Pretend Sleep Fuck Toy

I grew up in California, where looks matter most. My childhood was very

normal. I was a pretty little girl with many friends. I looked pretty nice so

boys always liked me. Unfortunately, this changed when I hit 13 years old. My

face filled up with ugly acne. My mom took me to see a doctor and he said that

using birth-control pills could improve my skin a lot. My mom consulted with

her favorite minister and he told her that putting me on the pill will push me

into having sex with guys. Well, that was the end of the pill option.

My face was all full of acne for five years - between ages 13 and 18. You can

only imagine how hard this damaged my popularity. No one liked me. They even

called me names. It was the age when everyone builds their self esteem and I

was the least popular girl around.

I was not a quitter. I fought hard to win some friends back. I fought even

harder to find a boyfriend. I was only able to hold on to a boyfriend if I

spent all my time pampering him, and taking care of all his needs. This went

on for five years. Taking care of my boyfriend was exhausting and quite

depressing. I was almost a full-time servant of the guy. This went on

throughout my high school days.

Around age 18 my skin cleared. I think I looked pretty nice. In college I could

easily find friends and get as much attention as I wanted from all the guys.

The change was amazing. I was pretty enough to have my pick of guys. I had

long-term relationships with good looking guys that I picked. Nothing like my

high school days. Except ... I got used to exhausting myself pleasing guys. I

could not date a guy without pampering him continuously. I couldn't fuck a guy

without constantly trying to please him. I was so busy trying to please the

guys that I wasn't having much fun. I tried controlling myself - consciously

ignoring the guy while we fucked. It made me scared of losing the guy and I

could not enjoy myself. I knew the guy would not leave me but I just couldn't

help myself.

Years went by. I finished college and got a job as a manager in a large office

supply store. My job involved talking to our corporate customers on a daily

basis so I had many friend from all our big accounts. I dated a lot, but my old

fears didn't go away. I could date almost any guy I wanted but I couldn't bring

myself to relax and enjoy it. My friends from other companies would try to

match me with guys often but things never picked up because I wasn't enjoying

the relationships or the sex.

On my 24th birthday I realized that I never had an orgasm with a guy. Even

worse, I never enjoyed sex with a guy. I tried fucking a woman once but it

didn't do me any good. I definitely wasn't a lesbian. My 24th birthday

resolution was to find a way to enjoy sex. I wasn't sure how I'd find it but I

knew I had to.

The answer came a few months later. I was at a party with friends from work.

One of the guys had a big house, and he invited us over on Saturday night. He

bought a lot of drinks and spent most of his time mixing drinks for people.

Lisa, one of the girls in the party, had way too much to drink and passed out

on the floor. Her friends took her upstairs and lying her to sleep on one of

the beds. I didn't think much of it until later, when I used the upstairs

bathroom. I walked by the bedroom where Lisa was lying. The door was almost

shut but I could see some motion through the crack. I looked into the crack and

saw Don, one of the guys from the party, touching Lisa. He definitely wasn't

tucking her in. His hands were all over her body. She was completely out, so

she could neither object nor welcome his touches. At some point he had his hand

in her knickers and it looked like he stuck a finger or two in her pussy. Lisa

was completely still the whole time.

At first, I thought this was very rude. I thought I should get the others and

toss Don out of the party. But, there was something about the sight of Don

touching Lisa that attracted me. I suddenly pictured myself in her place -

having a good looking guy touching me and not having to respond. I couldn't

believe how simple it was. I was so eager to be in Lisa's place, my heart was

racing and I could feel the moisture rising deep inside my pussy. After the

party I spent hours masturbating and fantasizing about my discovery.

I spent the days after this party day-dreaming about guys touching me and

fucking me while I pretend to be passed out. I pretended to be completely out

so I just couldn't do anything to please them. It was all about me. Just the

way I always wanted.

Now that I found a way to materialize my birthday resolution, I had to work out

the details. I was a little scared of letting some random guy touch me. What

if he decided to kill me after fucking me ? What if only the ugliest guy at a

party decided to sneak into my room ?

My customer friends always invited me to their company parties. We were very

good friends and I often joined them. Office parties are very different if the

office is a law firm or if the office is a Gym equipment company. I had to

choose my target carefully, but I was so excited that I decided to take the

first party that comes along.

A week later my friend Laura called me to invite me to a party. She worked for

a sport equipment company. Her company just won a large account and they were

throwing a large party for their marketing department. Luckily, the party was

planned in the house of the department manager. I couldn't help wandering

whether he had upstairs bedrooms. Of course, I said I would come to the party.

I was very nervous on the day of the party. I kept changing outfits. Pants were

out of the question. It had to be either a dress or a skirt. At first I wanted

to skip the knickers, but I thought it would be too much. I didn't want some

random guy to think I was a slut. I decided on a small black dress. I figured I

looked good enough in the dress and the dress looked sexy enough but not

slutty. Just perfect.

