**Personal Service**

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**Personal Service Ch. 01**

Emma was young. Too young for her job and she knew it. Over promoted in her last job because of her looks and a drunken make out with the Site Manager at the Christmas party.

Now she was out in the world on her own at just twenty one trying to hold down a Sales Managers role in a company that actually cared about results. Trouble was, she hadn't had any results.

Her six month review was due soon and without securing a contract they would let her go. She had a mortgage to pay. And after that idiot of a boyfriend had pissed off, her livelihood depended more than ever on this job. And it depended on closing this deal today.

"It's a high price." Dominic observed absentmindedly as he handled the soft touch cosmetic bottle sample.

"And your lead-times are a little long."

Emma felt her heart sink but she pushed her mass of thick black hair away from her face and forced a smile on her puffy lips.

"But with us you're buying from the market leader. That means quality and assurance of supply. Our competitors can undercut the price but they can't match us on guaranteed supply. The finish on these products is difficult to achieve. Our competitors will struggle to maintain a consistent quality

If you sign today we can..."

Dominic cut her off.

"They've proven for two years that they can do that. I just don't see what you can offer that they can't.

What justifies the extra costs to my business?"

"Personal service." Emma threw in the first thing she could think of as she gave her warmest smile yet.

If flirting with a man almost old enough to be her father saved her job then that's what she would do. After all he wasn't that bad looking and it was just flirting.

Dominic put the small bottle back in its presentation box with the other samples and regarded the pretty girl sat opposite him.

"You're very young for your job." He said quietly.

"How old are you?"

Emma blushed.

"Twenty two."

She'd heard this before and knew he was questioning how she'd secured a role normally held by middle aged men. She also knew they all assumed she'd slept her way there, and there was some truth to that. But it hadn't been done purposefully.

Bad drunken sex in a car early December eighteen months earlier had propelled her to where she was today. With a man around Dominic's age. She wasn't proud of it but it was what it was.

"I'm good at what I do." She knew that was a lie.

Dominic continued to stare at her. She could see his eyes moving down her body but she held her composure. Determined to keep his attention in any way she could. She had little chance of securing a contract but she would give it her all until the last moment.

"Like I said. What can you offer me that no one else can?"

Emma noted his eyes stayed on her tits as he asked. She suddenly wondered what she was supposed to be offering.

"What er... could I offer that would secure the deal?" She asked hesitantly. She expected him to make a pass, invite her to dinner or something.

There was a moments silence while he visibly weighed up his next words.

"Personal service." He said. His eyes locked on hers.

Emma blushed again. Suddenly aware he had more than dinner in mind. A rush of adrenaline made her lips quiver as she tried hard not to react. Her mind raced through how much she would have to flirt with this man. Dinner definitely. A bit of a feel up? A snog? She wanted to tell him to fuck off home to his wife, but Christ she needed this sale. If she lost her house she would be homeless, sleeping on a friends sofa. No way she could land another decent paying job quickly.

"And will you sign the contract today?" She pushed.

"It's dinner time. My secretary'll be leaving for lunch in a few minutes."

Emma blinked, averting her eyes to the samples on the desk between them. Suddenly she was worried.

"What are you suggesting?"

"You need this sale right?"

With little choice she made eye contact again and admitted her desperation.

"Yes.

I don't have a job without it." She felt vulnerable and her eyes betrayed it.

Dominic pushed his chair back and standing up he headed to the door. Emma kept her eyes forward as her stomach fluttered. The click of the lock made her jump slightly as she suddenly grasped that there was a trade to be made right at this moment.

She weighed her options as his hands gently gripped her shoulders, slowly massaging her.

"I'll sign the contract before you leave if I get the personal service."

Emma froze as hands slid down her front, pushing the jacket aside as hands gripped her tits through the thin material of her blouse. Fingers kneaded her flesh, exciting nipples that pushed through her bra demanding to be squeezed.

She gasped, both in disgust and in arousal. She knew she should slap him away, but she needed the contract. She needed more time to think this through but she wasn't going to get it. Let him do this much she told herself.

"I er... I didn't think..." she muttered.

"Don't think. Just stand up."

Emma did as she was told and the chair was shoved away to be replaced by Dominic pushing up against her from behind.

