

With a shout of triumph he held up his hand and showed the room the six inch transformer toy I had in my pussy. I could see the light glint off my juices that cover the toy. I heard the crowd scream out in excitement as they finally saw it. I had stolen the toy from my brother years ago. It wasn’t the first time nor the last time would I use my brother’s toys. I let the crowd cry out for a moment before I said.

“Wait, wait. Wait a second,” I said.

I could fell the anticipation jolt the room as it got quiet.

“Huh, what?” The MC asked confused.

“Um ... there’s more.” I hesitantly said.

“More?” I heard a guy in the crowd shout.

“Yea, more.”

“And I bet you need help?” The MC asked as his face lit up in anticipation of sticking his hand back in me.

“Yes please.” I said trying to sound meekly.

“Well I guess I can help you out,” he said as turned back towards me.

“Hold on there, Tom,” I heard another guy say. “I think you should let someone else have a go.”

“Aw damn.” The MC said as he stepped away and another guy stepped up between my legs. I recognized him as the frat leader, Mark. And as he placed his hand between my legs, I saw a glint of mischief in his eyes. I felt a finger slid up the outside of my lips before easing between them as he slid his finger back down my slit. I knew I was in trouble as I could see it in his eye his desire to tease me to torment before retrieving the toy from inside me.

Up and down my slit his finger slid, again and again, before inserting a single finger into me. He began to thrust his finger in and out of me, over and over before he inserting a second finger. I was trying not to let his pleasurable pursuit show in my face, but it was difficult as it felt so damn good. I felt his third finger slid into me followed soon after by his fourth finger. In and out he thrust into me and it was all I could do not to cry out in pleasure. And then I felt his thumb enter me. God his hand was bigger than the MC’s. My pussy stretched to the limit to let in the forcefully invading hand. I bit my lip hard not to cumm right then and there.

Once his whole hand was in me he started to really thrust into me, fucking me with his fist. I saw the evil joy he was taking out on me as he teased me. My pussy felt like it was exploding as waves of heat set fire to the rest of my body. No. No. No. I didn’t want to orgasm here right in front of everyone. It was bad enough I was being fisted, but to orgasm too. It was too much, too private a thing to share.

And just when I thought I couldn’t take any more, Mark yanked the toy from my pussy, turned to the crowd and held a second transformer, glistening in my juices, up in his hand and shouted, “Ladies and gentleman I think we have a winner!”

The sharp pain of the toy being ripped from my body brought me down from my impending orgasm and as I lay there panting I could hear the room erupt into a crazy frenzy. I felt my body being lifted off the table by an unknown number of guys and being raised over their shoulders. I felt myself crowd surf through the room. The hands touching my body took liberties with me, touching me where ever they could. I was too worked up to care and found myself floating in a wave of excitement.

Final I was set down standing on the table as the MC came up to me and gave me the golden colored trophy of what looked like a glass beer bottle emerging from a very stylized representation of a pussy.

I raise the trophy in my hand and did a dance of glee. “I won! I won! I won!” I exclaimed.

In a final act of bravado, I lay back down on the table with my pussy facing out to the audience and spread my legs wide open, showing off my swollen pussy lips to the crowd of leering guys. I held up the trophy in one hand while I stoked my pussy with the other. After a minute and with a dramatic flair I brought the trophy up against my pussy and with a small push I started to slide the trophy up into me.

I went as slowly as I possibly could take to slide it deep into me. I couldn’t help but moan out in pleasure as the stylized representation of the pussy spread my actual pussy lips, stretching them just about as far as they had been already stretched today. With a deep sigh of contentment as I felt my pussy close over the trophy, engulfing it deep in me, as I finally fulfilled my obsession of having the trophy shoved up my pussy.

As the crowd cheered for my final display, I jumped off the table and grabbed my dress and quickly threw it on. Once dressed and with my pussy full of the winning trophy I went to enjoy the rest of the party and the praise of the audience.

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