I arrived at the party and someone put a glass of wine in my hand. I tried my

best not to drink too much of the wine. As soon as no one was looking, I poured

the wine away and asked one of the guys to get me another glass. This went on

for a while. I already emptied four wine glasses into the various potted plants

around the house. The party was heating up as more people arrived. Mark, one of

the guys who arrived late, was an expert drink mixer. He started mixing

colorful drinks for everyone - me included. Through the next hour I got rid of

five more colorful drinks. All very heavy on Vodka and Tequila. All in all I

really drank around two drinks and poured the rest. I was a bit tipsy even

before I began pretending. I started talking louder and laughing at anything

anyone said. I heard people around me ask each other how many glasses I had so

far. My friend Laura caught me at a corner and asked if I didn't have enough to

drink. I told her I was fine and fell straight on her. She caught me and

suggested that I sit on the sofa. I was holding a glass of some purple mix and

yelling at Mark that I was still thirsty. Two minutes afterwards, I got up and

tripped myself. I fell face-first on the carpet, splashing my purple drink all

over it. If I weren't so nervous about my plan, I would really enjoy the show

I was giving. I lied motionless on the carpet, still holding an empty glass.

People around me were busy wiping my purple drink off the carpet. One of them

called my name. I didn't answer. I then felt hands grabbing my arms and

carrying me upstairs into one of the bedrooms. They put me on a bed and closed

the door. I waited another minute until I heard them walk down the stairs. I

got up and checked myself in the mirror. I wanted to look as sexy as I could.

I pulled my dress up a bit, exposing one leg almost up to my knickers. I pulled

one of my shoulder straps down a bit, and stretched on the bed. The little

alcohol I consumed made me a little dizzy and I quickly fell into a light

sleep.

I don't know how long I slept. I suddenly felt a breeze on my crotch. Someone

was in the room. Whoever he was, he slowly lifted the bottom of my dress and

exposed my knickers. The room was pretty well lit so I didn't want to risk

opening my eyes to see who it was. I waited motionless. My thoughts were

running wild. I imagined a horde of guys all fucking me at the same time. I

imagined cumming again and again. I felt my dress climb higher and higher and

my pussy became moister and moister.

Suddenly I felt a hand on my thigh, very close to my knickers. The hand just

touched me there without moving. I guess the guy wanted to verify that I was

completely out. I was ready to burst but didn't move. The hand started moving

slowly towards my crotch. As it arrived, it started rubbing the entire length

of my pussy from outside my knickers. First lightly and then stronger and

stronger. I knew my pussy was very wet. My knickers must have been quite wet

already. Without a warning, the hand on my pussy moved away. I suddenly felt

two fingers pulling my knickers down from my sides. The guy must have been

completely sure I wouldn't wake up because he didn't even try to move slowly.

My knickers disappeared in no time and I felt his hand pressing against my

pussy. It was pressing directly against my clit, rubbing it hard. He then

spread my legs quickly and I felt his dick pressed against my pussy. I was

spread wide, completely exposed, and I had an unknown dick about to fuck me. I

couldn't contains myself. I had a strong urge to touch him and make him feel

good. I always have these urges during sex. This time, I couldn't do anything

about it. I had to stay passive and enjoy myself.

His dick dived inside my pussy and he started fucking me hard. He wasn't

gentle. He fucked me with quick and long thrusts, pulling his dick almost

completely out and pushing it in fast, banging his balls on my ass. I was going

insane. In the past, I would constantly touch the guy, grab his balls, scratch

his back and suck on his nipples. Now, I didn't have to do any of this. I

could concentrate on the feeling inside my pussy and against my ass. I was in

heaven.

Some five minutes afterwards, he pulled out of my pussy. I was quite sure he

didn't cum inside me. I was too scared to open my eyes so I just waited.

Almost immediately I felt a hand trying to open my mouth. I figured a drunk

girl would have very relaxed jaw muscles so I let him open my mouth. I wasn't

planning on giving him a blowjob. I was quite sure drunk girls can't suck

dicks. I soon realized that he didn't want a blowjob. He came into my open

mouth - filling it with gooey cum. I didn't know what to do now. Spitting the

cum would give away my secret. Swallowing would probably do the same. I

decided to leave my mouth open and let the cum drip through the side. The guy

had a different idea. His hand quickly pushed my jaw up and closed my mouth

shut. He wanted me to swallow. I did my best faking a sleepy-head swallow. I

swallowed most of it and some dripped on my cheek. It must have been enough

for the guy because I heard his zipper closing. He pulled my dress down and

left the room.