Emma felt his hard cock pressing at her bum cheeks as panic gripped her. She suddenly realised what was going to happen if she didn't stop this before it went any further.

"Shouldn't we arrange to meet somewhere?

Later?" Her voice shook as she tried to deflect. To put him off.

"Lean forward. Over the desk." He instructed. His voice was confident and firm but also gentle.

Emma looked at the piece of office furniture, focusing on the subtle grain of the wood as she felt a hand pushing ever so lightly between the shoulder blades. She bent, leaning down until her face was over the desk.

Her dark eyes stared unseeing into the distance as her senses focused on the hands that caressed her arse. She reached out and gripped the far side of the desk as another gasp escaped her lips.

"Oh fuck." The words encapsulated her shock that she was about to let this happen. Hands lifted her skirt, pulling it up over her hips until it sat around her waist and she felt cooler air over the tops of her thighs and bum.

"You're a very pretty girl Emma."

She swallowed back and gripped the desk tighter. She lay her face on her outstretched arms as his fingers hooked her panties and slid them down shapely legs until they dropped to the floor. A foot tapped her shoe and she parted her feet.

Emma was frozen like a rabbit caught in the headlights. She could feel his eyes on her exposed pussy and it twitched in anticipation as juices flowed with sudden copiousness.

"Your secretary?" She fired a last limp protest.

"She's gone for lunch." Dominic responded dismissively.

He drew a finger leisurely up the full length of her slit. Emma went wide eyed as she drew breath with a sharpness that made her spasm. She could feel her own wetness as it seeped like nectar from a flower.

Dominic got to his knees. She heard every scrape of his shoes, the movement of trouser material up his legs. She knew exactly where he was without looking. Then came hot breath over her dampness, contrasting with the cooler conditioned air.

Emma hated what she was allowing, cursed herself for just accepting it. But she needed a signature. Worse still, her body was responding with a hunger. A body she tried to remind herself that had only felt the touch of her own fingers and a few toys for almost six months.

She closed her eyes tightly and let out a low moan as his tongue finally inched along her wet pussy, teasing at her labia. Fingers parted them and the caressing muscle went deeper, probing the exposed pink juicy flesh.

Emma's knees weakened and the desk took her full weight as Dominic licked up her juice with increasing relish. Her breath hastened along with her heart rate and further groans slipped past open lips.

Her mind scrambled in a fight between self respect and the need for satisfaction. Fears of being heard as all the while desperation kept thoughts of that elusive first order that would save her job just in focus.

A finger slid inside her tunnel, followed by another. They pushed deeper with a relentlessness that caused her to squirm. Then teeth nipped hard at her clit button and Emma jerked forward, shoving the desk an inch or two across the floor with a screech.

"Oh fuck." She whispered as he continued to hold the little node tightly whilst his tongue flicked at it over and over.

"Please. Enough.

Someone might come."

Now she seriously regretted what was happening and went to stand up. Dominic was having none of it. Instead he was up quicker and with hands sliding over her smooth buttocks he pushed his body weight down on her back. Emma relented.

Dominic drew his hands up her spine sending tiny tingles raging through her until he found her bra clip. With a smooth movement it was released and hands swept around beneath her clothing.

Emma bit a lip and closed her eyes tightly as her tits were cupped before fingers pinched hard nipples until they hurt.

Tears formed under her eyelids as she heard the sound of a zipper. She wanted it over and done so she could get out.

"Ahh."

The thrust was hard, all the way in with one movement until it rubbed on her cervix. Emma felt the pain shoot through her, eliciting more prickling tremors over her skin.

"Please. Not so rough." It sounded like a beg.

"Just grip the desk." He muttered.

Then he started. Thrust after thrust. Long and thick it filled her tunnel as his balls smacked into her flesh with a repetitive slap.

Emma did as she was told, her nails almost gouging a groove in the hard wood of his desk as she was pounded into its top. Her legs had given way now and her stomach slid back and forth on the polished flat surface as he pulled her hips back after each firm stroke.

Again and again he slid in and out of her dripping pussy as her breathing rate went up and up. Finally she let out a small cry that she tried hard to stifle and her body was wracked with spasms. She came hard, lubricating his still moving cock in her juices.