I finally had the courage to open my eyes. Other than a cum streak on my cheek,

I looked OK. I looked for my knickers but couldn't find them. The guy must have

taken them as a souvenir. I didn't know what to do now. I didn't have an orgasm

and I really wanted one. When I planned this I didn't expect the guy to cum so

fast. Maybe I'll get lucky and someone else would venture in here.

I laid back on the bed and waited for a while. I didn't have to wait long.

Less than ten minutes after the first guy left I heard footsteps climbing up

the stairs. I immediately closed my eyes. The door opened and someone entered

the room. I heard some whispering. It wasn't just one guy. I clearly heard two

voices. I heard one voice whisper `Doug was right. She is completely out'.

`So, Doug was the first guy', I thought. I met Doug before. He was quite shy

and polite. It was hard to believed that he just fucked me without

permission. I felt hands touching my legs. Then a voice said `Hang on Mike, I

want to try something'. `Let's just fuck her, OK?' the other voice replied. So

if Mike is one of the two, the other must be his best buddy Rusty.

`No, No, if she is really out, I want to try something on her' . I heard the

door open - one of the guys left. A few seconds later it opened again - he was

back. I felt my legs pushed up. I was spread very wide. My dress was pulled up

above my breasts. I suddenly heard a low mechanical hum. It didn't sound like a

vibrator. `Are you going to brush her teeth ?' Mike asked jokingly. `No. I

removed the brush attachment was the answer. Now it is just an insanely strong

vibrator'. `I always wanted to try it on a woman but Lucy wasn't up to the

challenge'.

I suddenly felt a massive jolt on my clit. Rusty plunged the vibrating tip

right onto my clit. He pushed it hard - not trying to please me at all. I tried

as hard as I could to stay calm but a loud yell escaped out of my mouth. I

never felt this kind of stimulation to my clit. It was so strong it hurt. I

knew I was very close to blowing my cover. I kept my eyes close and tried not

to move. The guys stopped for a second, waited a couple, and then I heard Rusty

say `The bitch is going to cum in her sleep. Cool'. The vibrating tip went back

to my clit, rubbing it without mercy. I was very close to crying. I never felt

anything quite like that. On one hand it was fun, but on the other it was a

stinging pain.

The guys kept the vibrating tip rubbing hard against my clit for a few more

minutes. In the meantime, they stuck their fingers in my pussy, and in my

asshole. My body was trembling. I couldn't control it any more. I felt the

orgasm climbing very quickly, and then I came. I was shaking hard. I felt tears

dropping from my eyes. My mouth was generating sounds I never heard before and

my thighs were thrusting against the vibrating tooth brush.

`I think she is cumming' Rusty said. `Go on, bitch. Grind your clit' he

continued. `Are you done with your games? Can I fuck her already?' Mike voice

said. `Stick it in her mouth. Maybe she'll suck you off' came the reply. The

vibrating tip on my clit didn't stop after my orgasm. I was in massive pain and

I felt the second orgasm already bubbling up. I felt a hand pull my jaw down

and a dick forced into my mouth. Must be Mike's. I knew I should not respond

to it because drunken girls aren't supposed to be able to give blowjobs. I

wanted to keep my cover intact, but Mike started pumping his dick deep into my

unresponding mouth. I tried to fake a natural sucking instinct. I'm pretty sure

everyone has such an instinct. I moved my tongue very lightly around his dick.

`Suck my dick, you fuck-toy' Mike said. `She is barely moving her tongue', I

heard Mike's voice. `Do you think if we stimulated her a bit more ...' he

continued. `Pinch her nipples' I heard Rusty's voice, `It should get her

going'. I felt two hands pulling on my nipples. There was no mercy in these

hands. They pulled and pinched like they wanted to rip my nipples away from my

tits. I couldn't even yell because Mikes dick was pounding my mouth. I had no

choice. I started sucking on Mike's dick. I just had to get him off my

nipples. I sucked slowly at first - trying to look asleep. His thrusts into my

mouth became faster and his dick went deeper. I never gave anyone deep-throat.

I didn't think I could control my gag reflex. Mike's dick was very deep now and

I started feeling my throat object. Mike paid no attention to me. He held my

head from both sides and rammed his dick in - as deep as it would go.

`I'll be right back' I heard Rusty's voice. I was too busy fighting the gag

reflex to even think what Rusty was up to. He came back after a minute or two.