The unwanted orgasm subsided quickly as she began to hate her own body for responding. Then with one last thrust she sensed the warmth of his seed spurting inside her. A moment later he relaxed, loosening his grip.

Emma pushed herself up straightening her top and skirt. She snatched her panties up and just pushed them into her bag. No time to put them back on. All she wanted to do was get out. She felt disgusted at herself.

"Why the hurry?

You haven't finished yet."

Emma stopped dead before looking to Dominic where he sat in his chair, legs apart with his wet sticky cock pointing towards her over the top of his unfastened trousers.

"Wha.. What do you mean?" She asked.

Her eyes were drawn back to his shaft and she dreaded his next words.

"Before I look for my pen, you need to clean me up." He smiled.

She quivered and a small tear broke free trickling down her cheek. The cock loomed large in her vision, bobbing gently with every small movement he made. She needed that signature and she had already let him fuck her. Much as the idea was repulsive she couldn't face the prospect of not achieving the only thing she needed at the last moment.

Resigned, she dropped her bag and went towards him. He surely must be able to see her discomfort in this she thought. But then he didn't care.

Emma dropped to her knees and with a moments hesitation she accepted that she needed to get this over with. She closed her eyes as her lips sealed around his shaft. The smell of cum and fresh sweat assaulted her nostrils as her own juices mixed with his salty fluids attacked her sense of taste. She tried not to think too much as she moved her lips back and forth along his large shaft. Her tongue circled its head, clearing away the residue of their fuck and she prayed it would be enough.

It wasn't the first cock she'd ever sucked she reminded herself. And at least it had lost some of its hardness. She was confident he wouldn't shoot another load in her mouth.

She kept it up for nearly a minute before pulling her face away and taking a breath of air that didn't smell of him. Emma felt an immense sense of relief when seemingly satisfied he started to rearrange his clothing.

"Good girl." He said leaving her feeling even more belittled.

Emma fumbled in her bag for a tissue to wipe her mouth then pulled the contract file. It was all that mattered right now. Get the signature and get out.

"All work work work aren't you." Dominic commented as she opened the folder and pushed it over to him.

"You said you'd sign it." Emma tried not to make eye contact. She could hear the reverberations in her voice.

Dominic glanced over the document before picking up his pen and planting his signature in the appropriate place.

"It's done. You earned it."

Emma flushed red his choice of words making her feel more like a prostitute than a Sales Manager. But then she supposed she was after this. Sex for payment was what it was.

"Thank you." She shuffled the folder back into her bag and picked it up.

"I'm sorry. I need to go. Another appointment this afternoon."

"Doubt it'll be nearly as much fun." He sounded cheerful as he watched her arse heading for the door.

"Hope the quality is up to scratch. That other hole looked quite inviting if it isn't." He laughed.

Emma visibly cringed and rushed through the door absolutely desperate to escape now. Outside she saw his secretary at the desk and gave her a half hearted smile as she signed out in the visitors book.

"I hope it was a satisfying meeting." The middle aged woman's eyes bore into her unblinking and the mouth remained a straight thin solidly set line. Emma knew in that instant that she had returned from lunch much earlier than she thought. This woman had heard them. Heard her pitiful sounds of ecstasy.

Emma went red and hurried to the door as bile raced to the back of her throat. She swallowed it back tasting his cock on her lips again.

"You might wanna do your bra up dear."

Emma didn't look back. Instead she hurried out through reception and into the car park where her company BMW waited like an inviting sanctuary.

As the engine hummed into life she glanced back at the office building with a realisation that she would have to visit many more times. A contract needed to be maintained and managed. And each time he would demand personal service.

Her arse clamped at the thought that sooner or later he would want to violate that barrier. That was something she had never done or even seriously contemplated. As she pulled away she knew her mortgage and other bills might just demand she gave it up.

**Personal Service Ch. 02 - Showtime**

"I've no idea what I'm going to do if I'm honest. A months payoff isn't worth shit."

Emma stirred her coffee idly, staring into it as though it contained the answers to all her problems. She knew Kelly could see the sadness in those brown eyes of hers, but she was past caring.

Kelly reached out and held her other hand in a show of comfort.

"Have a little faith. Things are never as bad as they seem."

Emma flicked her eyes up to her friend.

"Oh they are.

You know what I did to try and keep that sales job."

She didn't even want to think too much about it. She saw Kelly avert her eyes knowing she was probably disgusted at her. But she'd had to tell someone if only to make herself feel better. And one drunken Friday night at her house she'd just come out with it.

"That." She said with emphasis.

"That. And they still didn't keep me on."

Kelly took a deep breath and flicked her long blonde hair away from her eyes. Emma could see the almost formed words begging to escape her lips.

"Not like they knew what you did.

But..."

"Go on." She invited looking quickly about the coffee shop.

"There's no one here, so say what you've been thinking. I deserve it."

Kelly's lips turned up into a smile. But there was still hesitation in her voice.

"You know.

I never criticised you because I'm..." She trialed away and glanced at her own coffee mug before taking an uncomfortable gulp of the cooling liquid.

Emma decided to chastise herself instead of waiting for her friend to do it.

"I let him fuck me in that office because I was desperate for the contract. It makes me little more that a prostitute. I know that but..."

"Emma. Shut up."

Emma stopped at the sharp tone in Kelly's voice, afraid a good friendship was about to fall apart.

"I didn't criticise you because...

I've done worse."

Emma's lips parted in shock at the admission. She just stared at the pretty blonde girl sat across the table trying to fathom what she could have done that was worse than being fucked by a customer over his desk while a secretary listened through the door.

"You asked me once how I afforded the payments on my car."

She smirked with a little embarrassment, glancing down into her lap. Emma could see her milky white skin turning crimson.

"Go on."

"I'm only telling you this because if... If you're willing... It could help you..."

Emma watched the words dry up, choked back by fear of some deep dark secret.

"Help me? Help me how?" Emma was suddenly intrigued.

Kelly's eyes studied her. She feared her reaction.

"I know this club, some people.

It's very exclusive and they need girls like you and me. I've worked there about twice a month for a year and it pays well. Tops up my wages and pays for that flash car outside"

"Doing what?"

There was hesitation.

"It's a voyeurs club."

Emma's mind raced. She knew what the words meant but she was struggling to see what it was Kelly was trying to portray. She gave her an encouraging smile

"Voyeur?

I don't understand."

Kelly's eyes darted widely about to be sure they couldn't be overheard.

"Basically you have sex on a stage and people watch. They pay five hundred pounds a performance."

Emma stared for a moment slightly shocked at posh little Kelly's admission. But she also felt a tinge of arousal at the thought of it and she silently cursed her hormones.

"Oh. Er.

And there's a vacancy?" Emma realised she sounded like she was enquiring after a regular job, but she didn't know how else to say it.

"Yeah. For a pretty girl like you. You're beautiful, gypsy black hair, big eyes and your dusky skin tone. They'd bite your hand off."

Emma laughed. She hadn't thought of herself as beautiful but she did know most men found her hot. She wasn't super slim like Kelly but her slightly fuller figure had always been appreciated.

She sipped her coffee as she contemplated the offer. All the while she could picture that massive mortgage payment that would come around every month with relentless assuredly.

"What would I have to do?" Stupid question she thought. But there was no way she was paying next months bills without doing something.

"Come with me Wednesday night."

Kelly held her eyes firmly with her own, challenging her to accept.

"Five hundred pounds for doing no more than what you did with that factory boss. But it's a lot more fun I can promise you."

"And I can just turn up? Just like that?"

Part of her hoped there was more too it. The lure of the money was subduing the disgust she should have felt. She needed a delay mechanism to let her senses override her need to say yes.

Kelly wasn't giving her an escape route.

"We're encouraged to find new performers. Obviously I don't shout about it a lot. You'll be my first recruit."

Little more than forty eight hours later and Emma found herself in a small hall in the centre of town. There were several girls there, all pretty and all looking as though they had done this before. Each stripping and chatting. A room full of bouncing tits and shaved pussy as they checked make up and exchanged tips like the girls of a dancing troupe backstage.

The older woman who had greeted them passed amongst the performers speaking to the occasional one she knew. She gave Emma an encouraging smile as she went by. Emma felt like an embarrassed newbie, still trying to comprehend how she'd let herself be talked herself into this. But she needed the money, and if Kelly could do it, she was only nineteen, then so could she.