A few seconds later I felt something pushing into my pussy. At first I thought

it was Rusty's dick, but it was too large for a dick. `What are you doing to

her?' I heard Mikes voice. `Always wanted to stick a bottle in a babe' was the

reply. I felt my pussy muscles expand to contain that bottle. Rusty moved the

bottle very quickly in and out of my pussy. Suddenly I felt a stream running

down from my pussy through the crack of my ass and onto my butt. Rusty's

bottle was not empty. A few more thrusts of the bottle and I felt a massive

tingle inside my pussy. Then I felt a lot of bubbly liquid gushing out of my

pussy and onto my thighs. It was like an explosion. The tingle and the pressure

inside me sent me off to a second orgasm. I was shaking harder than ever and my

body felt so great. `Champagne is so fucking beautiful when you serve it in a

pussy' Rusty said. I felt the bottle removed from my pussy and Rusty's lips

licking me and sucking the Champagne out of me. My blowjob was very intense

now and Mike came less than a minute later. He came so deep in my mouth that I

could either choke on it or swallow it. I swallowed all of it.

`Are you going to fuck her or just run science experiments?' I heard Mike's

voice. `I'll fuck her eventually. I'm having too much fun here' Rusty replied,

`I can Fuck Lucy anytime, but she'll never let me do anything crazy to her'.

`Do you think the bottle could fit in her asshole?' I heard Rusty's voice. I

got very scared. That bottle barely fit in my pussy. I didn't think my asshole

could contain it. `Wait, I'll get you some Vaseline', Mike said and left the

room. He returned a minute later and I heard some container opening and some

random noises in the other side of the room. Without a warning the bottle

started pushing into my asshole. I tried to contract my asshole but Rusty

pushed very hard and the bottle sank into my asshole. I felt a sharp burning

pain and I let a loud cry. The guys didn't even care. They heard me yell a few

times before and I never woke up so they just ignored me.

Rusty started fucking my asshole with the bottle. As if I wasn't getting enough

attention, the vibrating toothbrush returned to my clit and started rubbing it

violently. I hoped that the Champagne bottle was empty. I couldn't imagine

what would happen if the Champagne started bubbling in my asshole. Some thirty

seconds later I was about to find out. The bottle wasn't full any more but it

had enough Champagne to explode in my ass. I can't even begin to describe the

sensation. As Rusty was shaking the bottle, I felt my ass fill up with tingly

bubbles. It was beyond amazing. He kept rubbing my clit and fucking my ass for

a long time. My asshole was holding the bottle so tightly that almost no

Champagne escaped. My clit was on fire, I was very embarrassed and quite scared

of the situation. Out of this bizarre setup I felt a third orgasm climbing

slowly to a peak. Rusty pulled the bottle out of my asshole quickly and I felt

a massive stream of liquid shoot out of my ass. The sudden change in pressure

and the weird sensation of the liquid pouring out of me sent me over the top

and I had another orgasm. Three so far. I never had any orgasms with guys

before. This was more than I could hope for.

`I like her asshole. I think I want to fuck it' Mike said, `Are you done

experimenting?'. `I want her pussy' was Rusty's reply. I felt arms lifting me.

They dragged me to a sitting position on Rusty's thighs, and impaled me on his

dick. My back and ass were completely exposed. Mike didn't wait long. I felt

his dick rubbing my asshole, and pushing its way inside. It wasn't very

difficult after that bottle stretched me.

I never had sex with more than one guy. I saw a porn flick once where two guys

were fucking one girl in her pussy and asshole. They called it `double

penetration'. I admit I was curious about it at the time. I liked feeling all

stuffed. It took them a while to hit the correct tempo. Mike in, Rusty out,

Mike out, Rusty in ... It worked like magic. My body responded to the rhythm.

Rusty's face was buried in my tits, licking and sucking my nipples. I felt

Mikes bare chest rubbing against my naked back. This was such a change from the

treatment I received through the past hours, it felt very warm and gentle. I

enjoyed having four hands rubbing my tits and ass. It was nice being the center

of attention. My hands were completely idle beside my body. I spent no energy

thinking about what Mike and Rusty felt or liked. It was all about me. My

orgasm was slower this time. It took me a good five minute of rhythmic

double-fucking to reach a peak. When I came I felt a wave of warmth climb up my

body. I know getting a double-fuck is very kinky but after I had Champagne

burst out of my ass, a double-fuck just felt very romantic.

After they were done, they put me back on the bed, pulled my dress back down

and left the room. I waited another five minute to make sure they weren't

coming back with a new crazy idea but nothing happened. I got up and looked at

myself in the mirror. My makeup was pretty messed up and my dress was all

wrinkly. The floor was wet with Champagne but I didn't really care. I kept

thinking about the three amazing orgasms I had. No one has ever called me a

`fuck-toy' before. I liked the ring of that expression.

I couldn't leave the room by myself without blowing my cover so I decided to

take a nap on the bed. I woke up when I heard my friend Laura asking some guy

to get me into her car. Someone carried me over to Laura's car and she took me

home. When I heard my front door close, I got up and took a very long shower. I

couldn't help smiling at myself the whole time. Should I do it again ? The

next party was just a few weeks ahead.