"What do I do?" Emma asked nervously.

"Strip." Kelly said matter of factly as she pulled off her own top.

Emma couldn't help but look at the large, slightly pendulous white tits topped with neat pink nubs as they swung free.

"Hurry up.

They're sending you out first."

Emma's mouth dropped open.

"What that quick?" Emma looked horrified as her stomach started doing summersaults.

"First?

Don't I get a demonstration or something?"

"No. Get you out there before you can think too much about it. Did the same to me. And yes, I had the same stunned look that's on your face right now." She laughed.

Emma started to peel off her clothing noting the glances from the other girls checking out their competition. They'd all been first timers once and knew the apprehension she felt as she was quickly down to her underwear. She reached up to unclip her bra with a rush of adrenaline pumping through her bloodstream. She was in two minds as to whether it would have been better to dispense with it altogether before coming, as Kelly had.

She went to turn away but checked herself as the lace material released her ample tits with a small bounce. Her nipples were already hardening.

"What about the guys? You sure they're not ugly old men?"

Kelly laughed.

"You'll be impressed don't you worry."

Emma felt another flush of fear as she finally faced the fact she needed to lose her panties. They slid down shapely legs as she bent to disguise her nakedness for as long as possible. Even amongst girls she felt uncomfortable.

But she was also curious and her eyes were drawn to Kelly's pussy. The darker flesh was neat and smooth with a straight defined slit. Even she felt a surge of excitement at the sight.

Finally she stood up and put her panties to one side with the rest of her garments. Was it so bad? This was Wednesday afternoons at school after PE not so long ago she reminded herself, remembering some of the antics that had gone on in the changing rooms. She'd once let Julia finger her. But then she'd only been twelve or thirteen at the time.

Then she saw Kelly's eyes flit across her own pussy and instinctively covered herself.

"Stop that." Kelly said throwing a cloak around her.

"What this?"

"The audience likes a theatrical unveiling."

"I'm not sure I can do this." Nerves racked her and she started to look for the exit.

"You'll be fine once your onstage. Just follow the guys lead."

"What's his name?"

"Erm. Not a clue. Doesn't matter, you'll never see him again.

Anyway I hear the music. They'll be here in a minute."

Emma was stressing.

"Do I need to do anything? What should..."

"Stop.

Just wait to be led out. Try not to look at the audience. They're close. Your partner will guide you through it.

And enjoy it. It'll be the most exhilarating fuck you'll ever have." She grinned madly.

"Oh God."

Emma saw the approaching men. Well groomed guys in their late twenties or early thirties, each covered by a hooded cloak similar to her own. Like Chippendales she thought. She could feel herself shaking and would have run right at that moment if she could.

"Oh shit. What am I doing?"

"Paying your bills like everyone else here.

There's just one other point I didn't mention because I didn't want to scare you."

Emma could feel the fear rising as knees trembled and her lips quivered.

"What?" What else could there be?

"Newbies have to wear a blindfold. At least at the outset."

"What?"

Kelly gave her a grin before slipping a black band over her eyes just as one of the guys took her hand.

"Wait." Emma pleaded.

"Shush. Just follow my lead." He had a kind voice and for that at least she was grateful.

He let go of her hand, instead putting an arm around her waist and guided her through the curtain as her feet became leaden, not wanting to move.

On the other side Emma became disoriented, going where he led until he stopped and carefully lined her up to face where she guessed people would be watching from. Tiny tremors wracked her body all the more as she suddenly grasped the idea that there were eyes staring in her direction. To her horror she felt that unmistakable rush of juice into her pussy that came with the anticipation of being fucked. She sensed wet labia and felt certain she was dripping like a leaky faucet.

She wondered if she was the only one or if others were around waiting to perform at the same time. Oh my God she thought. Perform, that's what she was going to do. Perform with a stranger for an audience. She shuddered.

Next she wondered if Kelly was still nearby ready to do the same. But there was no chance of seeing. The blindfold was like a blackout, she couldn't even fathom how light it was. As her breathing rose and lips trembled she tried listening, to figure out how many people might be there. But all she could hear was a music that seemed to surround her.

Then came the first hint that she was about to be fucked. Hands slowly unhooking the cloak from her shoulders and peeling it away. Emma flushed knowing she was naked again. She wanted to run, to scream even. But fear and an escalating desire held her fast. Frozen to the spot like a rabbit in headlights.

The unknown man was sliding his hands over her arms, massaging while ensuring she didn't cover herself with a steadying hold when she instinctively tried. Then up over her shoulders before finding their way back down over her hips before circling around her waist. She gasped out loud as she felt them rise up again to cup her tits, squeezing gently. A strangers hands she couldn't see, kneading and gently bouncing her firm mounds for the entertainment of others.

Emma's heart rate and breathing hit new heights with the caress and a low moan of passion escaped her lips as without hurry fingers brushed over engorged nipples. Her knees went weak and she struggled to stay upright, but in that moment she felt the first touch of a hard cock brush her arse crack.

Her body took over from her mind and desire took hold. She wanted to feel that cock, to touch it and stroke it. The idea that she was being watched heightened every sense, every need. Her juices flowed profusely, dribbling onto her inner thighs.

It was as if he could read her mind as without her noticing he had manoeuvred himself around to her front. A hand took hers and guided it onto him.

Another gasp as she held his cock a moment, grasping it's girth. She slid it down to his groin before coming back up over the swollen head.

"Oh fuck." She muttered in both amazement and terror.

It was slick, oiled even and her hand slid back and forth easily. She reached out with her other hand seeking out his shaved ball bag. Squeezing gently she felt the two round globes moving around inside and she heard his first deep throated groan. Then hands were putting pressure on her shoulders. She knew instantly what was expected and got slowly to her knees.

She could smell him. A mixture of musk, sweet smelling shower gel and already oozing pre-cum that lubricated her fingers with its sticky consistency. Her mouth watered and open lips hesitantly glided over the head.

She didn't need any guidance or encouragement now. Instead she was lost to the desire. Her hunger taking hold pushed any other thoughts and fears aside. Her whole bring demanded this cock and her tongue reached out to take her first real taste of him. She swirled it around his smooth tip. It was heaven.

Her head was moving even before a hand had wrapped her thick hair between its fingers to guide her. Back and forth with a relish to fill her mouth. Moving her tongue over and around, taking pleasure from the change of texture between shaft and head. She tasted more pre-cum as it wet her lips and oozed into her mouth. She took it deeper, wanting it all, until it was at the back of her throat threatening to make her gag and his balls slapped against her chin. Faster and with more confidence she took this cock like it was life itself, as her hands reached around and grasped his firm arse. She pulled him in closer.

Muscular legs began to pump his massive cock into her, guiding her strokes in time with the music that she had almost forgotten. Its rhythm was taken up by her mouth and she moved in time, as she savoured his scent and taste. She felt it jerk and throb with a life of its own. On and on she went, lost in the primal urge to devour this man.

Finally Emma pulled away gasping breath only for him to take the opportunity to push her down to her hands and knees. Her tits hung freely, swinging gently with hard nipples pointing downwards. She felt his fingers brush her slit, teasing labia that dripped juice copiously. The fire burned in her and each touch elicited a cry of want.

"Please." She begged.

"Fuck me."

He was in no hurry. Fingers pulled her pussy open letting cooler air blow over exposed pink flesh. Then in her blindfolded darkness she felt his hot breath and the first light strokes of a tongue.

"Oh God." Her voice reverberated with the tiny spasms that shot up her spine.

Then the flexing muscle pushed in deeper, lapping up her juices and teasing open the fleshy sheath that protected her clit. Fingers and tongue circled, rubbed and flicked at it as it swelled, demanding attention. It burned with an ache that screamed to be satisfied. Emma shuddered and shook with overwhelming desire as it ate away at her, scrambling thoughts until only the need to fuck remained.

He read her thoughts perfectly and his long hard cock pushed at her pussy. A little pressure and it slid in. Then in one smooth movement he released the blindfold as she pushed back hard along his shaft with a gasp.

Emma's eyes went wide at the sight of so many people. Men and women she had almost forgotten would be there, crowded around silently watching. So close she could have reached out and touched them. All around, studying her body, watching every movement, every bounce of her tits, every wiggle of her arse. Some in a state of undress as their own arousal demanded to be answered.

She went to scream out in horror but it faded into a wanton gasp as her tunnel tightened around that thick long cock refusing to let go. In response it started a relentless thrusting. Back and forth, in and out as her tunnel got warmer and warmer. Her eyes fell to the floor as the first wave of orgasm swam through her like a ripple on a pond.

A string of dribble fell from her mouth just as lubricating fluids trickled down the inside of her thighs. On and on the rhythmic thrusts went, slowly rising in speed. She panted and groaned as the heat in her body reddened her skin more with each filling push into her pussy.

She felt the eyes on her as though they were hands and it drove her wilder. The pounding was harder, reaching deeper inside than any boyfriend had ever reached. Her pussy sucked him in as though wanting to eat him and she writhed. Her tits swung back and forth, taking on a bounce all of their own and her nipples ached. Then suddenly hands came from behind and cupped them before fingers twisted reddened hard nubs with a ferocity that sent pain searing through her.

Her head lifted and she made eye contact with the first person she saw. An attractive mature well dressed woman with large tits staring open mouthed at the show. Emma screamed as she came with an intensity beyond belief. Her pussy clamped tighter still and she felt his cock throb. Cum shot inside her, warm and wet, making everything even slipperier and he gave her several more thrusts as she shuddered and shook with each wave of orgasm.

Emma saw the watching woman's eyes widen as a tiny tremor fired through her face. Then she realised her skirt was hitched up and a hand was between her thighs. She had made herself cum at almost the same instant.

Emma fell forward as the cock withdrew, landing amongst the crowd. Gasping for breath and trying to gather her thoughts she could do little more than lay there as nearby hands were unable to restrain themselves. She was in reach and they stroked her legs and tits. Men and women all touching, needing to make contact with this hot girl as she spasmed with tiny aftershocks.

The woman she had seen leant over her and reached out to stroke her sodden pussy, collecting up a mixture of juice and cum on her fingers. Emma watched mesmerised as with a smile she licked her digits clean. She never broke eye contact once.

Then hands reached down and pulled her up. Emma followed her fuck partner on unsteady feet as a roar of cheers and clapping echoed around the small hall.

"Well done." He whispered.

Emma collapsed as soon as she was through the curtain with another couple making their way past her on their way to give their performance.

"Wow. You did great."

A naked Kelly was at her side with a broad grin on her face.

Emma was still trying to catch her breath as she reached a hand up to touch the side of Kelly's face. She smiled, still unsure if she had loved it or been horrified by the experience.

"Thank you. I think."

She let her hand fall back, brushing against her friends soft tit.

"Get your strength back. I'm up in a minute. You've set a high bar for me to reach."

Emma glanced around for her fuck partner, wondering what his name was, or even who he was. But he'd disappeared and she doubted any of them were ever supposed to meet again.

A few minutes later and a fully dressed Emma slipped out into the crowd, finally realising there was upwards of two hundred people in the hall. On the slightly raised circular stage she could see her friend Kelly stood feet apart and bent forward as another hunk pounded her from behind making her tits bounce and swing with abandonment.

Kelly's eyes were rolling and her mouth was opening wide ready to accept a second approaching man with his cock stiff and aiming for the unoccupied moist receptacle.

Emma was stunned and horrified at just how clear everything was. She could see and smell the fucking in a way no porn video could ever portray. And only moments ago it had been her up there.

Emma glanced back at the viewers. All of them showing signs of arousal. She didn't doubt this place would descend into something approaching an orgy at some point.

"Hi."

Emma jumped at the voice so close to her ear. It was the woman she'd seen as she'd cum. Closer up she was about forty, well presented and quite attractive. She felt an unexpected pang of arousal in her already ravaged body. The connection they'd made excited her a second time.

"Hello." She said with a smile she couldn't help.

Ahead Kelly was beginning to moan out with long guttural cries. The cock filling her mouth muffled the sounds but it was clear she was about to explode into her own orgasm. Emma glanced back and forth between the two women as she felt juices wet her slacks and her head span with confusion.

The posh woman flicked her eyes down as though she could smell the leakage and Emma blushed.

"I enjoyed your performance." The woman said.

"I was just wondering if maybe I could arrange some personal service at a later date?"